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THE WAVE

INV. 1898.

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

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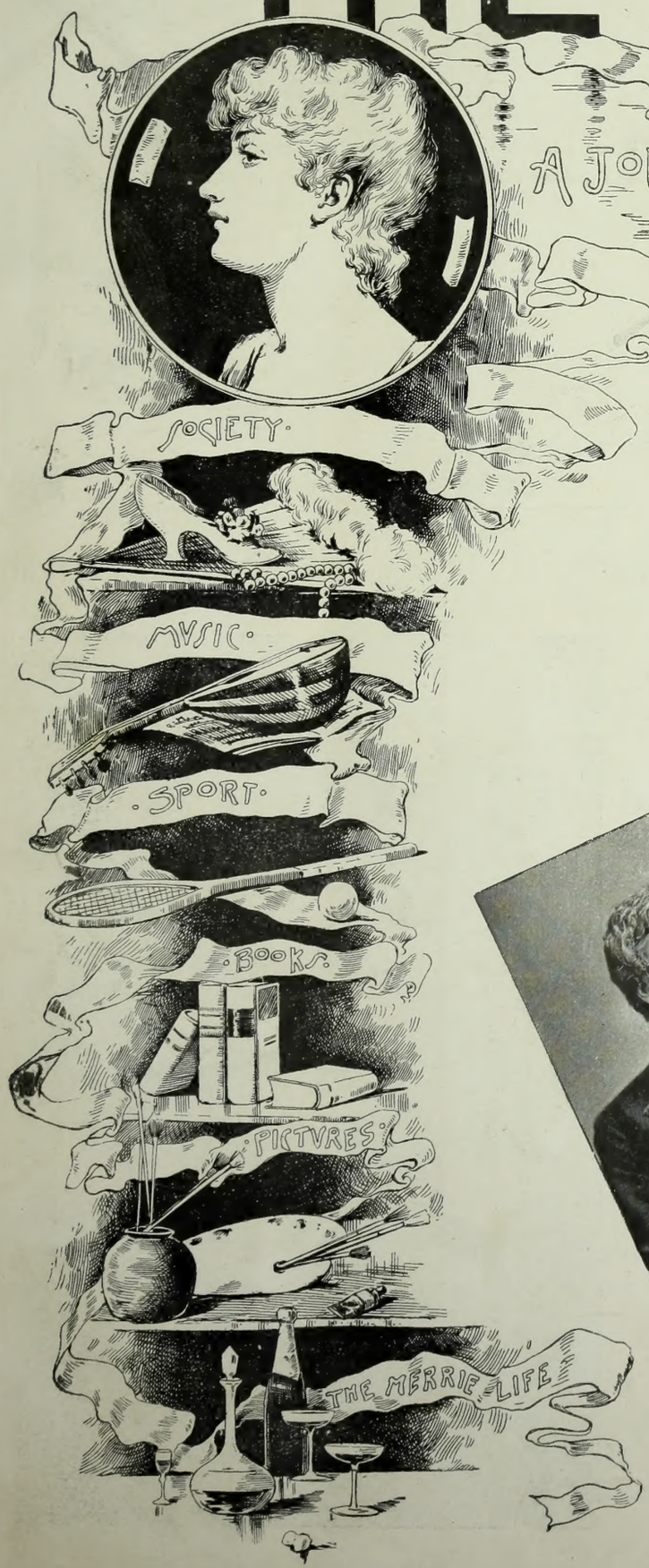
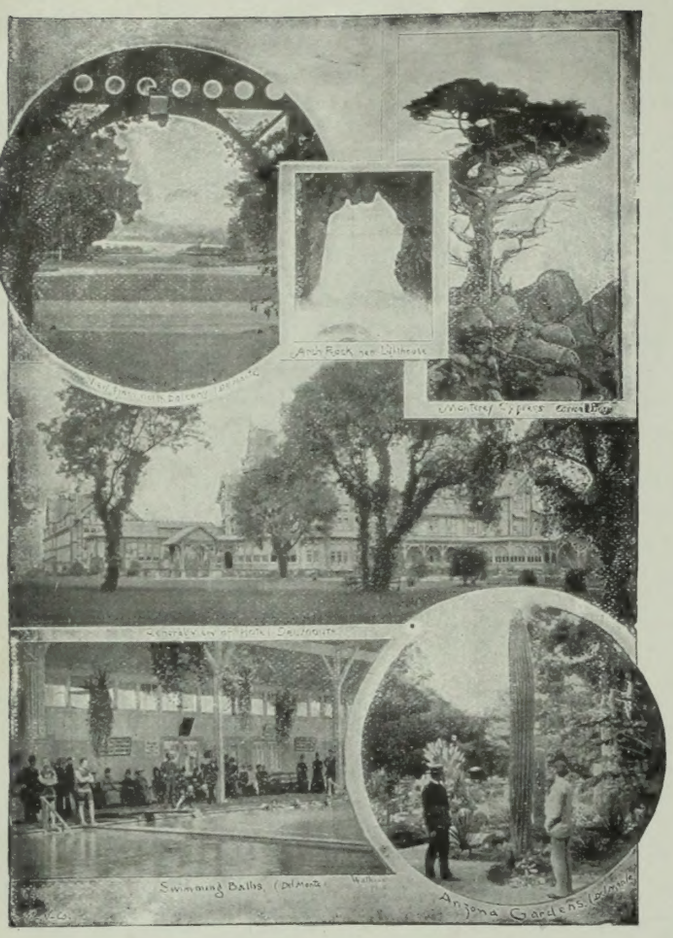
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA



JUDGE W. T. WALLACE W. R. HEARST JEREMIAH LYNCH

THE NEW LOCAL DEMOCRACY: ACCORDING TO BUCKLEY.



AMERICA'S
FAMOUS
SUMMER
AND
WINTER
RESORT

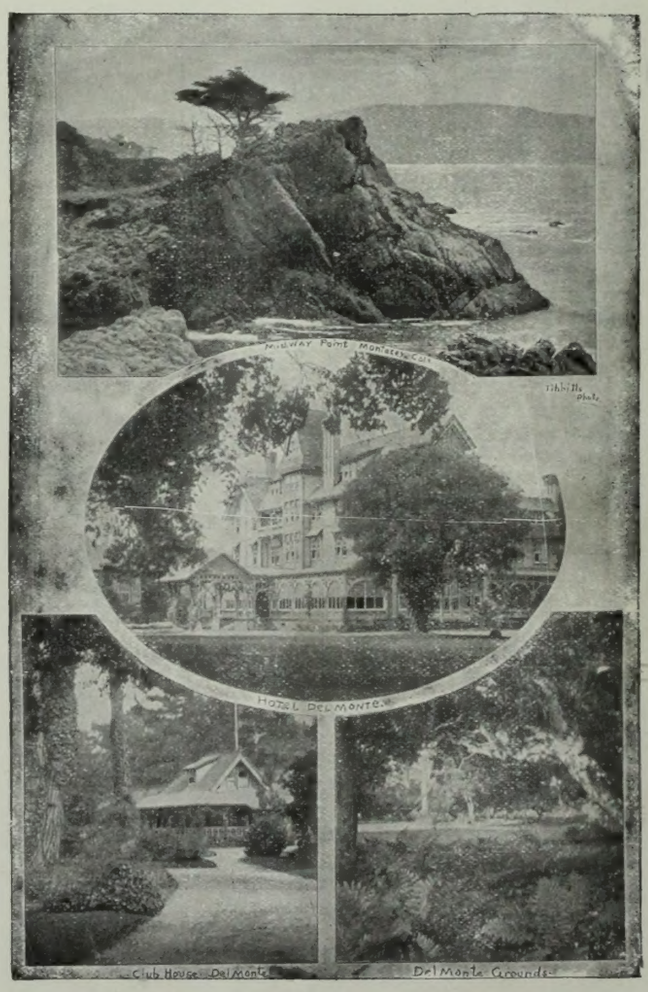
"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE
ESTABLISHMENT IN
THE WORLD

GEO SCHONEWALD - Manager



THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The new Democratic Party, according to Christopher Buckley, consists of an ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a reformed stock broker, and an undeveloped young man who bangs his hair and puts up for a newspaper—respectively, William T. Wallace, Jeremiah Lynch, and W. R. Hearst. To what extent Mr. Lynch is "reformed" I cannot pronounce, but the picture of the undeveloped young man speaks for itself—at least he does not bang his hair. It parts very naturally in the middle. If I know aught of journalism the *Examiner* pays him in the neighborhood of $20,000 per month—quite a respectable income. I believe Judge Wallace is accused of possessing the finest legal mind in the State. By no means his slightest merit is the power at writing unimpeachable English. If these men are to lead the party, Democracy is to be congratulated.

SPLASHES.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB "jinks" on Saturday night last, is said to have been genuinely successful. As one might suppose, the clubrooms were crowded, and the participants had the advantage of being listened to by an audience drawn from all the professions but journalism. The subject of discussion for the "high jinks" was "False Gods." President Phelan, Al Bouvier, Gen. Barnes, and Captain Woodruff read papers on the different aspects of divinity, that of Barnes being a particularly strong effort, rather more theological, however, than his auditors anticipated. Mr. Phelan generally succeeds in being clever and epigrammatical, and if no mighty truths were elucidated, his essay was entertaining. The music was specially fine. C. D. O'Sullivan sang "Nazareth" with an orchestral accompaniment, and covered himself with glory. Those who could discriminate say that Donald de V. Graham never sang better in his life.

* * *

The "high jinks" disposed of, there was an interlude of fun-making by George T. Bromley, who, attired as Santa Claus, presented the members with suitable Christmas presents. Among the notable offerings was one of "The Earth" to Colonel Hawes; another was a large model of a cow, given to Barbour Lathrop. Felicitous references to the peculiarities of the recipients of each gift given in Mr. Bromley's gravely droll manner, proved very laughable. The Chinese play, composed by Mr. Redding, after an elaborate study of the subtleties of the Celestial drama was the *piece de resistance* of the "low jinks." A veritable Chinese orchestra discoursed weird strains throughout the unfolding of a complicated plot. The stage was a reproduction of Joullin's "Joss House" picture, presented to the Club by Mr. Phelan. Porter Ashe enacted the part of head priest. Louis Sloss was a Chinese maiden named "Yum Yum." The Rose Leaf Social, Outing, *et al.* Club, was adequately represented in the *dramatis personæ*.

* * *

Just how much finer this especial "jinks" was than all that have preceded it, I am not at liberty to state. It is part of the religion of every good Bohemian to believe the papers he has just heard the most artistic, the wittiest, neatest, most admirable ever written. So far as the majority of the members know, doubtless they are, and in this era of incredulity I am loath to disturb any of the shreds of faith still adhering in the mercantile community. Club patriotism is a pardonable weakness, if not too vociferously exhibited.

* * *

THERE WAS A GREAT hegira of the wives of naval officers this week, and nothing that has happened for some days gave more color to the possibility of war with Chile than the manner of their going. They were, I understand, telegraphed for to meet the "San Francisco" at San Diego, and there was packing in hot haste to catch the train that would land them there before the leviathan had taken her departure. Among the ladies who went south to bid adieu to their liege lords were Mrs. Brown, wife of the Admiral. Mrs. Burtis, Mrs. Dyer, and Mrs. Inch; They will probably stay at the southern port until the "San Francisco" sails.

* * *

So the Viscount Benoist d'Azy is married; well, I'm glad of it. If I am not in error that is what he came to this country for, and it was the chief object of his errand on the Coast. Unlike some of our distinguished foreign visitors, the Viscount made no secret of his desires, and maidens with money received his critical attention, with a view to his investment in matrimony. He was unfortunate in finding a lady suited to his financial taste here, and he departed. He was quite successful in Chicago, and has just led to the altar a young and handsome bride whose personal adornments are added to by the possession $300,000 in her own immediate right. I am informed that her prospects are magnificent. The Viscount will visit the Coast in the near future.

* * *

THE "JINKS" OF THE CONCORDIA CLUB on Christmas Eve went off admirably considering the number of absentees. *La grippe* has not spared the prominent members, and when the gathering assembled, Charles Ackerman, who had been selected to "sire" the performance, Melton Eisner, who had promised to act in his absence, Lucius Solomons, Louis Haas, and several others were away. Edgar Peixotto, however, very gallantly came to the rescue and presided very gracefully. In fact he did excellently, made some clever hits and saved the entertainment from failure.

* * *

Some original poems were read, some brief speeches made, a few stories were told, and a very dainty supper partaken of. Rather amusing was the parody of a recitation by Sam Dinkerspiel, which Mr. Armour gave. All contributed to the best of their ability. Everyone is looking forward to the ball this evening. It is to be a very splendid affair, and will have several features, I am told, quite out of the ordinary. The demand for invitations has been energetic, with the result that the limit of those to be issued has been extended to seventy-five. An especially elaborate supper has been provided for the occasion.

* * *

The ball of the San Francisco Verein is to be no less notable. I am assured the ballroom decorations will be something to remember, and there are any number of handsome costumes being prepared for the event.

* * *

The Calliopean Club "jinks" on Saturday night was a pleasant success. The entire club membership contributed to the evening's entertainment either a song, a story, a poem or an instrumental selection. At eleven o'clock refreshments in the shape of beer and sandwiches were partaken of, and after that the festivities continued until quite early Christmas morning.

* * *

That section of Society which is not going

to Del Monte for the New Year will surely go to the football match at Central Park. That is to be an event of the first magnitude, and no one, with claims to be considered "in the swim" save, of course, those who are out of town, can afford to be absent. This was the match that it was first proposed to have at Monterey, but it is rather an expensive proceeding taking so many men down there and besides financial results are looked for to cover the outlay of the Los Angeles Club. Though the men who are going to take part are members of the San Francisco Football Club, it has been thought advisable, seeing they are also Olympic Club men, to play under the auspices of the latter institution.

* * *

It will thus be club against club. The Los Angeles team is said to be very strong and its captain announces that victory alone will compensate for their long journey up here—that is, the game will be for blood. The chances are, however, that Tobin's team will give them all they want, for it is certainly the strongest ever got together in San Francisco. It includes the best men of last year's team besides some valuable additions. Following are the players: Basil Ricketts, back; E. L. Porter, half back; Joe Tobin (captain) half back; Pugh, quarter back; Sherrard and Morse, end rush; Harrison and Brewer, tackle; Melone, centre rush; O'Sullivan and Howard, guards. Miehling, Taylor, and Corbel are substitutes. I expect a very lively game. The Los Angeles team arrives this morning, and will get into trim for the event. The game commences at two in the afternoon.

* * *

The sad death of Mrs. Lieutenant Winn put a damper on the Christmas of several well-known families. As Dora Boardman she was exceedingly popular in Society, and her death to her many friends was in the nature of a shock. Mrs. Winn was buried from the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, on Franklin Street, Saturday morning last. The funeral ceremony was conducted in the parlor, wherein a large number of ladies were assembled. The preacher delivered a brief discourse, in which he spoke of the gentle character and many virtues of the deceased. During its delivery, the members of the family, and especially Mrs. Boardman, were deeply affected. The interment was made in the Piedmont cemetery, Oakland. Mrs. Winn was a gentle and very lovable woman. She was the only daughter in a family of four, and her untimely demise is deeply deplored by all who knew her.

* * *

To mention all the pretty girls and matrons who gathered at the Bella Vista hop on Christmas Eve would exhaust all the capitals in half the compositors' cases between this and Chicago. The party was one of the gayest ever given there, and the festivities were kept up long after the revelers had wished each other a Merry Christmas when the new day was born. A large tree, heavy with presents for the little ones, was erected in the new ballroom, and when Mr. Clement had handed the last evidence of Santa Claus' kindness to its blushing recipient, a supper was served for the children. Their elders then enjoyed themselves with round and square dances, and later enjoyed a generous collation.

* * *

The guests at the Pleasanton are to dance the New Year in. Mrs. Pendleton has issued cards for an "at home," and quite a large number of guests will be present. The dining-room has been artistically decorated and transformed into a ballroom of the amplest dimensions. The event after midnight will be the Leap Year waltz, for which the girls are already selecting partners. Christmas was celebrated at the Pleasanton by the usual Christmas festivities. In the parlor was a very large tree, brilliantly decorated and laden with gifts for the little ones. A Santa Claus, appropriately costumed, delivered the presents and everyone had an enjoyable time.

* * *

There is to be quite a festivity over at San Quentin to celebrate the inauguration as Prison Director of Jacob Neff, of Placer County. Mr. Neff is by no means a novice in handling prison affairs. He was on the board during the Ames administration; and proved a most efficient member of it. He was popular, too, with the officials, and those who are left desire to express their pleasure at having him back after so many years' absence.

* * *

There will be a much larger gathering at Del Monte than I expected. The number of rooms already engaged is far ahead of last year, and several parties are being organized among people whose annual excursions have taken them generally in other directions. Manager Schonewald has made his usual preparations for ringing the old year out and the New Year in; the gardens are as gorgeous almost as in autumn, and festivity will be in order from Thursday until Monday morning. Among the families already at Del Monte, or who leave with the hotel as their destination by Thursday afternoon's train, are the Tallants, Tubbs, Popes, Houghtons, Franks, Taylors, Hopkins, Casserlys, Dodges, Blairs, H. T. Scotts, Webster Jones, Simpkins, Struves, Danforths, Jacksons, Herolds, Woosters, Schmiedells, Dan T. Murphy, Brighams, and many others.

* * *

Mr. Greenway is determined that the Leap Year Cotillion will be the "widest" affair of the kind ever given here. The decorations are to be gorgeous—far finer than those for the *bal poudre* last year. In the ballroom the adornments will be hangings of blue and white against a background of toned red and soft green. Palms and ferns in quantities will transform the stage and the reception rooms into conservatories. *Tete-a-tete* corners will be arranged among the foliage for those who desire to retire from the dance. The vestibule and the halls will be canvased and decorated with palms, and portieres will conceal the doors and prevent draughts.

* * *

The grand march will be formed and dancing will commence at nine o'clock. Five very pretty figures are to be danced. Supper is set for 11:30. Afterward there will be dancing until 2 A. M. Brandt will play a series of new selections which he has rehearsed for the occasion, and Ludwig has arranged a most tempting *menu*.

* * *

I am told there will be a very brilliant display of costumes. All the girls are having new dresses made *a la Pompadour*—some of them especially elaborate. So far, ninety couples have announced their intention of participating, and there may be more. The committee is adhering strictly to the rule that no one in the city will be given an invitation. Strangers, of course, may be invited. At all events, the Leap Year ball is something to look forward to.

* * *

A number of parties are being organized for the football match on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Miss Dimond have invited sixteen of their friends who will drive out there in Mrs. Hopkins' drag and Miss Dimond's buckboard. In the evening the party will be entertained at dinner at the Dimond residence.

* * *

On Christmas night there were a number of informal gatherings given in various parts of the city. The Watsons celebrated the festivity by a very pleasant party, the main feature of which was a Christmas tree.

* * *

Residents of Oakland and San Francisco will be interested in knowing that Mr. William E. Bond, Business Manager of the Oaktand *Tribune*, is engaged, and that his marriage to Miss Ruby Dore, of this city, will be celebrated in the early spring. Mr. Bond has been so long regarded as a confirmed bachelor that the maidens of the local Athens had almost given him up; my assurance that he is engaged will cause, I fear, some sore hearts. He is one of the most popular men in Oakland, a prominent man in the clubs over there, and successful in business. Miss Dore is the daughter of Mrs. E. Dore, of 1929 California Street, and is a beautiful blonde girl, who is very fortunate. She is a sister of Mrs. Gus Spreckels, and the wedding will take place a few weeks before Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels go to Europe.

* * *

Jack Follansbee is in town again, after a few months of ranch life. He will remain here for some weeks. Next to Mr. Follansbee, the most conspicuous figure on the street, always excepting M. H. de Young, is Will Hearst. As he walks along the promenade he looks like a "display ad" in the *Examiner*. He wears a coat that is so very English that

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

the name of the maker on the collar is in Cockney: "'Enery 'And, coatmaker to 'Is Royal 'Ighness."

* * *

The people of California are gradually learning that imported articles are not always best. There is Fred Webster, who would not take warning by Peter Donahue's misfortune, but must send to the East for a dog, and is now mourning its loss. He paid $300 for a cocker spaniel, and got an animal as pretty as a picture by Coulter. Full of pride, he took it with him to the Country Club house in Bear Valley, and started out in search of of what he might devour. At the first shot, the spaniel darted into the underbrush and has not been seen since. A guaranty went with the dog that it was well-trained, knew the difference between a hen and quail, and would not point at meadow larks. A reward is offered for its recovery. This reminds me of Peter Donahue's $600 dog, which he imported. It was warranted to do all that a hunting-dog should do, and ate the first bird that his master shot.

* * *

One year ago last August, Dr. Millionaire Merritt, of Oakland, succumbed to the inevitable, and his carefully prepared will was attacked by a pair of nephews. The matter was compromised at a cost to his large estate of about $500,000. The principal legatee under the Doctor's will was his only sister, Mrs. Catherine M. Garcelon, who followed her brother December 28th, leaving a fortune variously estimated at from two to three million dollars. Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Garcelon appointed before her death the astute lawyer Judge John A. Stanley and a cousin, Stephen Purrington, as trustees of the estate, who have engineered and constructed an unbreakable will for this estimable lady, I will be surprised if the same nephews do not make another move on the financial chess board and the same game be successfully played over again. Under Dr. Merritt's will, which doubtless his sister has religiously followed out in her own, charities will receive many handsome bequests. Mrs. Garcelon was seventy-seven years of age when she died and came of sturdy New England stock.

* * *

I desire to state that I do not give perfect credence to the story that is being told in legal circles anent Mr. W. W. Foote's encounter with the Martinez "tiger." Everyone knows that since Mr. Lansing Mizner opened offices in that seaport town, the animal has assumed huge proportions, and that nightly he became fiercer and fiercer, but that "Billy" Foote was ever overthrown by him, I doubt. It seems that Mr. Foote went up to Martinez, and instructed a jury in a case, for the winning of which he received $500. The instant it was known that the case was settled the Moore boys scurried around and prepared a game, and the story goes that although Mr. Foote had the entire amount of his fee in his pocket when he started in, he had to borrow $5 with which to get to Oakland. I don't believe it, although they do say Martinez was decorated with flags in honor of the event.

* * *

The special holiday edition of the Oakland *Times* is a splendid paper, and I would advise my readers who want to learn all about the modern Athens to get a copy. Aside from its excellencies as an epitome of the social and business life of Oakland, the *Times* is a magazine of literary matter that will be found very entertaining. Sol. N. Sheridan has a capital story, an idyl from the Old Mission; Joseph E. Baker is very happy in his effort; Paul Goldsmith does well with a small plot, and the other writers are quite interesting. When it is remembered that Senator Moffitt got out the paper with a strike in the composing room, the splendors of the paper will be appreciated.

* * *

I NOTICE that Henry Guy Carleton has re opened the Thompson Street Poker Club in the *Examiner* and other papers, and purposes holding sessions as often as the circumstances will allow. I knew Mr. Carleton in Chicago years ago, when he had not found the bubble reputation at the ink-pot's mouth. If I am not in error, he was educated out here in California; attended the Jesuit College, where his tuition was undertaken as a matter of charity. He was good enough to pay for it in writing whatever was vile, and unkind about Catholic institutions. However, Mr. Carleton never did have much love for that religious denomination, and rarely lost an opportunity of saying about it whatever he could get money for writing.

* * *

At times, however, he said of the Catholics what there was no money in, and now and again voiced a remark that brought him more fame than dollars. I remember when he was on the Chicago *Tribune* he said a clever thing. That was some years ago, and there was then issued from the *Tribune* building a publication called *The Catholic at Work*. At the same time, Madison Street was in the hands of the Street Department, and from State to the bridge was torn up and impassable. A tough gang of heelers and rounders were working on it, when a stranger, in the garb of a priest, approached Mr. Carleton, and said politely:

"Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me where I can find *The Catholic at Work?*"

Carleton looked at him for a moment, struggled with his stutter, and, "Of-of-of course, I can," he said; "if-if y-y-you look out on-on on the s-s-street, you'll fi-fi-find all the d—d Catholics at w-w-work you want."

* * *

Mr. Carleton worked on the *Chronicle* here for awhile, and did not impress any one there with the idea that he was abnormally clever. Indeed, he was not even acknowledged to be passibly bright. But for all that he is a brainy fellow, and will do better than half the men who started out with big reputations. He is writing syndicate letters now, and that is better than grinding out plays. By the way, I understand that Mr. Carleton's play, which was regarded for a week or two as the "Great American," cost Mr. Hayman $3000 over the purchase price. It was, in other words, a failure.

* * *

Christmas was observed in the churches as usual. There was slight change from the customary services, and flowers and music were the same as in the past. The Cathedral held a great crowd of people who participated in exercises of an exceedingly interesting character. The church was decorated with evergreens and flowers, and with its myriad candles gleaming on its gorgeous altar, presented an imposing spectacle.

* * *

Trinity Church was redolent with the odors of evergreens and fir branches, but the dark sombreness of the decorations was relieved by no color. The customary holly, whose bright red is the eternal blush the berry wears for the crime of the crucifixion, was hardly seen, and it seemed as if some mind that had directed the decorators in the past was absent. With prodigal hand the wreathes, stars, festoons, and ropes of evergreens were placed all about the church, but in their disposition there was small artistic taste displayed. The services, however, were unusually interesting, and the music was beyond reproach. The programme was lengthy, and the splendid choir had every opportunity of showing the excellent quality of singing. Donald De V. Graham sang a song written and composed for the occasion by Miss Coolbrith and H. J. Stewart. The attendance was not as large as last year, and I think the same may be said of some of the other churches, but at Trinity it was noticeable, as that parish had joined with the Church of the Advent to make the occasion a success.

* * *

Captain Carey, of the "Monowai," is quite enthusiastic in his comments on the discipline of Sells' circus, which he had the honor of conveying to the colonies on his last down trip. The behavior of men and women was excellent. There was a complete absence of rowdyness, and even the freaks conducted themselves perfectly. He expresses a willingness to take several trips with the same kind of a cargo, if the necessity should arise.

* * *

THE TALK OF WAR between Chile and the United States is all nonsense. If I am not very much in error, we haven't anything to fight about; as Wyatt Earp would say: "We ain't entitled to no kill." That a war at present would be an excellent solution of the labor and capital dilemma, there is no

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

doubt; that the first call for volunteers would be responded to with alacrity is certain; that hundreds of men who are hanging on to the jagged spokes of an unpropitious wheel of fortune would be enriched by even the declaration of an intention to go to battle is out of question; but we have no right to engage Chile. No one deplores the incident in Valparaiso more than I do, nor does any of the war editors who are now howling for fight mourn the death of the "Baltimore's" marines any more deeply than myself. But we cannot go to war because in a street brawl some sailors were killed.

* * *

Chile is in no pleasant temper just now; and no small republic in the world has reason to feel worse. The course of the United States toward Chile has been impolitic, unfair, disgraceful. Until Mr. Egan was plucked from a traitorous exile and made a representative of the United States, I was not aware that there was a lack of tried and true Americans in this country who could fill positions of trust and honor; but long before he showed that the Dictator's gold would make him Balmaceda's slave, I was inclined to believe he would prove unfaithful to his adoptive, as he had to his native, government. The Chileans have a score against us on the Egan account, and the blow and bluster at Washington will not drive the thought from the minds of fair men. Mr. Egan was not a fit person to send as a representative of this country, whose wounds are yet bleeding from the results of a war similar to the one he would force on the government under which he was born, and to which he has proved himself a traitor. There are diplomatic occasions when none but Americans should be placed on guard.

* * *

Aside from Egan's impertinent and disastrous preferences, the Chileans have other grievances. Admiral Brown, of the "San Francisco," is alleged to have carried information to Balmaceda that was of great cost to the Congressional party, and is also charged with having done all in his power to aid the Dictator in his fight against the people. The allegations have been denied, but I have in my possession information that goes far to prove that the Admiral went to unwarrantable lengths to show on which side his sympathies were; those who know him are quite well aware of the fact that the Congressional party did not, and does not, stand high in his estimation. However, it was outside of Admiral Brown's duty, and not within his privilege, as an officer in the United States navy to help either side in its struggles; and here lies the chief cause of Chile's attitude toward this country.

* * *

The fight in the streets was certainly in the line of the expected, and the commanding officer of the "Baltimore" should have known that it was not advisable to permit his men to go ashore in a city where the feeling was so strong. The fight took place in the lowest quarter of town, in a locality not unlike our Barbary Coast; the men of the "Baltimore," with a load of liquor on board, were probably looking for a fight, and, unfortunately, found it. This country is unhappily situated in the premises; the Government is in a serious position; all it can do is retire gracefully; if it can do that, it will be lucky.

* * *

THE FLORISTS have evidently formed a trust, which is by law forbid and in violation of the statutes made and provided. Two days before Christmas the gentle violet was worth twenty-five cents a bunch; Christmas Eve the odorous flower cost one dollar a dozen; chrysanthemums were a trifle higher, and roses white and roses pink were so exceedingly dear that none but bell boys could touch them. I rejoiced on Christmas night to find drooping, withered, dead roses in a florist's window; roses and violets and chrysanthemums in great sickly bunches. With the robber who keeps the shop I had tried to make a trade for the roses, offering him $2.50 a dozen; he would not sell at that price; for his violets he wanted $1.50 a bunch; I would not buy at that figure; for his chrysanthemums he wanted their weight in gold; as their stems were very long, and as I do not part with my gold by weight, I left him; two hours later I might have had his shop for $5.

* * *

Flowers were not scarce—not as scarce as they were last year; but the robber class—the men who sell—thought they would reap a harvest from the people's desire; in many instances they failed, and I am glad of it; they should leave foot-padding and highwaying to the dealers in silverware and jewelry. It seems that everyone with anything to sell at this season tacks on an extra price to his wares, calls them Christmas novelties, and forces them on a suspecting public that is too weak to verify its suspicions. If Christmas is ever abolished, and THE WAVE may find it necessary in the interest of the people to ask for a law declaring it inimical to the general dishonesty in that it makes men greater robbers than they usually are—it will be because of exorbitant advances dealers in the unnecessaries of life demand for their wares.

* * *

Some time ago I had almost made up my mind to demand the abolishment of Christmas, but not for the reasons given in the foregoing. I thought the celebrations should be discontinued on the ground that the "Xmas" illiterature was gradually undermining our belief in the National characteristics. There was apparent on the part of many of the writers a disposition to show that some of our most successful business men—who had remained crusty bachelors—were only kind and open-hearted at the happy Christmas-tide, when everyone knew that a Christmas carol or a merry greeting could no more unlock the doors of their generosity than a just cause, unaccompanied by a golden argument, could get a decision from the Supreme Court.

* * *

THERE IS A NOTABLE IMPROVEMENT in the *Examiner's* Washington service and in the editorial columns. One would not think there was much connection between the correspondence and the expression of opinion in a newspaper, but in this case there is. For some time Mr. Moffett, a soft-eyed, gentle, curly-haired disciple of reform-in-tariff, begged the unthinking farmer to think, and importuned the unreading orchardist to read the free trade editorials in my Democratic contemporary; of course, they paid no attention to him. The only way to convince some men of what is right and proper is to use the "sack" argument, the only efficacious vote-winner in politics; even then it is not always productive of the desired effect; if your man is comparatively honest and will stay bought, it is without rival. Mr. Moffett was wasting his time talking to those who would not hear, and he was dispatched to Washington.

* * *

Everyone who reads the dispatches will notice the improvement in the quality and character of news from that diplomate's wallow. The stories are bright, well-written, and worth reading, and if what is told does not suit the reader, the manner of telling cannot fail to please. And the editorial columns are brighter—from my standpoint, which is, of course, the right one. Arthur McEwen does not burden them with statistics, but with his delicate, pointed irony points a moral and knocks a man out of conceit with himself in every paragraph. There is evidence, however, that the brilliant McEwen is not given the power to use his talents to their limit; he shows, now and again, that where his virility would unseat a scoundrel, that he must only scratch him, and when he could beat down a public official who is battering in the people's treasury that he may merely kick him.

* * *

THE PRESS CLUB is the haunt of men who tell more good stories in a day than are printed in a year. When the distinguished prototype of "Sockless Jerry" of Kansas opens the portals of his memory to the emission of reminiscences, or permits his tongue to sport in the *embouchure* of his chin, one may hear a tale that the jongleurs of old would have given their best lutes to possess. Ed Phillips told the latest, and it had to do with that prince of gun-fighters, Wyatt Earp, who, some years ago, was familiar enough with the Dave Nagle countenance to tweek its most protuberant part. Mr. Nagle, however, at a later period, redeemed himself by officiously murdering a person of the name of Terry, who had just smote the Field face, and was engaged in the peaceful consumption of some railroad-station flapjacks; for this act Mr. Nagle was

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

praised by a score or two of devilishly corrupt editors, who sold their space to this villainously disgraceful work for the dollars of the man who had writhed under the Terry slap.

* * *

But it was of Wyatt Earp I "was going for to write." He is a strange creation: a big, lawless, law-fearing, justice-loving man-killer; the typical frontiersman, who shoots a man for not drinking with him, and gives up his last dollar to bury the victim. I have small love for that sort myself, as I am accustomed to drinking with whom I please, but stories of border life have made the men of whom Wyatt Earp is a representative the heroes of the day. In San Diego, when the boom made of acre land in that city choice corner lots, Earp moved in from New Mexico, and was regarded very highly by the ruffians and gamblers who gathered there, because of his singular rapidity in drawing his weapon and the general correctness of his aim. All disputes among them were left to his decision, and Mr. Earp generally gave satisfaction.

* * *

On one occasion, two gamblers became involved in a quarrel; one had insisted in betting over the limit; and the other put the extra chips to the credit of the bank. They had never been friends, and the time was considered a good one to settle differences; they arose, drew their weapons, and started in to "do up" each other. Friends interposed, when the man who started to raise the limit, said he had a right to kill his opponent; he had not been given a square deal, and it was his privilege to blow a hole in the other man big enough for a hay wagon to drive through. Those present said Earp should be called in to decide the matter, and when he appeared he was informed of the circumstances of the case. "Say, Wyatt," said the man who thought he was privileged to open the shooting, "ain't I right? Isn't it a gun fight?"

Mr. Earp thought a moment. "Well, Joe," he remarked, contemplatively, "yer may get a chance some other time; but from what I hear'n o' the *sar*cumstances of the case an' from all the evi*dance*, yer ain't entitled to no kill on this deal." And the fighters sheathed their guns.

* * *

In these degenerate days the virtuous cannot afford to err, or the holy to let slip chances of exhibiting their sanctity. I have just heard of an admirable opportunity of illustrating the efficacy of prayer which the congregation of Trinity Church has just permitted to escape. It is quite a story, and it concerns my esteemed friend, Rev. J. Saunders Reed. When he departed from San Francisco, Mr. Reed left in charge of his flock a clergyman named Church. An excellent man in his way, doubtless, but by no means sensational, he was calculated to render the home-coming of the regular Rector a triumphant event. Besides preaching on Sundays, Mr. Church has attended to his seminary which is quite a business, and it has sometimes happened he has been prevented from rendering unto Trinity all of his time that belongs to Trinity.

* * *

Nothing if not sensational, Rev. Saunders Reed wrote from Philadelphia a letter to be read by Mr. Church to the flock on Christmas morn. An artistic and eloquent piece of word painting, it spoke in moving phrases of the absent minister's deep grief at his inability to preside at the holy Christmas services. Immediately on top of it came a telegram timed to arrive on Thursday evening, when the contents of the epistle had been properly digested. Alas, Mr. Church was not at home; a lady whom he had authorized to open his correspondence was not to be found. The letter had been turned over to the Vestry, and the Sexton's wife, into whose hands the dispatch had come, did not know what to do.

* * *

Finally, she opened the envelope. It was from Mrs. Reed, was brevity itself, and was calculated to deepen the impression produced by the letter—to have made a sensation, in fact. It said:

"Ask the prayers of the congregation for Rev. J. Saunders Reed. He is very low with the *grippe*."

Much alarmed, the lady commenced passing the missive around. From one hand it fell into another's, but so exciting was the sad intelligence, and so flurried the Vestry, that it was not turned over to the minister until the last member of the congregation was filing out of the holy edifice. Thus the chance of a lifetime was missed, because on the following day word came that J. Saunders Reed was greatly improved, and expected to be out and around within twenty-four hours. Had the church but invoked the proper authorities, the inference that their pastor's speedy recovery was due to their interventions would have been unmistakable and irresistible.

* * *

On the adamant heart of that intellectually magnificent aggregation, the Century Club, the tears of the black-balled have fallen not in vain. From this organization have come more sullied names than the "Blue Book" can record on a score of pages. Its door has been guarded with ferocious dames, whose Argus eyes have noted every point of weakness in the applicant's armor; the mentally unfit, the socially undesirable, and the financially loathsome have been excluded with a persistency and frequency that have appalled proposers and outraged proposed. The Royal Family, of which the Century Club is composed, would none of the Plebeians, and, as a consequence, its treasury became that thing abhorred by nature, a vacuum; its membership roll showed as unbeautifully as a a witch's depopulated gums, and its meetings looked like a gathering of Supervisors on a prize-fight night.

* * *

The Century Club has many claims to distinction; but the one that endears it to Fame was born of the fact that William Keith, artist, poet, philosopher, read a paper in its august midst. This was the first time that Mr. Keith had ever shaken his torso before as many as two individuals of the Century Club sex, and there was great rejoicing at the event. As its result, a number of names were proposed as those of ladies who would be shining eruptions on the club's membership rolls; but they were all rejected. The peculiarities of the system of election are beyond the Australian ballot, and transcend the scheme of admission to heaven.

* * *

A blessed trinity receives the names of those who would have written in their obituaries: "She was a woman of rare literary entertainments, as her papers read at the Century Club prove;" whether or not this triumvirate approves or rejects, the applicant goes on to the Board of Managers, who usually send to the proposer word that they would be pleased to hear from her with another name. This is their kindly way of saying your friend is wallowing in the slough of the undesirable. So often has this notice been received that some of the members arose in their might and demanded that another form of election be tried, and the city's only female intellectual oasis is struggling with the question: "Shall the present form of rejecting applicants be continued?" I hope not.

* * *

Here is a story which Sam Shortridge alleges was told him by a miner just down from the Clinton Consolidated. It is a bear yarn, and though it has doubtless done duty before in another connection, it is good enough to repeat. This miner's name is Jones, and he is quite a nimrod, particularly fond of hunting bear. The footmarks of an especially fine one had been found in the vicinity of the claim, and off he started, gun in hand, to find it. It is a rough country, and in the section through which the trail led, the chaparral was very thick. Jones tramped along until the undergrowth grew so thick that to make any progress he had to go on his hands and knees. Holding his gun before him he cautiously made his way until he came to a place where the tough stems of the chaparral grew so close that further progress seemed impossible.

* * *

"Did I turn back?" continues the bold hunter; "no, sir; I simply laid down on the trail, holding me gun well ahead, and just glided through the chaparral. Suddenly I came to an opening. Half blinded by the dust, I looked up; above was foliage, and just in front was the bear, a fierce-looking brute. He was only six steps from me, I flat on the ground, me weapon almost touching him."

"And what did you do?" asked Mr. Shortridge, with eager interest.

"What did I do? What could I do?" fiercely interrogated Mr. Jones. "I just died like a man."

* * *

This weird tale reminds me of one I heard

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

told in a saloon at the Ocean Beach. It was a very wet, cold night, and a merry party sat round a fire, drinking hot whisky. The door opened and a young man came in, his clothes drenched, looking as though he had been submerged for hours.

"I've had a wonderful escape, gentlemen," he said, "and if you will let me sit near the fire a few moments I will tell you of it."

Room was made for him and a mug of the hot liquor passed into his eager hands. As he sipped, the color returned to his blanched cheeks, and here is the story he told:

"My sweetheart was going to China on the steamer, City of ———, that left here two months ago, and I determined to take passage with her. She was accompanied by her guardian who strongly opposed my suit, but as the girl loved me his antagonism did not cut much of a figure.

* * *

"One foggy night, out in mid ocean, I was with my darling on the hurricane deck. Suddenly the huge steamer gave a lurch. There came a terrible grating. I looked round. We had run, not into, but along side an iceberg. Some beam must have fallen on me for the next thing I knew was a sensation of intense cold. I recovered consciousness to find myself on the iceberg. The steamer had vanished in the fog. What to do I knew not. I lay there for hours. Day came. Not a sail in sight. I rigged up a mast and hung on it my coat as a signal. No avail. We were a thousand miles, at least, from San Francisco—perhaps 1200.

"Gentlemen, you will admit," continued the speaker as he swallowed his fourth glass of whisky, "you will admit my plight was desperate."

* * *

"I suppose," said one of the circle, "just as you were giving up hope a passing schooner rescued you."

"No, alas. I was not so fortunate."

"I suppose they missed you on the steamer and sent a boat back," hazarded another.

"No, gentlemen, I assure you that on the third day of my life on the iceberg, there was not a sail in sight. Finally, in desperation, I made up my mind what to do. There was nothing for it but that."

He paused, drank another glass of whisky, and stood up.

"You may not believe me, but I speak the truth."

"Well, how did you get ashore?" The crowd was intensely eager.

"Gentlemen, I swam."

* * *

Because Judge Wallace has reversed the Supreme Court it is not fair to regard that discredited tribunal as composed entirely of McFarlands. One must not forget Mr. Justice Garoutte, for instance, of whom it has been said "when young he neglected to study law, when old he did not have time;" or Chief Justice Beatty whose admirable integrity excuses intellectual and legal deficiencies. There is also Justice De Haven, whose appearance is that of an Illinois granger of the *ante bellum* period, whose dissenting opinion in the Bruner case has given him somewhat of a reputation in his own profession and with the public. He is very tall, is this judicial ex-Congressman, something above six feet two inches in height and broad in proportion—a man of the Abraham Lincoln type, whose strong, marked features are in decided contrast to those of his colleagues on the bench.

* * *

De Haven is about forty-five years of age, and is a Humboldt County lawyer. He has a long upper lip, stiff hair, worn in a kind of a Pompadour, and a gray goatee, which he is given to fondling reflectively. He looks, indeed, as though he might preside over a meeting of the Farmers' Alliance in Sonoma County. For years he was Superior Judge of Humboldt County, and made a reputation there by rendering decisions which the Supreme Court did not reverse. In his county and in Mendocino no man stood higher. Indeed, what more conclusive testimony of his reputation could be offered than his election to Congress from a district decidedly Democratic. He ran against Thomas Thompson, one of the most popular representatives the First Congressional District ever had. So his achievement was one to be proud of. He returned from Washington not impressed with either the magnitude nor the duties of his position.

* * *

In Congress, De Haven drew National attention to himself by protesting against the dogmatic rulings of Speaker Reed. Though a Republican, he declined to stand in with his party in enforcing gag rule. He became tired, too, of being a species of messenger for his constituents. "I came to Washington," he said, "prepared to devote my time and attention to the affairs of the Nation, and I found my usefulness to consist in running errands for Californians who wanted positions." From the halls of Legislature, he retired in time to have his name presented to the State Convention as a candidate for the Supreme Bench. He was elected, and I am sure before his time of retirement comes, will have made a fine record for himself.

* * *

Justice de Haven is a man of considerable legal acquirements. His mind is strongly judicial; it is natural for him to be just. Before going on the bench he had the largest law practice in Eureka, and is said to be very comfortably situated financially. In his brief year of office, he has rendered several striking decisions—one in the case of a disputed election, Dougherty *vs.* Routledge, in which his language told forcibly against the Republican candidate. In his decision *re* the Hotel del Monte fire, he defined forcibly the responsibilities of common carriers and of landlords. Without being models of English, his opinions are simple, forcible, and firm in statement. If he has not McFarland's rhetoric, he is consistent and strongly logical.

* * *

Another story that comes from the Press Club has to do with gambling in Arizona, where a revolver, and a pair of treys have been known to beat three aces and a couple of kings. Arizona is the land where the tenderfoot is always getting the worst of it; where the new arrival is "broken in" early, and is oftentimes laid away beneath the fine alkali dust before the "breaking" is completed; and where draw poker flourishes as do the cacti and prickly pear. In Tucson the only amusement after dark is gambling, and some spirited poker games have been played there. A gentle stranger from the East, who was on his way to San Francisco, stopped off for an hour or two, and became interested in a little game. There were half-a-dozen men around the table, and each wore all the weapons that his belt could hold. But the desire to indulge in poker overcame the tenderfoot's fear of this military display.

* * *

The game went on for some time, with varying fortune for the stranger. At last the coy goddess kissed him full on the lips; he held an invincible hand. All but one man dropped out as the tenderfoot raised the limit to its giddy height of fifty dollars; the native sat aghast for a moment; but, carefully skimming his cards raised back. The stranger put the limit up again, and was met and "h'isted" by his opponent. Then the tenderfoot looked at his victim pityingly, and said he'd "better call."

"Call yourself," was the reply.

"All right, I'll do it. I've got you beaten. What were you 'bucking' with?" asked the stranger.

* * *

"What have you?" cried the native.

"Four aces," was the triumphant answer, as the tenderfoot reached for the pot.

"Drap it," yelled the Arizonian; "drap it; I've a lally-cooler."

"A what?"

"A lally-cooler; biggest hand in the deck; three diamonds an' a pair o' clubs," and he reached for the pile.

"I never heard of a 'hand' like that before," said the stranger.

"Well, you just look over there, an' see one o' the rules o' this game," said the native, pointing to a notice posted on the wall:

"A Lally-Cooler beats fore ases."

* * *

The stranger thought a moment or two, and then offered his ticket to San Francisco and thence to New York for ten dollars. The keeper of the gambling house gave him chips to that amount for it, and pushed over twenty-five dollars' worth of blues for his watch, chain, and ring, and the game began again. The stranger won steadily; his pile increased to wonderful dimensions, and he bought back his jewelry. A jack pot was reached in the course of gambling events, and the stranger opened it for the limit; his late opponent

stayed right with him, and "h'isted" his fifty dollars; the Eastern man came back with twenty dollars more, and the gentleman of Tucson "saw" it, and asked for one card.

* * *

"I'll stand pat," said the stranger, and the betting began; the native borrowed from his friends, and the stranger "put up" his jewelry again.

With his last chips he "called" the Arizonan, and "You're gone, this time," he cried exultingly.

"Am I?" queried the native, "I've got a middlin' fair hand; four aces."

"No good," yelled the stranger. "No good; I've a lally-cooler, three diamonds and a pair of clubs."

"Pot's mine," said his opponent, "you can't play it. See that," and he pointed to a notice on the wall behind the tenderfoot:

"A lally-cooler can only be play'd oncet in a nevening."

* * *

In last week's issue I related the story so generally circulated about the Curtis case and the continuance that followed J. N. E. Wilson's engagement for the defense. Judge Troutt explains that his sole motive was a desire to bring the Wallace case to trial. He gave it precedence because of the request of counsel for an immediate hearing. This cause had dragged for two years and a half and Wallace had succeeded in postponing its final settlement by claiming he was too ill to appear in Court. As the Curtis trial will take at least four weeks and as Wallace could be disposed of in a few days, Judge Troutt gave it place and set the former cause for hearing in January. The explanation is reasonable. I am glad the aspersion is shown to be unwarranted.

* * *

It seems to me a strong effort should be made by the men of prominence and standing in this community to have W. T. Wallace retained as Presiding Judge. He is willing to continue the fight against the "B oodle," and if the prevailing corruption can be put an end to legally, he is the man to do it. There is manifested a much stronger feeling in the country over the Grand Jury disclosures and the Supreme Court's action than in town, and it is likely to result in very sweeping changes at the next election. I am assured that Judge Wallace's only motive is to aid the cause of justice. He is going to Europe when his term expires in January next, and rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, is not a candidate for either Senator or Governor.

* * *

In the event of some new Presiding Judge selecting a Grand Jury amenable to the disposition and tastes of the Boodlers, I am informed there is a proposition on foot to make it rather warm for Ex-Senator Lynch. There can be no question that Lynch was the most active member of the "illegal precedent." Had it not been for him and Barclay Henley, there would have been as little reforming as at any other time. He bestirred himself to obtain evidence, however, and found so much that he was ready to make it sultry for a few very prominent people in town here. Among others, he entered into a compact with six assemblymen whereby, in return for their evidence, he agreed to protect them.

* * *

I believe they were to give evidence concerning some of the infamous plots put up during last session, and a guarantee was given they would be safe. However, these six are now deeply wrought up, and have given the story to some of their associates, who declare they will have Lynch indicted for conspiracy. There is hardly anything that Buckley's arch-enemy would so welcome as a charge of this character, and I am strongly of the opinion he would make it very hot for his accusers before he got through with them.

* * *

Everybody will concede that Judge Wallace was authorized to adopt any means to put the Supreme Court to flight, but it was hardly fair for him to resort to the deadly parallel column. He might have shown that the Court was thoroughly idiotic, and at loggerheads with itself as to whether or not Bruner had a right to a writ of prohibition, without introducing this death-dealing appliance. As it is, Justices Paterson and McFarland, who were paralleled, have my sympathy. They may console themselves with the comforting reflection, however, that they are not the first hairsplitters on the bench who have been laid low by that contrivance.

* * *

IT SEEMS TO ME that Christopher Buckley, in his strictures on the political situation here, came very near the truth. His ascendancy he ascribed to the indifference of the people to public affairs, and he did not err. If the experience to diagnose the weaknesses of our system was ever possessed by a single individual, Buckley had it. There is no questioning his intellectual power, however one may censure his morals. What he has to say on any subject is well worth reading, though he has the invincible San Francisco habit of ascribing his downfall to persons, rather than to the people. So far as the man is concerned, he has always seemed to me the best part of his machine. He has now been disposed of—but his system is still in existence.

* * *

Supposing Christopher Buckley should return here a few months hence, he would undoubtedly be discredited, but to wield his old influence he would merely have to assume his old place. The machine is still intact, and no one knows better than he how to handle it. I should advise the *Examiner*, now that the Boss is overthrown, to transfer its attention to his underlings, so as to scatter the very remnant of his forces. So long as the nucleus of an organization exists, Buckley is dangerous. Dissipate it, and no one has aught to fear from him.

* * *

NO MATTER HOW strong a candidate is, how unimpeachable his record, he stands the poorest chances of being elected if his name does not appear on one of the regular tickets at an election. There is John T. Dunn, State Controller for two terms—a man whose integrity was almost awe-inspiring. Desiring a third term, he informed Mr. Buckley of his candidacy, and was told he could not have the nomination.

"You cannot defeat me," he remarked, vehemently. "My record is too good."

"Well," said the Boss, "go in and see how your record will avail you in the convention."

The result of his efforts was as the practical politician had demonstrated. He was beaten.

* * *

A mass meeting may change the programme, but the Superior Judges have about made up their minds to elect Mr. Troutt to preside over their tribunal. Judge Wallace is to be shelved, and Boodle will breathe freely. I announced some weeks ago that the place would fall to Troutt, but since then the names of both Slack and Sanderson have been prominently mentioned, and I believe if either would accept, J. N. E. Wilson's ex-partner would be shelved. To follow Wallace is, at anytime, an unenviable responsibility, but to select a new Grand Jury after him is something that the boldest might shrink from. Its failure will be credited to its creator. Mr. Troutt, however, was elected for a short term, and is exceedingly anxious to succeed himself. He owes his elevation to the bench to the kindly offices of Crimmins and Kelly, and the chances are he would, not in his judicial capacity attempt to pose as a reformer.

* * *

NEW YEAR DAY being the point of time at which most people attempt to abandon their bad habits, I venture to indulge the hope that Br'er Pixley has sworn off writing for the *Argonaut*. What an interesting publication that would be if he could only eschew his bad habit! Of course, it is useless to wish that Dr. O'Donnell would swear off running for Mayor, or that Colonel George A. Knight would let his whiskers grow. There are some things that are impossible.

* * *

THAT WING of the Democratic party unclipped of Grand Jury and unplucked of the Reorganizing Committee met in the basement of Metropolitan Temple this week to prepare for battle. Mr. Samuel Rainey, of whom so many people spoke in most discourteous terms a few weeks ago, returned to the city on Saturday, to marshal the forces and prepare a programme for the County Committee, of which he was a bright and shining adherent last year.

The object of the meeting was to discover if the rusty wheels of the "machine" could not be oiled and greased sufficiently to induce

them to "go wound" as of yore; but I regret to say that there seems small chance of this.

* * *

Invitations had been sent out in the most liberal manner, and I'll wager that the County Committee, notwithstanding the tight hole it is fitting just now, has a larger possession of money than of Democratic acquaintance; a number of Republicans were urged to attend the meeting. However, the Fire Department was almost alone in the hall, and just about half the County Committee was present. But the attendance included a rare collection of political exotics, among them being the distinguished San Francisco statesmen who conduct the affairs of the Democratic party during the absence of Buckley and Rainey. John H. Dougherty, on whom Haggin and Carr and Lux and Miller tell that droll story of his legislative experience, was there, and took an active interest in the proceedings. Among the others present was Of Course Mr. Spotts, whose ability to draw up a resolution has given him a front place in the Democratic party. If I were to die to-day I should rather have a monument built to me of Mr. Spotts' Whereases, Therefore-be-its, and Resolveds, than of marble or of brass; they last longer.

* * *

Mr. James Long acted as Secretary, as usual, and filled the position with great credit to the gentlemen who nominated him for the place. Nothing of great importance was done; resolutions were passed to the effect that the Old Guard was still in the field, ready to fight for the offices at the drop of the hat; and determined to flock by itself at all hazards, accepting no favors (that were not financial) from any one. When the Reorganizers heard this they rejoiced; they believe if the party is not compelled to carry the Old Guard, nothing can prevent them from achieving success at the next election. The belief is very strong in the Reorganization Committee that the Democratic party, plus Buckley and his lambs, is 2500 short of a majority in San Francisco; and that the party, minus Buckley and his lambs, has a majority of over 7000. That is a paradox, truthful at both ends, and entirely lacking in poetry.

* * *

AFTER ALL, I believe Sidney Bell will escape the gallows. If he does, I will be heartily glad; if he does not, I will be much surprised. Money and brains have been engaged to keep him from a thrawn neck, and if there is any efficacy in the glint of gold, or any power in a rich mentality, he will be saved from the gibbet. I never was satisfied with the verdict that said Bell killed Jacobson; with many others, I believed that the bullet whose impact caused the victim to surrender his life was fired from a pistol not unknown in the dead man's family. But that's neither here nor there; Bell was accused; moneyless and friendless, with a bad record, circumstances against him, and all the engines of the law blowing and puffing for his life, he was captured, tried, and condemned; if he does not escape now, I'll eat oysters in the summer time.

* * *

Bell's uncle, who holds a prominent place in the business and social life of Columbus, Ohio, has entered the arena against the gentlemen who have shown so much anxiety to hang him for the murder of Samuel Jacobson; the new-comer is rich and powerful, and can buy juror for juror with the prosecution any day. He has retained for the defense of his nephew a lawyer of the name of Luther Laflin Mills. This Luther Laflin Mills is not known very well here in California; when the District Attorney and his assistants see him, they are likely to laugh and nudge each other, as who should say, "We'll make short work of him." I pray they may not laugh at the wrong end of the struggle. I know Mr. Mills very well. He is a small, smooth-faced man, with a marvelous stretch of forehead; the deep-set eyes of a close thinker, and the wide mouth and flexible lips of the orator. I would rather be guilty, and have Luther Laflin Mills defend me, than be innocent and have for my advocates half a dozen of some of the lawyers I know.

* * *

For years, Luther Laflin Mills was District Attorney for Cook County "in the State of Chicago." I think the record will show that he never drew an indictment against a man who escaped serving time in prison. Before a jury, he is without a peer in this country; as a pleader for the defendant, he is the most eloquent, the most convincing, the most importunate man I have ever heard. He is a revelation in court procedure; gentle to the witnesses of the other side, kind to his opponents, courteous to the judge, and manly and upright to the jury. There is no cringing or fawning on the twelve good men and true; no truckling to prejudice or dust-kissing to win favor. He has been engaged in some of the most famous cases in the history of jurisprudence in Chicago; the anarchist trial, the boodler cases of Cook County, and the Cronin affair, among others. If Bell does not escape the gallows, I will be content to act as rat-catcher for the denizens of Chinatown.

The Witness.

LAWN TENNIS.

The courts of the California Club presented a gay appearance on Saturday, the occasion being the Club's Trophy Tournament, members singles only. The entries closed on the twenty-second instant, with the unprecedented number of forty-seven players entered; this includes almost every active member of the Club, and the form displayed by some of the youngsters was a revelation to all the older players and goes a great way toward showing what careful practice can accomplish.

W. Taylor, Jr., will not take part as he has not had opportunity to practice enough; this will make Hubbard a strong favorite and will disappoint a great many people who were anticipating a treat when Taylor and Hubbard would come together.

The next important event in local tennis circles will be the Alameda County championship which takes place at the courts of the Alameda Club on New Year's Day. Hubbard, Bates, Neel, Tom Magee, and all the cracks across the bay will take part and a large crowd will probably cross over from this side of the bay to witness what will, no doubt, prove an interesting tournament.

Bates comes against Hubbard on this occasion and the East Oaklanders are confident of their representative holding his own against the Lakeside crack.

The five courts of the California Club have been continually occupied during the past week, and, in the opinion of a great many, this Club could easily fill eight courts with enthusiastic tennis players.

Bates, Neel, T. Driscoll, and Professor Daily will play to-day at San Lorenzo on the court of Mr. Lewelling.

The boys realize that they have a contract on their hands when they meet Tobin and Taylor two weeks from New Year's Day, and from now on will practice hard and often. This contest will decide the ownership of the beautiful pennant, and will no doubt, be the most exciting event of the season.

A match will probably be arranged between the winners of the above match and O. Hoffman and C. Hubbard, the latter team would certainly make a strong one, and their ability to cope with the best of teams has been ably demonstrated in practice.

The Taylor brothers, Tobin and a few others will pass the coming week at Monterey.

W. Page has left for Santa Barbara to be absent for a few weeks; on his return he will resume practice with Schmiedell, and this team will shortly issue a challenge to play some of the many ambitious teams that are springing up of late. SCORER.

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY,
205 KEARNY STREET,
R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

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SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

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San Francisco, January 2, 1892.

THE BIBLE'S INFALLIBILITY.

The accession of Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to the ranks of those who doubt the infallibility of the Bible, makes a frightful breach in the ranks of the orthodox army. As radical as Henry Ward Beecher was on the irreconcilability of some things in the creed with the accepted facts of science, it is doubtful whether he could ever have nerved himself to the task of admitting that only portions of the Sacred Book were inspired. It was Bob Ingersoll who once said that in the race of progress everything had outstripped religion. Though science had revealed the composition of the heavens, had harnessed steam and electricity and made of mankind almost a single family, religion was much the same as in the days of Calvin, and Luther, and Wesley.

But it seems that Dr. Abbott at one sitting has admitted away the very corner-stone argument of the ancient religious establishment. It is but a step from saying that the Bible is only partially inspired to saying that it is not inspired at all. If it is a history and not the gift of the Almighty to his children on earth, then there is nothing left, for like all histories it can soon be practically demolished by the critics. I am inclined to think that Dr. Abbott is not speaking by authority. The "accepted facts of science" which his brethren in the church are so fond of reconciling with sacred writ, have evidently got too strong grips on his mind. It has long been believed that Plymouth Church had a religion of its own, adapted to the peculiar business habits of its congregation, and if Dr. Abbott does not look sharp that belief will become established.

The retirement of Lieutenant Zalinski from active service, which will probably be the outcome of the apopletic stroke he has suffered, cannot fail to be a loss to civilization. The pneumatic gun of his invention, which throws a can of dynamite several miles, his range finder for field artillery, and his disappearing gun for Coast defense, have already done much to force mankind to contemplate the abolition of warfare. When war means simply destruction to the participants, as Lieutenant Zalinski's inventions tend to make it, the combats of the civilized world will consist of tournaments of the pen and jaw. There is little doubt but that a practical test of Zalinski's dynamite gun would show that naval warfare is a thing of the past. The largest man-of-war can easily be blown out of the water with it.

REVISE SANTA CLAUS.

That we are creatures of habit and precedent is proved by the artistic use we make in California every year of that hoary old fraud known as Santa Claus. Our pictures represent him as a fat, red-faced fellow, covered with furs and snowflakes, and about to descend a chimney sparkling with frost and ice. The idea that Santa Claus revels only in snowstorms has been imported into California by the Easterners who came here in the early days and dispossessed the natives, and as he appears in the pictures, there is no child in this country so insufferably green as not to be able at once to denounce him as an arrant humbug. There are no snow and ice in California, and on the coldest days such furs as Santa Claus wears would roast a fat man.

There is no difficulty in convincing even our intelligent youngsters that St. Nicholas is able to descend a chimney, which, under ordinary circumstances, would not admit the toes of his number fourteen boots; but the mittened hands, furry robes and resplendent snow banks tax their credulity beyond reason. Something ought to be done to immediately explode this fraud. The imported Santa Claus should be killed off, or in a few years the "kids" of California will abandon the pleasant and romantic superstition altogether.

I think St. Nicholas might be adapted to our climate and social condition by picturing a fat man with a rubber coat, gum boots, and an umbrella. He might carry the traditional pack of toys with the addition of a keg of lager beer under one arm. There would be no objection to his descending a chimney, but his teams of reindeer on the roof should be displaced by Telegraph Hill goats. A sou' west rain could, with great appropriateness, be substituted for the snow and ice, or, better still, a few layers of Mission mud.

The frosty Christmas card, with its snow-covered church and little cottage under the bleak hill, ought also to be abolished with the imported Santa Claus. It is an even more arrant fraud on our youthful population. Our Native Sons know no such church and no such cottage. Christmas in their minds is associated with wild ducks, choke-berries, plowing, and a night out with the boys. If the Eastern card-printers cannot give us a Californian Christmas, we ought to repudiate them, and get our native artists to work on a Santa Claus and an outdoor scene adapted to our climate.

Another year has slipped along the rosary of time, and humanity has passed another mile stake in the journey of life. There has been scarcely a flutter of passing wings, and the hoary-headed old man has, for the moment, shouldered his remorseless scythe, to peep admiringly into the cradle of the New Year. This is pre-eminently a season of change, of fruition, of new hopes and promises, and should also be a season of serious thought.

To the average man there is a vista of unfulfilled pledges, solemnly covenanted with himself at the birth of '91, which cannot fail to mortify his self-love, but memory gradually fades into extenuation, and he is left to the restful meditation of a good cigar, in the smoke clouds of which he hopefully plans the future. If a similar experience in the past has failed to bring success or happiness, he is none the less buoyant and cheery in his wrestle with fate and preordained destiny. He builds as many castles in Spain as ever, and the morning of the year is rose-hued and bright.

SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

In discussing his project for changing the Constitution so that United States Senators shall be chosen by the people, Senator Mitchell of Oregon says that one of the most powerful arguments in its favor is the consequent avoidance of all scandal, "which sometimes attaches to the Legislature that is said to be bribed." The use of the word "sometimes" in this connection is quite striking. I should be pleased to have some person refer me to a Legislature within the past ten years, outside of New England and one or two Southern States, which has elected a Senator without being bribed. So well established has the custom of paying for seats in the Senate become that, in many States, if no one offered to purchase, the Legislature might be expected to adjourn without electing. I will venture to say that of the nearly one hundred men who pretend to represent their States in the Federal Senate, not over ten can truthfully raise their right hands on high and affirm that bribery or corruption in some form did not enter into their election.

The business of debauching Legislatures has long since become a fine art in this country. At the present time the Senate of the United States represents nothing but corporate wealth. The people hold it only by a single weak thread. A majority of the members are ambitious to become President and, unlike their prototypes in the British House of Lords, they suppress some of their real feelings.

There should be no question about Senator Whitehall's constitutional amendment. It ought to pass unanimously. If the Senators decline to support it, they can be threatened a little in the State and National conventions, and they will not long hold out. Once restored to the people, the Senate would become a chamber where might be found the ablest and most famous Americans—publicists, lawyers, journalists, and statesmen. Now it is a refuge for political rascals and millionaires.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Remembering I have hitherto refrained from writing you about the American novel, you will forgive me referring to some native productions I have just read. I realize it is asking a great deal, but be rash enough to follow my example and you will appreciate the provocation. I am strongly under the impression I have found something new. After you have heard what it is, you may consider my conclusion not wholly unjustifiable.

It's a book, of course—"An Automatic Wife"—without exception the roughest and most vulgar production I have ever had the misfortune to skim through. I can assure you "Mr. Barnes of New York" is subtle and refined beside it. In my secret soul I have always believed authors were innocent of commercial instincts, that they failed to realize the advertising possibilities of their novels. Wm. Hosea Ballou has convinced me of my error. The financial results of this addition to our literature should prove most satisfactory. It is really a series of "write-ups" strung on a weak plot, which sets forth the strivings of an impossible swell to find an incomparable wife. In his search, this personage, who is as seductive as a hero by Ouida, and rich as a walking gentleman by Tom Fitch, is compelled to travel from New York to Chicago, to New Orleans, to Niagara. An ordinary writer would whisk him from one place to another, forgetting to mention the method or manner of his going. Not so, Mr. Ballou. He canvasses in fat paragraphs the merits of the separate lines of railway—at so much per line, of course—admits that the steamers of a certain route are excellent, and considers the claims to attention of leading hotels and *cafés*. One learns that whoever desires fine service must go to a certain hotel in Chicago, that there is but a single restaurant in New York where you can have a sherry cobbler mixed properly. The splendor of the drawing and dining-room cars on the New York Central finds ample admiration, and there is a full half chapter devoted to describing the efforts of the Michigan Central to beautify Niagara. There are dissertations on table manners and generalizations about the beauty of American woman. In one chapter, the necessity for building levees along the Mississippi introduces a lengthy biography of Christine Nilsson.

Were I the Czar of literature I should knout Mr. Ballou and then secure him the position of a champagne drummer. It is a profession in which all the qualities he is evidently possessed of would find the keenest appreciation. His novel is of the species one might compose on a typewriter.

Quite a different style of tale to this is Opic Read's "Emmet Bonlore." Distinctly American, I am sure you will find in it a great deal to interest you, and not a little to instruct. It is a notable fact that the majority of men who have graduated into literature from journalism are rarely clever at reproducing the characteristics of the people among whom they live. The tendency is to tell the story merely for its own sake, omitting the local color and the details that constitute the artistic qualities of fiction. Take the sketches contributed to the Christmas papers; in not one of them will you find a true touch of San Francisco. Opie Read, however, has passed his apprenticeship and writes of what he has seen and knows. For a rather loose and sketchy style his journalistic training is responsible, but he has produced a book that is worth something. It is the life story of a newspaperman, who, from small beginnings builds up in Little Rock, Arkansas, a flourishing daily. His vicissitudes, his struggles, and temptations, his love and his marriage, are all set forth very simply and very truthfully. It is not the picture of the man, though, that gives "Emmet Bonlore" its value; it is the life of the town in which he lives, the crimes and happenings, the elections, the stream of daily incidents and episodes that form the background against which he stands out, that make this novel notable. The day will come when the panorama of San Francisco life will illumine the pages of some novel and then we will go before the world in a guise other than that in which Bret Harte continues to present us.

"Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles," by Archibald Forbes, is a book which, after you have finished, you can turn over either to your father, whom, I believe, is fully sixty-five, or to your brother whom you tell me is but fifteen. There are some splendid sketches in it. It is true, he cannot picture Tommy Atkins with the inimitable art of Rudyard Kipling, nor does he set forth an incident with the rare skill of that talented story-teller. It is rather strong prose than elegant, but you will find some bits in it that will leave you ready to cry. The first sketch—"Got on the Strength," "The Gentleman Private of Skilomalinks," "The Double Coup de Grace," are stories full of true pathos and power; the incidents are strong enough to carry an indifferent style. By all means read them. After that try Clark Russell's latest "The Tragedy of Ida Noble" an interesting and highly improbable romance full of a fine marine atmosphere and containing a series of those admirable sea pictures that this author is so skillful at. No one has reproduced in prose the sounds and sights of the ocean as he has. Take this: "All was silent aloft, the sails stirless to the gushing of the long salt breath of the east wind into the wide spaces of cloths, and nothing sounded over the side save the dim crackling and soft seething noises of waters broken under the bow and sobbing and simmering past, with now and again a glad note like the fall of a fountain."

What is surely one of the most artistic books of the season is "In Biscayne Bay" by Caroline Washburn Rockwood. It tells of a delightful winter spent among the Keys of Florida. Interwoven with pleasant descriptions of the lovely tropical scenery is a pretty love story that adds to the interest. The party has all manner of delightful excursions, not the least agreeable being those made in the Southern moonlight, which forms a silvery setting for the young affections of Zilla and Barton Kennard. The illustrations are really admirable. They are half-tones, beautifully grouped, soft, delicate, most artistic—re-produced from very clever photographs.

Rather a notable volume is "Prison Journals during the French Revolution," by the Duchesse de Duras, *nee* Noailles. From a perusal of its pages one realizes the sufferings the old nobles were put to during that remarkable period in French history. Perhaps, indeed, you are interested in Ibsen—read the "Quintessence of Ibsenism," by G. Barnard Shaw. Doubtless you will acquire a large amount of information from it. I don't imagine it will injure your morals severely to realize that this new literary light regards the real slavery of the day as slavery to ideals of virtue. Whoever desires to be read nowadays must adopt some point of view sufficiently sensational to be startling, and at the same time entertaining. When I have determined on a point of view which will answer both requirements, I propose writing the great American novel myself. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Automatic Wife," by Hosea Ballou, W. D. Rowland, publisher. For sale by San Francisco News Co.

"Emmet Bonlore," by Opie Read, F. J. Schultz & Co. publishers. For sale by San Francisco News Co.

"Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles," by Archibald Forbes. MacMillan & Co. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Tragedy of Ida Noble," by W. Clark Russell. D. Appleton & Co. publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"In Biscayne Bay," by Caroline W. Rockwood. Dodd, Mead & Co. publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Prison Journals," by the Duchesse de Duras. Dodd, Mead & Co. publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Physical Development and Exercise for Women,' by Mary Taylor Bissell. Dodd, Mead & Co. publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Quintessence of Ibsenism," by G. Bernard Shaw. Benj. R. Tucker publisher. For sale at all book stores.

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MUSIC.

OPERA AT THE BALDWIN.

"Indigo," seriously, is scarcely a comic opera; with insufficient scenic display for extravaganza, too few topical songs, and not enough plot for the most waiting-for-something-to-turn-up farce-comedy, it defies a place with the known forms of amusement combining music, stage-setting, and dialogue. Strauss' waltzes, the "Blue Danube," and others of an equally undying virility, mix, assisted by reasoning hardly of the closest, with a murky transcription of the tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, into a preparation smooth enough, but hardly to be taken as more than a pretense in the way of musical repast. Almost the self-same company associated with the name of Carleton, does its best with the piece. Nothing to strain upon the vocal resources crops up; the audience has fortunately not to sit husbanding its forbearance and smiling at grief. Without disputing a little more or less laryngeal wear and tear, there is left sufficient voice to go round, eked out by brisk business and stage alacrity.

Opera bouffe singers are not within the range of art; all kinds of inconsequent singing, grotesque vowels, limitless aspirates, and intonation more bitter than sweet, may be glozed over in the same spirit that one judges the immoralities of great artists—as a matter of necessity and personal peculiarity, simply. Mr. Carleton and Miss Lane retain their former abilities; Mr. Bigelow does some amusing business; Mr. Fitzgerald's song, "Not in a Thousand Years," makes a hit, and the costumes are generally bright and effective.

THE SEASONS OF '91.

Compared with the year '90, beyond the limited sphere of our chamber concerts, the past year brought much less of musical interest. The performances of the Emma Juch Opera Company were the single contribution to opera seria allowed us, and Ovide Musin, in bad form, was the only artist of real celebrity to give a short concert season. The works given by the Juch Company alone were an addition to our musical experiences. Of the four Wagner operas, "Lohengrin" "Tannhauser," "Flying Dutchman," and "Die Walkure," the last only was new to the public, and, from the necessary artistic failure, little good resulted from the performance, save, perhaps, to warn others from making a similar rash attempt. Better success met the efforts of the company in the earlier works, and the performances left a strong impression, going some way to raising the standard of taste in opera and operatic performances.

Mascagni, the composer of Italian opera of to-day, was represented by one of those whimpering attempts at performances, making a laughing-stock of a great art, and damaging the cause of opera locally for much of the time to come; the allusion is to the recent rampant failure at the Orpheum with the unspeakable horrors attending the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana." *En passant* it is to be observed the Orpheum operatic performances of the year reached a classicality in bad eminence impossible of eclipse. The Oriental Opera Company arrived at an ungovernable height of the inept, but the Fabbri-Muller disorganization touched the acme, while the Columbia made its mark in its "chautling" forth of Mascagni's unhappy opera. Only a notch lower in the high levels of infamy reached by the full flood tide of these operatic crimes was a recent performance of "Der Freischutz" at the Tivoli. That theatre is responsible for the hatching of two very vile musical pieces, "Nenajo" and "Aquilo," during the year; perhaps they may be useful to serve as memories and warnings beyond which stupidity and original want of perception may no farther go. In opera the city has experienced during the last year the limit of the possible fiasco, and the impossible. Modesty of the tenderest kind would be free from blame in hoping for something better in the year '92.

Some concert artists descended upon us; we are still shuddering at the impact. With the memory of brassy brass bands which overawed limited audiences the souvenirs of visitors come to an end.

As an offset to the terrible jokes practiced upon us by visitors, the efforts of the local chamber concert-givers have been a legitimate success in directly opposite proportions. The series of Saturday Popular Concerts have been sustained with exceptional interest, and the Sunday Musical Afternoons given in the Steinway Hall have given us concerted works of the highest stamp. These concerts, as well as fostering the best inclinations, have brought before the audiences people of talent, whose work is acceptable, if not more than satisfactory. The scope of both these concert series has necessarily been limited to a small field, and in the matter of choral and orchestral societies there is still a silence unmeaning and insensate as ever. The Harmony Choral Union, a youthful society, may be the nucleus from whence a vigorous body may grow, but at present its work is confined only to the elements of choral work, and its few months of existence warrants hopes simply of the April kind. Cantata and Oratorio slumber in a trance which has no sign or promise of becoming less death-like. Symphony and overture make further attempts to clothe themselves in action, but the efforts are more than half abortive. When there is as much amateur ability the want of general interest in music must arise partially from the social conditions. Probably in no civilized city of this population is there such a universal ignorance of large choral and instrumental works; with no societies for the performance of these works, it is impossible that any other state of things should exist. The musical world here is in no want of capable performers for the production of solo works of the highest merit, but the place for the musician of ability, added to an intensity of purpose capable of drawing together the loose reins of local music for the purpose of creating an adequate choral and instrumental body, cries out loudly to be filled. The time, money, and effort expended on music is scarcely recompensed by the few performances to be heard of purely chamber music, and scarcely of an exquisite standard of merit at that. It can hardly be possible that our professors and amateurs of music care for the art entirely for its means of personal display alone; there must be a sentiment of appreciation for the beautiful works for chorus and orchestra where personal ambitions have small chance of shining. The smallest sign of a coalition of forces among the musicians for artistic purposes, is worthy of more praise, encouragement, and recognition than all the brilliant work of soloists put together. Little as the present gives rise to such hopes, it is to be earnestly wished that the New Year will bring more than a nucleus to fill the aching void where now the choral and instrumental music should be.

William A. Sherwood, whose powers have given him the highest place amongst American pianists, will give two recitals at Metropolitan Temple on January 12th and 14th. His programmes will call out every artistic and virtuoso quality in the range of modern pianism, and his performances will, in every way, be of special interest.

On January 6th, Mr. Robert Tolmie will give a piano recital at Steinway Hall, which should command the attention of music lovers in general, and pianists in particular, his talents having raised for him a wide appreciation.

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WILL OLD AGE FIND US LOVELY?

Before attempting to answer this question let us take a peep at the unemancipated woman, at the great unwashed, and to do this we must go into her home. It is useless to say anything about the Society woman, she has all the world at her feet and she has her hands and heart full trying to adjust the differences between the men who are determined to shut women out of their amusements and life as far as possible, and the women who fondly imagine that they have ideas above pots and kettles and who long to elevate the whole social structure.

She who belongs to the grand array of the discontented is of the middle classes, and she fancies that she ought to be released from the grinding cares of household drudgery. Without considering the question of her future deeply she imagines that she could fill the position of teacher, clerk, or bookkeeper just as well as any other woman. Probably she could; but is the position of teacher, clerk, or bookkeeper better than doing her own house work and taking care of her own children? Is there less drudgery in them? Is there less annoyance? Will she be better satisfied, and will her associates be kinder than her family? Does she have more time for improvement? Is her employer more considerate than a husband would be? And, above all, is there less stigma attached to a "position" than living quietly at home away from the noise and bustle of the business world?

In studying this question how often has my heart ached as I saw the unexpected results of rebelling against the old order of things. The most pitiable cases are among middle-aged women who have sought relief in a divorce after several years of married life, and are too old to begin and learn a profession or trade well enough to compete with a man who has made it a life work. Generally her lack of forethought or inability to provide for herself has forced her into many expedients never dreamed of in the beginning. She has not improved in looks or temper by her experience, is not likely to marry again to advantage, has a dreary old age ahead of her, and in all probability goes hungry half of the time! She lives in a dingy, little room, has lost caste with herself, and has received so many rebuffs and hard knocks that she is grateful for a little kindness from anyone. The great woman's heart is not crushed in her, but cries out for affection which her home life ought to have given and probably would, but for a misguided notion about rights and privileges.

Of young girls who learn a trade the best wives are not made, because they have spent the intervening time between leaving school and marriage in some occupation which kept them busy from morning until night, and they have neither time nor inclination to learn housekeeping. With all the facilities for making work light, such as giving out the washing, having the milkman, butcher, baker, and vegetable man call to receive orders, there is a shocking amount of slack housekeeping done in this city. There is not one among a hundred girls who marry, or the women who are divorced, who are good housekeepers, but it is impossible to make them understand that they are not capable of filling the position of domestic acceptably. If they were going to do chamber work for wages they would have to learn how to do it well before they could keep a situation. It is a pity that women keep house, or rather keep at it all their lives without mastering any of its details, and never rise to the dignity of good housekeepers from youth to old age.

The same thing is true of needle-work and sewing. In crossing the bay on a Sunday or strolling through the park when the middle classes are outing, one seldom sees a well-made garment which bears the stamp of home work upon it. The children are seldom, if ever, becoming or neatly dressed. Poorly-cooked food, poorly-made clothes, poorly-kept houses—in short, the sloven at home has much to answer for in the misery around us.

The women who have no homes to keep and are thrown upon their own resources without protection, are the only ones who should compete with men, and their lot is hard enough to excite profound sympathy because of the unlovely light in which it places her.

There is an abiding prejudice in the minds of nearly all men against a woman following a business or professional career, even in the lines thrown open to her. If a man is asked for an opinion on the question of woman's equality with man, he will probably say that he favors absolute equality, but if practically tested will unconsciously prove to you that theory is one thing and practice quite another.

And now for the proof of it. Let any woman who is a stranger go into the office of this same believer in equality and ask for an interview during business hours, and then note the questioning, half doubtful, and altogether displeased expression on his face as he grudgingly consents to hear what she may have to say. The thought of a woman mixed up in a business affair is distasteful to him, and he simply looks and acts as he feels, and it will require the greatest tact on her part to dispel that and leave him with a pleasant impression of herself. And no woman can afford to have him think otherwise.

In conversation with a successful professional woman who has a national reputation on this same question, she said:

"Ah, don't I know what that feeling is. I have been obliged to stand such severe scrutiny from men in my own profession that I have felt as if I hadn't a stitch of clothing on. I could not have felt worse if I had been perfectly nude."

Do you think the poor little triumph of being able to succeed in the teeth of such opposition pays for the fiery ordeal through which one must pass? No; because no man loves a woman who is his equal mentally; in fact, he must be a superior man not to hate her. And the best loved woman is the happiest, truest and best type of womanhood. Love is as necessary to her well-being as sunshine to a plant, and rushing into the field with men and demanding the same privileges is not the way to win affection.

The old saw about leading a horse to water, but not being able to make him drink, is very applicable here. Women have gained several concessions, but are not any happier than they were before, and the home has lost more than business or Society has gained. The pleasures of success, where it is achieved, are short lived, and there comes a period in our lives when we are tired and the world rushes on and leaves us. Age cruelly strands us, and the most serious question of the hour is, Will we be as lovable old women as our grand mothers were? If not, why?

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HIS HOLIDAY THIRST.

Christmas is generally associated with snow and sleigh riding, blue noses, frozen finger tips, pretty girls in red flannel cloaks and fur tippets, egg flip, yule logs, fireside fun, and holly berries, but in the land that lies under our feet, where the swans are black and the kangaroo is lord of the plains, Christmas goes with iced drinks, linen coats, palm leaf fans, and refrigerators.

Up in Northern Queensland, where the sugar cane grows, where it sometimes forgets to rain for a couple of years at a stretch, and where even the black fellows find it too warm to work, they have their Christmas parties at four o'clock in the morning and that gives them a few hours for eating before it is too hot to do anything except lie in a hammock in a shady cellar and pray for the night to cool things off a trifle.

But true to the traditions of the old country the Queensland squatters, who measure their lands by leagues and count their sheep by tens of thousands, always manage to keep Christmas, and will go miles from outlying stations to have a merry time with their friends.

It was the day before Christmas, 1871, that I was invited by a messenger on horseback to go from a station near Rockhampton and spend Christmas with a friend on the Black Hawk Range, some thirty-six miles away. Stopping with me was a young squatter who knew the country better than I did, and when I turned to him he said:

"Oh, let's go. It's a beastly bother stopping in this hole with only the cattle for company. I want to kiss a white girl under the mistletoe once more before I die, and I'm afraid I'll not get the chance unless I hurry up."

He was a fine, strong fellow of seven and twenty, and we both laughed at the suggestion that his years would not be long in the land that his father had discovered and taken up.

"We'll take the buggy and the chestnut team," he suggested, "for even at night riding will be too hot, and we'll be over there in less than two hours and a half."

In Australia there are, or were, at that time, just two kinds of horses on ranges—wild horses only fit to be shot, and cast-off thoroughbreds, not fit to race.

The chestnuts were of the latter kind, and had come to me because they had broken down in training and were not sound enough to send to India for army officers' use. They were about five years old, hated harness—and, in fact, hated all things on earth except kicking and galloping, and at both of those I would have backed them against any pair in the colony. Their breaking to harness was done in the style common in those days, and which consisted of hitching them to a long-shafted breaking cart and letting them gallop over the ground till they were too tired to do anything but walk. You see, all the stockmen were great horsemen, and the only use on the station for a buggy team was to drive over once a week or so for supplies and mail.

Our buggy was an American made, side spring, bought for a big price, and the toughest, lightest thing on wheels for 800 miles. The moon was up when we started, and as became his seniority and superior knowledge of the land, my friend, Arthur Wilson, handled the reins. He had his hands full, too, for that lovely-tempered pair of chestnut fiends went off at a dead run and never stopped, except to kick, for the first half-dozen miles; but as that was their custom neither of us minded. When they had cooled off a little Arthur handed me the lines while he reached under the seat for the water canteens, large, flat tins, wrapped in blankets and layers of sawdust, and soaked in water to keep the contents cool.

The climate of Northern Queensland is so dry as well as hot that no animal can live for any length of time without water. The dry air sucks the moisture out of the body so fast that no matter how hot it is, you never notice any perspiration unless you are working very hard. Though the night was well-advanced and we had only been twenty minutes or less on the road, Wilson, who had been exerting himself keeping the horses in some sort of shape, needed a drink. He did not find the canteens just where he expected, and was stooping down to look when the chestnuts gave a terrible sideways plunge that nearly snapped the pole of the buggy and would have broken it off like a carrot if it had not been made of the toughest, straightest piece of ash that ever left the State of Ohio.

As I sawed them round Wilson looked up and said:

"Give me the reins; you can't drive that team at all."

I made some retort as I handed the horses to him that rather nettled him, and, as is common in such cases, he took it out of the horses, cracking his long stock whip about their heads and flaying them unmercifully. I had to hold on to the sides of the buggy which was rocking like a small boat at sea, and nothing more was said about water till we had gone a long distance, when Wilson, without turning his head, growled:

"Can't you get me that water."

I reached under the seats for the canteens and they were gone; the plunging of the horses had shaken them out of the buggy, and as the tins were heavily padded we had not heard them fall.

"Water's gone. Got to turn back for some more. Ain't even a mud hole between here and the Black Hawk I heard Jim say yesterday."

"No water! Why didn't you have sense enough to tie 'em in?"

I ventured to remind my friend that he had filled the canteens and put them in the buggy himself, and that made him riley.

"Well, I'll not turn back. It's twenty miles to the Black Hawk, and sixteen miles back home, so we may as well go ahead."

There was sense in that, and I said nothing. For some time we drove along without talking. We were traveling on a vast plain that had no visible boundaries save the near horizon. There was not a tree in sight, only one dull level of dry, dead herbage, varied here and there by big white patches of alkali, such as you see in Nevada. There was no wind blowing, and the dust from the horses had coated us both, adding to the slight discomfort of no water.

Presently we fell to talking about friends and Christmas, Wilson telling about various days of fun on the range and at the mines, and I talking about folks and things in the old country. Arthur was a good deal interested, for he had never been out of the colonies save for a trip down the Islands, and he expected to take a long tour abroad next year if the rains came in time to save the sheep, which at that time was by no means a thing to bet any odds on. We had talked for quite a time, the horses behaving for them quite decently, when Wilson said in a puzzled sort of way:

"Confound it, old man, I don't remember that stretch of rocks before."

And he pointed to a big patch of ground over which large pieces of lava cap peeped out through the dust and dirt or lay around in confused piles.

"Suppose I've been bearing too much west. By the way, which is west."

I pointed.

He shook his head.

I said:

"The moon rose in the south, don't you remember, just over our windmill, and she's now about a quarter round."

He didn't remember and he said so. Then he changed his direction, heading, as I said, further west, and, as he said, further east. We had no compass and our knowledge of the stars was confused. Still he drove on, though I could tell by the play of his hands that he was uncertain about his direction.

After a time he said:

"Old man, I suppose I've lost my way."

His voice was grave, and it made me shiver in spite of the heat, for once before I had been lost on the plains without water, and the experience had not been nice.

The horses were glad to stop, and we argued till we were both tired of talk, which is not refreshing when your tongue is as dry as a chip.

"The range is over there."

"The range is over the other way."

"I'll toss you," said Wilson, "and whoever wins has his way. This is too serious a thing to quarrel about."

A coin was flipped, and I lost. Wilson gathered up the lines to drive on, when, in the direction in which I was straining my eyes trying to find some indication of the low hills for which we were heading, I saw a figure, or what looked like a figure, beckoning to me. I stopped Wilson and pointed out the figure. He laughed a bit nervously and said:

"That's a moon mirage, or a cloud of dust."

I do not know what influenced me to do as I did, but something that I could not control forced me to say:

"That's my road, you can go where you please."

"You don't mean that, surely?"

"But I do."

"Now, don't get cranky. I know this country and you don't. If I was not certain I was right do you suppose I'd drive my way."

"But you lost the road, and said so."

"Oh, that was just carelessness, and I know I did not go far out of the way. It's absurd to suppose that I could be lost twenty miles from the station."

I was about to give in when the figure beckoned again and that settled it.

"You won the toss. You drive, I'll walk."

"You don't mean it?"

"On my word of honor."

"Here, old fellow, drive your way; drive me to hell if you like. You shan't say I deserted a pal like that."

It was Wilson talking. He was a man but the responsibility was more than I would accept.

"No, the walk is nothing. I can make it by sun up, and if anything happened for taking you my way I could never look at a man again."

There was some more talk, lots of it in fact, and at last we shook hands and parted. When I started the beckoning figure vanished, and I saw it no more. All that night I walked till it grew dark and then I lay down, for the ground was full of holes or else was in patches of alkali crust through which I sank up to my knees.

Sleep did not come, and when the gray haze that does duty for dawn in Northern Australia settled on the land, I was up. Soon the sun came and gave me my bearings. I was on the right way, but the hills I expected to see were nowhere in sight. How far I was from the Black Hawk I had no means of knowing, but calculated that if the drive of the night before had been half in the wrong direction there was not less than twenty-four miles of desert between myself and water.

At two and twenty, one has the pluck to fight dragons, and despair does not come. Seven hours walk at the best, would make it eleven o'clock before I reached water, and to walk twenty-four miles without water that time of the year was a task you could not get a black fellow to undertake if you offered him a corral full of cows and a barn full of women. In a decent climate on a hot day, with water at command, twenty-four miles in the sun is a bit that a good walker would gag at, but in Northern Australia with the thermometer certain to reach 130 degrees before noon, a million at the end of the road would not tempt the poorest "free selector" that ever made the life of a rich squatter a burden—and a "free selector," though not a tramp is akin to one. But life is above millions. There was no time to fool away, and I started off at a brisk pace to make the road as short as possible before the hot came. By seven o'clock it was hot, by eight scorching, and by nine unendurable. The prickly heat came out all over my body, my face was cracked till the blood that started to flow and had caked, cut, and tormented like a million wasps, the air was so hot that all the membrane of the throat was dry and the dust went into the lungs and choked me. Still I walked in the eye of the sun and thought of the folks at home till the idea of snow and ice made me frantic, and I caught myself howling and screaming like an accursed hyena.

There was no shade, not even a rock. The sun blistered my hands, tough as they were, and the prickly heat made me tear the flesh till the caking blood added to the agony. The face swelled till the eyes were almost closed, and then staggering blindly on, I fell over a bank.

The struggle was over.

But when at last I struck the ground it seemed soft and did not hurt at all, though the fall was from a height.

I reached out my hands and felt—mud. I had fallen into an old water hole which was so deep that it had kept moist at the bottom even through a season of drought.

As soon as I could I stripped off my clothes, and wallowing to the mouth in that soft, cold mud, felt nearer heaven than I ever expect to be again.

Bliss!!!

Why, no human being knows what bliss is unless he has been through a similar experience.

The moisture from the mud, thought it did not appease the dreadful thirst, took all the pain from the burning skin, I lay there for a time trying to get courage to go on with the dreadful journey when suddenly I heard the sound of hoofs.

There was no mistaking it, the sound was the gallop of a horse, and a ridden horse at that, for a wild horse does not make much fuss when he puts his hoofs down on a hot day.

My throat was as dry as the barrel of a brass cannon that has been fired a score of times, yet it was life or death, and I managed to raise one "C-o-o-e-e-e," the universal call for help in the Colonies.

The answer came in a second, and soon I heard:

"Where are ye mate, sing out?"

That's all.

About Wilson? Oh, yes. Poor old fellow. They found Wilson a week afterwards a dessicated mummy, lying under the buggy to which two horse mummies were attached.

And the place where they found them was seventy miles away. What he must have suffered no man can describe.

As for the figure that beckoned me you know as much about it as I do.

All the things I have told happened.—*T. T. Williams, in Oakland Tribune.*

The Stockton *Independent* hits Milpitas a foul blow: "Another little interior village of Ontario has declared for an annexation. This is about as important as if Milpitas had declared in favor of the division of California into two States."

Cut Glass Bottles from fifty cents upwards, at Greenbaum's 128 Post Street.

THE MUMMERS.

A SCHOOL FOR ACTORS.

The American stage is growing very poor, and present mediocrity is wearing the laurel that past genius could scarcely aspire to. The To-day of the drama has not fulfilled the promise of Yesterday, and where we had looked for greatness we find insignificance, where we had expected stars we see glow-worms. In regretted procession have passed away within a short decade the noblest spirits that upheld the stage, and to their places have crept the weaklings and groundlings, who grow large when the shadows of their masters fade. Booth has turned his face toward the undiscovered bourne across whose borders Barrett and Florence have passed, and with them those others who are but a name to us have left lovers of the drama a poor heritage indeed.

It would not be fair; nor would it be wise, to say that dramatic talent is not as general to-day as it was when the great ones lived, nor would I rashly set down that there is no genius on the stage since they are gone. The histrionic ability is probably as great in this country now as it ever was, but the pertinent question is, "What is talent without development, and what is genius without opportunity?" One could easily point out that there are embryotic Booths doing small parts in half the companies in the country; that an inglorious Florence is losing ambition in the humble round of a supernumerary's life in every troupe, and all that is wanted to bring them forth from the cocoon is opportunity. Waiting for opportunity covers a multidude of failures, and is a pastime practiced only by those who would not know a Chance from a Kansas cyclone.

What our stage lacks is a school, and that is what it needs. After that we will have a school of American playwrights. At present there is no mill from which American actors may be ground; the younger generation whom we call notable because there are none better to stand above them, have come to the front by force of native ability; it is crude, untrained, and is usually inartistic. The school that I mean is the Stock Company, whence cometh the greater part of all that is good in dramatic art. Versatility dies in playing one part for a year, and the stage manager is not always omniscient in his cast.——

The notable event of the near future will be the production of Gillette's latest comedy success, "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," at the Baldwin Theatre, Monday, January 11, by Manager Charles Frohman's comedy organization. It has just closed a very profitable run of nearly 200 nights in New York. Mr. Gillette's comedy is said to be in many particulars the best play of its kind that our stage has shown. Constructed on the basis of plot suggested by the coarse cleverness of Alexandre Bisson's "*Feu Toupinel*," the new piece has been so altered, improved, and enlivened by the American author that the entire success of its production is due more to the ingenuity of Mr. Gillette's adaptation than to the humor of the original story. The action in the present instance turns upon the fact that the late Mr. Wilkinson kept a double establishment, and left two widows each of whom is in ignorance of the other's existance. The ladies get married again and by accident take adjoining apartments in London. The ultimate discovery of the deceased Wilkinson's perfidy is brought about by a series of highly diverting incidents, in which a meddling friend, a saucy servant girl, and a couple of portraits play prominent parts. Its success is dependent entirely upon the quickness of its action, the confusion of its contretemps and the liveliness of its performances. The cast includes Mr. Joseph Holland, Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, Mr. Thomas H. Riley, Miss Emily Bancker, Mr. Thomas Burns, Mr. Harry Allen, Mr. John Thompson, Miss Mattie Ferguson, Miss Annie Wood, Miss Lillian Leach, and others.——

The announcement by the California Theatre for next week is an interesting one. Mr. Willard and the Palmer Company have been engaged to produce "Judah," which created a sensation in London some time ago. The play is by Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Middleman" and "Saints and Sinners," and affords Mr. Willard an excellent opportunity for good work. He has the part of a young clergyman, who, to save the woman he loves from unmerited disgrace, tells a deliberate lie. The play is very strong in the other parts, and I can safely predict a success. I have not been informed that the management of the California Theatre purposes raising the prices of admission, but I would earnestly advise Mr. Mann to keep them where they are. The success achieved by the Marie Wainwright Company at this house was due to the fact that no additional charge was made for the season of "As You Like It;" and Mr. Willard's third and fourth weeks in the city may not be as remunerative as his first and second.——

"The Millionaire" will hold the boards of the Bush Street Theatre next week, and the excellence of the company that gives expressions to the drolleries and humor of the farce insures a successful run. The play has been received with favor in the East, and crowded houses have greeted it everywhere. "U and I" did a good business during the past two weeks.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Underwriters generally are to be congratulated on the close of the current year; careful estimates place the total fire loss for 1891 at $138,700,000, or a daily average of $380,000. The mildness of losses on this Coast will help out, however—the average not exceeding 40 per cent of premiums, but how about increased expenses?

* * *

Secretary W. H. C. Fowler, of the California, has ably and satisfactorily closed out the Atlantic Department of his company, and reached home Christmas morning in time for his turkey. He has had a sufficiency of the Eastern climate.

* * *

There seems to be an epidemic among native insurance companies. Fifty-one American offices have already "turned toes up," re-insured and retired. Lately Cincinnati has had a run made upon its companies. The Enterprise, Farmers, Aurora, and Amazon are among the missing, and rumor has it that the Citizens (represented by Mann & Wilson in this city) is also doomed, and now on the market for re-insurance. The foreign companies are the "gobblers," and these accretions will assist them materially in turning an "off year" into one of profit.

* * *

I wonder if our Coast underwriters know that over 1000 dwellings are vacant in Tacoma, and that $80,000 per month, or $960,000 per annum leaves Spokane to meet interest on loans made by outside associations to resident property owners? What a good thing after all the fire fiend is when the companies carrying the risks are solvent and cheerful paymasters. There is food for thought in this.

* * *

The Spring Garden of Philadelphia finally drops into the managerial lap of Mr. Cesar Bertheau. This addition gives the gentlemen a quartette of companies with the New York underwriter's agency as a leader. He has the able assistance of the Siebe family.

* * *

Mr. Franz Jacoby will succeed the firm of Hirschfeld & Jacoby, as the salaried Manager of the Prussian National Insurance Company of Stettin, for the Pacific Coast. Mr. Hirschfeld is so blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, that he is able to abandon the stormy and unreliable seas of underwriting for the more congenial pastime of collecting rents and clipping off coupons. His fellow underwriters regret to part company with him. Mr. Hirschfeld is a conservative business man, and always on the right side of any proposition. Mr. Jacoby is an old hand at the bellows, and will doubtless keep the fire aglow with increased trade for the P. N.

* * *

The Armstrong trio, with their shibboleth of selection, inspection, and *suspension*, have winked out with glory and profit to Armstrong, and great satisfaction to underwriters generally. In the language of street vernacular, P. B. A. is a veritable underwriting "brick!" He upset all the theories, practices, and calculations of underwriters from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and quietly closed out his companies to the Lancashire and coolly pockets, in addition to the immediate cash, realization of outstanding scrip, a nice, snug bonus, which "no fellah can find out!" Then, gathering his friends about his banquet table at Delmonico's, he announces to them that he has, after seventeen years' work, amassed a lively competency, and proposes a trip to Europe. I am afraid his companies are not dead, however, but only sleeping. They may be resurrected any day to make other fortunes for Armstrong's associates not burdened with "scrip."

* * *

Robert Lewis, Esq., Managing Secretary of the Alliance, of London, has returned to America, and is now *en route* from New York, destined for San Francisco. Doubtless the visit will conclude the absorption by the Alliance of the Union "body, soul, and breeches." I wonder is the State Investment one of the American companies to be absorbed?

* * *

The annual statements of our local companies will be forthcoming after January 1st. Knowing the year to have been an exceedingly bad one, I am prepared for diminished net surpluses all around. Any company with pluck and surplus enough to pull through 1891, deserves success, and will certainly have its full measure, if the reforms being agitated and which always follow such seasons, are carried into prompt effect.

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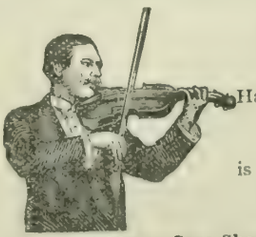

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Ho, waiter! A beer for me; a beer and a Swiss cheese sandwich.

Yes; white bread, waiter; I care not for your pumpernickle. A sandwich and a beer, waiter, and make it Culmbacher—imported Culmbacher, mind you; for this is Christmas Day.

CANTO II.

Culmbacher.

We are blowing ourselves to-day, waiter; and oh, there is bliss in Culmbacher. On other days a nickel buys a drink, waiter; but now we can squander the merry dime in Culmbacher. I've a dollar, waiter, and eight dimes are left of it; so make it Culmbacher, my German friend—imported Culmbacher, mind you—for this is Christmas Day.

Bless us, what poetry lies hidden in those seal-brown depths; what dreams of sweetness and light, what golden Spanish castles are founded on that creamy foam. How nicely, too, and soothingly withal its full, fresh flavor commingles and assimilates itself with the *Schweitzer kase!* Who says one cannot be happy on one hundred cents at Christmastide? He knows not of the happiness that men can find in beer.

CANTO III.

A beer and a retrospect.

Ho, waiter! A beer for me; a beer and a—no, just a beer, waiter. And make it a Culmbacher—imported Culmbacher, mind you—for this is Christmas Day.

That's two beers, isn't it, waiter? Two beers and a sandwich; that's thirty cents. Seventy cents remain, waiter; and what care we for the morrow? Bring some pretzels with the Culmbacher—the imported, creamy Culmbacher, waiter—for this is Christmas Day.

Ah, what dreams of dear, dead days you bring with you, my Culmbacher! Oh for the laughing eyes that looked across the goblet, and the rosy lips that quaffed you in that Yuletide of long ago!

And the poetry that bubbles from your amber depths, and the blessed sleepiness that follow in your footsteps.

But such things are but memories now—all except the sleepiness, my Culmbacher. Yet we love to hug a pain, and to nurse the reveries that gnaw at us. So bring them back again—all of them—before you hide the past in sleepiness. Bring them all, and—WHAT? EMPTY AGAIN!

CANTO IV.

Another Beer.

Ho, waiter! Another beer. A fresh and foaming beer, and—

Come back here!

Make it Culmbacher—imported Culmbacher, mind you—for this is Christmas Day.

You're not a Bohemian, waiter, are you? You don't remember that pretty rhyme of Couant's—that tribute to the buried past and Culmbacher?

> Bohemia is gay to-night,
> Waiter, Ho!
> A medium Henry Clay for me;
> A creamy Culm, the same as she
> Drank, and a light!
> When I am gone who will there be
> To drink the Culm, remembering me?
> When mine in yesterday's sorrow,
> When others find to-morrow
> Their sad to-day.

What's that, waiter? You're not a Bohemian, but a Bavarian? No matter, my friend. That's not your fault. Of course you're not a Bohemian; but you're Dutch all the same, waiter; yes, Dutch—God help you! Dutch!

Stay again; perhaps I err in pitying you: for, though there be no music in your soul, you have yet a noble appetite for beer; and all men cannot have all virtue. Therefore, albeit we come from alien lands, let there be peace between us; let us shake and smile together, for this is Christmas Day.

CANTO V.

A Dream of Syllabub.

Ho, waiter! Another beer for me. I've half a dollar left, waiter—five dimes in all. So make it Culmbacher—imported Culmbacher, mind you—for this is Christmas Day.

Bless us, how bright the gaslight gleams and gayly! And what a halo sits on every glass.

What flavor is it that this my latest beer recalls to me; what taste of other times? Eh? No? Yes? It's syllabub!

Know you what syllabub may be, oh waiter? What, no?

Ah, I forgot; you're Dutch.

But it's syllabub all the same—the yellow syllabub with its froth and foam. I can see it simmering now, I can smell it in the flake-like drifts that topple down the brim of the goblet. Aye, and the green fields, waiter, and the clang of the pails, and the song of the maids as they trip through the grass to the milking.

There was no beer in those days, waiter; but that syllabub was passing sweet. Why, it seems but yesterday we drank it in the sunshine there. One can almost recall the smell of the cowslip wine and the cognac, choice and old, that they mixed therewith, ere the rosy-cheeked milkmaid, with the ribbons in her hair, went and poured in upon it the creamy milk from the dun cow.

Yes, waiter, those syllabub days were halcyon ones. They were full of sunshine, and they rang with the singing of song-birds. But that was all in the lost summer time, and this is the winter of the year. The syllabub is only a memory, evanescent as the foam upon the beer.

Foam, did I say? Why, there's nothing left at all!

CANTO VI.

Eyes that were Blue.

Ho, waiter! Another beer.

Why do you tarry, waiter? This glass has long been empty. What! Have I been dozing? No matter, waiter. Another beer, and hurry with it. And say, there! Make it Culmbacher—imported Culmbacher, mind you—for this is Christmas Day!

Dear me! how soft and kind it looks. No wonder that she liked it. And she did like it, too, and hankered for it; though it was not that she knew good Culm from any other brewing.

No; she just knew that it was more costly than the others, and therefore guessed that it was best. She loved the best what came the highest, the extravagant darling. She never knew the value of a dime, never learned it; and now I've thirty cents.

Heigho, how charmingly she would smile across the table, how naively sip the beer.

She had blue eyes, waiter, and golden hair that shone like clouds at sunset, and—

No! man, no! She was not Dutch!

Her blue eyes were grayer than those of the lasses in your fatherland, and her curls of a yellower gold. Then she had the black lashes and eyebrows of the Celt, and not the blonde fringes of the Saxon; and her laughter was like running water, and her glances cut to the heart, and —— But she's gone, waiter; she's gone. But she wasn't Dutch!

CANTO VII.

Her Health.

Ho, waiter! Another beer!

Tell me, is it getting late, and is the Christmas over, for assuredly my head begins to weigh upon my neck and bend it down most wearily. No? Only eleven? Well, another beer, waiter; another beer, and make it Culmbacher, will you?—imported Culmbacher, mind you—for this is Christmas Day!

And say, waiter! Come back here. Make it two beers, this time, two imported ones—imported Culmbacher, you know—for this is——

Say, waiter! Come back here again, will you? Have one with me; I've thirty cents. Make it three beers this time, three imported—imported Culmbacher, mind you—for this is Christmas Day.

Why do I want three, you ask!

What! Can you not see her?

Can't you see those blue eyes laughing? Can't you catch the glint of the gaslight as it shines on that golden hair?

You're Dutch, waiter; but why forget the poet of your native land? And why have you not read Uhland?

> Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee—
> Take, I give it willingly;
> For, invisible to thee,
> Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Don't you recall the lines? No? Well, anyhow there are not spirits twain with me to-day. There's only one, and her blue eyes are laughing, waiter, and—

Oh, bring three foaming beers.

So!

Now let us drink, my German friend; let us drink to her and Christmas.

She's laughing just as she was a year ago. She stands, she joins us, waiter.

Lift up your glass and clink it. Let her's rest there below.

She always loved Culmbacher, waiter.

Her health in it to-night.

Clink!

Clink again!

Here's to her blue eyes and golden curls! Here's to the bygone Christmas!

CANTO VIII.

The last Culmbacher.

She's gone. So is the Culmbacher.

Well, well, that dollar lasted nobly.

If only there were no requirement for dollars, and all the rivers flowed with beer! If only every day were Christmas, and there were no memories of the past!

Can I get another beer—just one more glass of Culmbacher?

Eh! What's this?

Why, she forgot to drink it!

It's flat a bit, and stale perhaps, and yet what matters it?

Its Culmbacher—imported Culmbacher, mind you—and this is Christmas day!—*Edward A. Morphy, in Oakland Tribune.*

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, December 28th. DEAR WAVE:—Society wondered and *hoped* "in a sneakingly elated manner," if aught had befallen its *bete noire* that its appearance was not forth-coming as usual Saturday evening. No such luck, my dears; I am, like the poor, always with you, and my absence last week was caused by three Christmas dinners in as many days. It was too soon after Xmas to afford expensive dyspepsia cures, so I hied me to my virtuous couch, where the three Xmas turkeys and Imp had it out in the seclusion of my dainty boudoir. Needless to say I came out victorious and am up bright and smiling this morning to chronicle the doings of our 400. Before I begin on *the* 400 I'll indulge in a wee bit of outside gossip. I hear the G—'s have discovered real truth in the maxim, "Distance lends enchantment," so they have again put several hundred miles between themselves, and nothing short of another bluff at the divorce courts will dispel the enchanted silence. I have another "estrangement case" (nice, refined way of putting it, isn't it?) on my books and am fairly blue that Jack forbids my giving it to your willing ears; he says "Society is pouting its aristocratic lips at me because I gave the sacred enthusiasts of Jack pots and flushes a rub the wrong way a week or two ago." These dainty matrons and dignified Society men take not kindly to censure from Imp. They should remember that the *very best of* us could never stand upon the same pedestal with Caesar's wife. "Nop," as Will says, "we ain't none of us *above suspicion*, you bet." But rest easy, ye of Society's créme, Imp thinks too much of her tribe to expose any of its failings to the eyes of the common five hundred and more. Don't you know, WAVE dear, I have to smile very broadly at times over some of these sweet creatures in Society, one or two in particular. They will tilt their dainty noses and express their disgust at newspaper notoriety, Society writers, etc., yet they seek introductions to a man whom *they think* writes for some Society journal. They reserve their sweetest smiles and attentions for any one in connection with such a paper. Doesn't that give one food for thought? *Well, rather.* That's beating his Satanic majesty at his own game.

Well, well, I've completely forgotten "Merry Christmas!" How awully good Santa Claus was to us girls, wasn't he? Yes, I received some *perfectly elegant* presents, so did Fannie, Nancy, Lizzie, and Corrine. Lee assured me his regret in failing to get my present to me in time was only equalled by the satisfaction he derived from my radiant countenance when I finally did gaze upon it; Oh! it's *just as lovely as it can be*, and I'm dying to tell and *can't*, in fact I'm in the same boat with that sweet, brown-eyed miss who blushes every time any one asks her about Santa Claus. *She* received a pair of elegant hose supporters and doesn't dare tell the donor's name—so much for that *bashful* blonde young man who told me to select his *sister's* present, which I did, and "*sister's present*" now adorns another fellow's sister. Some time in the future I may give the names, but I feel too tender-hearted just at present.

We have been rather quiet socially during the holidays, but things look brighter for the future. Monday evening we have the "Millionaire" with us, Tuesday evening the '89-'90 Club party, Thursday evening Mrs. Crank's party at the Hughes, to which the '89-90's are invited in a body. One or two of our fair matrons are talking of receptions or a card party, and the Club talks of a full-dress ball at Armory Hall the second week in January. I sincerely hope they'll all take place *soon*, as we are satisfied with the long rest from social duties. Yours, IMP.

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The Fresno *Republican* says: "Egg nogg flowed freely last night and many of the boys will want rubber hats this morning."

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

DEAR WAVE:—Not only will I be sitting alone by the fire on the last evening of '91, but Alice Grimes, Mamie Griffin, Nellie Chabot, Floy Brown, the Whitneys, the Knowles, Hutchinsons, Watts, Bessie Wheaton, Emma Farrier, May Tubbs, and dozens of other sweet belles are doing likewise; and why? All because our boys are too selfish and egotistical to ever remember that we are in existence. A few weeks ago it dawned upon some of our noble Athenians that the year was rapidly drawing to a close, and that they must celebrate its exit with a "chirps" for "the boys," hence our anticipated loneliness at the very time we should be dancing out the old and in the new. While we sit lamenting our desolate fate, and making up our minds to take advantage of leap year, and make the lives of "the boys" as miserable as possible, Ned Hamilton will be acting as "Archon" at the club. Ned's address will doubtless be fiuer, from a literary standpoint, than one he delivered on another New Year's Eve, a long time ago, at the same place, when he brought tears to the eyes of the most hardened ones present; but Tom says that nothing can ever equal that little piece in pathos. It was something about the clock striking the hours, one after another, and the wife home alone. Nothing could be more *apropos* in this case. Just hope that he will say something to make them wretched, and remind them of their neglected spouses, sweethearts, and mothers-in-law. Ned is a dear old fellow, and has been a great favorite for years, and has more than an ordinary amount of literary ability.

No better selection than Cleve Dam as manager of the evening could have been made. He is magnetic, sympathetic, always affable and successful with the ladies who have the good fortune to be acquainted with his majesty. It seems most unfortunate (to us girls) that Dr. Woolsey, Dr. Dunne, Myron Whiddon, Senator Moffit, Billy Foote, and Emil Nusbaumer are spoiling Cleve Dam, Harry Melvin, and Tom for home-life. Just give a young fellow talent, in one way or another, and make him a member of a club, if you want to completely unfit him for Society and matrimony. Harry Melvin has charge of the music, and, with his fine voice, it is sure to be a success.

Dear, did you read Harry's Xmas story? It really was exceedingly original, but I almost fell off my chair when the hero was introduced as a "big man," with a "glorious barytone voice." He reminded me so much of Harry; but he says that the story was taken from life, and Harry isn't married as yet (Dame Rumor has him engaged), so the similarity must have been in my own imagination. Perhaps Harry wasn't thinking of himself at all when he wrote the story.

Our Eighth Street belle is sad over the departure of Duke Bertie Brayton for Eastern climes Her mamma had hoped to have Bertie for a son-in-law. By the way, Tom and I went to Sixteenth Street to see him off last Saturday evening, and he wasn't quite responsible for all the sweet nothings he uttered.

A *certain* lady (the mother of a son and daughter) is not seen so often in the company of a *certain* Eighth Street capitalist. Why is it? Can it be that his exchequer is so reduced that she no longer appreciates him? Tom says that it pains him to see the picture called "Morning," on exhibition at one of the gilded palaces that are so attractive to our young men. You remember the painting, dear? It, at one time, belonged to Dr. Handy. Dr. Woolsey says that, had he been the fortunate possessor of a home it would have adorned no other walls than his.

I've just grown weary of hearing Gus McDonald, Ed Vingent, and Sam Bell McKee tell about the dolls they dressed for the *Tribune's* poor, just as if every one didn't know that they couldn't put all those stitches in the dainty little articles of wearing apparel that the dollies wore. To tell the absolute truth, dear WAVE, Alice G——, Nellie C——, and Frou-Frou dressed those dolls and the boys have had all the glory, but, never mind, it was for a worthy cause, which reminds me that the gifts sent to the poor this year were not given by our heiresses or millionaires. The only butterflies who took the trouble to contribute were Floy Brown, Mamie Griffen, the McNears, and Frou-Frou, while many of the others who gave were those to whom luxury is unknown.

It is about time we were receiving cards to Mamie Griffen's promised party. Am afraid that she has come to the conclusion that entertaining in Oakland is a thankless affair, and, indeed, she is not to be blamed, after the way some of our most estimable ladies treated her in her own house, at the "World's Fair." It is just a year since Mrs. W. Letts Oliver gave her glorious reception, which was so severely criticised, and it was too mean for anything, as we have never been invited into her house since.

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7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6.10 p m
7:40 a m	8.00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
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Vol. VIII. No. 2. San Francisco, January 9, 1892 10 Cents

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The theatrical triumvirate is a strong combination of managerial abilty and money. That Al. Hayman, the president of the new corporation has to thank anyone but himself for his success, I do not believe. He possesses a set of faculties that find fitting scope in this line of enterprise. In a few years, but after a wearisome apprenticeship, he has amassed a large fortune. His brother, Harry Mann, the clever manager of the California Theatre, is the second stockholder in the enterprise. He is a graduate of journalism. Of Al. Bouvier, secretary of the syndicate, it is not necessary to say anything. Being considerable of an orator, he speaks for himself. The best testimony of his ability is the management of the Baldwin, for which he is responsible.

SPLASHES.

A WET WEEK IN TOWN made the summer-like climate at Del Monte a pleasant change to the people who had suffered the ills that follow in the train of muggy weather. New Year's Eve was bright and clear, and so balmy was the air that many of the guests were only restrained from going in swimming because of the surf. The crowd was not as large as I have seen it at this season, when sickness prevented many families from spending the day at their favorite resort. Not a few were of the opinion that the storms that had swept San Francisco must have traveled as far as Del Monte, and they could not be convinced that the sun would ever rise there again. The change from the rain and mud of the city to the clear skies and balmy air of Del Monte was remarkable; and did those who went thither a world of good.

* * *

The 400 alone was in evidence; there were, of course, individual cases of the Cuts, from the second to the neck, but whatever of a crowd there was, was composed entirely of the first set. Consequently, there was not much fun. An effort was made to hold the regular hop, but the dancers were few, and the evening would have been a failure had not Mr. Schonewald prepared a supper that was unique in the length of the *menu* and the choiceness of the viands. It was a complete success, and I was surprised to see so many who were utterly unable to dance give every evidence of their appreciation of the hotel management's generosity at table. The younger men to whom Terpsichore is a bore, are all earnest disciples of Epicurus. It seemed as if no one put forth any effort to nave what has been called in the past a "good time;" a few balls were rolled in the bowling alley; in a lazy way, pool and billiards were patronized; the majority of the people contented themselves with listening to the music.

* * *

Brides and grooms of the present and future were quite plentiful, and probably that had much to do with what was a somewhat slow time. Of the girls who were first in the dance in the past, Miss Taylor and Miss Pope were the only representatives, and they had other engagements. Miss Blair, Mrs. Tubbs, Miss Simpkins, Mrs. Tallant, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Brigham, and other maids and matrons were down for a rest. On New Year's Day the guests sat by the fire or listened to the string band in the parlor, glancing up now and again to watch the strangers mount their vehicles for a drive. While the paths in the beautiful grounds were as dry as ever, and led through stretches of flower-beds and lawns, they were almost deserted.

* * *

The improvements that I have spoken of before are progressing rapidly at the hotel. The electric lights will shortly illumine the reading-room, the office, the ladies' billiard-room, the ballroom, and other central resorts. The bath house is being thoroughly refitted; new boilers have been added; porcelain tubs are in place, and when the season opens this feature will be unrivaled by any hotel in the world.

* * *

I was disappointed but not surprised at the slender audience gathered to witness the football match last Saturday. It was an important contest far more interesting and exciting than the charity baseball games, yet there were but a few hundred spectators. Had proper management prevailed, the attendance of a large crowd could easily have been secured. The fact is, but few people knew there was a match on the *tapis*. No effort at advertising was made, no one took the trouble of doing any press work. The arrival of the Los Angeles men could easily have been given the character of a sensation. Again, no notice of the postponement on New Year's day was posted in any public quarter. I went to Central Park and there found a pencil memorandum stating that the great game would commence on the morrow.

* * *

However, it was an interesting contest, however one-sided. The Olympic team played very good ball considering how little its members have practiced together. It is not a game that in any way compares with that of the Eastern Universities. The San Francisco men made but little use of their rush line which was far more powerful than that of the Los Angelans. The tactics employed, while effective enough in so far as winning was concerned, were not the kind that would prevail against a trained team. Of the players, Tobin, Ricketts, and Harrison did excellent work. The latter's run was quite clever. Of the Los Angelans the full-back and the quarter-back best distinguished themselves.

* * *

It cannot be said the match added any attractiveness to the appearance of the team. Tobin's face still bears marks of the conflict. Harrison carries his arm in a sling, and Ricketts, whose ankle was sprained, is at work endeavoring to recover. I should advise the San Francisco team to assume its old name. The Olympic Club did little for the game last Saturday and far more significance can be given the work of an independent organization than can attach to the offshoot of a big athletic institution. Someone should be given the work of management, and if this is properly done, it will be possible to record any lack of public interest. It is undoubtedly a fact that next to a prizefight, the most exciting spectacle in the world is a fierce football match.

* * *

THERE WERE FESTIVITIES all over town on New Year's Eve. The occasion was celebrated with all the honors customary. At every shrine libations were poured out in honor of the incoming 'Ninety-two, and there was more than a reasonable quota contributed by Jupiter Pluvius. However, to dampen the holiday enthusiasm of an ordinary San Franciscan, a full-fledged deluge would be inadequate, and it is safe to say that whoever wanted to, had all the fun he desired—perhaps more. A cardinal tenet in the doctrine of the majority of us is that the sole respectful methods of doing honor to certain occasions

is to "load up." If other sections of the creed were lived up to but half so sedulously, it would, indeed, be a holy world.

* * *

A small gathering of Mrs. Will Crocker's friends saw the New Year in at her residence on California Street. There was some dancing, and some music, vocal and instrumental, and a delicious supper. Miss McNutt had a small party at her home. A very pleasant dinner was given by Miss Mamie Scott to about a dozen of her friends who welcomed the birth of the New Year under very agreeable auspices.

* * *

Social experts pronounce the New Year's ball the most successful ever given by the Concordia Club. I have not heard a single criticism. To speak of the affair is to precipitate a torrent of compliments. From the grand march to the final extra every thing was admirable. There were plenty of men to go round, a few over in fact, and that did not detract from the enjoyment of the feminine element, whose pleasure is the chief object of consideration. The ball opened with an old-time grand march in which every one took part, the picturesque features of which were accentuated by means of calcium lights in different colors.

* * *

Then followed dancing until supper, the cards warning the participants to make no further engagements, but to await developments. After midnight the old order of affairs was changed and a veritable Leap Year ball inaugurated. New programmes were furnished containing positive instructions in regard to the conduct of the gentlemen, and then the ladies took charge. Mrs. Joseph Rotschild was floor manager, and with her corps of assistants—Mrs. Sinsheimer, Mrs. J. H. Neustadter, Miss May Slessinger, Miss Eliza Emanuel, Miss Rosa Fisher and Miss Wangenheim, kept the dances going. The novelty proved most amusing. Full advantage of their privilege was taken by the girls. Every one entered thoroughly into the spirit of the affair; there was as much reluctance on the part of the men to be considered wallflowers, as the least fascinating of maidens evinces under circumstances the most unfavorable.

* * *

Some elaborate toilettes were displayed—one is always sure to see the latest triumphs of the costume art at a Concordia ball. It seems to be the general impression that the belle was Miss Julia Newman, who, in a very plain toilette of pink, appeared even more charming than usual. There are always so many other very pretty girls at these affairs that mentioning their names takes more space than I care to give. The supper, which was one of the best the club has had, was served by the *Maison Doré*.

* * *

At the San Francisco Verein the attendance was much smaller than at the Concordia, though the members and their friends seem to have had a very enjoyable time. There were, at least, two men to every girl. The ballroom was most artistically decorated and the supper was something to remember.

* * *

The New Year's Eve hop at the Pleasanton was quite an event. A large number of invitations were sent out, and the majority of those asked came. The entire first floor was placed at the service of the guests, who, if all did not, all should have enjoyed themselves. The big dining-room made a spacious ballroom, but so great was the crowd that steering became a difficult matter. However, a small orchestra in the parlor, the floor of which was canvased, tended to relieve the crush. There were a number of very pretty girls present, and they displayed some handsome as well as some startling costumes.

* * *

To describe some of them would require more technical skill than I hope ever to possess, and it is quite questionable whether any verbal dexterity could suggest the audacity of a few of the color combinations. One in particular might have been described as the culmination of gory gaudiness, but that conveys no idea of its arrangement. Among the prettiest girls present were: Miss Marie Taylor, who wore an exceedingly handsome gown of blue silk; Miss Emerson, a pretty blonde, slender, and graceful; the Misses Gashweiler, who wore very attractive costumes; Miss Laura McDonald; Miss Maude Badlam, in a particularly becoming toilette, and Miss Jim Hayes. There were several other fine-looking girls whose names I cannot recall. Among the married ladies, Mrs. J. B. Matoon and Mrs. Frank Powers appeared to advantage.

* * *

It would afford me some satisfaction to have revealed to me the identity of a certain young man who displayed a dress suit with novel features. The vest was white with large black buttons and was bisected by a very broad, black silk watch band. Black studs adorned his shirt bosom—at least half of which was concealed by a *chef d'œuvre* in elaborately embroidered black silk handkerchiefs. Another gentleman displayed an achievement in frilled shirt fronts which kindled the silent admiration of whoever gazed at it. I should like to know, too, who was guilty of the programmes. Not only records of dance engagements they were, also compendiums of poetic extracts from Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and others. There is no doubt that this kind of arrangement is conducive to conversation, but I doubt if it is good form.

* * *

In a recent issue, a reference to Arpad Haraszthy crept into "Splashes," which is sincerely regretted. Anything in the paragraph that either directly or indirectly reflected on the gentlemen was without foundation in fact, and I take this opportunity of correcting any false impression that may have resulted from the item.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Louise Catherwood and Earnest La Montagne is to be celebrated by Archbishop Riordan at St. Mary's Cathedral at noon of February 4th. During the nuptial mass, which follows the ceremony, a special musical service will be rendered by the choir. Albert La Montagne will be groomsman and Miss Marie La Montagne, maid of honor. The wedding breakfast is to be given at Mrs. Catherwood's residence, on the corner of Franklin Street and Pacific Avenue, and will be followed by a reception, for which a limited number of invitations are to be sent out.

* * *

Mr. La Montagne, his brother and sister, and several friends will arrive here in a special car about the latter end of January, and will devote the days prior to the wedding to sight seeing. The prospective groom is a well-known New Yorker, a member of the Union, Racequet, and other swell clubs. He is a widower, quite wealthy, and said to be very good-looking. His brother, Albert La Montagne, is one of the best amateur actors in New York.

* * *

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Georgia Schweitzer and Sol Ehrman, which will take place on the evening of January 19th at the Schweitzer residence, corner of Leavenworth and Post Streets. On the preceding evening Miss Hilda Slessinger and Maurice O. Rothchild will be married at the California Hotel. On the following day they leave for a bridal trip to Honolulu.

* * *

Surprise parties seem to have quite gone out of vogue, though there are revivals at odd intervals. A party of Mrs. Ansley Davis' friends arranged a surprise party as a means of celebrating the seventeenth anniversary of her wedding. On Wednesday evening last they presented themselves at her residence, 1605 Scott Street, and, after explaining the object of their coming, proceeded to pass a very agreeable evening. Frank Brown, the hypnotist, contributed materially to the entertainment by performing some surprising experiments.

* * *

The Leap Year ball took place last night, but too late for me to more than allude to it. Extended notice I shall reserve for next week. It was quite as great a success as everyone expected, and will certainly go down on the social annals of San Francisco, as the "widest" affair ever given here. The hall, covered with snowy canvas, and decorated in pink, blue, and white, set off with the tender green of ferns and smilax, and the darker tones of palms and ivy, presented an enchanting appearance. The corridors, canvased and hung with portieres and adorned with palms, made most agreeable promenades. The stage

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

and ante-rooms were transformed into veritable bowers.

* * *

Miss Hager led, alone and under her direction five simple but very pretty figures were dextrously executed. It was far the largest german of the season, there being eighty couples on the floor. The leading set was composed as follows:

Miss Bessie Hooker, Milton Latham; Miss Maynard, G. Vernon Gray; Miss Wallace, R. C. Parsons, Jr.; Miss Carolan, A. B. Williams; Miss McNutt, Lieutenant Carlin; Miss Voorhies, E. H. Sheldon; Miss Shreve, E. N. Bee; Miss Hope Ellis, A. H. Small; Miss Lulu Finlay, E. A. Mizner; Miss Pope, W. T. Newhall; Miss Alice Simpkins, C. C. Thorn; Miss Millie Ashe, Eliot McAllister; Miss Holbrook, F. D. Madison; Miss Hobart, E. M. Greenway.

* * *

The supper, by Ludwig, was more elaborate than usual, and after it dancing was kept up until past two o'clock. Brandt's orchestra, located in the gallery, played a variety of delightful selections, including several new waltzes.

* * *

The Presidio, the headquarters of the gallant Fifth Artillery, which has been lately spoiling for a fight with Chile, had its Assembly Hall on New Year's night, filled with fair women and shoulder-strapped men. It was a Leap Year hop, and the wallflowers of former hops had a glorious time. Married officers adorned the walls and were left severely alone while the eligibles were constantly on their feet, and danced into matrimony. Lieutenant Winston received the lion's share of attention, for he was repeatedly honored by one fair debutante; *on dit* he ungallantly went on the sick report next day. Lieutenant Brown, of the Artillery was draped in semi-feminine attire, festooned with garlands of roses, and the handsome Quartermaster Adams was adorned with ribbons and laces. Among the garrison (all were of the Presidio except Miss Ames, of San Francisco) ladies present were the following charming buds: Miss Thompson, the Misses Chew, Miss Bruchman, the Misses Grahams, Miss Lomia, the Misses Kenzie, Miss Morris, and Miss Andrews, daughter of a former commanding officer of the Presidio. The fun and frolic was actively sustained until 12:30, when refreshments re-enforced the revelers.

* * *

The engagement between Jerome Watson and Miss Lena Merry has been broken off. The reason given is that the relations of the pair partook more to the nature of warm friendship than love, and Miss Merry took the sensible view of the situation that it was better to be mistaken now than later on. I I believe Mr. Watson has gone South.

* * *

A ceremony that added much to the pleasure of the people at Del Monte, was the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Tallant's son. A number of friends gathered in the Monterey Mission, which was decorated with evergreens, holly berries, and streamers of bright colors. The font has been in service for years, and the water, which, I am informed, did not come from the Jordan, has been quite efficacious, and in this instance it is hoped that the youth will bear the name of Austin for many happy years.

* * *

Angel Island was very gay on New Year's Day. The officers of the Post, in full dress, called, in a body, on the ladies who received them most hospitably. In the evening there was a hop, music being furnished by the excellent string band of the First Infantry. Among those present were: Mrs. Holly, in a charming gown of black silk; Mrs. Barry, in a becoming costume of white tulle; Mrs. Hall, in an exquisite combination of brown silk and velvet trimmed with silver. After a very delightful evening, the party adjourned to Mrs. Holly's home, where supper was served. After that there was music and singing—the pleasant affair not breaking up until an early hour.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. Marceau, having returned from their visit to Honolulu are preparing for a further flight—Eastward this time. Colonel Marceau has long had in contemplation a trip around the world, and in February or March will probably leave for Europe. There is some prospect that they will make Paris their headquarters, spending several months of each year in California.

* * *

A great deal of fun has been had by the girls over the Leap Year German. It has become quite customary to give invitations right and left, and some men are in the interesting predicament of having promised to dance with two damsels. However, misunderstandings of this character are easily enough straightened out. One story going the rounds tells of a pretty girl, living on the crest of California Street, who asked rather a good-looking youth in the iron business to dance with her. The invitation was given by telephone, and the dialogue ran thus:

* * *

"Hallo! Is that Mr. Herbert Carolan?"

"Yes; who is speaking?"

"Never mind, will you dance the Leap Year Cotillion with me?"

"Who are you?"

"Never mind my name; are you engaged for it?"

"No, but—"

"No buts allowed. Will you?"

Mr. Carolan here had a happy thought.

"What would you do if you were in my place?" he asked.

"Accept," came the answer promptly.

"I accept then."

Next day Mr. Carolan, who was inwardly trembling, received a note revealing the identity of his partner, who is Miss Beth Sperry, one of the most charming girls in Society.

* * *

Among the social affairs in Gotham in the holiday week few were as enjoyable as the reception given the 400 by "The Southern Society of New York." The splendid club house of this popular organization was artistically decorated with exotics, Christmas berries, and blossoms from the cotton plantations of old Virginia. A band of thirty pieces played negro melodies, and Southern hospitality was evidenced in a hundred ways. Among the Californiennes present were Mrs. Alexander McKinstry, Miss Inez Williams, Mrs. Prentice T. Gibbs, Miss Ileen Ivers, and Mrs. Florence C. Kenney.

* * *

I intended last week to compliment Mr. Hearst, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Chamberlain on the Christmas *Examiner*. It was a delightful paper, thoroughly enjoyable from a literary as well as an artistic point of view. The stories were clever, the articles exceedingly interesting and *apropos*. In fact the issue was full of bright ideas and was, what forty page editions rarely are, eminently readable. Willis Polk's World's Fair drawings and designs were an interesting feature and Morphy's Comstock sketches, if lacking veracity, were prettily written. The *Chronicle's* New Year edition was as usual an important review of the past twelve months. It was full of valuable statistical matter and gives an excellent idea of the progress and the resources of California. No outsider can realize the amount of work involved in compiling and getting up so much information as was there presented. Mr. De Young and Managing Editor John P. Young are to be congratulated.

* * *

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is much annoyed by the newspaper reports engaging her now to one, now to another of the men she knows. The latest story in circulation attributed matrimonial intentions to Fred Somers, editor of *Current Literature*, and, I believe, Mrs. Atherton has received sundry letters of congratulation from friends in various parts of the country. She is now up at Fort Ross, at work on a book and some stories, and writes me that she is not engaged, never was, and never expects to be. That should be positive enough to secure her immunity from the best meant efforts of even D. E. Verdantball, the antiquarian New York correspondent of the *Chronicle*.

* * *

THE DECISION of the Supreme Court in the Bruner case has revived among the lawyers the project discussed during the session of the last Legislature, of reorganizing that tribunal. The argument used is that the Court as now constituted is plainly incompe-

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

tent. By some, this is attributed to Justice McFarland, who, himself knowing nothing about the law as it has been laid down by the masters, seems determined to overturn what little has heretofore been expounded by the Court. The story is related of the late Judge Hoge that once he was found reading a book in the Law Library. "Ah," said the discoverer, "reading a little law I see, Colonel?"

"No," replied the Colonel, gruffly, "I am reading a California Supreme Court decision."

It is admitted that in Judge Hoge's time a little bit of law managed to effect a lodgment in the Court's opinions, but that that little is now kept out, seems to be the general opinion. During McFarland's term of four years the Court has reversed itself in the Sharon litigation, in the Jessup case, in the Bruner case, and performed some ground and lofty tumbling in other cases—but every time, mind you, in the interest of a big bag of money or a corporation.

* * *

I think Justice McFarland is a man of ability, but I also think he would be a greater ornament to his race off than on the bench. His mind is so constituted that he cannot see the justice of any course that is not backed by money. If two litigants come before him, one poor and the other rich, he is sure to decide for the rich man. This is not done corruptly, for he is a poor man and personally unapproachable, but he is built that way. I should no more expect McFarland to do justice between corporations and people or a rich man and a poor man than I would expect Jay Gould, were he on the bench, to decide against himself. He cannot do it. In all cases involving contests between such litigants if McFarland is not able to sway the Court to his view, he dissents.

* * *

The reorganization project contemplates getting McFarland off the bench, and it is probable that it will be strongly urged at the next session of the Legislature. The scheme is to organize District Courts of Appeal, say three, to travel in circuits or sit at certain centres of population, such, for instance, as Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Sacramento. Each is to have its district within which appeals may be taken from the Superior Courts. These Courts of Appeal are to have jurisdiction of all the cases now before the Supreme Court, and final jurisdiction in about two-thirds of them—in all, in fact, except a few where important interests can be made the subject of litigation. Over the District Courts of Appeal the proposition is to establish a Supreme Court. In order to abolish the present Court, the Constitution would have to be amended, which would take three years at least. But the present state of the business of the Supreme Court—three years behind—and the disqualification of the judges to dispatch it and stick to their own rulings, seems to render the attempt necessary.

* * *

THE BEST STORY I have heard recently is that related by Ross Jackson of the *Examiner* on his return from a late business visit to the Keeley Institute, which has just been established at Los Gatos. It seems that the *Examiner* published an interesting description of the Institute, rather complimentary in its general tone, and in recognition of the kindness the physician in charge sent word to Editor Hearst that he would be pleased to treat free of charge, for scientific purposes, any hard case who might be attached to his local staff. All newspaper offices are usually supplied with one or two frightful examples of strong drink, but it happens that at present the *Examiner* has none. So Mr. Jackson was sent forth to procure one for the Keeley Institute. "As this case will be a test of the bichloride of gold cure," said Editor Henderson, in giving Ross his final directions, "I would advise you to procure the most hopeless one of which you have any knowledge. Your experience and judgment will be of great assistance to you, I am sure. Be careful, for we intend to have the result written up."

* * *

Mr. Jackson was not long in finding a victim of the Demon Rum. He selected Robert Duncan Milne, the well-known story writer. For twenty years Milne has been engaged in a desperate attempt to drink up all the beer in California. He thinks that beer, while adapted to *his* constitution, is generally injurious to the rest of mankind, and he is consumed with a desire to annihilate it. Twenty years practice has, of course, developed his capacity beyond measure. For a long time his breakfast has consisted of a cup of *boullion* and five schooners, his lunch, of a cup of *boullion* and ten schooners, and his dinner, of fifteen schooners without the *boullion*. In short, he has lived on beer for many years. He has drank enough to float the entire Chilean Navy.

* * *

He readily assented to Jackson's proposition to take a bichloride course at the Los Gatos Institute. Ross says he judiciously concealed from him the fact that he had been selected as the worst case of alcoholism in town, because, as Jackson humorously expressed it, "it might have swelled his nut," but he made no bones of the additional fact that the affair was to be written up, no matter how it turned out.

Milne had fifteen schooners—his evening meal—aboard when Ross talked to him. "Cert', ol' fel', Ize brace up," he said in his pure Scotch accent. "Truth is (hic) Ross, I've been goin' (hic) like zis long 'nuf. Shame for brilliant (hic) man like me to waste hissel' on schooners, eh?"

Ross administered a few doses of bromide, and, after getting Robert into his Sunday clothes, started with him for Los Gatos. On the road he was obliged to get off at every station where Milne was able to espy a saloon through the window, and when he arrived at the Institute the versatile romancer was, as Ross says, "Loaded to the Plimsoll line."

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

The physician gave him a "shot" of bichloride of gold and put him to bed.

* * *

The next morning Ross found Milne at breakfast cold, sober, and in a reflective mood. As he was about to take his leave, wishing the patient a speedy cure and a Happy New Year, Robert followed him to the door, and said, in a confidential tone:

"Say, Ross, do you think these fellers really can cure me of this habit of drinking?"

"Yes, I suppose so; they advertise to do it. Why?"

"Well, you know, I have been thinking this morning, and I am rather sorry I consented to come here."

"Why, old man, what's the matter? You're not afraid?"

"No; but the idea is terrible to contemplate."

* * *

"The idea terrible to contemplate! What are you talking about? What idea?"

"You see," continued Milne, with a dead seriousness, "the doctor says this beer-drinking habit of mine is a disease. Now, if I thought he could cure me I would leave here this instant. The idea of being cured not only strikes terror to my heart, it makes me thirsty. Put yourself in my place, Ross, how would you like to be cured?"

Ross winds up the story by remarking:

"Now, what could I say to a man in such a situation—in danger of being cured of a twenty-year thirst? I just extended my sympathy, shook hands, and left him to his fate. It was ungenerous, but my professional duty required me to do it."

* * *

IN A LATE ISSUE of the *Examiner* a number of obscure and prominent gentlemen sought to answer the question: "What would most benefit California in 1892?" The replies were individually and numerously stupid, and were readable merely as examples of the ease with which men in commerce and the professions fit themselves to any literary position to which the vagrant fancy of an editor may call them. What would be of most benefit to California was so many different things that I am strongly of the opinion that the writers must have felt thoroughly enamored of their own originality. Only two of the answers bore more than a cousinly resemblance to each other: Those of J. C. Stubbs and Jeremiah Lynch. The former said a series of murders, amounting to a war, would benefit California; and Buckley's Nemesis thought one small, midnight assassination—that of one Bret Harte—would be an everlasting good thing for the Golden State.

* * *

It seems that Mr. Stubbs, who advocated a war, has been crowned with considerable commendation for his perspicacity, while Mr. Lynch, who asks merely for the removal of one man, is on the cross of general condemnation. This is somewhat strange, and suggests a condition of the public mind that self-respect

will not permit me to analyze. The desire for blood is strong in the gentlemen I have named, but whereas Mr. Lynch intimates that the odor of Mr. Harte's gore, as it rushes from the new-opened veins, would satisfy him, Mr. Stubbs would have a deluge of blood of which he would be the Noah. Personally, I have no wish to see the sewers of the world run blood, nor am I anxious to see the rafters of heaven stained and spotted with the bright red fluid of man; but if the same would help California, or forward her in the race of States, I withdraw all objections, and say, "So let it be." However, in thus deferring to the Stubbs taste, I must ask that he show a like respect to the Lynch desire.

* * *

For my own part, I am inclined to believe that the ex-Senator did not ask too much when demanding the head of Bret Harte on a platter. The Bret Harte hand has not spared to rob California of her civilization; adventure has rolled into the Golden State elements that the passing years have not refined; we are as young in the arts as we were in '49; the sciences have gained nothing from us; about our waists are the leather belts of the miners; our trousers are still tucked into our boots; we are armed at every pore, and conduct arguments with revolvers and shot guns. When Matthew Arnold was in Chicago some years ago, he had in his suite a lady of considerable culture. The poet and philosopher spoke of going to California, and was assured he would get a royal welcome. Society, he was told, would turn out *en masse* to meet him.

"Society," said the lady; "dear me, we do not want much of that if it is like the Society on the Stanisloe." The dear lady meant it, pronunciation and all.

There is another side to all this, however. How would Mr. Lynch take it if in the Alexandria *Sphinx* or Cairo *Pyramid* a writer should ask for the assassination of the author of the "Egyptian Sketches." I am not disinclined to the belief that the jealousy of those literary fellows is at the bottom of the whole matter.

* * *

THE LATEST STORY is about a very good but exceedingly kittenish old young person who has recently thrown off the bonds of single blessedness, exchanging for a sonorous three-story cognomen one briefer and far less harmonious. She has just commenced housekeeping and her simulation of girlish innocence is a performance eminently amusing. To her neighbors she is continually appealing for information, and nothing seems quite trivial enough for her to confide. On matters of particular moment, however, she selects as her mentor a Mrs. Jones—at least I will call her so—a lady of considerable bulk and great dignity, who never fails to be parental and tell her every thing she does not want to know.

* * *

On New Year's Eve Mrs. Jones was going into town in a hurry. She stood on the sidewalk waiting for a coming street car when she observed, descending upon her, the bride. Quite breathless and excited she placed a detaining hand on her dear friend's arm and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, what would I have done had I missed you?"

"Done without me, my dear," said that lady, lifting her hand to signal a coming gripman.

"Just give me one moment, Mrs. Jones. Oh, I'm in such a quandary."

The car passed. The bride gasped, "Mrs. Jones, I'm going to have shrimp salad for my dear husband this evening. Just how many shrimps will I need for the two of us?"

* * *

THE PRESS-CLUB STORY-TELLERS were in session early one day this week, and Sockless Harry was given the floor without opposition. His hero was a bright, whisky-soaked, intellectual man, who wrote local copy for Joe McCullagh on the *Globe-Democrat*. Mr. McCullagh is one of the best newspapermen in the country, and knows when a man is trying to shirk an assignment as well as anybody else. The hero was sent out to interview a visitor who had just arrived from Europe, a literary light of considerable brilliance. When on the way to the house where the victim was staying, the young man met some friends, and having lingered with them for a time, he returned to the office and informed Mr. McCullagh that the literary man was out. The editor knew his assistant's weakness, spoke to him kindly about perseverance, and bade him go back and wait until he found the visitor. The reporter started out again, and for an hour held up the bar of an adjacent saloon; then he returned to the office and informed the editor that the man he was after had not appeared at his house.

* * *

McCullagh thought a moment. "You've got to get that man," he said at length, "or give me some evidence that you can't reach him, if it takes all night. Now, I'll get a cab, and you jump right in and drive to his house."

The young man did as he was directed, and nothing was heard of him for over an hour, when a noise on the stairs indicated that some one was ascending under a heavy load. Soon the hero fell against the door, and made his entrance. His appearance was far from reassuring; in one hand he carried his hat, in the other a coil of wire.

"There," he said, flinging the coil on McCullagh's desk; "there's evidence that I've been to Mr. Jiglet's house. There's the bell knob, the wire, and everything but the bell itself, and I should have had that, too, but the hole was too small."

Mr. McCullagh admitted that he had done all possible in the premises, and the young man went his way. Such was the story Sockless Harry told; and when he finished some one said it was not remarkable.

"No, it isn't," was the reply; "the only thing funny about it was that next day McCullagh discovered that the reporter had broken into a bell-hanger's shop, stolen the wire and knob, and had then enjoyed a carriage ride at the expense of the office."

* * *

THE BIBLE ITSELF is responsible for the statement that there is no new thing under the sun; but I saw a gentleman in a barber shop on January 2, and Bible or no Bible, I will always remember him as a being absolutely and incontrovertibly original.

His head was full of corners, so to speak, when he came in, and his hat seemed to pinch him. He asked to be shaved, and incidentally begged the barber to keep hot towels around his head until it had resumed its normal dimensions.

Just as the lather had been brushed over his face, he started up in his chair with a forcible exclamation.

"Want anything?" asked the barber.

"Great Ged, yes! Call a messenger boy! Call him quick!"

* * *

Two minutes later, in rushed a latter-day Mercury.

"Want a messenger?"

"Yes; hurry up, will you?"

"Where to, sir?"

"Nowhere. Just right here. Do you want four bits?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sit right down and get your hair cut."

"Clip it clean down to the scalp, will you, barber? Clean down to the scalp. Use one of those things like horse-clippers, you know. Now clip like blazes. I'm in a hurry. Do it quick!"

The barber put the messenger boy in a chair, the original barber continued the process of shaving the customer.

Two minutes later that individual bounced up out of his chair again.

"For God's sake!" said he, "call another messenger! Call him quick, too! I'm in the deuce of a hurry!"

* * *

They called, and the boy came.

"Say, boy," said he, "do you want to make four bits?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sit down and have your hair cut."

"Naw. I don't want no hair cut," said the boy.

"Well, get it curled, hang you! I'll pay for your time and give you four bits as well. Sit down there and get that mop curled, and curl it tight, barber; curl it into kinks, for I'm in the deuce of a hurry and can't sit waiting here all day."

* * *

The messenger boy took his seat, the original barber proceeded with the original shave. The customer commenced snoring. Inside of three minutes, however, he awoke.

"Barber," said he, "call a messenger.

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

Call him quick, too. I've got business to look after, and can't stop loafing here all day."

Another messenger was called, another hair cut duly bargained for at four bits the clip. And so it went on, and on, and on, and still further on until nine employees of the A. D. T. were awaiting their turn to have their hair either cut, curled, or shampooed.

I waited until the bitter end, and that wait cost me two hours of time that was worth nothing. When finally the original customer's head was soaked out, and the last messenger boy clipped even to the pale, white scalp, the original barber was asked for a reckoning.

"Just three dollars and twenty-five cents sir," said he.

"And eleven messenger boys at four bits apiece. How much do they come to?"

"Five and a half, sir."

"And their time?"

"Oh, about three dollars."

"Well," said the original customer, "I guessed I'd fool them chaps as were bluffing me. They said I wasn't drunk enough to spend ten dollars on a shave. But I licked 'em this trip—didn't I?"

* * *

The custom of acquiring, prior to making the grand tour, the title of "Colonel," is one that certain distinguished personages have found eminently successful. An ordinary American traveling in Europe attracts the attention only of those who are anxious for a percentage of his riches. Official notice is reserved for the visitors accredited at their Embassies or who possess high military rank in the regular army. There is nothing quite so painful for a millionaire provision dealer or a prominent bank president, whose position and importance there is no gainsaying, whose lightest utterances are regarded as in a degree inspired, as to leave home and find himself regarded as a commonplace globe-trotter. It is most disillusionizing.

* * *

Some months ago a gentleman of the name of Hecht, who had been very fortunate in the shoe business and in investments, determined to see a little of the old country. Making known his intentions to his friends, among them to Colonel Kowalsky, he was advised by that astute will-breaker to become a military personage prior to his departure. Mr. Hecht without a great deal of difficulty obtained a place on General Dimond's staff, and came out before the world as Lieutenant-Colonel Mike Hecht in the glittering uniform of his new rank. Before he knew enough about tactics to order a company to form "fours," he and his family had packed up their impediments and were on their way to Europe.

* * *

The scene changes here to a small village on the Austro-Italian frontier. A mountainous country; no railroad. A stage drives up to the inn between two cavalrymen in full regimentals. From it alight a gentleman in a fatigue uniform, his wife and family and two officers. Evidently a personage of decided importance, he enters, and in the register inscribes himself:

"M. H. Hecht, Colonel, N. G. C., U. S. A."

The host is all deference. At the disposal of the distinguished traveler are some of the best rooms in the establishment. As Colonel Hecht disappears, another San Franciscan, who has been an attentive observer of the scene—Sigfried Nickelsburg, of Cahn Nickelsburg, also in boots—emerges and takes the seat on the stage the great man has just vacated.

* * *

Carefully interrogating the driver, Nickelsburg learned that at the town he had just left—a military station on the frontier—Colonel Hecht had been honored with a review and a parade had been given in respect to him. "Great man" said his informant authoritatively, "big soldier. His General had a diamond staff and is a regular fire eater." From his narrative it appeared that the gallant shoe dealer's progress across the Austrian empire had been signalized by a series of regimental receptions, each one sweller than the last. The lesson was not lost. On arriving at the town Hecht had just left, Nickelsburg walked up to the register and wrote his name across three lines:

"Sigfried Nickelsburg, General, M. D. S. E., U. S. A."

The mystic letters stood for "Merchandise," and it had more letters in it than the rival N. G. C.

* * *

The host became obsequiousness itself when the General explained that he was the superior officer of Colonel Hecht who had just passed through—that, in fact, he was a big General. The commanding officers of the regiment called on him that night. He was treated to a score of receptions, several parades and reviews. The best part of the joke is that General Merchandise Nickelsburg has a hunchback.

* * *

That gentle warrior, Colonel F. S. Chadbourne, is in the saddle again, and his battle-cry is echoing through the city. After the Federated Trades had driven him out of business—or rather after he had retired, rather than permit them to conduct his affairs—his landlord stepped in, and informed him that he would hold his tenant to his lease, or make him pay a large sum of money for breaking it. People who know the soft-tempered "Chad" can imagine how he took the information, especially as the case was a clear "cinch." I am told there was an agreement between him and the owner of the building, by the terms of which the retiring merchant should give up the store to another tenant who would take immediate possession, and that the loss to the proprietor would be very small. At the last moment, however, the landlord sought to make the Colonel pay for the luxury of retiring from business at a tremendous loss: I have been assured that he failed absolutely, and that Chadbourne refused to give him a cent in a dozen torrid languages.

* * *

AT THE PRESS CLUB JINKS the other night two well-known gentlemen came together. One was Dr. James Simpson, the other Dr. Burgess. Perrie Kewen was the means of bringing these famous disciples of Esculapius into the same latitude, and as they gazed admiringly at each other he congratulated himself on his diplomacy. After the greetings, Dr. Burgess said:

"By the way, I think the last time we met was at a municipal convention, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and we're growing lucky as we grow old," said Dr. Simpson; "we met among politicians then, and now we meet among gentlemen." This, I believe, had much to do with the disappearance of the egg-nog.

* * *

The "Late Watch" was the most successful in the history of the Club. The gathering of members was unusually large, considering the condition of the weather and the night. Charley Stillwell, "on the desk," did admirably well, and the programme prepared by Messrs. Phillips, Lawrence, and Moran was beyond reproach. The paper of the evening was read by Harry Tod, and was a charming sketch from life. Leo Cooper won long and loud applause with his dramatic recitations, and Judge Low at the piano and H. H. Egbert, vocally, were warmly encored. A number of other gentlemen assisted in making the "Late Watch" enjoyable.

* * *

The arrangements for the reception of the delegates to the International League of Press Clubs have been completed, and a programme that will insure the visitors a succession of views of San Francisco and vicinity has been prepared that cannot be beaten. The citizens, recognizing the excellence of the advertisement for the Golden State, have been most liberal, and everywhere the committees who have the affairs in charge have been kindly and courteously received. The North Pacific Railroad has been good enough to offer a special train as far as Ukiah; the Southern Pacific has been more than generous in putting at the disposal of the Press Club here two cars and an engine, and inviting the Managers to ask for any transportation that may be needed.

* * *

The guests will arrive on Wednesday, after enjoying the hospitality of the citizens of Auburn. Their entertainment here consists of carriage drives, railroad excursions, steamer rides, banquets, and hops. A committee of ladies has been appointed to take charge of the cousins and wives of the delegates, and they will receive the best of care.

* * *

A local journal informed its readers some weeks ago that the Lombard Trust Company of London was investing millions on the Coast

in real estate. Mr. George V. Sims was the gentleman who was conducting the investments of millions for the company, and, as I read the article, I envied Mr. Sims' easy way of talking of hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars. I have just received a private letter from London giving some interesting information about the Lombard Trust Company, which exists. We have so often heard distinguished visitors talk of great corporations that were in evidence only in their own minds, that I was thoroughly pleased to learn that Mr. Sims' Company had an office and stationery.

* * *

It seems that the millions spoken of are the only part of the concern that can't be found; the company was registered in 1890 with a capital of £25,000. The objects of the company did not include the purchase of the State of California, nor did they remotely refer to the acquirement by purchase of the irrigation bonds or mining stocks of this favered region. With a capital stock of £25,000, the Lombard Trust Company cannot be investing many millions of dollars on the Coast, and Mr. Sims must have been misrepresented when he was made to say that he would invest $1,000,000 in a new town up north; that he would put another million into irrigation bonds, and that he would gather in all the real estate in sight; yes, he must have been misrepresented.

* * *

THE PRAYER CURE is not receiving the attention that its merit demands. Since some of its professors have been thrown into jail for criminal and other kinds of carelessness its popularity has waned. Much of the commotion raised at its practice was due, I believe, to the regular physicians who were anxious to keep the public from looking in other directions for relief from the ills that flesh is heir to. Prayer is a cheap way of curing disease, and it has about it the suggestion of independence; there was something catching in the cry of "Every man his own doctor;" it appealed to the parsimonious and the spendthrift. But if the prayer-cure had been permitted to go on undisturbed of law, what would have become of Drs. Rosenstirn, Cole, Simpson, and a dozen of others?

* * *

While it does not enjoy the popularity that it had, the prayer-cure has by no means been abandoned. In the Blessing Eyster family it is a belief, and for all purposes it is called into requisition. Mrs. Eyster's daughter, Mrs. Elder, is blessed with a boy who is just the age when children think that their noses and mouths are the receptacles that nature intended for the flotsam and jetsam of the world. One day the little chap discovered a basket of peas, with which he carefully filled the cavities of his nasal organs. Pain and astonishment followed the feat, as he found they would not come down. His yells called his grandmother to his side; she wanted to send for a doctor, but his mother would not hear of it, and began to pray. By dint of screaming and stamping the youthful Elder dislodged some of the peas, and thus encouraged his maternal parent kept up her efforts to effect an entire cure by prayer.

* * *

Finally, Mrs. Eyster sent for a physician, and when he arrived he applied to the trouble the knowledge that education gave him, with the result that the last remaining peas were removed and the child found he had no further impediment in his sneeze. The grandmother said the boy would have been saved much pain if she had been permitted to send for a doctor at once.

"A doctor," cried the mother, "you see what prayer has done, removed all but two peas; if I had understood the cure better I could have had them all out; but this will come in time."

I should like to have some of the prayer-curers try the amputation of a limb, and in case they can get no one on whom to practice, I will offer them a nice leg that I never use excepting when a street car or cab isn't in sight.

* * *

C. O. Ziegenfuss, who is making the Fresno *Republican* a tower of strength in that county, was in town the other day, and enjoyed some hours with the boys. I have been told that "Zieg." is one of the best city editors or managing editors in the State; he has never failed to make a paper "go" when he got half a chance. He has some peculiar ideas about a variety of things, and a story is told on him that is said to illustrate a peculiarity. For a while he "made things hum" in San Diego, and in "breaking in" a friend who had gone thither to assist him in running the paper, he delivered himself of much wisdom.

* * *

"Phil," he said; "we've got to get out here and prove ourselves. We know more about newspapers in five minutes than the jays do in a 'cycle of Cathay.' But the first thing we've got to do is to get involved."

"Involved!" cried Phil.

"Yes, sir; hopelessly involved; that's the scheme."

"Hopelessly involved!" Phil repeated, thoroughly mystified. "Hopelessly involved in what?"

"Why, in debt. Everybody is hopelessly involved, and we've got to 'get there' too."

That was the only time that I hoped failure would come to a man I liked.

* * *

IT SEEMS that we who fought on the North are not yet reconstructed. I saw a horrible example of this the other day in the shape of a cripple, who, *sans* legs and arms, shoved himself about on rollers by means of a stick fastened to a stump. I happened to be in a saloon—on business, and sitting at one of the tables was a tall, lean man, with sharp black eyes, gray mustache, and white hair. He was drinking alone, when the crippled and dismembered object appeared. He pushed himself painfully over toward the table where the old man sat, and begged for a dime.

* * *

"I have no money, sih," was the answer his request received.

"I haven't had anything to eat to-day," said the maimed man, "and I fought for the country when it was in danger."

"You fowt with the No'th, sih?" asked the other, with interest.

"Yes, I was with Sheridan at Winchester, and look at me now." The ready reservoir of the cripple's tears overflowed, and his cheeks were streaked with clean lines. "You was in the war, but with the South? Well, gimme a dime for old time's sake."

"I was in the wah, sih, with Lee, and heah sih, is something for you." He put a coin into the tin cup the ex-Federalist had tied about his neck; the cripple's face shone. "Ten dollars!" he cried. "Why, it's more money than I've had sence I was mustered out. Why do you give me this much?"

"Because, sih," said the Southerner, gloatingly, "you all is the fi'hst Yankee I've evah seen *trimmed up* to suit me, sih."

The cripple thanked God for his kindness, and pushed himself out.

* * *

There should be appointed in each township, city, and county, a Joke-explainer, whose business it would be to point out to the dull and obtuse the witticisms with which the bright enliven their way through life. The other day I happened at the office of one of the principal hotels, when the clerk and the manager were endeavoring to decipher the name of a lady who had just registered. The clerk was sure the signature was "Mrs. Jay;" the manager, who has a National reputation for his ability to disentangle chirography, was as positive that it was "Mrs. Joy." They were still discussing the matter when "Hush, here comes the lady now," said the manager, and a very pretty woman stepped up to the desk.

"Will you have my trunks sent up the instant they arrive?" she asked, sweetly.

"Certainly, Mrs. Joy, certainly," was the quick response.

"Mrs. Jay," corrected the lady, smiling.

"Ah," said the manager, bowing, "we hold with Keats, that a thing of beauty is a Joy forever."

Mrs. Jay, I regret to say, did not quite catch the compliment, and the gallant Boniface sighed like a furnace.

* * *

Among the special holiday numbers of interior papers, the Fresno *Republican's* New Year edition stands without rival. It is a superb publication and Fresno has every reason to feel proud of it. No better means of advertising that favored section could be found; people are judging localities by the papers they maintain, and if the test is applied in this connection Fresno should be one of the most progressive cities in the State. I cannot refrain from mentioning the splendid

supplement the Stockton *Mail* issued at the close of the year; it is in the shape of an almanac, containing descriptions of Stockton, pictures of handsome residences, statistics of industries and whatever else is of value locally. Besides, the almanac has many artistic reproductions of famous paintings, much valuable information on a variety of subjects, and is, typographically, a fine publication.

* * *

The School of Design re-opened on Monday for the Spring term, and notwithstanding the fact that many of the students had not returned from their vacations, the attendance was very large. Many new names have been added to the membership roll, and everything points to a successful term. The election in the art association takes place shortly, and already there is political talk in the air.

* * *

I am pleased to note the efforts that Mr. Quinn has made to secure for San Francisco the National Republican and Democratic Conventions. Some time ago I pointed out the fact that we stood as much chance of getting one or the other of these gatherings as we are to receive a delegation from Mars with a proposition to establish a long-distance telephone. However, many of my distinguished fellow-citizens who like to subscribe large sums of money with strings securely tied to them, or who like to make out checks with the signature omitted, for public purposes, were determined to have the conventions, and the committees were sent on to get them.

* * *

Some of the representatives returned shortly after failure crowned their arrival in the East; others remained there, among them Mr. Quinn. Instructions were given, if I am not in error, to paint Washington with the brightest kind of carmine in the hope of winning votes to San Francisco; the painting was kept up for some time, and is not, I believe, stopped yet. Mr. Quinn at once took precedence as a master painter, and laid on the colors with an artistic appreciation of thickness and durability. It appears, however, that his supplies of carmine ran out, and that he was entirely unable to "hold up" San Francisco's end of the exhibition of generosity and hospitality without more money. Mr. Quinn, therefore, telegraphed out here to the commissary department of the Committee on Conventions for more funds, and having received them, started again on his career of astonishing Washington with the hospitality of the Golden State. I believe he telegraphed a second time for supplies, and it seems quite probable that if the committee that is now waiting a chance to go East ever leaves San Francisco, it will be on a tie pass.

* * *

That brilliant, but elusive, gathering of statesmen called the Federal Gang has, I am told, already made its nominations for next election. With a persistency worthy a better fate, these gentlemen have gone into every fight for years, and have always achieved a rapturous failure. Somehow or other, there is apparent a lack of votes in their faction, and on the day after election they are always to be seen figuring up on how many ballots they were beaten by. Timothy Guy Phelps, a rarely good man, is to be nominated for Governor, E. P. Danforth will be made Collector of the Port, and Wendell Easton is to be pushed for Mayor. These are all first-rate men; but they will not, I fear, get a sniff of the offices they are after.

* * *

There is only one man in the State of California who will get the Republican nomination for Governor, and that is Irwin C. Stump; he has it now. He is driving the "machine" himself, and can't be held back. Mr. Danforth might make a good Collector, but there will be too many men against him. As for Mr. Easton and the Mayorality: He is honest, and will not give up the amount necessary to buy the nomination, and I'll eat my paste and scissors for a kidney brochette if any man can get it without paying for it.

* * *

Arthur McEwen's Christmas story illustrative of Borehemianism and bohemianism was too cruel. It is unkind of this iconoclastic writer to heap ignominy on the illiterary idols of "Jinksdom," and to suggest, even playfully, their lack of aught but commercial intelligence. Instead of ridiculing this tendency of bookkeepers and merchants to pose, at intervals, in an artistic capacity, newspapermen should encourage it. What is more inspiring than to listen to half a dozen young accountants or salesmen struggling through a jinks paper, or wildly applauding a poem, or going into ecstasies over a poor picture, or a poverty-stricken waltz or gavotte. Is it not more aristocratic than to have them members of a drill corps, or Sir Knights of some lodge or other? It must be remembered, too, that more intimate association with veritable bohemians would, doubtless, cultivate a decided contempt for public opinion as expressed editorially by newspapers. This would be atheistical.

The Witness.

LAWN TENNIS.

The tournament for the Alameda County championship which was to have taken place on New Year's Day was postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather. The committee have decided, however, to play it off every Saturday, commencing to-day until finished.

A few matches were played off on Saturday last, the most interesting being between Carr Neel, of East Oakland, and Pete Browning, of U. C.; the University man played very well, and although the score, 6-2; 6-2, denotes anything but a close match, the Oaklander had to keep moving lively throughout in order to win.

C. D. Bates was on hand ready for his match with Hubbard, but as the latter was absent the former kindly concluded to wait over until to-day.

The seating capacity of the California Tennis Club will be well tested on Saturday next when the crack teams of the California and East Oakland Clubs face each other to decide the league championship. Bates and S. Neel will represent East Oakland and in all probability Tobin and W. H. Taylor, Jr., will represent the California Club.

Both teams have practiced considerable for the event, and a close and highly exciting contest is anticipated.

The steady and determined manner in which the East Oakland team have played throughout the series has made them favorites across the bay, and there are not a few on this side of the bay who are looking forward to a victory for Oakland; the Oakland people base their opinions upon the display made by the California team in their match with Hubbard and Haight at the East Oakland grounds, some time since, in which their team work was not favorably commented upon by the players present.

The pennant emblamatic of the double championship will be presented to the winning team at the conclusion of the match; it will be made of silk and will be enclosed in a beautiful frame. It would make a handsome addition to the California Club's already large collection of views, and the boys will make a determined effort to win.

Should the league contests be again inaugurated it would be well for the different clubs to have, at least, two teams, and not depend upon one as the Lakeside Club did; and their poor showing can be readily attributed to the fact of their not having a regularly practiced team outside of Haight add Hubbard to depend upon.

The State and Stanford Universities are about to inaugurate a series of contests that will no doubt prove very interesting and will create a great deal of good-natured rivalry. Teams consisting of eight players will be selected from each University. The Stanford men will come up and meet the State University team on their courts at Berkeley in matches both singly and in doubles, and the U. C. team will journey to Palo Alto the following week and play their adversaries.

Joe Daily, the professional tennis player, has been playing very much of late at the courts of the East Oakland Tennis Club; he has met all the players of prominence in the Club, and places Carr Neel at the top with Bates and Sam Neel about a tie for second place. The two southpaws, Driscoll and S. Sanborn, play remarkably well and were it not for their persistency in smashing the ball unnecessarily they would come nearer to first place. Among the younger players, Sam Hardy and Sam Belden are the most promising, and should they continue to improve they will be heard of in the July single championship contests.

Tom Driscoll, to whom the rapid increase in the sale of soda water in Oakland is due, has again sprained his much-sprained ankle and will not wield his racket again for at least two weeks.

THE SCORER.

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San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, January 9, 1892.

THE ABOLITION OF WAR.

I have a profound respect for the English language as it is written by Mr. Ambrose Bierce, and I hesitate to uphold what he calls the "popular fallacy" that the invention of destructive instruments of warfare tend to abolish the armed conflicts of mankind. But I may, perhaps, venture to remark—hoping he will not consider a reply necessary—that the principal idea I have indulged with reference to this subject is that which is in consonance with self-preservation, the first law of nature. While the prospect of death has never to any extent deterred men from the formal killing of each other, it is a fact, I think, that individuals possessing the power in modern times to declare war are becoming more and more loath to contemplate the destruction of their species. The historical responsibility of war must become more grave with the multiplication of books and newspapers, and why should not the moral and political penalties become greater as the means for destroying life increase?

Fanaticism is rapidly disappearing from the world. The time is already here when civilized men decline to slaughter each other in order to establish the supremacy of a favorite king or a favored religion. Massacres of the Jews, even, are no longer fashionable. With the spread of knowledge—and it seems to me knowledge is spreading—the soldiers must know the purpose of war and will better understand its miseries and dangers. It is my opinion that intelligent men will not fight much longer to promote gambling in the money centres of the world, and the letting of fat contracts; they will soon see through the thin gauze that conceals the motives of their blood-thirsty rulers, their greed and ambition.

I am aware of the fact that war is the natural state of all forms of life. The smallest insect known to the microscope has enemies to devour it. That men in their most civilized condition should devour each other, is therefore in accordance, I suppose, with the divine order of things. But while this is true, and while a thirst for martial glory is sure to exist so long as the people applaud their destroyers more liberally than their benefactors, I still think men will be less inclined to follow their reckless leaders into warlike enterprises, when they are sure to be annihilated by dynamite or electricity. The invention of a dynamite gun that can blow up men-of-war twelve miles away, or an electric rifle that can destroy regiments at a single discharge, supposing such things possible, will, it seems to me, have a tendency to abolish armed conflicts. When war as a force becomes useless, it certainly will be idiotic to resort to it as a means of settling disputes.

However, I agree with Mr. Bierce in thinking that war as it now exists is not entirely an unmixed evil. Some of its products are surely preferable to those of peace. Compare, for instance, the present Federal Senate and the House of Representatives with those in which Sumner and Blaine and Conkling sat. Compare also the noble spirits that, from 1861 to 1865, went by the names of Lincoln, Seward, Greeley, Grant, Sherman, Meade, or Hancock, with the contemptible insects that now are called Jay Gould, Rufus Hatch, Russell Sage, "Old Hutch," Matt Quay, Boss Tweed, or Tom Reed.

OUR GREATEST NECESSITY.

The most recent illustration of the general mental obliquity of our citizens was given the other day by our esteemed contemporary, the *Examiner*. Forty exceedingly—in some cases offensively—prominent persons were asked what single thing should be done in 1892 most calculated to benefit San Francisco. With one or two exceptions, each man set up his own hobby, and declared for it. The forty opinions, designed to show how enlightened some of our citizens are, served, in fact, to emphasize their provincialisms.

Our doctors have grown so accustomed to account to their patients for all the disorders of over-eating, over-drinking, and over-exposure by discoursing on the sewer system, that they have reached the point where they really credit their own stories. Thus, when asked for their opinions as to our greatest necessity, they shout in chorus "A new sewer system." The doctors are not the only ones whose horizons are thus narrowly bounded, however. It is natural for Chief Crowley to think that San Francisco, to survive, must have more policemen; for Chief Scannell to see salvation only in a full-paid Fire Department; for Mayor Sanderson to believe a new charter only will cure all our ills, and for Captain Merry to think that the completion of the Nicaragua Canal will set us on the high road to the millennium. But all this shows the limited range of their vision.

Now, as a matter of fact, none of these gentlemen have struck the one thing necessary to be done to make San Francisco a great city, not even my friend Senator Lynch, who wants Bret Harte killed. At the risk of offending the entire population I shall mention it. This city will never rise to its true estate until dishonesty is eliminated from all its relations. So long as its merchants fail with their creditors in New York, so long as its real estate dealers pick the pockets of investors, so long as its newspapers lie about its advantages and about each other, so long as wholesalers skin retailers, and retailers skin purchasers, so long as its lawyers win cases by fixing juries, and its corporations pack courts to render infamous decisions, so long, in fact, as mercantile, political, and social integrity continues in its present degraded condition, so long will San Francisco remain the rascally little town it is. You may say that public integrity is a matter of evolution, that honesty grows with the development of public morals, which are self-evident facts. The crying need of this city, then, is not "words, words, words," which we are all the while receiving in such profusion, but funerals, funerals, funerals.

The success of John Sherman in the Ohio Senatorial contest serves merely to accentuate the excessive overgrowth of Mr. Foraker's assurance. That he should presume to try issues with "Honest John's" well-oiled and vigorous machine, is one of the wonders of the time. Foraker is a small man with a very penetrating voice, who is a candidate for everything within the gift of the Republicans of Ohio, and the insane nerve he has displayed in tackling Sherman's outfit, than which no stronger one was ever organized anywhere, deserves well of the people. He ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum, however, until he regains his sanity.

* * *

Hazel Herring, the sixteen-year old young lady who was jailed for breaking into millinery store the other night, it should be stated, is not the most notable product of our glorious climate. Sergeant Harter and the seven two-hundred-and-fifty-pound policemen who, after a hard struggle, finally succeeded in locking her up, are, however, among our choicest possessions. I am pleased to state authentically that none of them was injured in the capture of Hazel, and that all are now doing as well as could be expected. By the way, something must be wrong with Hazel. None of the newspapers have said she is "beautiful."

* * *

If Slavin, Mitchell, Sullivan, Jackson, and the other heavy-weight pugilists do not soon quit talking and go to fighting, I shall move to expel the whole pack from the country. Their incessant chatter about what they can do and the extreme care they take to keep out of range of each other's "bluffs," are becoming tiresome. Judge Sconchin Maloney would thrash any one of them at that kind of fighting.

* * *

The election of Mr. James M. Troutt as Presiding Judge of the Superior Court for 1892 probably ends all the attempts to capture our friends the boodlers. Mr. Troutt's term expires next January, and the bosses will not permit him to do anything rash. If he attempts they will threaten, and Troutt is not strong enough to fight.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—As I have often hinted, your education, in many important particulars, has been neglected. Of dancing you are graciously ignorant, and be assured I am not trying to flatter you when I suggest you know very little about anarchy. It is an interesting phase of life that might profitably be read about, and you will find all there is of the subject in a book called the "The Anarchists," by a gentleman much impressed with himself—John Henry Mackay. His friends call him "the first singer of anarchy," and he glories in the title. To attempt to judge this work from the point of view of fiction would be an error, I am satisfied. It is heavy; it is full of all manner of wild people—it is a perfect babel of cranks with long hair and wrong notions. The hero is an icicle who has been in jail, and reads political economy by the year, and listens to his opponents' arguments with a cynical smile. This not unpleasant trait, Miss Matilda, is not confined to anarchists, however.

After you consider you have imbibed sufficient of the doctrines of Individualism as set forth by Auban, and know your London in a fog as he pictures it, do read "The Duchess of Powysland" the latest novel turned out by the Grant Allen Fiction Manufacturing Co. No single individual could produce books as this very marvelous personage is presumed to do. He must really be a corporation—something after the style of Piloty, the German artist whose pupils attended to the details of his pictures. However, his "Duchess" is by no means uninteresting, though at greater length than one is willing to forgive. Before her brother discovers his electric motor she is a Miss Figgins and presides gracefully and effectively over a small London lodging-house. A very distinguished-looking young person—even in the first chapters — tall, dark, beautiful, with clear cut, regular features, and a capable expression — she resolves latter into a *bona fide* belle, with highly aristocratic manners and multitudinous diamonds. It would afford me a great deal of pleasure to relate the plot in a few phrases, but as I know of none to cover all its details, convolutions, and complications, I shall not attempt to. It includes various forms of crime committed under interesting conditions, a slashing court scene wherein the Duchess is tried for the murder of her husband, the Duke of Powysland—he committed suicide, by the way, out of spite. By the efforts of Douglas Harrison, an exceedingly moral and eminently brilliant, briefless barrister, she is acquitted, and then revenges herself on her clever advocate by marrying him. Some will say she could hardly have done less. Others will regret she lost sight of so admirable an opportunity to exhibit unselfishness.

The latest issue of the Unknown Library is "John Sherman" and "Dhoya," by Gasconah. The former is a clever study of a rather lazy, introspective Irishman who is in love with a beautiful girl and does not realize it. His life, a curious one, is described in a style of some firmness. Leaving Mary Carlton he goes to London, enters his uncle's office and engages himself to Margaret Leland, a pretty fool with some money. Returning to tell Mary of what he has done, he discovers it is she he loves, not Margaret. In his device to break off the match, he displays more acuteness and fertility than the majority of people would be willing, in the first chapters, to credit him with possessing. The final scene, where the parted lovers meet, is good and is well done. On the whole, the story is worth reading. "Dhoya" is really a very pretty little fable of an Irish giant who falls in love and is loved by a nymph. It is told in poetic prose of considerable smoothness.

You will forgive me for advising you to read an exceedingly sweet love story, "A Rose of a Hundred Leaves." In these cynical days a prejudice for this species of literature is almost unpardonable, but forget the mere sentimentality of the subject, and consider the treatment. How difficult it is to create a heroine in whose fate a critical mortal like yourself may be interested. She must be beautiful—she should have good manners—there must be something of distinction about her, of the depth of her romantic passion there ought to be no question. Aspatria Anneys, with her large, brown eyes, her red, pouting, tempting lips, her soft, dark hair, that had a tendency to stray in little curls and tendrils down her white throat and over her white brow; her sweet, young innocence, is a delightful heroine. Seated beside her two big brothers in the large hall, ruddy and glowing with fire and candle light, she makes a lovely picture. Outside the storm rages and in the midst of it there comes a knock at the door, and Sir Ulfar Fenwick comes upon the scene. He is the lover, and the sweet little girl succumbs at once. The passages descriptive of their courtship are poetic. It is an Autumn wooing amid the wheat fields.

Provided She was pretty who, I ask you, Miss Matilda, could help falling in love under such circumstances? It does not run smooth, the course of their true love, for Ulfar is fickle. There is a strong scene in the Aspatria Church, for the brothers force a marriage, but at the door bride and groom separate and meet in the last chapter never to part. Miss Barr possesses a style refined enough to carry a *motif* so exacting. It is a pleasant and artistic novel—not great, but dainty and tender—just one that those who themselves are lovers should read.

Well, after you have finished Aspatria, and have become matrimonially disposed, take up "House and Hearth," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, in which you will find a variety of things you ought but don't know. The book brims over with informative platitudes. Harriet tells you what to do to get married and how to preserve the love of your husband, and how to behave in Society, and all that kind of thing. She writes quite nicely, of course, and if one had but the time to read her all through and live up to her teachings, the sun of righteousness would never set. But would that not really be a trifle tiresome? ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Anarchists," by J. H. Mackay. Benj. R. Tucker, publisher. For sale by all book dealers.

"The Duchess of Powysland," by Grant Allen. Benj. R. Tucker, publisher. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"John Sherman and Dhoya," the Unknown Library. Cassell Publishing Co. publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Rose of a Hundred Leaves," by Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co. publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"House and Hearth," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Dodd, Mead & Co. publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

At an election for officers of the People's Home Savings Bank, held December 21st, Mr. J. E Farnum, lately cashier of the First National Bank of Pasadena, was elected Secretary and Manager, to succeed B. O. Carr, Esq. Mr. Farnum has been engaged in the banking business for twenty-five years, and held the office of State Bank Commissioner for four years, having been appointed by Governor Perkins.

Is it right to employ men to attend the female dead? No! Martin, Morrison & Co., 118 Geary St., have lady undertakers.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N. E. cor. Montgomery and Post Sts., San Francisco, January 2, 1892. At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1891, free from all taxes, and payable on and after Jan. 2, 1892.

R. J. TOBIN, Secretary.

People's Home Savings Bank, cor of Market and Fourth Sts., in the Flood Building, City. For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4½) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892. J. E. FARNUM, Secretary.

MUSIC.

MDLLE. BERTINI'S CONCERT.

Who knows if Henry Ward Beecher was not more than correct when he discovered in the nick of time the fallacy of notions of eternal punishment. Those there be who dutifully go to concerts and operas whose sense of obligation to the good divine is intense. His apt allowance in granting that this green earth—if it is green—may be "smelly" with gehennas and purgatorios, is in the popular advertisementese "grateful and comforting," to these enduring beings; and they, having suffered ponderous keen and long here below, may take some small zest out of the hopes of earning a possibly high standard with dear Dolly Winthrop's "Them" above. Becky, the ever fascinating, promised to herself, in her brief taste of the dull pomp and itchy splendors of respectability at Queen's Crawley, to sleep through the sermons behind her veil with practice; had concerts been necessary to an appearance of all the virtues she might have invented for us some means to politely insulate and switch off the aural powers, and all Bohemia would have crowned her its rightful hereditary queen. Concerts varying very much in villainy, if taken in continuous and proper quantities, are the best, most beautifully fine training to develop an acute bump of wonder upon. So much vocal music and all so truly rurally bad, almost one is persuaded to "give it best," like the Salvationist who detached himself from the H'army. In the musical world there are hundreds of Gibraltars, impregnable to the assaults of outside criticism, and deaf, dumb, and heedless to any internal sense of defect. As impervious are they to the illumining power of the work of fine artists, as to the excellent articles, essays, hints, and notes of value pricking forward in every musical magazine or journal. Any ordinarily intelligent individual wishing to do reasonable work in whatsoever executive walk in music, should accomplish this end by the aid of the text books, essays, and treaties alone, independent of the able teaching there is so much of. When people of talent dance the *haka* upon all the musical proprieties it is safe to consider them in the light of Gibraltars, unconquered and unconquerable by any style of argumentative trouncing.

Given a model with passably fair proportions and some grace, clothes will do the rest, but for the nude, little short of perfection will satisfy; so in opera, vigor and confidence will carry through plenty of oozy singing quite successfully, but for a concert only real singing of true value will pass. Mdlle. Bertini has been heard here in opera and her success was almost noticeable; as a concert vocalist her efforts are pronounced, except artistically. Ripe faults which are brought to us under the sign manual of celebrated Italian teachers have at least the merit of fulfilling expectations. Operatic singers accustomed to gallery plaudits, mistaking effort for art rouse antagonism in the concert-room with the exaggerations and impurities of a braggadocio style. Very little of Miss Bertini's singing was reminiscent of art, and the faults were over-remakable. All the numbers given were familiar and probably carried associations of the work of artists with them. Mr. Donald de V. Graham gave repetitions from his repertoire without being in his usual voice; however, the merit of his neat articulation was as definite as usual.

Beethoven's *C Major* Sonata, *Op. 53*, Waldstein, gave Mr. Gustav Schultheiss more than his share of technical labor. Æsthetic whims leading to the far beyond did not appear to disturb the enjoyment of the audience. So much mechanical advance has been made by this pianist that it is possible he may be led to inquire into the structure of the piano and the capacities it possesses for varying dynamics. Apology is due for the want of conception and the reckless prodigality of pedal open and soft. A Cavatina, for 'cello, by Hügel was one of those *embonpoint* compositions threatening cadenzas, aged long, and stertorous enough to cause apoplexy. Mr. Adolph Lada has a fine talent which should become of great value, and his playing has in it the elements of artistic perfection. Mr. Hother Wismer has equal promise as a violinist; Gade's tender Elegie was expressed with something like correct vocal phrasing. All the vocal numbers were accompanied with nothing, if not might, by a pianist whose name was not divulged in the programme.

Lesley Martin

San Francisco has had her share of what I may call the "Cosmetic craze." It began in New York some five years ago, and has spread over the country—a tidal wave that has engulfed nearly the whole of feminine America.

For ourselves we are not so culpable as other cities. Really a most trying climate on delicate complexions, it is little wonder that for half a decade San Francisco women have spent a good half of their pin money in the purchase of face bleaches and the thousand and one seductively named preparations all of which claimed to possess the infallible secret.

Local agencies have been opened for the sale of Eastern nostrums of momentary renown on account of ingenious advertising; others have come here, rented a suite of front rooms on some popular down-town thoroughfare and manufactured their own "beautifiers" in a back room, secure alike from the garish eye of day and the prying optics of too curious buyers. Hardly one of these establishments has been conducted on what I might call an open, business-like basis, all have managed to make mystery—that element so dear to the female heart—enter largely into their dealings, while ostensibly explaining everything to the patron. One or two of them have been exposed by the daily press. Latterly I understand that a number of our best people—for women will have these things, I suppose—have been doing their shopping in this line in New York either on the occasion of a personal visit or through friends there.

Gotham is unquestionably the "Cosmetic centre"—I didn't say the Cosmic centre—of this continent as Paris is of the old world, and I am given to understand we now very frequently originate ideas of our own in this direction that vie with the latest Parisian fancies. A pioneer in this line is Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer whose fame is by this time nearly world-wide. An establishment modeled closely after that of this remarkable woman has lately been opened in most elegant and commodious quarters on Post Street, over the White House, by a couple of San Francisco women, who, I understand, spent two months in New York studying the system of Mme. Ayer and other celebrated Gothamites. The undertaking is an entire departure from anything in this line thus far attempted here, and I shall be very much surprised if it does not score a striking success.

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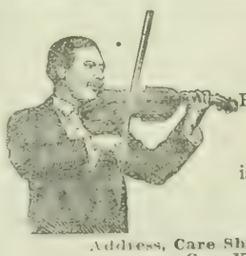
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THE ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL SUCCESS.

Some there are whose mothers can trace their pedigree back in a direct line to the astoundingly prolific band that came over in the "Mayflower." These may consider themselves born socially great. Others, again, nature has supplied with fathers whose chief delight it is to watch the dexterous ease with which education has taught their sons to rid them of superfluous thousands. These find social greatness thrust upon them.

But suppose that no nice calculation is necessary to estimate the exact amount of your monthly income—suppose that the blood flowing through your veins is not ultra-marine, but only cadet, or at the most, gendarme blue, then social greatness is yet to be achieved. It is to the last class, the rank and file of the social army, that the following short cut to distinction is suggested.

Taking it for granted, then, that you are an average young man, with an average young man's physical, moral, and mental attributes, you are presentable. That is to say, you have sufficient means, visible or invisible, of maintaining a pleasant exterior. Perhaps the pleasant exterior has not been paid for? That is not to the point. You speak more or less grammatically, fall occasionally into saying "Between you and I," and "I done it;" but offset such slight discrepancies by pronouncing either and neither with a broad macron over the i. There is no blot on your escutcheon, or, if there is, the stain is invisible. In short, there is nothing serious enough to disbar you from the social eminence that you covet. To begin, then:

Allow the first five or six events of the new season to pass unheeded. Principals seldom appear on the stage upon the uplifting of the curtain. Then, when the first charm of new acquaintanceship has begun to wear off, when the witticisms of the chronic humorist and the ardent glances of the chronic flirt have alike began to pall, when the little affairs of the heart have passed the full and are on the wane, when, in short, everybody is eager for something new, appear you on the scene.

There is a time for appearing and disappearing. Always come late. If your toilet is complete at nine o'clock, curb your impatience to be off. Read the newspaper. If you have exhausted items of interest, read the advertisements—anything, rather than appear before ten o'clock. There is an air of having just quitted a dinner party about the man who comes late.

Make the hostess feel her good fortune at having secured your presence at all. Explain a little breathlessly how you were determined not to miss this reception, thus suggesting other engagements curtailed for her sake.

If the occasion is a musicale, listen intently at the door step. Choose a moment when the violinist is playing a passage *andante*, extremely *pianissimo*, to pull the bell violently. Then, having drawn sufficient attention to your coming (probably nobody is listening to the solo), enter the room on tiptoe, looking about apologetically.

If it is a dancing party that you are attending, take your station at the door of the dance hall, and watch the couples as they pass. You are fairly aching to join them? One waltz and you are lost. No; survey the dancers with the patronizing smile that age accords to the follies of youth. Avoid introductions. When compelled to receive them respond formally with a few words of gracious courtesy. Then retire to seek the society of men.

Be the first to depart. Wait until the hostess is in the midst of a little crowd. Then approach and bid your adieus. Reassure her when she expresses her fear that you have not enjoyed yourself. Declare that you have passed a most agreeable evening. Nobody will believe you. You will be thought exacting. That is what you want. Women exert themselves doubly to please men reputed difficult to please.

People will soon begin to ask who you are. Belles will wonder disdainfully what right you have to all these airs. They may laugh at your amusing presumption. Do not see them. Practice looking through people at a further object. There is nothing more maddening to vanity.

You cannot place too high an estimate on yourself. One person in ten will question your claim. The other nine will take you at your own valuation.

Some evening when you find your elegant exclusiveness becoming insupportable, go over and ask Miss Moneybags for the first waltz. "What," you cry, "Miss Moneybags?" "Yes, the only daughter of the only Moneybags." "But," you protest, "she will make sport of me." Try. Always strike at the highest. Time enough to seek lower levels.

With any possible trepidation hidden under a calm exterior, you quietly cross the hall, make your way through the little circle that surrounds the wheat king's daughter, and ask for the first waltz. It is yours. The young lady feels as pleased at your invitation as if you had a handle to your name. She leans happily upon your arm, conscious that she has achieved a triumph. You—plain Mr. Miggs, or Scraggs, or anything else—a mere nobody are conferring an honor upon the only daughter of the only Moneybags. Had you asked for a dance the first evening that you met her, she would have declined without thanks.

"It is only the first step that costs." Miss Moneybags having stamped you with her approval, all the lesser Satchels and Purses smile a welcome upon you. Use your power with discretion. Vouchsafe to your partner the privilege of entertaining you. Do not exert yourself in return. Listen with the air of one who has heard more engaging matter, but finds this sort of thing not half bad. Conquer the impulse to tell her the last good story in *Life*. She may be too superior for ten-cent wit. Rather recount an incident that occurred last night at the club. It does not matter whether there is any point to the story as long as it concerns aristocratic members of an aristocratic union.

What is that? You cannot afford to belong to such a club? The dues alone exceed your income? Fudge! Income, salary, allowance—mere conventional terms. A man's income is limited only by the amount that he can borrow. If you do not know how to accept other people's income, you are too hopelessly plebeian ever to become a social success,

By all means belong to a club. You share in the accumulated glory of its membership. Women say of you, "Oh, he's one of the Pen and Brush League—such talented fellows," or "Belongs to the Cosmopolitan Club—fastest set in town," or something else, equally conducive to social popularity.

Speak of the prominent members of the club with easy familiarity. "Have you met Mr. Bullion?" inquires a debutante, dazzled by that magnetic local reputation. You have a distinct recollection of having met the Honorable Richard Bullion that very morning on the steps of the club, when to your cheery greeting he responded with the quiver of one eyelash. There is no trace of that chilling encounter in your voice as you turn to answer the young lady. "Who? Dick Bullion? Well, rather. Not a bad sort of a fellow, after you once know him. The only fault that I have to find with Dick is this—" Here you enlarge upon that grandee's various characteristics, pointing the narative with anecdotes calculated to impress upon the listener the existence of a long standing intimacy between yourself and the Honorable Richard Bullion.

This plan will be found to be wonderfully effective, provided that you are not found out.

Be sentimental with a plain-looking woman—matter of fact with a beautiful one. You will thus possess the charms of novelty for both.

Dance but little. Appear *blasé*, though you may not feel so. A fondness for dancing is an open confession either that you are detrimentally young, or that you have not been deluged with invitations.

Dance only waltzes. Eschew quadrilles and lancers as liable to cost you your dignity and entrap you into cutting ridiculous antics. Let any excess of emotion be manifested in your eyes rather than in your legs. You are not wealthy enough to be able to make an ass of yourself with impunity.

Direct your attention to married belles. It lends a possible spice of wickedness to the most harmless little man. In this connection it would be well to—

What is that? You find no pleasure in the company of married women? You love to dance? You wish to enjoy yourself? To enjoy yourself! How delightfully *naïve!* My dear fellow, people do not go into Society to enjoy themselves. They go there that they may be seen.

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JIM FORD'S HEARTHSTONE.

HENRY BIGELOW.

Jim Ford lived on the North Fork of the Walhalla River when I was in Sonoma County, and his neighbor was old Gilbert Marshall from the North of Ireland. The Lowry ranch, which was my stopping place, crowned the top of a big mountain that looked out on the ocean and its dense fogs of sun-lit blue; and between Jim Ford's place and the Lowry ranch there was an air line distance of a mile. Yet to reach there you would have to slide down a precipitous side hill of redwoods, and crawl up a dry, grassy precipice, for the country is rough thereabouts.

Jim Ford wasn't popular at the two nearest towns—Fisk's Mill and Timber Cove. I couldn't understand why, because he was so fond of liquor, and that was an excellent recommendation in any logging camp.

However, there were traditions concerning him which I didn't learn for several months after my arrival. Nobody would or could say what he had done long ago in the 'Sixties when murderers and horse-thieves were common, but they hinted at an awful crime. It is very difficult to make the Missourians in Mendocino and northern Sonoma County tell all they know. The legends of the counties involve so many strange deeds, that the families there feel a certain pride in forgetting them. But about Ford—on several occasions this reticence would be overcome, and the men sitting around the big fire in loggers' huts would say that they didn't like the look in Jim Ford's eye, nor the stories he told.

"How long has he lived here?" I asked one night.

"I guess thirty years," replied Bill Ham.

"Oh, he's been here more'n that," put in Bob Lowry. "Why, that old niggur over across in Litchell's says he remembers him way back in the 'Fifties."

"What did he ever kill?" I asked, filling a pipe.

"I never knowed him to kill anything 'cept hog an' deer meat," responded Bill Ham, handing me a firebrand for a light.

Every one in the little, smoky, dim-lit room turned toward Lowry, and there was a silence for several moments, while we all puffed at the pipes and knew what was coming.

At last Lowry said: "I don't know much about him, only I first met him down at Charley Hoff's in '63. He was stuck on drinking pure alcohol, and he'd come down there for supplies. Charley told me he had a woman way up on the mountain that was his wife, and he'd brought her clear from Sullivan County, Missouri, across the plains.

"Charley Hoff said the woman was just pining away because she didn't never see nobody and seemed to be a lady. He said he knew this, because one night Ford was drunk and said to Charley that he had a wife up on the hill that had been raised in St. Louis, and was a real lady.

"Once and awhile letters used to come to Fisk's Mill for Jim Ford, but he'd tear them up without openin' them. I was down at the postoffice one day just about that time, and got a letter, and was going to read it, when he snatched it up from the bar where I'd put it, and tried to tear it up along with his.

"'Just drop that,' I says to him, and then caught his neck between my fingers, when he made for his six-shooter.

"I could have killed him, because he was only knee high to a cotton plant, and damned skinny, but I knew he'd made a mistake about the letter, and that there wasn't any use in wasting him.

"Well, after we'd fixed things up, and he'd said he felt wrong, I showed him the letter which told about two millstones that were coming up from 'Frisco for me on the schooner. I was going to start a flour mill to take in the wheat around Fort Ross. Ford was pleasant and said he'd like to go in with me. I said Dick Temple was putting up with me, and he could have a share. He poured out more of his raw alcohol from a bottle, and said he would share with us.

"So, when the two millstones came to Timber Cove, and we pulled them up over the shoot, he stood in and brought two mules down that he had, to help the horses drag the big millstones up the mountain.

"Dick Temple and him and me started to drag up one of the stones at ten o'clock in the morning, and a big October rain came on by three in the afternoon. The trails weren't any better then than they are now, and things were pretty slippery going up the side-hill with the big stone. I said I guessed we had better stop all night in a shake cabin that lay over in the Walhalla gulch that some old man had abandoned because he couldn't hold his claim. Jim Ford and Temple said that was all right, but that I'd better go two miles to my place and get some hog meat and coffee so we wouldn't go hungry.

"I set off in the rain and left Ford and Temple with the mules and the two horses dragging up the millstone over the trail.

"When I tried to cross the Walhalla I found the rain had risen it in two hours, so that I had to wade through waist deep. I climbed up to my cabin through the woods as quick as I could, and got a lantern so I could go back in the dark. It was a wet stumble down the mountain, and as I was trying to grope through the dead logs and dripping brush I had two or three falls, but at last I got to the roaring creek, and saw I'd have to swim, and that with bad chances to cross, I decided I'd better wait till daylight, because whatever you can say, it ain't safe to cross a mountain creek in the dark. I crawled back to my cabin, and waited till the morning was gray. The rain was still pouring down, but light was all I wanted. I got down to the creek, and swam across after being rolled for forty rods. I climbed up the side hill over the dead trees, and through the brush till I reached the shake cabin, where I'd left the two with the millstone. On the way I met one of Ford's mules wandering about in the redwoods, wet as a soaked log. I caught her, and in a moment or two found her mate a little ways on. Then I saw my two horses standing outside the shake cabin just perishing from the cold rain. Their tackle had got caught in a stump and they couldn't get away.

"I was hot, and pushed open the rotten door of the cabin. The fire in the little chimney was most dead, and there on the ground lay Jim Ford asleep. I woke him up and he said just as cool as if he was frozen:

"'Dick Temple's dead.'

"'What do you mean?' says I.

"'Just what I say—he's dead.'

"'Whereabouts?'

"'Oh, somewhere's down the gulch.'

"'Who done it?'

"'That there millstone broke loose and fell on him.'

"'You mean it?'

"'You bet your life, and it got busted, too.'

"At that I went down the mountain looking for Dick Temple, and found him alongside the millstone on a ledge of rocks that stood out at the bottom of the hillside. He was all smashed to pieces, and the millstone was broken in halves.

"Jim Ford came down after me and watched me while I dragged Temple up hill. He laughed a good deal, and said all the time:

"'I guess he won't come fooling round my woman any more!'.

"At last I got hot and said he'd better carry Temple up the sidehill himself. But he said back that he didn't see the use in fooling over a corpse, and that I'd have laughed myself if I could have seen Dick Temple and the big millstone go over the precipice together.

"'I'm going to take up half of that stone to my cabin,' he remarked, when we reached the top with Temple's body.

"'For what?' I asked.

"'For a hearthstone,' he answered; 'it will make my woman up there feel good, and she'll think of Temple every time she sees it. Temple used to fool round my place all the time, you know. Sometimes I'd get tired, and tell him he'd better not stop to supper so often, but my woman, she'd then turn round and laugh at me, just like the Devil laughs when he's got a new soul down in hell.'

"'See here,' says I, 'ain't you going to help me bury Temple?'

"'No,' he says, 'just leave him in that cabin to rot. I'm hungry, and I'm going over the mountain with the rest of that millstone.'

"Well, I was pretty sick of the way he acted, and, getting the two horses, I just left him alone with his mules, and took my animals, with Dick Temple's remains, clear down to Hauser's Bridge, where I could cross the river.

"We buried Temple in the graveyard on the coast, and that's all we thought of it for three or four years, till one day a chair peddler happened by. He's one of those that go round the country in the fall selling rawhide bottomed chairs. They make them in Petaluma and Healdsburg. Well, I hadn't paid no attention to Jim Ford or his doings, for all the time since he wouldn't help me carry off Dick Temple's remains. I didn't think he acted like a neighbor, but then I allowed that all the pure alcohol he drank was bad for him, and he couldn't help it.

"However, this chair peddler came over to my place at three o'clock one morning when the first frosts were coming on. He hammered on my cabin, till I thought there was trouble, and took my Winchester down off the deer's horns.

"Coming to myself, I realized who was outside and let him in.

"'Bob Lowry!' he says, as I blew on the back log to get up a blaze, 'you've got Hell and the Devil right across this gulch!'

"'You've been drinking,' says I.

"'No,' he says, 'I wish I was drinking, but I ain't got the liquor. Only I've been across to Jim Ford's cabin, and if he hasn't got a hell of his own, you can go over and get three chairs I left him without a cent.'

"'What did you see?' says I, putting on the kettle to make hot coffee.

"'What I saw and heard,' says he, 'is for devils to talk about.'

"'How's that?'

"'Why, it's like a dream, man! I went up the mountain by the old Marshall road, on the other side of Sitchell's, and reached Ford's cabin just as he was milking his cow. He was pretty short to me, but he remembered how I'd sold his wife two chairs six years ago. When I asked where she was, he said she was burning up in the flames of hell. He laughed when he said this, just as if he would never stop.'

"'I asked him if he would take a chair for the night's rest, and he said he didn't care. We had beans and coffee, and I rolled up in a blanket over in the corner and left him to sleep in the bunk. I guess it was near midnight when I woke up all of a sudden, and saw him stirring the fire, and making it blaze up with light sticks. I didn't say nothing, because I thought he was cold. But as the fire got bigger and bigger till it lighted the room, I saw him lift up half of a big millstone that was there in place of a hearthstone. He heaved it to one side, and reached down into a hole and pulled out a lot of white bones. They were clean and polished and he smoothed them over with his old fingers as he drew them out. Last of all came a skull. It was small and was just as clean and bright as all the other bones. He spread them out in front of the fire and watched them gleam for a while. Now he walked over to where I was lying. He said: "You wanted to know where my woman was?" I made out that I didn't know what he meant. "Yes, you do!" he says. "You asked where my woman was to-night! Well, there she is, and there she'll stay! She used to get lonesome, and she thought I was too cross. She got to having visitors up here just to make things pleasant, and I had to stop it—I stopped it ALL. She always used to say she liked things warm and pleasant. Well, she's enjoying a warm, pleasant fire under that big millstone there! I wonder what God and the Devil are doing with her soul between them! If she was in heaven the Devil would steal up there somehow to make a call, and if she was in hell!—but you think you'll laugh! Well, you'll laugh like Dick Temple laughed!" and he raised the woman's thigh-bone to kill me. I jumped like a cat through the door and dashed down the trail. When I had got safely into the brush, I could look and see his cabin flare up in a blaze of fire.'

"We're peaceable up here," concluded Lowry, "and Jim Ford ain't never stole a horse *yet*."

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THE MUMMERS.

"JUDAH" AT THE CALIFORNIA.

In his day and generation Mr. Willard shows a generosity toward his leading lady that is unusual and beautiful. Certainly the first part in "Judah" is Vashti Dethic, a young woman gifted with the power of making people believe she can cure by laying on of hands; Marie Burroughs essays the role, and in places is magnificently abreast of the character, and in others lamentably beneath it. Mr. Willard has the part of a young clergyman, and inasmuch as there is no opportunity for shaking applause from the gallery by the resonance of his voice, or catching the favor of the parquet by the eccentricities of his costume, some people will say he is weaker in "Judah" than in "The Middleman." I have the fortune to number among my nodders people who regard ranting as an indubitable evidence of histrionic ability, and in their hearing the lack of a strident voice is a serious defect in one who would win dramatic honors. Mr. Willard is an actor so clever that he never forgets that his audience is within sixteen miles of him, and even when, in the character of a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, who would, doubtless, have told a lie to save the woman He loved, he deliberately perjures himself to shield Vashti, he does it with a due regard for the acoustic properties of the California, and with a suicidal disregard for the feelings of the gallery; he positively refrains from writhing, biting his lips, running his hands through his hair, or beating into billows of sound the rippling air; for all of which he is to be praised.

In my opinion, "The Middleman" is a superior play to "Judah;" as a dramatic production it is of more value, as it gives Mr. Willard more opportunity of displaying his splendid ability as a mummer; it is nearer nature, and deals with those things in which we have a closer interest, because we have known more of them; it touches the life that we know, the life that so many live; the giving of souls for the body's bread; it deals with the men who give their necks to be the ladders on which others rise, and furnishes a lesson that the dullest may understand.

There is no startling originality in the plot of "Judah;" nor does the main incident, the premeditated falsehood of the young preacher, cry aloud for recognition because it is new; it is as old as the story of love, and has served as climax to a dozen scenes. The play, however, rises so far above the Revamped and Rehashed, that Henry Arthur Jones is entitled to credit for its composition; it is weak only in the inadequacy of the part for a man with the ability of Mr. Willard. I doubt that it will win the favor elsewhere that it must secure here, where Miss Burroughs is admired; there will be a disposition on the part of some to ask that the star of the company shine oftener. That the acting of the leading lady is a revelation, no one will deny; few believed that she possessed the dramatic ability to carry a part of such weight, and by her performance she has made many adherents. She lacks a necessary qualification to a great actress. She has not the power to throw self out of the character, and make it a creation apart from herself. When one sees her walk to the centre of the stage one feels like saying: "How de do, Miss Burroughs? A charming evening, isn't it?" And no great occasions, in which "Judah" abounds, serves to rob one of the feeling.

The play affords me the privilege of again speaking in praise of the company. Collectively and individually it is a strong combination of mummers, in which the weaknesses are carefully covered up. Mr. Carleton is a careful and conscientious actor, whose versatility is shown to advantage in the two plays discussed; Mr. Tyler did excellently well in a good part; Mr. Cane was thoroughly artistic, and bore off a good share of the honors; Miss Craddock hardly fulfills the promise that her early appearances gave. Miss Tilbury was a capital companion for Mr. Tyler, and received the reward of a hearty recall. The play will be presented next week, and will be the success of the season at the California.——

The Bush Street Theatre has done splendidly with Daniel Sully in "The Millionaire." The comedy is well sustained, and the company does some excellent work in the variety way. The play will be continued for another week. On January 18th Arthur Forrest and a talented company under the direction of A. M. Palmer, takes the boards at the Bush in Chambers' great play, "Captain Swift." Mr. Forrest is a clever actor, and the notices he has received in different parts of the country show that he gives a satisfactory portrayal of the difficult character. The troupe has come straight from New York to California.——

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," of which I spoke at some length last week, will open at the Baldwin on Monday. The splendid manner in which this play is put on, the excellence of the cast, and the well-known ability of the author, insure for theatre-goers a first-class comedy entertainment. The sale for the first night has been quite large.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The preparation of annual statements engrosses the insurance fraternity. In the local offices this means an enormous amount of work, for every State in the Union has to be supplied with a detailed account of the year's business. Some of them demand trivial particulars, the necessity for which it is quite impossible to understand, but which necessitate analysis and calculations of the most wearisome character. However, it is a matter of only once every year and the secretaries and clerks have to stand it. So far as I can learn the Coast business has been comparatively profitable. The loss ratio will average between 40 and 45 per cent, some offices running away below these figures. On the whole, however, in this State, the losses have been heavier than last year. Fires have been numerous, particularly during December, though, of course, there is no comparison to be instituted with the terrific depredations wrought in Eastern conflagrations.

The majority of general agents are feeling satisfied with the results of their labors. The average profits are more than fair and in consequence "contingents" will be of comfortable dimensions. This is a most agreeable consideration. Annual statements have all to be filed by the fifteenth and by that date it will be possible to arrive at some of the results which are not at present obtainable.

* * *

Robert Lewis, Chief Secretary of the Alliance, is in town and seems very pleased with the result of his deal with the Union. He has been offered an advance of over $40,000 on the price the company paid for the California Street building. It is rather difficult to see what a figure the Union is to cut in the deal inasmuch as the new policies are issued in the name of the Alliance and signed N. T. James, U. S. Manager. There is an intimation in small type that the Union cooperates in the policy—that is all. I understand the Alliance has reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian, another underwriting concern that is going out of business. I suppose that the company has developed so comprehensive a tendency in the line of assimilating insurance corporations that it is not reasonable to believe its appetite is yet sated. The City of London has decided to withdraw from America, maintaining only its Pacific Coast agency. This W. J. Callingham has held for some years, and though there have been off periods, the company's business has kept up very satisfactorily. It is decidedly a compliment to Mr. Callingham's management that his should be the only one excepted.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, January 6th. DEAR WAVE:—What a lovely assemblage there was at the Hughes last Friday evening. It was the prettiest party the club ever participated in, and much credit is due Mrs. Crank for our good time. All of the young ladies were in light colors, but a few wore full evening dress. Lee was floor manager and conducted the dances in his gracefully fetching manner. Kitty Hughes had given a small dinner party in the hotel that evening, and some of the girls looked a little tired from their efforts during the day, but there were some beauties present I assure you. Miss Stadler looked lovely in garnet velvet and duchess lace. Kitty was ever so sweet in her white cloth gown. Mrs. Prentice, of San Francisco, was the centre of attraction and a beauty beside whom all others paled into insipidity. She wore yellow crepe and diamonds. Rose was as bright as ever in red silk. Lizzie wore white, and Tom was devoted enough to satisfy the most exacting. Mrs. Parker wore an elegant white silk, and her handsome husband was the belle of the ball as far as "us girls" were concerned. Mrs. Muller was sweetly dignified in pale pink silk en train, and chaperoned Esther who wore white silk tulle and couldn't keep her eyes off of Phouse. Mabel C——, Hallie, Marie, and Fannie were charming in light-colored gowns. Before I forget it, I want to ask the club right here, if members are privileged to invite outsiders. I thought that was prohibited the early part of this season. The antiquated custom of receiving calls and calling New Year's Day was observed by quite a number here, several of the young ladies called in swell style "all but the chaperon," very few of them considered such a person necessary. The great and only received on a pedestal at the H—— mansion. I have preserved the glove I wore on that occasion in alcohol as I actually shook hands with Marcus. Fulton G——, W. W——, and a number of other prominent citizens graciously received at home. Colonel Trevelyan called on his friends in town and was given a hearty American welcome.

Mrs. Ferguson entertained all those who observed the day at her home in the evening, and we had a very jolly time, too, as we always do when Ma F—— is hostess. Will Shep—— is out of town, spendingthe holidays with his la dy-love, Miss F——. When she is Mrs. Will, and residing in Fresno, the rest of us girls, who *have been* considered beauties, will have to take a back seat, as Miss F—— is one of the handsomest young ladies in the State. Speaking of beauties, I can't blame Judge Creighton for going to Kentucky for his bride. I am head and ears in love with her myself, and she's as pretty as a prize Fresno peach. I sincerely trust those Kentucky belles who told the Judge they were so anxious to visit California, will give Fresno a wide berth. If many more of our eligibles marry outside of Fresno we girls will be as bad off as the Massachusetts maiden.

"The Devil's Auction" was rather well patronized Monday evening. Stony, Frank, Will, in fact, ten or twelve of our boys occupied the bald-headed row. Willie W—— and Frank S—— took Lizzie, Corrine, and Mrs. Will H——. Lee escorted Ethel N——. Henry G——actually took a lady to the theatre. Wonders will never cease.

I am waiting impatiently to receive the Press Club. We girls are nursing the forlorn hope that some of these brainy men may find us attractive enough to remain permanently in our midst, or else take us with them. We are not particular which, so long as we get a husband. Anxiously, IMP.

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HIS SHATTERED IDOL.

Any one who had ever seen Fay Morticeshoe as *Maria Theresa* in the great drama then playing at the Vertigo Theatre in London, was forced to admit that no one was better fitted to fill the royal *rôle* of the proud Empress of Austria.

She was naturally endowed with a magnificent stage presence, a noble and distinguished profile, and that adaptable imperious voice that, in a moment of tenderness, can be softened with soothing and caressing inflexions. The powdered hair of the period suited her admirably, vivifying the large, velvety eyes bordered and fringed with long black eyelashes, and framed with perfectly penciled and sensitive eyebrows. The manner in which the fashion of the eighteenth century suited her, with its long-waisted dresses and puffed shoulders was simply marvelous. In addition, she seemed to comport herself with strange ease in the midst of the intrigues of that happy epoch; in that world of prematurely old young men, who never thought of what had been except that it had bored them —who lived in the future that possibly might bring them new sensations.

In the face of all this it was not, after all, so very astonishing that Percy Dremor—the American poet and impressionist, who was doing the season in London—should have been deeply moved by the apparition of this vision which broke upon him, one evening, at the Vertigo Theatre. From his stall he followed with his *lorgnette* every move of Fay—or rather, Maria Theresa—drinking in, with all the fervor of his poetic soul, the entrancing grace of her poses, and the whole scene of which she was, at all times, the natural centre.

With every nerve at a tension, he accompanied her in her ardent struggle with the King of Prussia; and his whole being went out to her, when, having fled into Hungary, she presented herself before the assembly of nobles, with her son in her arms, and the magnates with one voice cried out:

"*Moriamur pro regina nostrâ Maria Theresa!*"

During the *entr'acte*, Percy Dremor, who was on fairly intimate terms with the manager of the theatre, succeeded in obtaining an introduction to the glorious creature that now filled up the greater part of his existence. He found her surrounded by a crowd of journalists, actors, and men about town. Fay acknowledged the presentation with a gracious smile tempered with a *Maria Theresa* bow, then Percy sat down and looked and worshiped. The dream into which he drifted was so deep and so sweet withal, that he heard never a word of the coarse jokes and vulgar witticisms of the imperial beauty's *entourage*. Yet, although these things, which would have unspeakably shocked him, did not reach his ear, Percy Dremor felt, from time to time, a series of cold chills and vague tremblings run down his spine. His inner self heard and resented the vulgarity by which his divinity was surrounded. At length, as if divining the repulsion he experienced without knowing it, the artiste said apologetically to the poet:

"I hope you will excuse my friends. They are all *dotty*."

"Dotty!" Percy shuddered. It seemed to him as if his idol had tottered on the edge of the pedestal and nearly, though not quite, fallen to the ground. From the boxes near the proscenium entrance to the stage came the sound of ribald humor, vulgar repartee. There was an odor in the air, of escaping gas, cheap cigarettes, and grease paint. It was no place to study such a being as Fay Morticeshoe, and Percy realized it. He would know her in different surroundings, see her when there was nothing to detract from the queenly dignity of *Maria Theresa*.

"Your majesty," said Percy, bowing and speaking with a humility that was far from being entirely assumed, "will you permit me to offer you my homage, at some future time, in your palace?"

"Why, of course. The queen will be only too happy to entertain a prince of literature; only, the palace will be replaced by my apartments in North Bank, St. Johns' Wood."

The next day in her boudoir, ornamented with old tapestry and decorated with the most artistic taste, Percy found her just as he had pictured her to himself. She was half sitting, half reclining on an antique sofa covered with a striking upholstery of sapphire blue; and there she talked with him in a voice of impassioned softness, now melancholy, now animated, but always as he would have been addressed by the Queen of Austria of three centuries agone. With the instincts of the *comedienne*, she realized that the night before something had been lacking.

She told him so, she said, everything; her wretched childhood in Whitechapel where she was born; her father's death while she was still young; and her mother's hard work to bring her up. Then her entry into a school of drama, her leaving there with a paper in her hands certifying she was a competent delineator, and her struggles in provincial towns on a small salary, often none at all. From that her gradual rise in the profession, step by step, until she had reached her present altitude, that of leading lady at the Vertigo Theatre, playing the *rôle* of *Maria Theresa*.

"When I look back" she said with pride, "upon what I started from, I feel I have not wasted my time."

"No, indeed;" responded Percy Dremor; kissing the hand she abandoned to him with a theatrical gesture.

She was a strange creature; incomplete, full of weird contrasts yet simplicity itself where you would expect to find her otherwise. She would softly murmur exquisite phrases with a voice of richest music, in the most faultless English, studding her sentence here and there with some slang or cockney expression that produced on Percy's æsthetic mind the effect of a spot of grease on light-tinted silk.

In the midst of a highly elevated panegyric upon her manner of creating a historic part, she cried suddenly:

"Six o'clock! Good gracious! You must excuse me if I say good-bye now, I must go and *grub*."

That evening at the theatre, from his stall, he breathed again in her atmosphere of *Maria Theresa*, of Austria, and the next day presented himself once more in North Bank. He found the actress in a decidedly bad humor.

"Just think of it!" she said. "I was never so unfortunate in all my life. I went to the races this morning, and lost on every horse I backed. Fifty pounds altogether. It is not much, of course; but there are times when the want of a small sum like that is very embarrassing."

Percy Dremor's first impulse was to to take out his pocket-book and offer to repair the disaster. But how could this haughty creature accept fifty pounds offered in that brutal way, from hand to hand? He did not know her well enough to take such a liberty; a liberty that might freeze up, at once and forever in its birth, the romance that had commenced so well. He left full of the idea of conceiving some pretext of performing this delicate piece of work. After dinner he searched all through Regent Street and Piccadilly for a card case worthy the Empress of Austria. In addition he happened to discover a little miniature of *Maria Theresa*. This and five ten-pound notes, he put in the case. Suddenly an idea occurred to him; sitting down he commenced, with the same pen that had written his "Gems of Poesy," he set to work on the composition of verse. In his poetry he invented the ingenious fiction that the jockeys of the losing horses, overcome with remorse at having been the cause of the loss of the beauteous Fay's money, had determined to reimburse her. About three o'clock in the morning he finished the last stanza.

The following day, on awakening, Fay Morticeshoe received the card case containing the fifty pounds in its dainty cover.

In the evening, at five o'clock, Percy Dremor, following what had now become a custom with him, presented himself at Fay's abode. During the whole of the visit she said not a word of the gift until, as he was going, she cried suddenly at the door:

"By the way, you must be crazy."

"How so?"

"That jockey business, restoring me my money. I think that was very silly. You might have known I had not been to the races."

The poet and impressionist looked at her with a melancholy expression; then replied, sighing, "*Margharita ante porcos.*"

"What is that you say?"

"A phrase that probably would have been understood by *Maria Theresa*, but to Fay Morticeshoe it is as lost as I shall be in the future. Adieu."—*Town Topics*.

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

DEAR WAVE:—"From one extreme to the other" is the rule, and the past week has demonstrated that in social matters we are no exception, for after our holiday gayeties we have had a season of intolerable dullness, with only the memory of former pleasures to lighten the gloom; a kind of social dry-rot has set in. Depressing, I assure you, but hope, that "springs eternal,' suggests that next week will be gayer—"devoutly to be wished." One reason of our dullness has been the presence of the dreadful enemy, *La Grippe*. It has prostrated belles and beaux, as well as grand sires and infants.

We have *all* been anxious about the condition of Mr. A——d, because, with all his money, he is just the nicest little man in town. Clever, but modest, he encourages brilliancy in others and befriends the friendless. The Art Institute has missed him.

Speaking of the Institute, isn't it strange that it takes so long to discover home talent? We go into raptures over the latest importation, but fail to see what is under our eyes all the time.

Here is charming Miss Lusson doing such work in the Art School that if done in your city, in Chicago, or New York would make her noted. She has genius, and what is still better, perseverance. She inherited the *genius* from an artist uncle—a true Bohemian; but she is a type of elegant young womanhood. It is *almost* a pity she isn't poor, for then she would sell her pictures.

Then there is another artist here who was completely overlooked by all who pretended to paint until the other day. Mrs. Frackleton, the acknowledged authority in art, discovered her, and, with her usual good nature, bestowed such *just* and *generous* praise that the heart of the struggling girl must have glowed like a Christmas fire; and now we *all* see her merit, and we are proud of her. But didn't "The Rambler" bring tears to some eyes when he spoke of her and told that pathetic story in his inimitable way?

Two or three days of yellow sunshine made the roads tolerable for equestrians, and it was a pleasure to see Miss Grace Spencer on her fine horse. She sits well in the saddle, and her fine figure appears to advantage in a habit. It is rumored that next summer will find her in Europe—not entirely for pleasure, but for study. I believe she purposes cultivating her voice under the best masters.

Santa C—— (good old fellow) brought Mrs. B. Murphy a fine new carriage. Though she was well supplied, this will probably not be superfluous.

Let no one envy Mrs. M—— any of her pleasures, for, if the gods have been liberal to her, she has been generous to the less favored.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward W—— will soon occupy their beautiful home on First Street. Later, I may tell you about it, at present all I can say is, that it is perfect in all its appointments, and that a beautiful mistress will preside and a generous host extend kindly courtesies.

Dr. Thorne was in town the other day and though we have a little spite against you for taking him from us, we forgive you when we see how well you have treated him. He looks younger than ever.

One of your correspondents asks the question: "Will old age find us lovely?" Not all of us. Some of us were born ugly, some of us grow ugly, but if she will pay us a visit, I will show her some specimens of loveliness verging upon old age. Almost any sunny day you can see beautiful Mrs. K——d walking for exercise. Rather small, "hair white as snow," no exaggeration, sparkling black eyes brimful of kindness, she is as fair a picture as one need wish to see. Then there is Mrs. D—— who drives in her pony phaeton, looking as though life and she were the best of friends. Years have touched her spirit so lightly that it seems hard to believe she is any older now than she was a decade since. Her wit is as keen, her smile as bright, and her manner as winning as when her "crown of glory" was ebon-hued. Not old, but growing older, is Mrs. E. O. S——h, and the charm her whitening hair lends her expressive face, is indescribable. Here, as we grow old we improve, like our wines.

It is almost a pity that new club, "The Ramona" was formed. The poor little things are too young to be out so late unprotected. Instead of putting on these airs of young ladyhood they ought to be hugging their dear dollies, and then be cuddled off in their little beds, good and early. They won't be lovely when they're old. Oh! no.

The Zawpa is losing ground. Too few chaperons, and careful mammas don't like to send their girls there.

We still have some interest in the fate of "Fragments" and fear he has made an unwise move in the game. But "whom the gods would destroy"—you know the rest *Nous verrons*, BABBLER.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, January 6th. DEAR WAVE:—Wasn't it most fortunate that I gave Billy Bond to Ruby the evening of the "Ladies' Chirps?" That night sealed my doom, as well as that of all the other sorrowing damsels who are in love with him, only the shock was over at that time for me, and the others are now suffering, as they thought "he was only flirting with that San Francisco girl." It seems, however, that Cupid was in earnest, and we wish Billy all happiness with "his Ruby," only we think that she, with all her city admirers, might have left him for one of us. It is almost a confirmed fact that another young and popular business manager of another paper is soon to wed, but I dare not as yet betray the happy couple.

Isn't it too mean for anything that that grim monster, *la grippe*, has taken possession of me, and it will be impossible for me to attend the wedding of Agnes Hamilton and Clarence Gray at noon to-day. It is an event that I have looked forward to for a long time, as Agnes is one of my favorites. She is the brightest girl in Oakland Society and Clarence can consider himself a lucky man to have won her. She is the sister of popular Ned Hamilton, so it is not strange that she is brilliant. They come of a talented family, their father having been one of the finest men that Oakland ever had.

Society has been at a dead stand still—whether because of *la grippe* or because of the holidays is more than I can tell. If there is to be any life previous to Lent we had better be up and doing. The departure of the Goodalls and Knowles closed two hospitable mansions. They are having a glorious time *en route. On dit* that Lester and Frank have been desolate since Ella left.

There were several small affairs on New Year's Eve, but all the bright men were at the Athenian Club, hence the evenings were failures, for it would be false to insinuate that the girls were happy with only the society of "broilers" and boys. Tom says that the "chirps" was the most successful one ever given, and that Ned Hamilton out-did himself, but he did look too funny for anything in a priest's robe and a little red hat. His tribute to the memory of Henry Aveling and Alfred J. Share brought tears to the eyes of all present. Judge Henshaw's contribution was as usual *au fait*. Sigmund Beel never played better, nor did our "Prince of Song," manly Harry Melvin, ever sing better. I do insist that he cease tellling that little story about the "Italian Opera." If Tom continues telling about it, I will soon be able to give it to you, dear WAVE; the little that I have managed to grasp is more than shocking. It is almost impossible to believe that Harry could tell such stories. It is my opinion that the "chirps" would have been more *recherché* had they closed at midnight, instead of keeping up until broad daylight, when they all retired and awoke later in the day to partake of a swell *déjeuner*, presided over by Cleve Dam, and none know better how to do that act than Cleve, who, Tom says, has a "wonderful appetite."

Duke Bertie Brayton was given an elaborate dinner in Chicago the other day. He is more appreciated in foreign parts than home—why I cannot imagine. He is always kind to every one, but oh! such a dude.

The failure of one of our aristocrats is on the tapis, and a scandal in high life will come to light in the early part of '92, and you shall first hear about it from FROU-FROU.

A DREAM.

I had the strangest dream the other night.
I dreamed—you'll not believe it—I could write
Such charming songs, so free the music went,
The editors took every one I sent.

And, stranger yet—of course it could not be
Except within a dream—there came to me,
As fast as I could write—more so sometimes—
Quaint fancies, bearing with them perfect rhymes.

The checks came in—just think of that, ye bards!
To me no longer came those little cards
That used to say the rhymes were good—what stuff!
But that the paper hadn't room enough.

"Impossible," "absurd," my dream you call?
Just listen to the strangest part of all.
I dreamt I *dreamed* a rhyme while in this fit;
And even that was printed. This is it.

—*James G. Burnett, in New York Truth.*

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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 3. San Francisco, January 16, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 16, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

T. J. Keenan and Charles W. Price, respectively President and Secretary of the International League of Press Clubs, are journalists of ability and repute. Mr. Keenan is editor and part proprietor of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*—a position he owes entirely to his own exertions, he having commenced his career as a reporter on that journal. Mr. Price is proprietor of the *Chemical Review*.

SPLASHES.

THE MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM in San Francisco begins to assume an aspect more serious than the majority of parents care to realize. The fact is, the supply of eligible men is far below the demand. Most of our youthful millionaires have taken wives unto themselves. Others have announced their choice. For the slender minority still available, the competition is keen—undesirably so. Once disposed of, the question will then assume paramount importance—"What can we do with our girls?" Glance over the membership of the "Friday Night Club," the most fashionable organization in town, composed of the *créme de la créme* of Society, and count the number of marriageable young men. At the Leap Year cotillion on last Friday evening, I counted one hundred girls—many of them heiresses—a few beauties—nearly all up to the average of San Francisco good looks, fairly intelligent, entertaining, desirable as women in this favored clime can be, the majority fascinating enough to make most men good wives.

* * *

Of one hundred men—partners or lookers-on—there were at least twenty who could marry if they wanted to—who might be regarded as matches. In this handful are a few prizes—half a dozen eminently eligible, whose wives will enjoy all the luxury that immense wealth can give; but for years they have been available. Against the fiercest attacks of Cupid's arrows they appear impregnable. They may die bachelors. But, the eighty maidens who, if this select band were to capitulate to a score of their most fascinating sisters, would be left lamenting, what are they to do? Die old maids? Wait for the ineligibles to experience prosperity? Bestow themselves on Eastern men? Or what?

* * *

Perhaps it is in the power of a few of these maidens' parents to relieve the sombre aspect of this most serious situation. Out of the plentitude of their own resources, can they not dower their daughters? Let them insist on worth, rather than on wealth, as the characteristic most desirable in sons-in-law. The difficulty is not that of finding husbands—it is the struggle for existence—the detestation that men with the faculty of seeing values have of parting with their acquirements. Once have it understood that certain members of this virginal band can assist in maintaining a double *menage*, and I will warrant the announcement of a score of engagements before Lent, and more to follow ere Easter.

* * *

One might reasonably ask the wherefore of so many heiresses remaining ungarnered, wasting their sweetness, and merely accumulating dividends and years. Perhaps because the right man has not occurred; perhaps because their ideal of male desirability is a trifle too high for any mere San Franciscan to attain. Down at Del Monte, last season, the only daughter of a wealthy mining man and cattle king was speaking of marriage to a circle of maidens on the veranda. She belongs to the type that people of optimistic tendencies, for lack of close descriptive dexterity, describe as "sweet." "Such a sweet girl, you know." Undoubtedly a very nice, deserving young person, singularly lacking in vital interest or accomplishments.

* * *

"I am particular," she said, after listening to the dissertations of her friends. "The man I marry must be good. He must be clever. He must, of course, be rich, so that no one can say he married me for my money. And he—"

"My dear," interrupted a dowager who was seated just behind the heiress, "Heaven is your home."

* * *

Nor are the heiresses alone exacting. A prominent young millionaire who has a reputation for mentality highly colored by his financial responsibility, was discussing with a bright, though penniless, maiden the qualities he required in a wife.

"She must be brilliant," he said, "for I tire very quickly of ordinary women, and, of course, she must be beautiful. She must know how to entertain so as to preside gracefully over my household. She must be musical, because I am rather fond of singing. She must have sufficient money, so it cannot be said she is marrying me for mine."

* * *

"Only an exceptional widow, considerably over forty, or the swellest of Society girls, who has enjoyed all the advantages, could possibly meet your requirements," said his listener. "If the girl was adequately beautiful and brilliant, she would probably be discriminating and refuse you. If there existed a widow who came within an ace of your ideal, she would be snapped up months before you appreciated her. So I am afraid, Mr. Soandso, you will have to remain a bachelor."

* * *

OWING TO RECENT RAINS, work on the Owl's Nest has been abandoned, to be resumed, Mr. Brittain tells me, early in the spring. Stone for the foundation and copings is being cut from a quarry on the property, and an ample supply will be in readiness for the contractor when the ground is in fit condition for hauling. The latest step taken by the Board of Directors is the filing of letters of incorporation in Sacramento. I am assured these are of the most cast-iron character, drawn up with the utmost precautions. Then will follow the issuance of bonds, and in the early autumn, at the latest, I anticipate assisting at the inauguration of the new institution. Once the building is erected there will be so many applications for membership that the managers will find it difficult to maintain the bohemian characteristic of the institution, but as this it is that will give the Owl's Nest its especial charm, no chances should be taken.

* * *

The Olympic Club's new building is now several degrees above the sidewalk, and it will not be long before some idea of its proportions will be obtainable. The combination of the red brick and the orange tones of the sandstone is more agreeable than it sounds, and my impression is that the clubhouse will, exteriorly at least, far surpass the Concordia—not that it would even then be a thing of beauty. The Directors anticipate that within nine months the structure will be ready for the upholsterers. There can be no question but that the leading feature of the new building is the huge swimming tank, 80 by 35 feet.

One may realize its size in comparison with that of the Piedmont baths, the dimensions of which are 70 by 120 feet.

* * *

On Monday evening next, the Supervisors will grant the Club a franchise permitting the erection of pumping works at the Cliff, and the laying of a pipe line to the building. It is calculated to pump 6,000,000 gallons per day, which will give a pressure at the point of discharge of about nine horse-power. This it is proposed to utilize to keep the water in constant circulation. According to the rule in vogue at all bathing establishments, a temperature of seventy-two degrees will be maintained. Just now there is being sunk on the grounds a well, by means of which an independent supply of fresh water will be obtained.

* * *

THE LEAP YEAR COTILLION was a brilliant success. To describe it as the event of the season would do it scant justice, as the season has been singularly lacking even in episodes. It was a *tour de force*. Incredible as it may seem, anticipations were realized. As Society has talked of little else since November, that says everything. At other periods in their existence isolated girls may have looked more beautiful than on Friday night, but no one seems able to remember. The powdered coiffures, the Pompadour costumes, set off to admirable advantags the beauty of the belles, the charms of the others. I should prefer to leave for some pen more skilled than my own a description of the gowns. As a rule, Californians are averse to making any great effort. There is a certain standard that is conformed to—quite the reverse of the one which Easterners insist on regarding as Far Western. Its sins are neither garishness nor over elaboration.

* * *

However, precedents were departed from. The costumes were splendid. Nearly all the girls wore new dresses—the chaperons, too. The display of jewelry was very fine—quite out of the ordinary. Of the decorations there is nothing left to say. Odd Fellows' Hall was never so artistically adorned. The combination of colors and foliage made a most admirable setting for the brilliant gathering on the snowy floor. One might go into verbal ecstasies over the harmonious arrangement of the delicate pink, blue, and white draperies, and describe, in a series of paragraphs, the exquisite effect of the lamps and lanterns shedding a subdued light among the palms, ferns, and magnolias that filled the stage, or depict the kaleidoscopic effect of the figures formed under the calcium light. But it has all been done by the dailies.

* * *

Miss Emily Hager led admirably with rare discretion. She marshaled her Terpsichorean hosts, led them in and out, and directed all movements most tastefully. That was to be expected, however. She wore a costume copied from one of Ada Rehan's as Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal." Among others who appeared to striking advantage were Mrs. Spreckels, who was superb in a yellow brocade, Mrs. Perry Syre, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Mrs. Dr. Wood. Among the girls Miss Wallace, Miss Ames, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Jolliffe, Miss May Dimond, Miss Huffmann, and Miss McKee were the belles. Others who looked very well were Miss Sperry, Miss Hope Ellis, Miss Hillyer, Miss McNutt, Miss Perrin, Miss Simpkins, Miss Edna Robinson. One might easily prolong the list.

* * *

So far as the men were concerned, it cannot be said that powder adds materially to their appearance. Those whose hair happens to be violently red, and with whiskers to match, took advantage of the occasion to tone down the glamor of their complexions. A few of the prononnced brunettes, too, were improved by the infliction. There were other gentlemen who had permitted their mammas to inflict the flour, and they had it in cakes. Only one man had the courage to display a wig, and he shed it after an inspection of himself in a mirror. I think a special service of congratulatory praise is due to Mr. Greenway for the success of this cotillion. He certainly exhausted every effort to make it successful. He succeeded.

* * *

Miss Hager gave a small dance last evening in honor of Miss Childs, of Los Angeles, who is her guest. The Hager residence is one of the most artistically furnished in town and is particularly adapted for entertaining in. Next month Mrs. Hager will give a ball to which a large number of invitations will be sent out.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin gave a dinner on Thursday evening at their residence, Van Ness Avenue and Jackson Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels. On the same evening Mrs. Peter Donahue gave a dinner at her residence, Bryant Street. On Wednesday evening a very pleasant cobweb party was given by Miss Scott, at her home, 2105 Pine Street. A great deal of fun was had disentangling the webs of ribbon, and a prize awarded the exertions of the first man who succeeded in discovering the termination of his particular strand. Miss Scott was assisted in receiving and entertaining her guests by Miss Mercado

* * *

The Misses Voorhies gave a theatre party on Saturday evening last, at the California Theatre, followed by a supper at their residence. Mrs. Holloway gave a theatre party at the Baldwin on Monday night. Several theatre parties have been arranged for next Monday evening. For Wednesday next the Mystic Shriners have taken 300 seats in the orchestra and dress circle of the Baldwin, and the Sir Knights will wear their caps and jewels. It should prove quite an event.

* * *

That staid, conservative institution, the Cosmos Club, does not as a rule indulge in anything so hilarious as a "jinks." It leaves such festivities to the Borehemian institution on Post Street. However, it is a captious rule to which no exception can be made, and by way of proving the Club possessed of mentality, the opening of the new grillrooms was thus celebrated. Lieutenant Runcie was an admirable "Sire." He aptly introduced the speakers, and made a clever talk himself. Of course, Dr. Beverley Cole orated, and Claude Terry Hamilton, the Cosmos' President, delivered himself of a commentary on recent events and the Club's progress. These were the serious features. Then came an imitation Macaroni band, grotesquely costumed, led by Mr. Judd, Mr. O'Sullivan, and Mr. Bosqui. They blew through huge paper trumpets furnished with bazoos, and succeeded in making a most unearthly row.

* * *

Altogether, the "jinks" went off most satisfactorily. Every one had an excellent time, and I should not be surprised to hear that the Cosmos was going to do it again. By the way, the grand ball, so often promised, is really to come off early in February. The Directors, I am told, have agreed that the fulfillment of their pledges cannot longer be deferred, and at their next meeting committees will be appointed and the date fixed. It seems like a decade since the Cosmos gave its other ball.

* * *

By the way, there is considerable curiosity among Borehemians interested in baseball to learn when the Pacific-Union team intends giving that dinner. It was currently understood that the winners should treat the losers to the swellest banquet the *chef* of either institution could prepare. So far as this particular repast is concerned, the vanquished nine continues hungry. One can understand the death of a prominent member postponing festivities for a day or two, or even a week, but that is all the grace the wearers of the blue should ask. By all means, let the dinner prevail

* * *

The San Francisco Verein is to give a children's costume ball on the evening of the 31st. It should prove a very interesting affair. The juvenile end of the festivity will terminate at midnight, and after that children of larger growth will trip the light fantastic until the "wee sma' hours."

* * *

A new club, to be called the Thursday Night Bowling Club, is to be organized up at the Concordia. The Friday Night Club which consists of twenty-two members, has become so very popular that it is believed a second would be equally so. The moving spirits are Miss Guggenhime, Miss Fenchtwanger, Miss Carrie Heller, and Miss Brandenstein. Membership is limited to sixteen men and sixteen girls, and the list is already very nearly filled. Meetings are to take place once a fortnight. There is even talk of forming still another—the Monday Evening Club.

* * *

To the original institution, "the Friday

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

Night Bowling Club," a good deal of attention has been directed by reason of the very original theatre party given by it last week. This was a veritable leap year affair—the girls calling for the men, providing the tickets and the supper, even paying car fare. This organization meets every Friday evening in the club bowling alley and plays nine pins. The gatherings are very informal and very pleasant. There was some talk of a uniform for the girls, but this was abandoned—at least, the only attempt in that direction was made by Miss Ettinger, who appears in a costume deeply red in hue. After the game there is a supper served in the same room, over which the members discuss current events for the space of an hour or so. Some of the bowlers are becoming quite efficient. Among the maidens, Miss Wangenheim is the most efficient.

* * *

There died at San Jose, a few days ago, at a ripe old age, the widow of the late Dr. Spencer. She was a kindly woman, benignant of aspect, and ready to do those of her fellow-creatures in trouble a kindly turn. But of late years her health has been feeble, and at rare intervals has she stirred outside the gate of her little home. Her death reminds me of the one strange episode in her life—an episode that might form the plot of a psychological novel. In the medical profession at San Jose, over a decade and a half ago, no one stood higher than Dr. Spencer. He was skillful, sympathetic—he had a large *clientele*, and in the years of his practice had amassed a large fortune. Of eminent respectability, his reputation was unimpeachable.

* * *

He had been twice married. By his first wife Dr. Spencer had a son—the well-known San Jose jurist mentioned for the vacant Circuit Judgeship—Judge Spencer. She who has just died was his second. For years they lived happily together, a quiet existence, during which he first knew prosperity. Apparently a more devoted couple never lived. Yet, how trivial an episode will sometimes turn the current of a man's life. There came to San Jose a brisk, buxom, vigorous, young woman, who took service in the house of a rich family. Sent out one night to find a physician, she met Dr. Spencer, then a man close on sixty years of age. She fascinated him. For her, this cynical, old medico conceived a love bordering on frenzy—he established her in apartments and lived openly with her. It was no passing fancy. This strange passion seemed to transform him. He forgot his home, his wife, his son, his reputation—let everything go—all for this girl. There arose a great scandal. For the deserted wife there was the deepest sympathy. The son sided with his mother.

* * *

For a divorce she refused to apply. Despite his desertion her love for the Doctor never varied. Then he petitioned the courts for a separation. Judge Spencer appeared for her in person, and with so much eloquence pleaded her cause, that though a divorce was granted she received half of his property. A few days later Dr. Spencer married his charmer, gave up practicing, and took his bride to Europe. On his return they lived in San Jose. There is a climax to this story. The Doctor becoming involved in a law suit, deeded his property to his wife. After the difficulty was smoothed over, she refused to restore it to him. It was a terrible blow; it shattered him. He died soon afterwards. She, very naturally, married another man. Where she lives now I do not know. There was nothing in the life of this man to denote a capacity for passion so earnest, so unreasonable as he developed for this girl. She was vulgar, she had a fiery temper, she was ignorant—she had nothing but her beauty. And his standing and character were unimpeachable, yet he succumbed, and the current of his entire life changed.

* * *

THE LOVE OF GAMBLING is deeply implanted in this community. Though one hears little or nothing of fortunes won or lost now-a-days over cards, still the town is full of poker games, and the daily exchange of coin represents no mean amount. But it is about lottery tickets I want to speak. There has arisen a feminine craze for their purchase. In Society and out, nearly every one buys them, and at the big boarding-houses extra copies of the evening papers containing the drawings are more eagerly purchased than on the street corners. In the big hotels the supply is generally in the hands of a waiter or one of the clerks, who has to be convinced of the reliability of intending customers before he will consent to serve them.

* * *

Lottery stories, the numbers of tickets and the success of Mrs. Jones or Miss Brown are a fruitful topic of conversation. The approximation lists are eagerly scanned, and in the big boarding-houses it is quite pleasant to see the ladies gathered in sympathetic groups after the monthly drawings. Those who are not happily situated in any of the noted caravansaries buy their tickets from vegetable men or peddlers. In one of the swellest dry goods houses on Kearny Street is a clerk who drives quite a trade in coupons. Apparently the most popular salesman in the store, it is really amusing to see handsomely-dressed ladies awaiting their turn to be served by him.

* * *

Of course, it does not do to be blunt. One must approach him and ask for some striped calico or something, and when he deferentially bends forward to exhibit the pattern you whisper your quest in his ear, and forthwith you are supplied. That is, of course, if he knows you, or that you have the card of one of his patrons. He feels he cannot, must not, take chances. The penalties are severe for those who are discovered. Being averse, under any circumstance, to inculcating morals, I will permit my readers to draw their own deductions, mentioning merely a hope that some one of them may one day win a capital prize. Their perseverance should have some reward.

* * *

A certain city editor whose interest in sports and sporting is very lively, and who is willing to put up money on his judgment, backed San Francisco against the Northwest in the recent baseball contest. He assigned to report the game his liveliest writer, and dispatched him with the admonition :

"Give her a column, Jake; it's worth it."

The reporter hied himself to Haight Street, sat through the performance, covered pages with picturesque paragraphs and striking phrases. He intended his "story" to be a good one. Returning to the editorial rooms he was summoned before his chief who was all agog to learn the result.

"Well, who won?" he inquired gruffly.

"Northwest" responded the scribe.

"Why didn't you bust the game—well, give it eight lines."

* * *

The latest Society story is told on a lawyer person very ambitious to appear "in the swim," who has recently come up here from Southern California. An unparalleled bore, almost without redeeming features, he is yet so zealous to succeed that I presume he wil eventually be accepted with open arms by our first families. At one of the houses where he had been made rather welcome, he appeared a few Sundays ago. The *paterfamilias*, among other investments, is concerned in a large coal business to which, indeed, he devotes a good deal of his attention. He was surrounded by a number of friends; in another part of the parlor his wife and daughter were entertaining callers.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," he said to papa, who had risen to welcome him. "I have not a moment to stop."

"You must not run away like this, Mr. Soandso. Pray, stay awhile," mamma and daughter were quite solicitous.

"I only wanted," he said bending confidentially over toward papa, and reducing his voice to a stage whisper, "I only wanted to ask you to send half a ton of coal up to my place to-morrow."

And yet there are people who turn up their noses at "idiot friends."

* * *

ANDREW JACKSON CLUNIE, brother of General Tom Clunie, the mercurial young man who, it will be remembered, arose in the Democratic County Committee a few days ago and gave Fire Commissioners Fisher Ames and Maurice Schmidt, a stinging body blow, is evidently a dangerous person to talk to.

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

If the story is true that the papers print about his conversation with ex-Senator John Boggs and its results, I should, in future, advise all citizens who converse with Mr. Clunie to do so with a phonograph, so that not only the words but the tone and expression of the remarks may he reproduced.

* * *

It seems that Clunie had just started out with George Faylor to make the twenty-four State Senators, who composed the Combine of the last session, yield their "stuff," when he met Boggs in the Palace Hotel. The little Senator wanted to see the Combine "turned up," as he elegantly expressed it, and, as Clunie talked about throwing up the case, he said to him, "Don't do that, Andy. Give 'em ——, and I'll present you with the best suit of clothes and overcoat the town can produce." Andy went on with the case, not because Boggs had made this promise, but because he hoped that the Boodle Senators would settle with Faylor; and when he had meted out considerable brimstone to the statesmen, his hopes having failed, he called on Boggs for the suit and overcoat.

* * *

The Senator from Colusa, however, did not respond as he should have done. "It is true," he said, "that I promised Andy the things if he would give the Senators ——, but it was a joke. He has not, in my opinion, given them —— enough." So Clunie sued him, and I observe by the papers that Justice of the Peace Low gave a judgment for $140. I heartily endorse this verdict. I do not think any man should come down here and introduce the Colusa County idea of the infernal regions into the Courts of San Francisco. Our ideas on that subject are good enough. According to the local view, Mr. Clunie gave the Boodle Senator smore —— than the contract called for, involving as it did a consideration of but $140, and I am pleased to know that the Colusa idea of what constitutes sufficient —— for selling one's vote in the Legislature is not going to prevail in Judge Low's Court. Judge Low is a man of years, and a lawyer of ability, and he can be trusted to ascertain when sufficient brimstone has been meted out in any given case.

* * *

But, speakIng of Senator Boggs, I feel like extending him my sympathy—not because he came down here and fell into the hands of Mr. Clunie, although that in itself is rather hard, but for his sufferings at the hands of the Combine. For six years—ever since, indeed, the people of Willows, Colusa County, took it into their heads to create the county of Glenn, Boggs' life has literally been a burden. He has a large ranch near Princeton, and for a quarter of a century has been the practical boss of Colusa. He has represented her in the Legislature, the State Agricultural Society, and in Democratic conventions, until it was believed that Boggs and Colusa were convertible terms, meaning one and the same thing. Six years ago the son of Dr. Glenn, who at one time was also a Colusa County prophet, began the agitation of a scheme to make a new county and call it after themselves. In his imagination Boggs at once saw his bank at Colusa and his ranch at Princeton dwindle into insignificance, and he began to fight desperately. He raised a sack and elected himself Senator. The first time he had no difficulty in defeating the bill to divide Colusa, but two years afterward the game was not so easy. The Glennites raised $30,000 and swooped down on the Legislature. Boggs traded his vote, promised his influence, cursed and swore and stormed without avail. The Glennites not only passed the bill through both houses; they ran the county line through Boggs' ranch and cut him in two.

* * *

But Boggs was too much for them when the bill got into the Governor's office. The erratic Waterman then had charge of the Helm of State, and Boggs had no trouble in convincing him that the bill was an infamous one. It was vetoed after both houses had adjourned, and the Glennites retired from the field routed and discomfited. At the last session the fight was renewed, but the situation was changed. It was then a mere question of boodle. Influence, party "pull," argument, expediency—none of these things went for a cent. The question with the twenty-four corrupt rascals in the Senate and the fifty-three petty larcenists in the Assembly was pure and simple—how much money was there behind the antagonists? It was soon plain to Boggs that he had no hope of preventing the passage of the Glenn County Division Bill in the Assembly, and he turned his attention to the Senate.

* * *

There he found Dan Burns to be the boss. Faylor says that when the Glenn County question began to be discussed, Dan said to him, "George, I am not going to dicker with these fellows very long. Some of the hold-over Senators have made records in favor of the Glenn people, and they prefer to vote for the bill if it is agreeable to us. So I am going to take the money of the divisionists, if they come anywhere near Boggs' pile."

George repeated this remark to a confidential friend, and this friend made haste to repeat it to Burke Kelley, who headed the Glenn County lobby. Kelley telegraphed to Willows for instructions. "Offer twenty thousand as a starter," came the reply. Kelley saw Burns at once, and said he would give the Combine $20,000 to pass the bill through the Senate. Burns consulted the Finance Committee, and a bargain was struck. Word was sent to Boggs that his offer of $15,000 had been rejected.

* * *

In the trial before Justice Low, the other day, Senator Boggs was not asked how much he offered Burns to defeat the bill, but if he had been asked that question I have no doubt he would have denied all knowledge of any attempt on the part of himself and Mr. Rose to prevent the passage of the bill with money. But he knows, nevertheless, that his discomfiture was caused solely by the fact that the Glennites overbid him. He knows, also, that the Glenn County money was sent from Willows to San Francisco, that it was from here transferred to the Sacramento Bank, and drawn from there by Registrar W. A. Brown, of this city.

* * *

Mr. Brown testified before the late Grand Jury when confronted with this fact, that he did not know what became of the coin. He said he went to the bank with a release to bearer, handed to him by Frank Freeman, of Willows, and when the money was drawn, turned it over to two men according to instructions, and they carried it off. What became of it he says he does not know. As Boggs knows all these things as well as I do, the question is, why does he not swear to a complaint charging Freeman, Brown, and the Senators with felony? He would then have a revenge compared with which the sulphur administered by Mr. Clunie would be quite insignificant.

* * *

JOHN HIGGINS, one of the janitors at the City Hall, is an old soldier. He was in the United States army before the breaking out of the Civil War and served throughout that "unpleasantness" in a regular regiment of artillery. Among other things Higgins has an exalted opinion of General Webb, with whom he served in war time, and of whom many of our citizens retain pleasant recollections, gained by an acquaintance with him while he was at the Presidio some years ago. "General Webb," says Higgins, "is the best man on earth to-day, and I bar no living being. If God Almighty was to keep on making men from now to the end of time He couldn't improve on General Webb, now I'm telling you."

Higgins, although a member of the Grand Army of the Republic himself, has a profound contempt for the large body of sutlers and mule drivers who now comprise the bone and sinew of that organization. The other day he was orating on the subject of courage to a group at the City Hall.

* * *

"Talking about bravery," he said, "some of these fellows who prate about their exploits in the army make me sick—me who has so many times seen men shot all to pieces and laid out to die with as cheerful a face as though they were going to sleep. There was Jack Reals, a gunner of our battery. At Antietam a solid shot took off his lower jaw as clean as a whistle. His upper lip, mustache, and upper teeth were not even bruised. His tongue hung down on his shirt and his windpipe was left exposed. It was the mos frightful sight I ever saw.

* * *

"They took him off in the ambulance and I left my gun a minute to run back and tell him good-bye, but the words froze in my mouth when I saw him. He was sitting on

Arcadian Waukeesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

his knapsack in the wagon and, with a pencil and a piece of paper, was writing a last note to his folks at Albany, New York. Not a whimper was heard from him. He lived twenty-four hours at the hospital, and the last thing he did was to write another letter home telling 'em he was most gone. Talk about nerve; that was nerve.

"The other day a fellow I know who says he was at the front with an Illinois regiment was at work in a saw mill on Fifth Street. He sawed his little finger off and it took three of the workmen, two big policemen and the ambulance wagon to get him to the Receiving Hospital, and when he reached there he fainted dead away. Some of these Grand Army soldiers make me sick."

* * *

THE ACTION OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION recently in appointing Miss Rose Goldsmith to the position of school teacher, and then erecting a schoolhouse for her to teach in, is in accordance with the time-honored political axiom of a fat salary first, last, and all the time. Half the commissions in this State are elected and appointed solely to make a place for a secretary or a manager. The Mining Bureau has no other purpose on earth except to appoint a State Mineralogist. The Bank Commissioners never secure their places until they have promised to choose somebody favored by the Governor for Secretary. There has not been a moment for ten years when, if the Pilot Commission, which holds at the pleasure of the Governor, had dismissed its Secretary it would not have followed him forthwith to the political cemetery. As for the Viticultural, Horticultural, and even the Railroad Commission, which is elective, the Boards of Trustees of the asylums for the Insane, the State Board of Agriculture and Board of Prison Directors, they are only known by the men whom they appoint to office Not one of these Boards or Commissions would last a month if it attempted to break away from the patronage "deal" which resulted in its creation.

* * *

The School Directors, however, have departed from the usual procedure in one respect. They purpose committing grand larceny in order to build a school house for Miss Goldsmith; that is, to come down to facts, they intend to rob the salary fund of the department, provided they can secure the $25,000 necessary in no other way. That they seriously contemplate such a crime is evidenced by the fact that they have already awarded a contract for the new schoolhouse, which is to be located on McAllister Street, between Broderick and Baker, a spot that is three blocks from the Golden Gate Primary, and four or five blocks, I believe, from the Crocker School on Scott Street. In discussing this question whether the Directors are justified in building an unnecessary schoolhouse merely that Miss Goldsmith may teach a few of the young ideas how to sprout, the fact may be referred to that other old schools are in a shabby condition all over town, and there is no money to repair them. There is, indeed, one school where, I am informed, the *curriculum* includes umbrella drill. This is necessary, because in every rain storm the scholars are compelled to resort to those articles or take the consequences of a leaky roof.

* * *

If the School Directors cannot procure an appropriation to make this $25,000 good—and the Supervisors say they cannot—then they will have to take it out of the teachers' salaries. In June, therefore, there will be the same old deficit and scaling process. The teachers will howl, and the Directors will declare that the department did not have sufficient money in the first place. But this story is not likely to go down for once. If Miss Goldsmith gets her school and succeeds in capturing in its vicinity a sufficient number of young ideas, which desire to be taught to sprout, to make a respectable showing, the perfidy of the Directors will have a visible monument, and cannot be evaded.

* * *

A Director informs me that with the money for this school included there will be a deficit in June of $40,000. This will require the scaling of the teachers' salaries fifty per cent for the month of June. I am told that School Directors Hyde and Max Brooks are at the head of this conspiracy to rob the teachers. If so, and I hope my information is false, I trust both have begun by burying their expectations of political preferment. Martin Kelly even will not be able to pull them through the hurricane that will break over their devoted heads next summer. They must have brains no larger than a calf's not to see where they will land, and where, in fact, the ring that is supporting them in the Board will also land.

* * *

THE NEW BALLOT LAW, which is a modification of the Australian system, will go into effect at the next election. So far, the general public know nothing about it. Only a few of the "workers" have been scanning its provisions, with what result will be subsequently ascertained. I take great pride in my ability as a prophet, and I would not hazard my reputation for anything short of a very large sum of money, cash down, but I am willing to stake everything on the prediction that both the public and the "workers" are going to be surprised at the next election. It is easy enough to elect any good man on any ticket if he is sufficiently well known. And that is generally the difficulty.

* * *

It is hard, as a sagacious statesman once remarked, to get a good man fairly before the people. He is often carried down in a flood of public sentiment that overwhelms his party, and after the votes are counted everybody remembers that they forgot to vote for him and wonders why everybody else did not do what they neglected to do. The fate of Mayor Pond and Supervisor Boyd at the last election is a case in point. During their terms these two men probably saved the taxpayers a million dollars. That their services were appreciated is shown by the fact that they ran thousands of votes ahead of their colleagues on the ticket, but both went down in the Republican tidal wave.

* * *

The new ballot law remedies this difficulty: to what extent remains to be seen. Any party or convention may nominate candidates as heretofore, but all the tickets are printed on one ballot. Besides, any committee or mass meeting which can muster a petition containing the names of three per cent of the voters of the previous year, may have its candidates placed on the ballot. Under the law it becomes the duty of the sworn officers of the government to attend to all the printing and distributing that has always been done heretofore by the party committees. Ten days before the election a sample ballot containing the names of all the candidates is sent to every voter whose name is on the register. This is done to enable him to study out the jobs that are being put up on him by the bosses and devise a plan to defeat them.

* * *

The law provides that opposite each name a small ruled space shall be left, and into this the voter may insert a cross or any mark which will indicate his choice, and it must be respected. If he desires to vote any party ticket straight, or any group of candidates who are inseparable, such as Presidential electors, he may mark a cross in a space left at the head of each ticket, and the wholelot will be counted. The sample ballots are not to be voted, however. They are distributed merely to advertise the tickets and the candidates, and enable those who desire to do so, to mark their preferences in advance. On the day of election, the election officers provide a polling booth or a room for voting. It is to be occupied by representatives of the political parties or candidates, a policeman and the election board. Into this room the voters enter singly. Each one gives his name, address, and voting number on the register, and after he is identified his name is entered on the stub of a package of blank ballots and the ballot is torn off and given to him. With it he enters an adjoining small room to mark it.

* * *

The law says that he must go into this place alone, unless he states that he cannot read or write, in which case one of the clerks is authorized to aid him in marking his ballot. To reduce to a minimum the number of voters who will require the services of a clerk, is one of the objects of the advance or sample ballots. Any illiterate person may mark this outside with the aid of friends and carry it with him into the private booth, where a duplication of the marks will be easy. Once marked the ballot taken from the stub is folded, returned to the clerks, and deposited in the ballot box. If the voter spoils a ballot,

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

that fact is noted on the stub and another is given to him.

* * *

This system presents a perfect check on fraud. It not only preserves the independence of the voter and provides a method for tracing up votes illegally deposited, but it takes pains to advertise all the tickets ten days before the election. Probably in the educational process to which the voters will be subjected next year, many ballots will be lost through illegal marking or no marking at all. At all elections held under the system for the first time, there have been many ballots cast without marking. The voter, ashamed to acknowledge his illiteracy, has gone into the secret booth and there got "stuck," and then, rather than appear again and make the objectionable admission, has cast the ballot blank. But these blanks disappear after a time as the voters become educated. If the "rounders" and "stuffers," who are not as a rule very well equipped intellectually, can devise a scheme to beat this system, I should like to know what it is. In my opinion there is certain to be a great depression in the "stuffer" market next year. For awhile, at any rate, the occupation of that class is gone.

* * *

The International League of Press Clubs, which has been in convention in this city this week, is one of the most important bodies that has ever visited the Coast. Composed as it is of reporters, editors, and newspaper owners, it offers California an opportunity of seeing herself in print in a manner that cannot fail to be of material advantage to her. What the Golden State needs is more advertising, more judicious publicity, and this convention will insure this. The local Press Club has done more for the State, in bringing the representatives of Eastern journals to the Coast, than California has ever done for herself; and what credit is due for this should be bestowed in the proper place.

* * *

Two of the most interesting people with the convention are Mrs. Frank Leslie and William Wilde. They are husband and wife, but all along the road, in the hotel registers and lists of visitors, the names stand as given. Every one has heard of Mrs. Frank Leslie; she got that name by marriage and a State law of New York, whose Legislature was good enough to confer on her the favor of marrying as often as she chose (of course, according to the statutes in such cases made and provided), without going to the expense of having new visiting cards or stationery printed. The name she uses as an advertisement, and she is apparently so fond of it that when some ignorant persons call her Mrs. Wilde she at once, and firmly, corrects them.

* * *

Mrs. Frank Leslie is a bright-eyed, sharp-witted woman of something like sixty years of age. She is still good-looking, and is as careful of her complexion as an eighteen-year-old girl. Life has been very kind to her, and few people who see her would guess that she has reached the three-score limit. She dresses with considerable taste, and is a clever talker, whose short speeches along the road from New York to the Coast have been a cause of merriment to all who have heard her.

* * *

Mr. Wilde is a tall, attention-attracting gentleman, who is not unlike his better-known brother. He is an interesting talker, whose observations are precise. The world has not heard as much of him as of Oscar Wilde, merely, I presume, because the latter has more industry. Willie Wilde is nearly forty years old, but has never felt the necessity—either from a desire for fame or money— of using his abilities as a literary man. He is a poet who does not sing; an editorial writer, who will not write; an essayist, who prefers to talk his expositions; a large, good-natured, intellectual man, without the industry to make the world acquainted with him. Willie Wilde never gets up before one o'clock in the afternoon; at three he drives to Mrs. Frank Leslie's office, takes his wife out for a ride; dresses for dinner, and then kills time at the clubs.

* * *

Miss Kate Field is another interesting personage; a new and natural growth of this end of the century, in which women are thinking and doing for themselves. She has been everywhere, seen everything, and possibly the only thing she does not know is what the Sphinx would not tell her. Her weekly paper, *Kate Field's Washington*, is a splendid journal; it is honest—something remarkable in Washington—and though written by a woman with an object, is readable. Miss Field has a number of fads that do not obstruct the optimistic view she takes of the world; if all women were like her, the race would become intellectually and physically great, but would be extinct within 100 years.

* * *

The *Chronicle* has given to the convention considerable attention and space, and the matter has been well written and thoroughly interesting. The pictures are better than one usually sees in daily press, and one could almost recognize some of the originals by the portraits. The *Examiner's* reception of the visitors (giving an entire page to the news of the towns from which they came) was an excellent idea, and was successfully executed. The delegates came hither to give the nomination for President to a San Franciscan. The local delegates were in doubt as to who should receive the honor, but at a meeting, the club instructed them to nominate M. H. de Young. California has a good representation on the Board of Control, and if we have exhausted hospitality to make the delegates happy, they have done all in their power to return the kindness.

* * *

The programme for their entertainment was a lengthy one, and much has yet to be seen. To-day the delegates go to Palo Alto, thence to Del Monte; in the morning to the Big Trees, in the afternoon to San Jose. Next morning the delegates will go to Mount Hamilton, returning to San Francisco in time for the banquets, one to the ladies at the Pleasanton, and the other for the gentleman at the Palace.

* * *

Marshall P. Wilder, the famous fun-maker, although very small, occupies a large share of the attention given to the convention. The humorist is not more than four feet high; but every inch of him is worth a foot of a dozen men who pass for wits. A friend once said of Mr. Wilder that he was a self-made man, but that he got tired of the job, and left it unfinished. He brings with him a stock of new stories, in whose telling he is inimitable. Mr. Wilder tells of two Irishmen who were discussing a game of poker.

"An' phat's this oi'm hearin' of Misther Casey," said one.

"Sure it's too bad, too bad, althegether. Mr. Casey wuz the foinest mon in the worrld, but he tuk to poker-playin' an' all that leads to. The furst game he got into he won everything in soight, an' the next noight he had fure hearts."

"Yis, yis; he had fure hearts; will?"

"Yis, he had fure hearts; an' he caught a sped."

"Oh, moy, oh, moy; an' phat did he do thin?"

"He wint to wur-rk next mornin'."

* * *

In my assortment of admiration—even newspapermen cherish delusions — I have always yielded Professor Gayley, of the State University, first place. A very eminent personage, he is intensely superior in his attitude, high flown, artistic—intellectual even. He has condescended to go into Society and has even figured at the Fortnightly Club—indeed, a man entirely out of the common, redolent of culture and the schools. Being cynical in disposition a delusion is the most precious of possessions and I am careful to keep at as great as possible a distance from the subject of it to avoid disturbance. I broke through my rule last Friday afternoon, however, and went to the Academy of Sciences to attend the University Extension Class, over which my idol presides. His subject is English, not "as she is spoke" but as "writ."

* * *

I came prepared to be delighted and enlightened — to listen to a graceful, rhetorical lecture on the phase of literature under discussion. I anticipated the introduction of a few touches of poetic description—a suggestion of enthusiasm over great authors, a soupçon of wit, of satire—in other words, an essay, a trifle better than one ordinarily finds in a magazine. Imagine my disgust when my ears were saluted by a dull, droning voice, a tedious, halting delivery, an atrocious drawl, an utter absence of vitality or interest. The hall was well filled, the

audience consisting mainly of girls. By the respectful manner they tittered over what the Professor was pleased to regard as jokes, I concluded most of them were "co-eds."

It seems incredible, but the lecture was weak in the extreme. Without exception it was the dullest, the feeblest, the most flaccid I have ever sat through.

* * *

He was busy explaining the trend of events, or rather the currents of action in literary masterpieces. For illustration he made angular diagrams on a blackboard—characters were "fantasticated," "hypothecated" the author had "put up a job." Between Coriolanus and Othello, he drew the subtle distinction that the former did things "bull-headed," whereas the latter did not. In another connection he phrased literary complexities as "you think you see it and then again you think you don't see it." Certain Shakespearean and other characters had a "craze, freak, or fad." A dramatist "cooks up" a plot, and so on. On the words "fantasticated"—goodness knows where it comes from—and on "hypothecated"—the latter an original phrase in literary criticism—Mr. Gayley expended most of his energies. He repeated them dozens of times, emphasized them—in fact, he must possess a singularly limited vocabulary, inasmuch as I have seldom heard a lecture so sterile of ideas, so verbally poverty stricken.

* * *

On literary subjects there is no excuse for tediousness. Professor Gayley's lecture should have been entertaining, at least—he was far from being profound. Of the students' essays, "The Psychology of Hamlet" and another by a young woman—they were of the type one hears over at Berkeley—compendiums of ill-arranged quotations with the inverted commas forgotten. What good this character of study, this species of instruction may do, I am at a loss to realize.

* * *

I trust the authorities over at Berkeley are going to receive young Mr. Morrow back into the fold. From all I can learn, he was by far the least guilty of the crowd of students who tied the can to the gate of the "Cats" clubhouse. The difficulty with him was that not being quite such a coward as some of the other young gentlemen, he failed to deny with due emphasis participation in the "outrage." In other words, being the son of a rich man, he was made scapegoat. In an ordinary State University it is exceedingly difficult to work up *esprit de corps*, and there is a singular lack of it over at Berkeley. However, the whole affair savors very much of a tea-pot tempest, and it seems to me Mr. Morrow should be forgiven and restored to grace.

* * *

IT SEEMS TO ME Mr. James D. Phelan has been ill-used by the *Examiner*. I have not the slightest objection to seeing him or any other individual dissected or grilled in a literary way by my spirited contemporary, provided it is artistically done—there could be no question of the brilliancy of the "open letter." But, it was not fair to Mr. Phelan. It was only with the greatest difficulty the citizens' meeting was organized. However, harmonious the feeling against "boodling," there exists in the breasts of prominent citizens an equally prononnced antipathy to boldness. The committee in charge of the affair canvassed one big merchant after another without avail. They called on bankers, politicians, lawyers, capitalists—no one could afford to serve. Then they appealed to Mr. Phelan who refused. They resumed their search with the result that at eight o'clock no one who could fitly fill the place could be found.

* * *

Mr. Phelan was in the hall. To him, the committee appealed as a last resort, saying the meeting would have to disperse if he would not serve the cause. Unwillingly he did so, That he was not the right man for the place no one knew better than he, but it was an emergency and he made by no means an indifferent chairman. He possesses considerable verbal facility and dexterity. Yet, for his good nature, he has been derided and ridiculed. The *Examiner*, posing as the great agent of reform, permits wanton attacks on the men who devote their time to the same cause. This may be good journalism from some points of view, but it is not good policy and it is not fair play.

* * *

AT A LARGE BOARDING-HOUSE the festive season was celebrated by a grand ball. To it all the guests of the establishment, besides more than an adequate sufficiency of outsiders, were bidden, and the result was something very like a jam. There were scores of pretty girls and any number of men, but about the aggregation there was not that aroma of aristocracy that characterizes the gatherings of the Friday Night Club. However, that is what one goes to the Odd Fellows' Hall for. Among the invited was rather a good-looking young man not unknown "in the swim," who, on being presented to a stately old lady, failed either to catch her name or appreciate her importance. He sat himself between her and the lady who had done the introducing.

* * *

"Why are you not dancing, Mr. ——?" she asked in bland tones.

"Too much of a crush" replied the young man. "Could not get round in that if I wanted to." He pointed to the jumble of dancers.

"Don't you care for dancing?" continued the stately old lady in tones now the reverse to bland.

"Sometimes, but this is rather a mix, you know. I wonder," continued this frank youth confidentially, "just where they found 'em all. Looks like a case of highways and by-ways."

"Mr. ——," interrupted the other lady whose face during the conversation had turned alternately pale and red, "I don't think you were properly introduced. This is our hostess, Mrs. ——."

There are occasions when a man longs for the return of the age of miracles, and Mr. ——, however earnestly, prayed in vain for the floor to open and swallow him.

* * *

Among the paintings hanging in the Press clubrooms is the "Montezuma Landscape" by Tavernier. How admirable a picture it is the *cognoscenti* know best. In Irving M. Scott's collection it is one of the most notable canvases. To the story-tellers who play poker in the club it recalls numberless reminiscences of the gifted but eccentric Jules, but the majority are thrice-told tales. There is one that I believe has not been in type. Before Tavernier contracted his love for Mauna Loa's crater he had some dealings with Edward Deakin, then in the art business, which resulted in the accumulations of notes and I O U's to the value of $1700 in the latter's hands. Whether a disease or merely a weakness, Jules most striking characteristic was a detestation of work. If he could but be made to settle down, discharging his obligations was mere child's play.

* * *

He went to Honolulu leaving behind him a host of repining creditors — among them Deakin, who, on the day of Jules' departure, bade farewell both to his friend and his money. Time rolled on. One day Nat Brittain, who besides being a capitalist is also a bohemian, dropped into Deakin's place and asked him for the notes.

"I'm going to Honolulu and will see Tavernier" he said, "suppose you let me assume his indebtedness, and I will frighten him and perhaps make him work." A check was passed, the miscellaneous collection of securities turned over, and Nat set out intending to flourish the notes in Jules' face, and by their agency compel him to resume painting. After starting him again, he generously proposed to relieve his mind by presenting him with the securities.

Alas, for the best laid schemes of mice and men—the first sad news he received on landing in Honolulu was that Tavernier had passed away.

* * *

IT IS WITH MUCH REGRET that I note how a loathed contemporary knocks the romance out of Helen Hunt's novel "Ramona." The iconoclastic gentleman has been at considerable expense of time and labor to discover the original of Mrs. Jackson's Indians, and has learned that they were really no better than they should be; as they are still alive, I am of the opinion that they are much worse than they could be. Ramona, the beautiful Indian girl, he says, is fat and flabby; her virtue has gone with her lines of beauty; her poetical

language has been forgot, and she is sunk in sin. Alessandro, her husband, is said to have been a degraded aborigine, whose business was horse-stealing, whose enjoyment consisted in consuming quantities of fire-water, and who was properly killed for neglecting to pay for a horse he took from a white man's ranch.

* * *

At this date, these facts are of the utmost importance; a belief existed that the characters of "Ramona" were photographs from nature; that Helen Hunt Jackson just sat under the umbrageous trees in the Hermet Valley, and wrote down what she saw and heard; that the sweetest imagination that ever lighted the pages of a pure love story had no play in this charming tale; and that the writer was a species of phonograph. If these ideas had been allowed to grow I do not know how many idiots would have achieved maturity on them. The thanks of the mentally unfit and the intellectually undone are due the person who discovered the facts in the case. For myself, I'll live on the fruits of mayhem if I think he has ever got nearer Art than the moat that surrounds it, and which is filled with heaps of rotting, putrid facts.

* * *

Charley Peters has gone hence with his pretty wife, and Bohemians of all grades are sad over his departure. Now that he is no longer with us it is no harm to tell of his good luck and John Luning's gratitude. In the olden days when Nick Luning was alive he did not manifest towards his son that tenderness or consideration that one is led to regard as the correct paternal thing. In fact young Luning was made to work very hard for a mere pittance, and when he resisted he was almost turned out of doors. Peters and Luning were very great friends, and whenever John had a particularly vigorous row with old Nicholas, he used to seek refuge and sympathy from Charley. Whenever the latter had any money to spare he made no bones about letting John have a share of it and so they became closer than ordinary friends.

* * *

When John Luning came into a million or so and a huge income, he determined to reciprocate. The story goes that on the day of Charley Peter's marriage, he gave him a check for $10,000, and Mrs. Peters a similar document for $2000. Besides, he insisted on reserving for the happy pair a drawing-room in a Pullman car, besides the bridal chamber in one of the Hamburg Bremen steamers. Those who know Peters best believe there is a great future in store for him. He possesses genuine talent and when he gets steadily to work he will probably achieve a first-class reputation. During the years he is in Paris, Luning will allow him an income of $250 per month, which will more than suffice for his wants. So it does seem that rich men are grateful.

The Witness.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Quite a "hurrah" has been raised by Stockton agents, and their principals in San Francisco as well, over the proposed "Big Ten Combine" in the first-named city. Articles of Incorporation have been issued to the "Stockton Investment Company," which organized with a cash capital of $250,000, held entirely by ten gentlemen resident of Stockton, almost controlling the property interests of that city. One of the objects named in the Articles of Incorporation is that of insurance. Mr. J. M. Welsh, who handles the Crown Mills and warehouses, is President. Mr. I. S. Bostwick, controlling the Miller warehouse and large insurances by the farmers, is Vice-President; Mr. H. H. Hewlett, of the First National Bank, who controls considerable business, is Treasurer, while Mr. Lyndall Miller, who has been engaged in winding up the affairs of the defunct Alta, is the Secretary. It is mooted that the Combine will secure the services of a prominent counter man, at present employed by a large General Agency in this city, as General Manager of the Investment Company.

The Pacific Insurance Union issues a circular, forbidding the appointment of the Combine, or any employee or member thereof, as a violation of the Constitution regarding rebates to the insured, and this is the why and wherefore of the "hurrah." It is claimed by many of the underwriters that such an appointment is as legitimate as the appointment of banks and their employees, or the servants of other corporations who receive the benefits and profits of the business. All this scheming to save the outgo is due to the excessive commissions paid at excepted points for business, and when same are reduced to a proper level, the Union or its members will not be troubled with combinations to save the acknowledged waste in the direction of extravagant compensation paid agents, especially at the larger points.

* * *

All the Hartford companies, for the new year, show diminished net surpluses (notwithstanding improvements in value of their investments) as a result of last year's ordeal! Here are the figures:

Phœnix	$182,619
Ætna	140,637
Hartford	59,991
National	35,122
Orient	27,160
Connecticut	18,475
Total	$464,004

* * *

The Fireman's Fund is the first of the locals to file its statement, and in view of the fact that 1891 was the most fiery experience underwriters doing a general business have encountered since 1871, an addition of $60,000 to its net surplus, and $90,000 to its assets speaks volumes for the management and is a phenomenal showing at a phenomenal time.

* * *

Chief Secretary Robert Lewis, of the Alliance, after a stay in San Francisco of a fortnight sailed for Australia on the eleventh inst. While here the "finishing touches" were given the Union deal which practically ends the twenty-seven years of its existence, as all its assets are absorbed by the Alliance, and the policies of the latter are now alone issued from the Alliance building. The Company has made a deposit with the Treasurer of the State of Oregon of $250,000 for the benefit of the United States policy holders.

* * *

Well, the State Investment has had its annual with the following election of officers and directors: George L. Brander, President; Charles H. Cushing, Vice-President; Charles M. Blair, Secretary; J. B. Mackie, Special Agent; J. H. Wallace, Clerk; B. Ackerman, Agent, New York; C. A. Van Anden, Agent, Chicago. Further deponent saith not!

* * *

Under the bold head lines of Facts and Figures, the *Daily News*, of Alameda, pitches into the Palatine without gloves and exposes a net surplus of that Company, amounting to only $19,807 and urges an investigation. The article next vents itself against all "foreigners" doing business in California without having first made a United States deposit. It savors very much of the old time literary style of Robert Handsome.

* * *

General Agent W. J. Landers has left for New York and will probably put a quietus on the Coast Review after consultation with his chiefs.

* * *

Mr. C. F. Mullins, Manager of the Commercial Union, has returned from Honolulu, and is keeping a falcon eye on renewals, agents, competitors, and the Union.

* * *

Manager Alfred Stillman, of the Orient, is *en route* to New New York *via* Panama.

* * *

A. A. Snyder, well-known over the Coast as an expert building appraiser, died in this city on the morning of the twelfth inst. Mr. Snyder was seventy-seven years of age at the time of his death, and he was probably the best known and most successful adjuster of building losses on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

George Mel, formerly of the State Investment, has resigned his position with that Company and taken office with Muecke & Co., Agents of the Svea of Gothenburg, No. 319 California Street. Mr. Mel has seen thirty years of service with several offices and in almost every capacity. LOCAL.

MEMORIES.

I found, as I sat one evening,
'Tween the leaves of a Bible old.
A tiny, faded arbutus
Bound by a wisp of gold.
When I raised it in my fingers,
The petals fell apart,
As if they had been severed
By an unseen fairy's dart.
As I gaze on the scentless blossom,
Faded memories rise,
And the tear-drops gather slowly
Into my tired eyes.
But I laid it gently back, once more,
In its place, undisturbed for years,
And I fancy it almost revived again
In the shower of my tears.

LOUISE HORTON.

FRIENDS.

Let us be friends: we may not now be more;
Your silent glances make but poor amends
For all my pain. Speak as you did before—
Let us be friends.

Love to my heart its fire no longer lends,
'Tis chilled and hardened to its very core:
No quickening beat your presence now attends.

Yet would I not forget the joys of yore;
And now that fate has worked its cruel ends,
Shake hands and smile; for my sake, I implore.
Let us be friends.—*Sam Wood.*

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY,
205 KEARNY STREET,
R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

The Central Milling Co.,

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully recommend your "Drifted Snow Flour" as being the whitest and best family flour we have ever used.

Yours,
R. BECK & CO.,
Vienna Model Bakery.

The Wave

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San Francisco, January 16, 1892.

MARTIN KELLY'S LIBEL SUIT.

The libel suit commenced by Boss Martin Kelly against the *Examiner*, and the desperate determination of Fire Commissioner Ames to investigate the theft of a fire engine from the corporation yard, are suspiciously contemporaneous. One of two things is evident. Either the newspaper has got hold of the wrong Kelly in this matter, or the theft has been so thoroughly concealed that Ames is certain his investigation will result in exculpating the boss. A mistake in the Kelly is not unlikely. There are scores of Kellys in the Fire Department as well as on the police force, in the State Department, and in all the public offices. But suppose it turns out that Martin Kelly did not steal a fire engine from the corporation yard? What right has he to invoke the law against any one who says so, and demand $75,000 damages?

It is quite certain that Martin Kelly's reputation could not suffer from anything that might be said of it. He has been arrested for swindling once, and twice indicted by Grand Juries, and if justice was done, the Lord only knows where he would be at the present moment. He might be breaking rock at Folsom. Indeed, it is sublimely impudent for a man who has as little respect for the law as Martin Kelly to resort to it for any purpose. It is more; it is an insult to the law, and if I were the judge before whom he appeared with his suit, I should commit him for contempt.

The introduction of the libel suit as one of the weapons of bossism is, however, an interesting innovation. It is the second time Martin has resorted to this method of silencing his critics. Last year he sued my esteemed contemporary, the *Report*, under almost similar circumstances. His damages in that case were set at $50,000. Evidently he considers his "reputation" of great value.

On the whole, perhaps, his departure from the stolid policy of his distinguished predecessors, Mannix, Brady, Fritz, Buckley, Rainey, and Higgins may not be without result. Once in Court, we will have him where his hirsute material is sparse. It can easily be proved, I think, that Martin carries a set of asbestos gloves. It is quite rare that he tackles anything as cool as a fire engine.

If the baseball championship of the Coast had been decided at Haight Street on Sunday without a row, I should have withdrawn my patronage of the game during the coming season. A championship contest without a fight at the wind-up would really be a public imposition. By-the-way, the managers who work up this battle at the end of every season for the edification of the public might give us a few black eyes and a little blood occasionally. Hot words are becoming commonplace.

A COMPETING RAILROAD.

The able editors who write so much about a competing railroad, and who seem to think that it will ameliorate all our alleged commercial woes, lose sight of the fact that railroad enterprises like all other enterprises in which a large amount of capital is invested, are compelled to pay interest. It is immaterial who builds a competing line to San Francisco. The men who furnish the money will demand their interest, just as the stockholders of the present roads demand theirs. If the merchants of this city were to build and control a line themselves and were sufficiently idiotic to operate it at a loss in order to benefit their fellow creatures, perhaps a competing road would actually compete; but as the merchants of this city have never been remarkable for losing their capital in such schemes, the idea may be dismissed as absurd.

A competing road under any other conditions would not compete. If it did not violate a cardinal principle of business, it would, immediately after completion, enter a pool with the others and divide the business. Unless it did this it could be relied on soon to enter bankruptcy. The effect of such a pool could not fail to be disastrous. A division of the business would bring higher freight rates. Higher rates would be a necessity to meet the inexorable interest to which I have already referred. This competing railroad idea, then, resolves itself down to the contemplation of six or some other per cent on fifty or sixty millions of dollars. The real question it seems to me is this: Is there any route to Missouri River points over which the grades are easier and the distance shorter than those now traversed by the three lines that come to San Francisco? If there is, a road might be operated over it cheaper than the others, and thus be enabled to carry freight at lower rates. Many eminent engineers have declared that there is no such route, and that is enough for me. I shall put none of my money into a competing railroad.

The testimony taken by Judge Advocate General Remy at Vallejo proves conclusively that the Chileans were moved by national prejudice when they pounced upon the sailors of the "Baltimore" and polished them off. It may be said that some of the Americans who were assaulted had brogues and were variously French, Irish, African, Italian, and German, but in order to make our blood boil with indignation it is only necessary to reflect that they wore the uniform of the United States. My blood may be hotter than that of the average citizen, but if Uncle Sam does not thrash this arrogant little republic into an abject apology and indemnification, I shall file an application with Liliokalani to become a Sandwich Islander.

OUR CLIMATIC EXHIBIT.

If the delegates to the International League of Press Clubs manage to survive the hospitalities that are being extended to them by the local Press Club and our citizens, on their return home they will have experienced within the space of two weeks about all the climates on earth. On Monday and Tuesday they crossed the Sierras, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. On Wednesday they visited an orange fair at Auburn, under a warm and generous sun. On the same evening they reached San Francisco, and inhaled the crisp salt sea air of the Pacific. To-day they visit Palo Alto and Monterey, where the violets and camellias are already in bloom, and before the end of next week they will pass through the beautiful orange groves of the South, where frost is practically unknown.

Lest these gentlemen and ladies may depart with the impression that what they have experienced and are to experience is all the climate we possess, I wish to remark that at Monterey it is nearly as cool in July and August as at this moment, and that in San Francisco the hottest days of summer rarely send the thermometer above eighty degrees. This is something winter visitors to the Coast cannot understand. How warm Decembers can be followed by anything except blistering Julys is not according to the accepted rules of climate. The modification in our case is, of course, due to the cool northwest breeze which blows off the ocean constantly during the summer months.

The falling out of Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly will be regretted by all lovers of the drama. A great many mean things may be said of Mr. Daly, but there is no gainsaying the fact that he knows how to steal a play better than any living dramatist. And as for Miss Rehan, she is the most talented comedienne in the world to-day. It is a pity that Daly is no longer to commit literary larceny for the development of her genius and the delight of the public.

* * *

The religious theory of Bob Sims, the Alabama outlaw, who was lynched last week, that the devil is in possession of the Government, and it is right to defy the constituted authorities, does not prove him to be a fanatic by any means. If the Evil One is not in possession of some portions of this Government, both locally and Nationally, then he must have several near relatives who strongly resemble him in person and methods.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—However excellent my intentions, you must admit I am subject to publishers. You complain I am giving you no books worth the reading. I reply, there are none being produced. For two weeks past I have scoured the stores and found nothing—nothing new, at least—and I am told there is a strong prejudice against comments on novels that everyone ought to have read. So you will please be content with a very little—a few thin, tiny volumes that, under ordinary circumstances, I would hardly regard as worthy of consideration.

One of them is a San Francisco production, "A Crown of Thorns," by Flora Haines Longhead—not new. The *Argonaut*, I imagine, gave it to the world first. It tells of the sale of white children to Chinese, and the scene is laid in the dingy rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The gathered matrons, fashionably interested in charity, the foundling asylum persons, the officers of the Society are sketched in for a background. Two figures stand out, David Chase and Olive Ainsworth—he a briefless lawyer, with a fine face; she a Society belle, languid, *blasé*, beautiful.

The manner of their coming together is reamatic, though the suggestion is quite the reverse of moral. Indeed, I don't quite see how I can convey to you the episode in a very few words—it is difficult to be both brief and delicate. After reading the story I think you will agree with me that Miss Ainsworth's sacrifice was quite uncalled for. One cannot deny the nobility of her acknowledgement, but one must reflect the consequences were not her's alone. She had parents whose honor was her's as her disgrace was theirs. One may reply she acted under the impulse of the deepest feeling of a woman's heart—maternity. But in so doing she admitted the commission of the deadliest sin in the Code of Conventionality. Virtue, as you have frequently told me, is its own reward—vice its own punishment. Considering the truculent attitude of the first towards the second, it is the best policy to confess nothing. The other story, "Adam and Eve," is too commonplace to call for criticism.

From the burden of weighty social problems relieve your mind by reading the piquant, graceful verses of William Bard McVickor "Lays of a Lawyer." It is such a dainty, pretty little volume—one would buy it for the cover alone—a species of tartan—quite a novelty in binding. Mr. McVickor writes for *Puck* and *Life* those sweet little poems half comic, half sentimental, that are occasionally so charming. Sometimes one is entrapped into reading a tender love poem to find the conclusion a catch, a drop from the sublime to the ridiculous. One must be born with a gift for writing this species of verse. However, turn over the pages and read a captivating little poem, "Her Parasol." After that try "A Cup of Tea," "Cheeky," "April Fool," the inclination to transcribe the index is almost irresistible. If you are in an ill humor on page one, I am positive you will read the concluding lines with a laugh. I did.

Are you a votary of Mrs. Oliphant? Here is a book of hers, a monumental work called "The Railway Man and His Children." There are nearly 500 pages of it, and it belongs to the type of fiction that some one has spoken of as good roast beef. If you are really at a loss for aught to pass the time, have days that must be spent undisturbed by a solitary flutter of excitement, you can do nothing better than to wade laboriously through this novel. It is written according to the three volume recipe, not one of the characters entertains a feeling or has a thought the pedigree and the evolution of which are not given at length. One's imagination may be disattached, it is not called into action. And yet no one can question the quality of the analysis, the technical value of the portraits. The prose has that firmness, the descriptions that closeness which marks superior workmanship. It is positive the Railwayman does not rise over a certain height, but it does not sink below a certain level.

General N. P. Chipman, whom you have doubtless heard of—an eminently excellent man with a conscience of the finest quality, a venerable appearance, and an ambition to be Governor—has delivered himself of a book. It is called "The Horrors of Andersonville Rebel Prison," and it depicts the "awful sufferings of thousands of Union soldiers confined there." Being a very good man, and a prominent factor in the trial of Henry Wirz, Mr. Chipman feels called on to perpetuate the controversies of the war. It does not seem to me, however, Andersonville was much worse than any other prison—nor that the South was in the financial condition that enables the provision of penelogical luxuries. That is my ignorance, I suppose. Mr. Chipman adduces the evidence, sums up and down, right and left, and clearly exhibits as a fiend in human form the arch-rebel Jefferson Davis. Should you at any time desire a revelation in depravity—a striking instance of the utter disreputableness of a single individual, obtain admission, if you can, to a Grand Army Post about the moment General This or Colonel That—commissary officers of course—is discanting on the ineffable badness of Jeff Davis. After it, you will believe Satan by Milton quite an estimable personage.

I am looking forward to some few notable books. Ambrose Bierce will publish his volume of short stories very soon. It contains nothing his admirers have not read, but he has revised with the greatest care, and made changes that alter the complexion of several of the stronger stories. I anticipate for this book a great success, that it will give the author the position he should have among the writers of the world. His work has a value distinct from complexity of plot, from the startling situations, the dramatic climaxes he so artistically arranges. Their verbal excellence alone would secure one's attention. A new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is soon to appear—the good lady who wrote "Robert Elsmere" which you assured me you wouldn't read because every one else had. Oscar Wilde, you may remember, compares it to Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" with the literature left out. I trust she has eschewed theology, for of all tedious subjects it is the easiest to be prosy about.

ORACLE, K. B.

The auction sale of Dr. M. W. Hicks' standard mares, fillies and colts, promises to be an equine event of the first magnitude. Dr. Hicks is a breeder of skill and discretion, who has produced some very remarkable horses. This sale takes place at Killip & Co.'s salesyard, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Market Street, on Wednesday, January 27th. Those who are interested in horses should not fail to attend.

The San Bernardino *Courier* prints the following: "Since the elevation of Steve B. Elkins, the cattle king, to the portfolio of war, we suppose that in case of a scrimmage with Chile the American army will be armed with riatas to give Steve the advantage of the McKinley bill."

BY THE WAY.

THE DISPATCHES will state this morning that young Barrios has been defeated in Guatemala for the Presidency. The opposition to the General must have been much stronger than those at this distance believed it was, as from private advices I learn that the vote against him was very large. Barrios' campaign was conducted almost entirely from this city. Here were printed his pronunciamentos, addresses, letters, his preliminary notices to voters, and his tickets. On the advice of friends his arrival in Guatemala was so timed that the enthusiasm occasioned by it would continue over the election.

* * *

It seems that his opponents were as anxious as his friends to have him follow this programme; and the President must have been kept busy in his efforts to stand on both sides of the fence. Barrios himself never doubted the certainty of his election; and as I was of the opinion that it was merely a matter of money, I thought he was as safe as chosen. It is to be regretted that he has been defeated; while not of very remarkably strong characteristics, yet he is aggressive and progressive, and would have given Guatemala a splendid administration.

* * *

Something of an event is to take place on the tenth of February at the Grand Opera House, in the shape of a grand concert for the benefit of the Fabiola Hospital. Mandolins, guitars, and bandurrias to the number of 150, made up of the Sketch Club, Los Banduristas, Chabot Guitar Club, Miss Mee's Mandolin Club, and others representing Society in Oakland as well, will unite under Jose Sancho, the best of leaders, to give a monster programme. Added to the musical attractions will be the distinctions of beauty and Society. Mrs. Réme Chabot, Mrs. Hinckley, Mrs. Wetherbee, and Mrs. Wheaton are the promoters and patronesses. Mrs. Mary Wyman-Williams and Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan are expected to assist.

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MUSIC.

THE SHERWOOD RECITAL.

Last Tuesday evening the musicians of San Francisco were treated to the public insult of their lives. Amateurs and professionals were indulged with an exhibition of Lilliput arrogance sufficient to qualify even faultless efforts. Pianists, piano teachers, and numbers of our instrumentalists whose knowledge of the literature for the piano is the result of years of study with many of them in Europe as well as in America, were stood in the corner, plied with dunces' caps and refused even the cognizance of the musical alphabet, while William H. Sherwood stuttered, sputtered, and gurgled innocent of Queen's English or insight, like the impotent self-conscious grannies of the old school. This was probably Mr. Sherwood's way of fulfilling the promise of his opening sentence and the greatness thrust upon him by himself, but to do the audience credit, the reception granted was becomingly stilly and chilly. The lightning flashes of criticism playing so giddily and with such zig-zag incertitude upon the poor composers, touched to ecstasy the acme of the baldest commonplaces. The flight of imagination into realms of the exquisite over Chopin's Ballade in *A flat* was attended with a shower of javelins of expression; and the brilliant word picture telling the unimaginable story of the lily maid strange enough to have a lover "of the opposite sex," to quote from the oratory, was nearly great. Beethoven, in his Sonata *Op. 111*, was eulogized, the phrases would have fitted a reproach better. Lectured, admonished, and exhorted the audience was "sat upon" with a flutter of delighted self-consciousness by the pianist. Mr. Sherwood evidently considered a San Francisco auditorium the place to fitly exhibit the utmost limits of bad taste.

Nerve and muscle have been educated in Mr. Sherwood's case to the point where the exercise of free will is possible. Allowing for the strain of teaching, and the time devoured by that *metier*, Mr. Sherwood has acquired an absolute technique. The teaching side of Mr. Sherwood is unpleasant, and accounts for his aberrations in speech, but Chicago, blessed with Amy Fay as head of the teacher and teaching mania, has probably unduly developed this idiosyncrasy. Of the tone produced by this pianist, syllabic melody brings its best quality to light. Produced with the loose, though firm, texture of muscle from the finger throughout the torso, it carries full and fluent vibration. In passages of rapid scale and figure, the dynamic is not often untrue, and the performance falls below pitch. In playing the Wagner-Brassin "Feuer Zauber," from "Die Walküre," the only number given with true musical intensity, the tone values were most nearly realized. The commonplaces of phrasing and articulation are, in a pianist of Mr. Sherwood's standing, of course, faithfully given.

Though the public is not familiar with Beethoven's Sonata in *C Minor, Op. 111*, pianists are sufficiently familiar with it to take Mr. Sherwood's confession of faith in it as the greatest of works for the piano by the Seer of Bonn with due deliberation. The *Appassionata, Waldstein*, and *Op. 106* have variously been given the palm. Any of them will compare to the disadvantage of the *Op. 111* for heroic elevation in a movement at least, and other sonatas will be more freely felt as complete organisms. Mr. Sherwood's playing of the Sonata raised the question whether the use of pedals is a purely artistic advantage in Beethoven. In lifting out the melody the *raison d'etre* of the open pedal can be easily seen and understood, but with the *piano* passages it detracts from the purity of the tone, and spreads a veil incompatible with the sense of clear-cut delicacy borne in mind with classic works. Power, simplicity, and large emotional subtlety are given to one player in generations, and only once in a lifetime can the devout hope for the ideal playing of Beethoven.

So much ductile, muscular work was given, and that of the finest, that Mr. Sherwood ranks high among visiting pianists. Gottschalk's overblown *Fermolo* study, the Liszt Campanilla, and Faust Waltz, were all unusual feats. A shake, sustained with true poise of nerve and ligament in the Sonata, was the most rare and legitimate of the pianist's effects. In Chopin's Ballads, the "divine coquetrie," as Liszt has it, made no sign on the surface of the performance, and several lapses from lyrical sentiment traced the performance of Raff's "La Fileuse." Unfortunately this pianist has a talent which does not fit with his personality; and, in conclusion, it may be said, we have heard better pianists, but few worse speakers.

SUNDAY MUSICAL AFTERNOON.

Beethoven's String Quartette *No. 12 in E flat, Op. 127*, played by the Herman Brandt Quartette and a repetition of Dvorak's interesting Quintette for piano and strings gave, food for reflection to our chamber concert-goers. No contest could be more sharp than the classic and modern work made, and the audience declared itself for the electric quality of the Slavish composer's work. The calm intensity of the Quartette touched the noble sentiment so seldom missing in Beethoven, both performances were sufficiently acceptable, Miss Ada Weigel taking the piano in the Quintette. Miss Florence Fletcher gave two movements, the *andante* and *finale* from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Intonation of extreme purity and good technical aplomb were the best points in the performance. Limited emotion and deficience in bringing up the climax may have been caused by embarrassment. Miss Fletcher is possessed of grace and an interesting personality, and promises much in the future. Miss Weigel's accompanying was adequate.

Lesley Martin

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

This is the sort of talk that tells. *The Central Californian* says: "The association of Press Clubs will arrive in Fresno, January 20th, and remain one day for the purpose of viewing our city and the colonies adjacent. Every courtesy should be extended to the visitors, as friendship to the leading newspapermen of the country will redound to the benefit of our city and county. Let us unite in giving cause for every one of them to remember Fresno and Fresno people with pleasure."

Sam Davis, speaking of his splendid Christmas issue of the *Appeal*, says: "In pursuance of our favorite policy of home production we have presented our readers with a Christmas story manufactured (out of whole cloth) in the *Appeal* office, not being obliged to have it written by some New York Syndicate concern, as is the custom with our contemporaries."

This, from New York *Truth*, is very depressing: "I read with alarm in the accounts of the Patriarchs' Ball that 'over 400 were present.' Can this mean that some of those vulgar Western millionaires have secured recognition at last?"

The Alameda *Lantern*, which shines for all remarks: "An exchange says the red-haired girl is now the fashion. Meanwhile the blondes and brunetts of this town of pretty girls have not forgot how to be charming."

A MADMAN'S MONOGRAPH.

Here is the manuscript as I found it lying in the gutter. It was written in pencil, carefully at first, then in a wild, scrawling tremulousness. Who the unfortunate may be that wrote it, I have never discovered. There was no signature. Only this:

I am drunk.

My pen, as I write, fairly flies over the paper, and my thoughts flood like the winter torrents. For I know that I have only a little while in which to tell this stupendous truth, this revelation that will shake the entire scientific world.

I do not know who will find this scrawl. But I must write while the ecstasy of drink is upon me, and while—I am sane.

For I am sane now. Yes, as sane as any one of you, whoever you may be that read this. And I am sane—because I am drunk.

Only now, in these brief moments, when the glorious God of Drink has cast his spell over me, do I realize that I am a maniac at all other times. Now the insanity of my daily life comes home to me; I see clearly why all my relations and friends shake their heads about me, and talk of confining me in some safe, quiet place. I know now—oh what a terrible knowledge!—that I am a hopeless lunatic. Not violent, perhaps, but still incurable. No, not quite that, incurable unless—

Yes, that is it; unless I can find drink wherewith to dispel the clouds that film my mind. Gradually, then, as I drink, the dread octopus of madness uncoils his tentacles, my brain throbs with clear understanding, and—I am sane. You would only call it being drunk; I know that it is access of sanity.

And to think that they call it the Demon of Drink; speak of drunken madness, crazed with drink, and all that! Bah, how blind! For not all of your clever specialists, none of your most careful nurses and your quietest asylums can do for a madman what this glorious liquor can do—restore him to sanity.

My name—how sweet it is to think of this—will go down to history as one of the greatest benefactors of the race. A madman who discovered a life secret! A lunatic who told how to break his brethren's bonds. For I feel certain that this hasty scrawl will be found.

It *must* be found. But it must be completed also, and for that I must hasten. For already I feel the effects of the drink leaving me, and—oh horror!—there is no more liquor left.

This is the awful part of my revelation. To regain complete sanity, One Must Be Drunk All The Time.

Otherwise—as now with me—when the drink dies, so does sanity.

I think—that is all. I should like to describe my feelings as I regain and lose my reason, but I fear there is hardly time. And yet they are wonderful feelings. Now, for instance, as the fumes of drink lift, I feel—

Now, why does the Queen of England forever sit on my left shoulder? I am sure I never wanted her to. She says that— What am I writing? I wanted to describe— There she sits and leers at me with her crown on her ear— Oh, my God, this is going out to the world, and I cannot sign it; I have forgotten my own name. Ha! Ha! Of course, the Queen can do no wrong. And I am the Prince of Wales. So, if you choose to sit on my shoulder—

Ha, ha, ha! My crown is on her head, but some day I shall kill her and wear it.

Some—day—I—the—prince—ha, ha, ha!

J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

REFORMED UNDERWEAR.

When memory conjures up a vision of the chemise as worn by our grandmothers, and those awful pantalets, narrow and straight which reached to the ankles, one feels like offering up thanks for the initiation and continuation of dress reform. There may be great diversity of opinion as to art gowns and corsetless figures, but no one in their right mind can have two opinions in regard to emancipated lingerie. Fancy any woman facing her mirror in heavy unbleached muslin underwear, innocent of any adornment, and made by hand!

The upper garment was known to the world as a "shift" and was a model of ugliness and discomfort. It was cut sacque fashion, sleeves and all together, and had a bias seam under each arm which hung in a long point after the first washing. It seldom reached the knees, and was finished with a narrow hem. The sleeves came down to the elbow and were usually cut on a selvedge so there was no hemming required. This, of course, was the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic garment.

The reign of the Empire and Josephine gown brought out a Frenchified shift which could justly lay some claims to beauty. It was made of linen or modernized muslin, bleached as white as the driven snow and either trimmed with hand-made embroidery, fancy stitching or home-made lace. The round puffed sleeves of the Empire were utilized and then came a long reign of gussets. Miss Prue taught Miss Belinda how to put in those useful little squares, just under the arm to prevent tearing the sleeve out when the arm was raised, and lastly how to vary the monotony of round neck finish by means of four triangular gussets set on each side of the sleeve, two on each side, back and front. The deadly bias seam under the arm was greatly improved by sewing a straight and gored seam together, and locomotion gained a signal triumph when extra fullness was allowed in the body of the garment, although the bulky gathers around the waist line doubtless added much to the horror of producing a wasp waist.

For more than a hundred years this garment held sway and it finally became universally recognized by its French name, chemise. In all these years it underwent slight variations and gradually began to lengthen as the pantalets grew shorter and wider. This carries us through antibellum days, and well into the last decade when some bold and adventuresome spirit not only put a ruffle on the bottom of her chemise, but had the audacity to trim it with lace! This outrageous conduct soon reached the ears of the Dorcas societies and the battle began. Long and fierce it raged and I can well remember a time when no woman who valued her good name would allow such a garment in her wardrobe. Lace on the bottom of her chemise? No, indeed.

I have never been quite sure whether it was the sewing machine and its possibilities in tucks and ruffles, or the innate desire in woman to do something wicked, which won the day for the long, elaborately-trimmed, and altogether delightful, up-to-date chemise. It may be that the seductive charms of mull, Valenciennes, and India silk had something to do with the evolution, but, be that as it may, the glorified chemise has strutted its day, and is now being relegated by the insinuating manners and sensible habits of the combination suits, which threaten total annihilation to upper as well as lower undergarments.

Hosiery dates back to the reign of "Good Queen Bess," one of whose courtiers declared that the Queen had no legs, when the inventor of the stocking ventured to ask him to present Her Majesty with a pair. History is silent as to the final adoption and universal use of stockings, nor are we much better informed as to how they have reached their present state of perfection. Suffice it to say that the pantalets found them a remorseless and deadly foe, and that there are are not enough ill-natured tongues in Christendom to prevent the hosiery known to the stage as tights from superseding every other nethergarment.

Who that has ever enjoyed the freedom and ease of walking in these extended hose would ever relapse into the barbarism of division again? The combination suit, especially in standard black silk, is simply perfect, and a wise woman will not wear more than one petticoat, and that of light weight. To insure sufficient warmth, she has recourse to the jersey knickerbockers made originally for bicycle and gymnasium wear, and the elegante has her glacé silk skirt fastened to the same band as her dress. This prevents bulkiness at the waist line, and is not more expensive than the cambric skirt and chemise which must be made by the dozen and eternally laundried. A silk skirt for each dress, matching in color and handsomely trimmed, is in better taste and is really more comfortable. High-necked and long-sleeved for those whose health and well-being require them, and dainty colored ribbons for those who can wear the sleeveless and *decollete*, are the most approved substitutes for either the silk or linen chemise, but there is something so nice about these dainty confections that most women prefer to retain them for house wear. Soft, clinging textures, delicate colorings, and lacy undergarments are well nigh irresistible, but they are not practicable for general use. It seems fit and proper that the silk-lined tailor-made gown should be worn over combination underclothes, but the evening toilette and house gown demands something more frivolous.

Reform vestments suggest taking life seriously, while the lacy nothings persuade us that life is a joke which applies wholly to some other lot or station, and, after all,

> "This is not so bad a world
> As folks would like to make it,
> But whether good or whether bad,
> Depends on how we take it."

And this also applies to our lingerie, its uses, abuses, and reforms.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

Savarin, the epicure, always said, "Tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what kind of a man he is," and the same trite saying applies equally well to women. Not alone must she run the gauntlet of lorgnetted wall flowers who cooly pick her social bones and take stock of her points as if she were a racer, but the Ward McAllisters, "real and would-be," mercilessly scrutinize her choice of viands, while the female McAllisters note her every movement and manner of eating.

To err proclaims one's self, and there is no feminine charm which compensates a man of the world for a lack of appreciation of his efforts in this line. He may be mightily pleased with her personality, wit, and beauty, but before he takes her to his heart he wants to see her eat. He must be not only exceptionally well-bred, but must be a conscientious Christian not to utterly despise, if he does not pity, her ignorance of the delights of the table.

It is a relic of Puritan days and the unconscious influence of Blue Laws which makes over-scrupulous people look upon the appetite as something to be ashamed of, and under no circumstances to be indulged. These poor, misguided souls barely eat to live and look as if they were doing penance when they are at table. Others, again, have no time to eat, while a large majority of women do not know how to eat. They have no idea of the relative value of food, and their palates are as uncultivated as a savage. This is particularly true of Americans, because we are the poorest cooks in the world, and at least one-half of the native born partake of no meal during the day that could be dignified by the name of dinner. These people never dine, they bolt whatever is set before them at six o'clock and hurry away from the dining-room as if they were afraid of infection.

Unfortunately there is a large class of women who resent knowledge as a sort of personal offense, and they are prone to question not only the motives and judgment of their less conservative sisters, but they are very apt to suspect her morals. The age is still sex-mad, and I have no hope of living long enough to see questions concerning women discussed or considered by the masses independent of personality. To attempt an innovation or an improvement upon the stupid and inane practices which conventionality has foisted upon the world under the despotic sway of good form, still brands one as a thing to be suspected if not wholly shunned. Miss Prue still considers eating a vulgar habit and she is determined not to learn that there are virtues in toothsome indulgences.

On the other hand, how refreshing is the woman who has a good, healthy appetite, and who knows how to order and to eat a good dinner. Man delights in her, whether she be the goddess of his fireside, or simply known and valued as a friend. She has a much longer lease on life, and her claims to beauty depend largely upon her gastronomic habits. Defective nutrition opens up a vista of nervous disorders which are appalling in their inroads upon happiness and life itself, and it is safe to say that two-thirds of all ills of womankind can be traced to a defective blood and sinew.

Living in the emotions and under high pressure has much to do with our national malady, dyspepsia, but the foundation of weakened digestion can often be traced to the barbarous habit of compelling children to consume large quantities of mush. Many times their little stomachs rebel at sight of the capacious bowl, and it is a downright cruelty to compel any human being to eat what their appetite abhors. Mush and milk go on relentlessly through childhood, and when the young and growing girl is sent to boarding school she is systematically starved into womanhood. After a prolonged mental strain, and before she has fairly attained her growth, she plunges into the social whirl, and by the time she has captured a husband the crash comes and she is a physical bankrupt. She has paid out her strength faster than she has renewed it, and nature demands a settlement.

Whoever eats well has a reserve to draw upon, while the underfed are perpetual overdrafts, both in mental and physical energy, and there is no use to expect any great endeavor from them, unless, indeed, hunger makes them desperate. It is a sad commentary upon human selfishness to admit that much of the best in art has been produced solely to appease the urgent wants of the inner man. It is not any more of a reflection upon the purchaser than it is upon the producer. It is only one of the many demonstrations of the fact that a reckless disregard for each other's wants is a characteristic of both rich and poor. Verily we earn our bread by the sweat of our brows, and it is a pity that it is not always good bread, and that there is not plenty of it. In California we really have no poverty, and those in straightened circumstances suffer more from a lack of knowledge of how and what to eat than they do from a scarcity of food. Especially is this true of women.

And there is no reasonable excuse for this ignorance. There are plenty of French and Italian cooks in California and there are many French restaurants in this city which are doing noble kindergarten work in behalf of our poor stomachs. To her who would please perennially I would say, go and learn what the world considers good living. Master the intricacies of the acknowledged good things of the table, and you will soon find yourself in demand. It is very gratifying to a gentlemen to find that his efforts at table are appreciated, and a wise woman soon learns to like the dishes that he likes. And if she is careful never to let the demand upon her strength overbalance the supply of force, she will have lived wisely and well, and will never be a victim of "nerves."

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DOUBLE COUP DE GRACE.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

In an earlier article I have tried to describe the "Old Sergeant" of my native parish. In a neighboring glen which formed another parish of our local presbytery, there dwelt during my boyhood another veteran of the grand old type, that stout ex-warrior, Sergeant Davie Russell. I lived a good deal from time to time with the minister's family of the parish in which the Sergeant dwelt, and to the elderwood of which it was his pride to belong; and the manse boys of Glenvorlich used often to take me with them to visit the still stalwart veteran in his comfortable cottage under the shadow of the great mountain with the twin wens on its summit. The Sabbath evening was the time when he was best pleased to see us; and for the sake of the interesting stories which were sure to follow, we were content to endure a cross-examination in the toughest problems of the Shorter Catechism, and listen to a dissertation on the faulty tactics of Amasa, the captain of the host of Absalom, who, the Sergeant contended, would not have suffered so severe a defeat if he had posted his troops out in the open to encounter the onslaught of Joab instead of taking up a position in the heart of the wood of Ephraim. On Sundays Sergeant Davie Russell always wore his pensioner's blue coat with the red facings, the Waterloo Medal hanging by the faded crimson ribbon on its left breast, and the empty sleeve tacked to the right lapel of it. It was in the memorable battle which ended Napoleon's career that he had lost his right arm, and ever since he had enjoyed his sergeant's pension, with a trifle extra for his wound. Forty years of peace-time had no whit dulled his recollection of the old fighting days, and we boys hung on the old soldier's lips as he told us stories of his battles. Wellington was his hero. "His soul was as a sword, to leap at his accustomed leader's word;" to finish the quotation, "he knew no other lord."

He used to talk to us of the young general's calm face at Assaye, when he ordered forward the Seventy-Fourth Regiment—the sergeant's old corps—through the hurricane of Mahratta cannon fire to retrieve the mischief of the pickets' reckless advance, and how, when the Mahratta batteries had been captured with a rush, the keen tulwars of the swarthy horsemen were slashing into the disordered ranks, until in the nick of time the eagle-eyed chief sped Maxwell's light dragoons to the relief. Then he would speak of Wellington on the Busaco ridge; how, just as Loison's supple Frenchmen had climbed the steep and rugged slope, and were re-forming on the edge of the upland, he gave the word to the Scottish regiment, which advanced at the double, halted, and poured in a volley, and then, bringing the bayonets down to the charge, literally pitch-forked the Frenchmen headlong down the abrupt declivity. I think we used to like best to hear the Sergeant tell of the desperate fighting in the storming of Peninsular fortresses besieged and taken by Wellington; of "the deadly breach in Badajos's walls," when the stormers leaped down into the ditch and struggled up the steep face of the battered masonry, only to find themselves confronted by the grim tiers of sword-blades projecting from massive beams, behind which stood drawn up the staunch defenders, sweeping the ascent with their musketry fire; of the fierce storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, where George Napier lay on the slope of the breach, struck down by the wound that shattered his arm, and still as he lay waving his sword with his sound arm, and cheering on those whom his fall had for the moment caused to falter; of that strange quarter of an hour on the breach of Saint Sebastian, when the stormers, beaten back by the fire and steel of the serried defenders, lay down by order on the face of the breach, while Graham's artillery played over them on the French masses defending the crown of it, the aim so fine that one of the leading men of the prostrate stormers, rashly raising his arm, had his hand carried away by a cannon ball.

Waterloo, too, was a theme on which we used to incite the old Sergeant to enlarge; and I delight to remember, as it were yesterday, how the veteran's cheek would flush as he told of Wellington slowly riding along the line before the battle began, amid the cheering of the troops as he passed, cool and calm, as had been ever his wont in the old Peninsula days, with the high-souled confidence of success on the face of the man who had never known what it was to lose a battle. Then he would go on to tell of the advance of the massive French column up the slope on the left of La Haye Sainte, its broad front fair against Picton's weak division; how that warlike chief sat on his charger in front of the Cameron Highlanders, to which regiment the Sergeant then belonged, and vehemently damned as wretched cowards the Dutch-Belgian runaways, who fled through the firm British line; how, when he saw that the right moment had come, he shouted, "A volley, and then charge" and how, at the word, the volley sped, and the Highlanders, springing through and over the ragged hedge, struck the head of the French mass with the cold steel. It was in the hand-to-hand fight that followed, the Sergeant would recount with a jerk and twitch of his stump, that he lost his arm and gained his wound-pension; and as two comrades helped him to the rear when the French were routed, he saw Picton lying dead with a bullet-hole in his forehead.

Sergeant Russell's family consisted of twin sons, who, when I knew them, were already grown men. From childhood both had ardently looked forward to follow in their father's footsteps, and when in 1846 the country was ringing with the news of the victories of the first Sikh war—when "Moodkee," "Ferozeshah," and "Sobraon" were in every one's mouth—the brothers, then of fit age to take service, had been frantic to accept the Queen's shilling and take a share in the stirring doings. But they were entreated of their father to stay at home with him while he lived, for he was an old man and could not long survive. Filial affection constraining the lads, they reluctantly consented, and betook themselves to civilian avocations. John Russell, the elder twin, a taciturn, resolute man of strong character, became a stone mason; Aleck, the younger brother, of a lighter and less stable nature, took to the trade of a carpenter. Both were men of blameless life, and the mothers of the parish held up their mutual love to the admiration and imitation of their offspring.

But a shadow was to come between the brothers. They both fell in love, and, as ill-fortune would have it, they both fell in love with the same girl. I remember her well, a pretty, airy creature, the daughter of the petty local shopkeeper up in the throat of the glen. In her reckless waywardness she played the brothers off against each other, and a bitter jealousy supplanted the old loyal affection. They did not quarrel outright, and both still lived under their father's roof; but the elder brother glowered sullenly at the younger, and the younger would shoot galling jibes at his silent senior. The old Sergeant noticed the alienation, and took it so to heart that he fell ill, and in a few days a long straggling procession came winding down the brae to the little graveyard by the burnside, and the old soldier of the Peninsula and Waterloo was lowered into his quiet grave under the willow trees.

The brothers walked home together, drawn together again by their loss. That same evening a long silence was broken abruptly by the elder brother.

"See here, Aleck, it can never mair be wi' you an' me as it used to be. If ye win that lassie, I s'all hae murder in my heart against you; if I win her, ye'll nourish against me the hate o' hell. Suppose we agree tae lay aside thoughts o' her, heave awa' thae trowels an' plummets an' planes an' augers, an' gae to the wars as the auld man did afore us. That's the trade for us, lad; Brown Bess an' the bayonet afore gimlets an' gavels!"

The brothers shook hands on the compact, and resolved to 'list without delay. They were stirring times, those early months of 1849, when news was coming home of the outbreak of the second Sikh war, and we were reading of the glorious death of Cureton, "the fair-haired boy of the Peninsula;" of young Herbert Edwardes' ready prowess—a junior lieutenant, yet in command of an army with which he had won victories and was beleaguering Mooltan; of William Havelock's wild gallop to his death across the Ramnuggur sands, and of stout old Thackwell's stiff combat at Sadoolapore. The old Sergeant had not been buried a week when his sons were tramping over the hills to Aberdeen, where was the nearest recruiting station, and presently we heard that both had enlisted in the same regiment, a corps which was in sore need of recruits, for it had suffered terrible losses in the desperate struggle of Chillianwallah. That news would have been the last tidings of the brothers that ever reached the highland glen, but for one letter from John to the minister of the parish, written about the end of 1850. He was doing well in the regiment, being already a full corporal; but now that there was peace and idleness, Aleck had grown restless and had volunteered into another regiment, since when he had not heard of him. No word more came of, or from, either of the brothers, and as the years passed they fell out of memory.

Many years later I paid my first visit to India. The seven years of peace, after Chillianwallah and Goojerat and the annexation of the Punjaub, had been followed by the ghastly period of the great Mutiny, and now the blood of the Mutiny had been long dry. On the maidan of Cawnpore one could scarce discern the traces of the earthworks that had constituted Wheeler's intrenchment, and Marochetti's marble angel spread pitying wings over the well which had been filled to its top with our slaughtered ladies and their children. The shot-wrecked Residency of Lucknow stood, and still stands, in the condition the relieved garrison left it, a monument of that garrison's heroic constancy; but otherwise the stains of battle had been wiped from the beautiful capital of Oude, and gardens bloom where the dead had lain thick. The subalterns of Chillianwallah and Goojerat were general officers now—those whom the climate and the Mutiny had spared—and the talk in the clubs and at the mess-tables was no longer of old Gough and his "could steel," and of the "Flying General" chasing the fugitives of Goojerat into the Khyber Pass, but of Clyde and Hugh Rose and William Peel and John Nicholson.

In the course of my travels I was the guest for a week of a general officer who was kind enough to recount to me many reminiscences of his long period of soldiering in India. One of those narratives had for me a special pathetic interest, and perhaps the emotion may be in a measure shared in by the reader who shall have already accompanied me thus far. I wrote down the story the same night it was told me, when the old soldier's words were fresh in my memory.

"In the early 'Fifties," said the General, "our European troops serving in India were not in good case. In those days they were constantly quartered in the plains, the barracks were dismal, pestilential, thatched sheds, there were none of the comforts the soldier now enjoys, and in the dismal *ennui* his only resources were his canteen and the bazaar. The revulsion from the stir and variety of marching and fighting, superinduced widespread discontent, and in many instances depression intensified into actual despair. Quite an epidemic of suicide set in, and was but partially cured by Sir Charles Napier's very Irish expedient of sentencing a man to be shot who had unsuccessfully attempted to take his own life. At this time transportation to West Australia was the usual punishment in the army for the military crime of grave insubordination. So low had sunk the morale of too many of the rank and file, and so ardent was the desire for change of any kind, no matter what or where, that men deliberately laid themselves out to earn the punishment of transportation. This was not a difficult task. The soldier had only to make a blow at his superior officer—and all above him from a lance-corporal to the colonel were his superior officers—or even to throw a cap or a glove at him, to have himself charged with the offense of mutinous conduct. The *pro forma* court-martial sat; the soldier pleaded guilty; the sentence of transportation was duly 'approved and confirmed,' and presently the man was blithely on his voyage to join a chain gang at Perth or Freemantle

"This state of things was too injurious to the service to be allowed a long continuance. The Commander-in-Chief promulgated a trenchant order, denouncing in strong terms the utter subversion of discipline that seemed impending, and sternly intimating that death, and not transportation any more, should in future be the unfailing penalty for the crime of using or offering violence to a superior officer. The order was read aloud at the head of every regiment in India, but its purport did not seriously impress the troops. The men were fain to regard it in the light of what the Germans call a stroke on the water, and they did not believe that it would be actually put in force. They did not know the nature of Sir Charles Napier.

"It was in my own regiment, then quartered in Meerut, that the first offense was committed after the promulgation of the order. A young private named Creed, who had joined us in India from another regiment, one morning casually met on the parade-ground a young officer on the staff of the General, and without a word threw his cap in the face of the aid-de-camp. He was made a prisoner, and when brought before the Colonel, frankly owned that he had no ill-feeling against the officer, whom, indeed, he did not know that he had ever seen before, and his simple explanation of his conduct was that he had acted on 'a sudden impulse.' It was proved, however, that the night before the assault he had been heard to say in the canteen that he meant to 'qualify for West Australia' within the next twenty-four hours. The case was reported to the Commander-in-Chief, who directed that the prisoner should be tried by a general court-martial, the attention of which he called to his recent orders. The sentence of the court was 'death,' which his Excellency approved and confirmed. It was read to the prisoner by the Colonel, in front of the regiment, and he was informed that the sentence would be carried into execution on the morning of the next day but one.

"The night before the morning fixed for the execution there reported himself to me as having joined a non-commissioned officer whose arrival I had been expecting for some days. Wishing to remain in India he had volunteered to us from a regiment which had been quartered at Agra, and which had been ordered to return to England. He was scarcely a prepossessing-looking man, but looked every inch a good soldier, and his face indicated self-command and dauntless resolution. Standing composedly at attention, he handed he the documents connected

with his transfer and a private note from the Adjutant of the regiment he had quitted. It ran thus—

"'Sergeant Russell will hand you this note. We lose him with great regret; he will do you credit. I never have known a better non-commissioned officer. Duty to its last tittle is the man's watchword and what he lives for. I verily believe were he detailed to the duty of shooting his own brother, he would perform the service without a word of remonstrance. I own that I grudge him to you.'

"I told the newcomer that his late Adjutant had given him a high character, and that I was glad to have in the regiment a man so well recommended. He saluted silently; I detailed him to a company and told him he might go. But as he was leaving the orderly room a thought struck me and I recalled him. I knew how strong throughout the regiment was the sentiment in favor of the poor fellow who was waiting his doom; and it occurred to me that this new Sergeant, who, in the nature of things, could not be a warm sharer in this sentiment, was a fitting man to detail to the command of the firing party. I briefly explained to him the circumstances, and then told him to what duty I purposed assigning him. 'Very well, sir,' was his calm remark; 'it is an unpleasant duty, certainly, but I can understand the reason why you put it on me.' Then, telling him to apply to the regimental sergeant-major for details, I let him go.

"I need not ask you whether you have ever seen a military execution; it is the most solemn and fortunately the rarest of all our military spectacles. It was not yet daylight when all the troops of the garrison, both European and native, were on march to the great parade-ground. The regiments, as they arrived, wheeled into position, the whole forming three sides of a vast square, the dressed ranks facing inwards. The dead silence was presently broken by the roll of the drum, announcing the approach of the procession escorting the doomed man, and a moment later the head of it rounded the flank of one of the faces of the great hollow square. In effect the yet living soldier was marching in his own funeral procession, his step keeping time to the swell and cadence of his own dirge. At the head of the sombre cortege was borne the empty coffin of the man whose sands of life were running out; there followed in slow march, with arms reversed, the execution party of twelve privates and a corporal, under the command of Sergeant Russell; and then a full military band, from whose instruments there pealed and wailed alternately the Dead March in *Saul*. There was a little interval of space, and then, alone save for the Presbyterian chaplain walking beside him in his Geneva gown, and praying in low, earnest accents, marched with firm step the condemned man, his face calm, but whiter than the white cap on his head. Close behind marched, with fixed bayonets, a corporal and a file of men of the quarter-guard. Thus was constituted what, save for the central figure of it, who still lived and moved and had his being, and for the empty coffin, was in every attribute a funeral procession.

"The parade came to the 'shoulder' as the little column, wheeling to its right after clearing the flank by which it had entered the square, began its slow, solemn progress along the front of the left face. I felt the throbbing strains of the Dead March becoming actual torture to me long before the procession, moving in its measured march along the successive faces, had reached the front of the centre, where stood the regiment to which the prisoner and myself belonged. 'Steady, men!" shouted the Colonel hoarsely, as he felt rather than heard or saw the involuntary shiver that ran along the ranks as the firm, pale face slowly passed. With an upward glance at the chief, the poor fellow straightened himself and set his shoulders more square, as if he took his officer's word of command to include him also. His chum broke into noisy weeping, and a young officer swooned, but the doomed man strode steadily on, without the quiver of a muscle of his set face.

"At length the long, cruel progress was completed, and the head of the procession drew off to the centre of the unoccupied fourth face of the square; the coffin-bearers laid down their burden there and retired, and Sergeant Russell drew up his firing party into two ranks fronting toward the coffin, at a distance of about thirty paces. The band ceased its sombre music and wheeled aside. The prisoner, accompanied still by the clergyman, marched steadily up to his coffin, on which the two knelt down.

"The clergyman's ministrations were almost immediately interrupted. At a signal from the General the Judge-Advocate rode out from the staff, and, moving forward to the flank of the firing party, read in sonorous tones the warrant for the condemned soldier's execution. Universal admiration and compassion were stirred by the soldierly bearing of the man as he listened to the official authorization of his doom. As the Judge-Advocate approached he had risen from the kneeling position, doffed his cap, and sprung smartly to 'attention,' retaining that attitude until the end, when he saluted respectfully and knelt down again as the minister rejoined him. There was a short interval of prayer; then the Judge-Advocate beckoned to the chaplain to retire, and the soldier remained alone, kneeling on his coffin-lid there, face to face with imminent death in the midst of the strained and painful silence.

"Marching at the head of the procession, the members of the firing party had no opportunity of seeing their unfortunate comrade until he had reached his coffin and was kneeling in front of where Sergeant Russell had drawn up the party of which he had the command. I should tell you that the sergeant of an execution party carries a loaded pistol, with which it is his stern duty to fulfill the accomplishment of the sentence if the volley of his command shall not have been promptly fatal. The corporal of the party told me afterward that after it had taken position Sergeant Russell spent some time in examining their muskets, and that the prisoner had for some little time been kneeling on his coffin before the Sergeant looked at him. As he gazed he suddenly started, became deadly pale, muttered more than once, 'My God, my God,' and was for several minutes visibly perturbed, but later, although still ghastly pale and having a strange 'raised' expression, he pulled himself together and was alert in his duty. What I myself saw and heard was, that after the parson had withdrawn, and Sergeant Russell approached the prisoner to fulfill the duty of blindfolding and pinioning him, the latter gave a great start and, throwing up his arms, uttered a loud exclamation.

"The feeling in the regiment, as I have told you, was exceedingly bitter against the sentence, and there happened just what I had apprehended. In the dead silence Sergeant Russell's deliberate order, 'Make ready!' 'Present!' 'Fire!' rang out like the knell of fate. The volley sped; the light smoke drifted aside; and lo! the prisoner still knelt scatheless on his coffin.

"There was a brief pause, and then Sergeant Russell, with his face bleached to a ghastly pallor, but set and resolute, his step firm, strode up to the kneeling blindfolded man, pistol in hand, and—did his duty. But he did not return to the party he commanded. No, he remained standing over the prostrate figure, and was deliberately reloading the pistol.

"'What the devil is the man doing?' cried the General testily.

"'Probably, sir,' answered the Assistant Adjutant-General, 'he has not fully accomplished his duty. He seems a man of exceptional nerve!'

"'Well,' said the General, 'I wish he'd be sharp about it!'

"Sergeant Russell did not detain the chief unreasonably long. Having reloaded it, he put the pistol to his temple, drew trigger, and fell dead across his brother's body.

"For that they were brothers," continued the General after a pause, "the papers found in their effects proved conclusively. The younger one, Alexander, had joined us in a false name. By the way, they were countrymen of your own—natives of Glenvorlich in Banffshire."—*Archibald Forbes in Barracks, Bivouacs and Battles.*

LAWN TENNIS.

The court of the California Tennis Club will no doubt be the scene of a very close match this afternoon, provided, of course, that the weather remains pleasant. The teams that will contest are without doubt the strongest that have ever been put out on the Pacific Coast. The outcome of this match is awaited with much interest by the local lovers of tennis. Bates and S. Neel, the East Oakland representatives, are favorites, owing to their many clever victories in the past series, and also to the fact of their having played together continually for the last year. Tobin and W. H. Taylor, Jr., the crack team of the California Club, will try and carry the red and white to victory, and although they have not played much as a team they can be depended upon to render a good account of themselves in a match. Each club has four victories and two defeats to their credit, and to-day's match will decide the winner of the silken banner.

The league series closes to-day, and has proved to be a beneficial affair throughout. The many clubs would do much better, though, if they would practice more teams and give more attention to the development of their younger players. The East Oakland Club will have a number of teams in trim for the next series. Driscoll and Sanborn, the left-handed cyclones, will make some of the more important teams "rustle." A team of left-handers will be an innovation on the Coast—their appearance is anxiously looked forward to.

The consolidation of the Lakeside and East Oakland Clubs seems to meet with the general approbation of the members of both organizations. The idea of Oakland being represented by one large club is no doubt an excellent one, the ground adjoining the present headquarters of the East Oakland Club requires hardly any grading and a sufficiently long lease could easily be obtained to warrant the members in laying out two, or possibly three more courts, which, with the addition of a handsome clubhouse, would make this organization as attractive as the California Club grounds, and place it upon an equal footing with the best clubs in the country.

The final match of the Alameda County championship will be played off on Saturday next; the contest has dwindled down to Bates and S. Neel. The playing on Saturday last was brilliant throughout, but the spectators were much disappointed at Hubbard not appearing to play with Bates. A great many of Hubbard's friends have said that it was a case of scare, but it seems hardly probable as there was no one in the contest that had any license to defeat the clever Lakeside man.

Professor Daily has been practicing considerably of late with Miss Bertha Crouch, the Coast champion; her back-hand stroke receives a great deal of attention, and when she is called upon to defend her title of champion, in September next, a great improvement will surely be noticed in this particular stroke, which was her weak point in the last tournament.

The lineman in to-day's match should be carefully selected and thus a great deal of unnecessarsy quabbling can be avoided. THE SCORER.

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THE MUMMERS.

"MR. WILKENSON'S WIDOWS" AT THE BALDWIN.

For what we get in the theatrical line we should be truly thankful. It is so long since we had a dollar-and-a-half company present anything that approached comedy that we are properly grateful to the fortune that sent us "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," even if it partakes more of the farce than was expected. This seems to be the close season for genuine comedy troupes, and the comedy of realization is a horse of another color beside the comedy of expectation.

Mr. Gillette has done excellent work in his adaptation of Bisson's rather broad farce, and although the American theatre-goer loses something by the translation, he has no cause to complain, as if the play had been presented in anything approaching the original he would have thought twice before inviting his feminine friend to see it. Mr. Wilkenson had the matrimonial malady to such an extent that he became a bigamist; he had an establishment in Edinburgh and London, and by a curious and inexplicable ubiquitousness he succeeded in marrying two ladies on the same day and at the same hour, hundreds of miles apart. How he did it I do not pretend to know, indeed, there are so many things unexplained in the comedy-farce that it would be useless to consider so slight an affair as that. The plot is cast aside early in the proceedings, and untrammeled by restrictions, the mummers make merry in a variety of ways.

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" is a howling success. Somebody starts the laugh early in the first act, and the spectators do not regain control of their risibilities until they are on the street. Yet the fun is by no means refined; the mummers are required to labor hard; they perform wondrous feats of pedestrianism; grow purple in the face with vocal exertions; perspire freely, because of their manual labor; have fits on the stage of unusual violence and length, but through it all are encouraged by the ready laughter and hearty applause of the spectators. I do not say that the lines are not as funny as the action; and many a well-meant joke would beg the charity of recognition in vain were it not accompanied by a mirth-compelling contortion. There are no surprises in the play; the auditor knows all about it after the usual explanations in the first act have been made; but this does not lessen the enjoyment. One even forgives the author for the totally unsuccessful effort to mystify the observer by his rapid change of characters; and the mistakes they make, while obvious to the spectator, are regarded as venial offenses, inasmuch as they reach over his credulity to tickle his risibilities.

The cast approaches brilliancy; at least, I cannot recall a better comedy company than this that I have seen here for a long time. Georgie Drew Barrymore is bright, clever, and stagey; she does her very best, I believe, but her efforts are so thoroughly apparent that much of the pleasure one has in witnessing her performance is lost in seeing how she does it. Mr. Holland has a hard role, that is capably carried; Miss Ferguson is charming as an Irish servant, giving one of the best characterizations I have seen here. Emily Bancker is so pretty that one would swear at once she was a clever performer, even against the decision of his judgment; but it is not necessary, as her work is more than pleasing. Miss Woods appeared as a host in herself; her make-up, of a cook, exaggerated to farce, was capital. Mr. Burns acts as if by instinct or a long training as end man in a high-class minstrel troupe. "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" will continue at the Baldwin another week.

Dan'l Sully and "The Millionaire" will give way to Mr. Forrest in "Captain Swift" at the Bush Street next week. The newcomer is an excellent actor, who has achieved quite a reputation in the East.

"Judah" has done a splendid business at the California, and Miss Burroughs and Mr. Willard have shared the honors equally. Next week "The Texas Steer" returns; it will be received with favor, as it's one of Hoyt's very best pieces.

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SAN JOSE HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—If we were not all saints here our tempers would be severely tried by the wretched weather with which it has pleased heaven to afflict us during the past week.

However, if we could not go out, we could remain in, planning the campaign for the remainder of the season, and I assure you, we girls have not been idle. Let the boasted bachelors beware—early next month they will meet their Waterloo. Of course, our beaux have had recourse to the St. Claire for their amusement, the literary, their reading clubs, and now we are all going to "arise and shine."

The long-talked-of "University Extension Club" is born. It thrives. Auspicious omens waited on its birth, and its success is declared. This is the atmosphere wherein such things thrive, for San Jose is the educational centre. One thing is inspiring—that is, the utter absence of cliques. The Club numbers among its directors a Unitarian preacher, a Congregational minister, and a Baptist divine. *The Church* will probably wait before sending a representative, but some of the fold will be there. Miss Lucy W——, the Shakespearian scholar and critic, is Secretary.

We have to mourn the loss of our sweet singer, Lena Voltz, who leaves very soon to make her home in Boston. Society generally, will miss her, for her manners are as charming as the dulcet tones of her pure voice. *Bon voyage*, Lena.

Seattle has stolen another of our belles—Stella M——t, but she was rather lofty in her ideas of manly excellence, and fancied that a man could not be entertaining unless his brains had received as much cultivation as his heels; so, despite her beautiful eyes, the men were a little afraid of her.

When I tell you that our poet and musician, Clarence U——g, is flirting with the Los Angeles belles, you will understand we have another grievance. Let those Southern belles make the most of their opportunity. The girl who will wear orange blossoms at his request is here.

Dr. Ledyard is out again, after a severe bout with the grippe. He looks more *distingué* than ever, pale and intellectual, you see.

Driving up Second Street, the long line of handsome houses shows both our prosperity and our taste. The Hales are making some changes in their residence, which will give it not only a more attractive exterior, but render it more commodious. While the changes are being wrought they are at the Vendome. We are anticipating a fine house-warming.

Mrs. F. Louie K——g has been very ill, but is recovering. She is an enthusiast on musical matters and a brilliant performer.

Although our pavements have not invited promenaders, a few of our girls have ventured out, conspicuous among these, Stella L——n, and her female Fides Achates, can be seen almost every afternoon walking with that ease which "comes from art not chance," cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling and the elastic step that tells of health born of exercise in the open air. If more would follow their example, the occupation of the "Beauty Doctors" would be like Othello's.

The Mauvais family are contemplating a removal. Too bad! I don't see how they can give up that lovely home on the avenue. Juliette will be an acquisition to your Society, for she is a brilliant talker as well as a graceful dancer. After a dance with her I feel as if I had taken a glass of good French wine.

Miss W—— was out riding the other day. She has a good mount, but is not graceful in the saddle, perhaps, because she effects the English style. There never has been an equestrienne here to equal R—— Y—— that was. That girl used to dash through the streets in a way to make a circus rider turn green with envy. Too bad she put herself "under the ban."

M—— F——n, formerly of your city, is recovering in our sanitarium. Poor fellow! his heart was as big as the universe, but he worked his brain too constantly. His piquant little wife used to be one of our most brilliant belles. Let's wish them prosperity in this new year.

You'll hardly believe that I met "Kitty," all in black the other day, even to the gloves that encased her faultless hands. She looked well, too, but I wondered at her sombre array. Mourning? Oh, no! What then? Mischief, I assure you. What business has she to be more attractive than the young girls? If you want the genuine article of fun and frolic, get into a corner with her and Mrs. Charley W——. Pepy's diary would have gained piquancy if he had known them.

Dame Rumor says that Cora E—— is soon to enter the journalistic ranks. She has been receiving instruction in the art from Dave F——, and he finds his pupil intelligent and attractive. Please give the Dame credit for being authority on this point and do not lay it on the shoulders of

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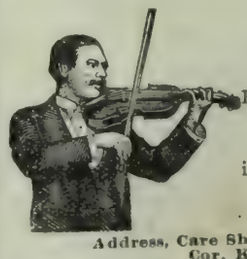

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

The elaborate programme prepared for the entertainment of the Press Club is nearing completion. The several committees anticipate most satisfactory results from their tireless efforts, while Fresno is willingly prepared to spread itself on this meritorious occasion. This being our first opportunity of paying our respects to a convention of brainy men, we purpose doing it in a manner becoming our prosperous city and intelligent citizens, not as the great and only Marcus would have had it, as if we were a lot of cowboys. Really, dear WAVE, you should have attended that meeting Friday evening in the parlors of the Hughes Hotel. "Kilkenny cats" were nowhere in comparison. 'Twas a rare treat, I assure you. One proposed a drive and banquet, another a grand reception and ball, another a Buffalo Bill wild west show, another an excursion on the mountain railroad and a barbecue, etc., etc.

Colonel Forsythe's indignant protest against the wild west show and barbecue was deserving of the heartiest applause, and I sincerely trust those Eastern pressmen do not imagine our advancement has been no greater than that of the cattle herders on the plains. The numerous clubs are presumably traveling over this country to note not only the improvement in a literary sense, but the progress an intelligent body of enterprising men have made in a young and glorious State. Mr. Pollasky threw up his interest in the meeting when he found the prominent citizens present couldn't coincide with his views. I see he is still a member of a committee.

Well, I can assure the visitors a hearty welcome and a really pleasant, civilized time when they arrive in our midst. Colonel Forsythe will entertain the visitors at his vineyard, and the pride he takes in showing his lovely place will be a secondary consideration beside the new son and heir. Woodworth Vineyard is also honored by the arrival of a little heiress. Oh, we folks will have to take a back seat very shortly to make room "in the swim" for these young Society ladies and gentlemen. Well, if the latter two are even one-half as lovely and gracious as their respective mothers, they will be fit leaders for the best Society in the country. Imp tips her hat to the little Colonel and the little Miss Colonel.

I've written so long on the Press Club that I've but little space left for the Unity last Friday evening and the Club party last night. The Unity was well attended. It is rapidly growing in popularity with our Society folks. Two "small and early" poker games were given at the Hughes during the week, and Mrs. Higgins entertained the Whist Club at her residence last week. These and a theatre or two have been our only dissipation. Now for last night's dance.

I never had so many lovely partners, and the girls never looked half as pretty before. Several strange girls were present, and, as is usual, they monopolized the boys. I was delighted to see the Misses Oothout; they attend so few of the dances, I presume it's the long drive from their ranch into town that causes their absence. They are such jolly girls that Imp wishes they could change places with some of the town girls, who are too stiff and formal to even smile in the dance hall.

The bride was there, and looked very sweet and pretty, wearing a most artistic gown. Lizzie wore white silk *en train*, and it showed off her pretty figure to perfection. Esther wore a swell gown of gray crepe, embroidered in cut steel. Mrs. Eggers chaperoned three young ladies, two being strangers. Miss Roeding was as pretty as a picture in pale blue brocaded satin. I never saw brother and sister so *un*like as she and George. Corrine Ferguson was becomingly attired in lavender silk and Kitty in red. Mrs. Rue was one of the most charming matrons in the hall, and wore lavender silk and lace. Miss Stadler and Mrs. Williams were charming in red silk and gray crepe. Marcus thought he had discovered Imp in Rose, and consequently put on his prettiest manners. It was surprising how good his eyesight was last night. I do think, dear WAVE, that a ballroom is no place for an engaged man, or a man in love. Just imagine yourself in your brightest mood, chatting away to a man who gazes right past you into his lady-love's eyes, and doesn't hear or see any one but that one girl in the whole room. Ugh! Lee, Phonse, Tom, and Frank should be shaken up in a bag together.

IMP.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, January 13, 1892. DEAR WAVE: There is a dearth of news this week; no social gatherings and nothing to tell about but sad events, which reminders are far better left unchronicled. I am still confined to the house with *la grippe*, and all the news I gather is from Tom, who is becoming rather wary about confiding secrets and gossip to me. He says that I am the source of constant trouble to him, and that Harry Melvin is his latest annoyance—all on account of what I said about that "Italian Opera" story. Harry shouldn't be so sensitive about a trifle of that kind. Now that he occupies the place in my affections that Billy formerly did, he will go and get engaged or married—they always do immediately after I bring them into public notoriety. The girls are commencing to angle after him, and all because I so often speak of him, or perhaps they discovered that Harry's present position is on the high road to fame as has been the case with Judge Laidlaw, Judge Snook, and Judge Henshaw.

Tom was one of the ushers at Agnes Hamilton's wedding. He says that Agnes never looked so lovely—her gown was white cloth, tailor made, belle skirt, Rembrandt hat, white plumes, bouquet of lilies of the valley, which speaks well for Clarence's taste "Call Me Thine Own" was played during the beautiful Episcopal ceremony, which was performed by our favorite Dr. Ritchie, and her brother Ned gave her away. Tom's descriptive powers are well developed you see. He says that he envied Arthur Pope who was best man, as it enabled him to escort the maid of honor, Miss Hollister, of Sacramento, who was exquisitely gowned in yellow—the boys are all willing to fall victims to her charms. The expression of our Adonis, Arthur, was that of supreme content, and he doubtless was wondering when the eventful day would come to him—she is in Paris, you know. It will be one of the regrets of my life that I was two ill to attend the wedding breakfast at Mrs. Hamilton's and the dinner party that the Tay girls, of San Francisco, gave to Mrs. Clarence Gray, *née* Agnes Hamilton. At both places there was much merry-making. The happy couple are now enjoying the *dolce far niente* of Coronado. *On dit*, it was quite a relief to see a different set doing the honors of groomsmen, ushers, etc. Usually we have Harry H——, Ed V——, Gus Mc—— and Henry S——, while in this case Edgar Harris, Fritz Knight, Jim Knight, Jim Ames, and Phil Remillard distinguished themselves. You remember, dear, they all took part in "Held by the Enemy," and since then are coming to the front socially.

Speaking of weddings reminds me that we possibly will be invited to another before many months, as the announcement will soon be made of the engagement of a stately Fruitvale heiress to a certain young man who has long been devoted in that direction. Isn't it fortunate that we have so many heiresses? There is Tom Prather, Harry Hinckley, the Henshaw boys, Rob Knight, John P. Jackson, Wm. Dingee, and Will Ralston, all who married for love, even thought their brides happened to be heiresses. There is still a wide field for fortune hunters, as there are numerous well-lowered damsels of every description still to be found in this burg.

All Society-lovers are looking forward to the reception that handsome Jack Lathrop and his wife intend giving just as soon as they occupy their new home at Piedmont Heights. What a popular couple they are, have innumerable friends everywhere, and no one is more gifted in the art of entertaining. Their reception will be one of the events of the season. Jack has quite a number of bright city friends, so at last we girls are going to meet a few new men. Do hope that I will succeed in making an impression on one of the Rose Leaves. Perhaps the absence of so many of our belles accounts for the dullness of this winter. There are the Whitney girls in different parts of the globe—they always did know how to enjoy themselves, and Jessie Coleman, who is finding a Washington winter delightful, she will never be content in Oakland again. The Henshaws are expected home next month. How much more improved Hettie's sister would have been had she gone with them. Am too ill to write any more, so will say adieu. Yours fondly, FROU-FROU.

Helen Troy—How has your book on cooking been received?

Jane Cook—Oh, very well; but one of the papers made such a dreadful mistake. They put a notice about it in the death column.—*New York Truth.*

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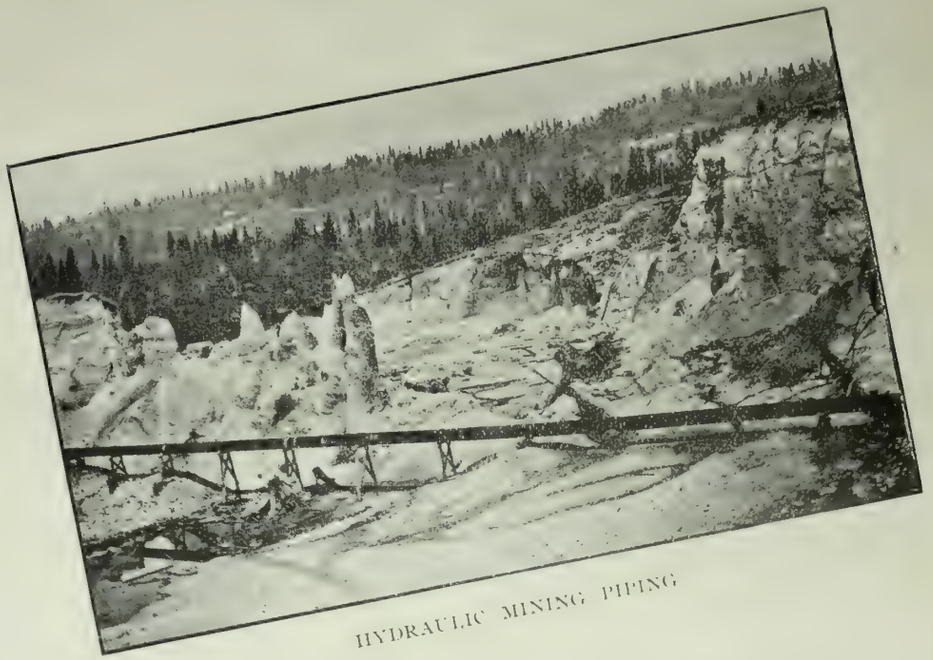

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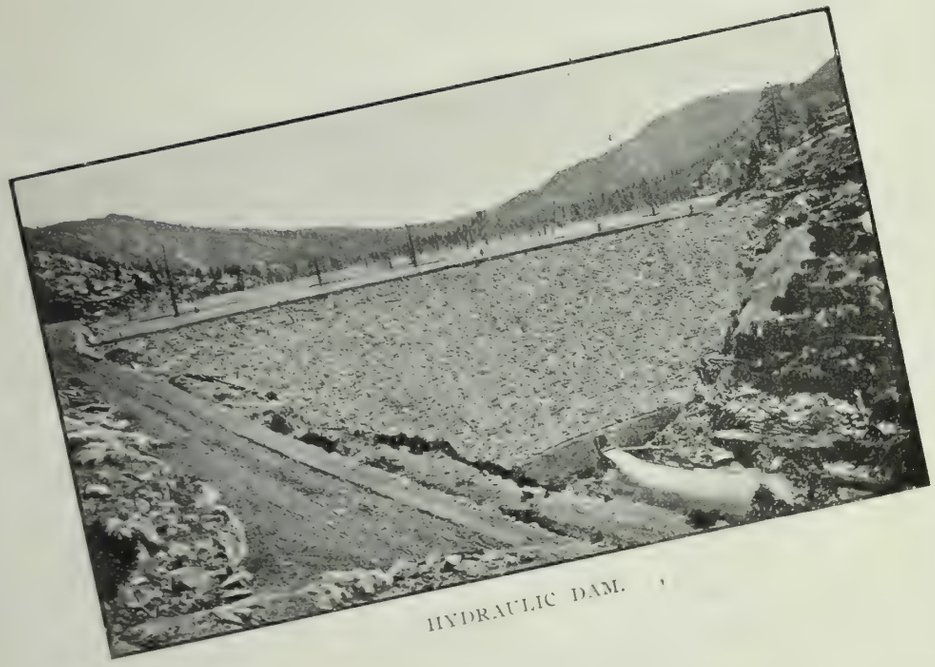

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THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 23, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The gentlemen whose portraits appear on the cover this week are too well known to need even a "bare mention." They have been foremost in the struggle to bring about a feeling of harmony between the miners and the farmers, and from the manner in which the Miners' Convention was conducted, it seems as if they had succeeded.

SPLASHES.

WE BURY heroes of romances every day, and this generation forgets the famous men of the last. There was A. A. Snyder, who passed away only a few days ago; the daily press noted his death and funeral in a few lines; and yet this old man, who was a noted character on the streets for years, had a history of a most interesting nature. He was the son of Governor Snyder, of Virginia, whose family was the foremost in that State in the early part of the century. A thirst for adventure attacked his son early in life, and he ran away from home, shipping as a cabin boy in one of the ships bound for England. Thence he made his way to France, where he deserted his ship. Without money and unable to speak the language, he walked from Marseilles to Paris, and arrived there starving and footsore.

* * *

An old flower-woman who had a stand on the Pont Neuf took pity on him, and engaged him for a few sous a day to assist her in making the bouquets. Snyder remained there for a year, but found his occupation unsuited to his tastes. He determined to get back to England, and worked his passage to London. Hunger broke his spirit, and he wrote to his mother asking her to send him money enough to get home on; and the Virginia home was made glad again by tidings from the long-lost boy. The Governor sent his son £50, and out of this grew diplomatic difficulties that were likely to result in a serious broil. When young Snyder got the order for the money, he took it to a bank to be cashed, but so ragged was his appearance, and so little did he look like one who could be in honest possession of a demand for such an amount, that the authorities refused to hand him the money. He was told to get witnesses; but no one knew him; his order was taken from him, and he was cast into prison, on the charge of having stolen the order. He got his story to the American Consul, and there was a row at once. When Snyder was released, he found he was a *cause celebre*. But apologies were made, the matter was settled, and the boy returned to Virginia, where he remained for some years.

* * *

In 1849, Snyder came to California, and became a contractor. His chief possession at the time of his death was the first sign used by Flood & O'Brien, when they went into partnership; this he made for the famous firm. He bought property on Halleck Street, nursed his earnings, and became rich. Then he married Lucky Baldwin's daughter, who, however, some time later deserted him for Budd Doble, the horseman. That was a sad incident in his life, and left him with a bitter feeling in his heart. He went into all kinds of extravagances; his property melted away, and a few years ago he became an insurance adjuster. As such he made a reputation. Mr. Snyder was a courtly, kindly man; a typical argonaut, and one whose passing away was deserving of more attention than a few lines.

* * *

The Borehemian Club is in rather a quandary about its headquarters. Its lease of the clubrooms vacated by the Pacific expires this year, and there is a question about obtaining a renewal. The building is the property of William M. Lent, and for the three floors he receives a rental of between $800 and $900 per month. It is very positive he could not obtain better terms from any other institution. There is some talk about purchasing a lot, or of making terms with some capitalist to erect a suitable structure—as the Union Club did. It will have to be done, sooner or later. It would then be possible to have a larger number of sleeping-rooms than are at present available. For a single man there are manifold advantages in residing at one's club, and that is one reason why there are always a score of applications for vacant apartments both at the Borehemian and the Pacific-Union.

* * *

There is no question that the Club will remain where it is, if Mr. Lent can be induced to agree to terms, and to make a lease for a certain number of years. It would be no joke moving the paraphernalia that makes up Borehemia, and, if there is no "jinks" room, the other apartments are very luxurious. Still, a little enterprise is not inadvisable. The Concordia, by erecting the handsome structure on Van Ness Avenue, steps into the front ranks of Clubdom. The Olympic Club has a magnificent structure in course of erection. It will be some time before the Union League can occupy its own home, but the preliminary steps have been taken. President Phelan might signalize the remaining months of his term by inaugurating a building scheme. It would be a capital idea, and the bright artistic lights could enjoy themselves devising plans for decorations, and suggesting the interior details of a huge "jinks" hall, wherein papers full of wit, humor, satire, and other qualites might suitably be exploited.

* * *

FOOTBALL IS IN THE ASCENDANT. The next match is to be played in Central Park this afternoon, the contesting teams being those of the Olympic Club and the Napa College. The local institution will put quite a strong eleven in the field, and if the Napa men know aught about the game there should be a good deal of fun. There is a strong disposition in Society to patronize football. Several parties are being organized, and I venture to predict a crowd almost as large as that gathered to witness the Harvard-Yale football match. When the populace really becomes familiar with the rush and excitement of this most interesting game, baseball will have to hide a diminished head. In football there is always something occurring. Some one is continually accepting the consequences of the rushes and scrimmages.

* * *

The high-water mark of male enthusiasm is ordinarily reached at a prize fight. One can get just as excited over a football contest. Physical strength and skill are called into play, and the cleverest and heaviest men win. I am told the Napa men have been in training for some time, and are formidable opponents. The San Francisco team will be similar to that which made short work of the Los Angeles men. Ricketts is hardly in condition yet to participate, and his place as full back will be taken by Morse, an exeeedingly clever player and a rapid runner. Mr. Tobin

captains the Olympics. The game commences at three o'clock.

* * *

As the year advances the dearth of gaiety grows more conspicuous. It is customary in California to speak of the last Legislature as the worst, of the past winter as the dullest, but just as the session of 1891 was marked by the most extravagant depravity, so the season of 1892 will be handed down to posterity as tame beyond compare. To attribute the prevailing torpidity to any one cause seems unfair. The climate has been saddled with a portion of it; business stagnation has borne its part; some have gone so far as to allege laziness as the reason most responsible for lack of entertaining enterprise. It does not seem to me, however, that mere logic and analysis are going to improve the status of Society. It is energy that is necessary. If San Francisco did not abound in mansions admirably adapted for hospitality, one might excuse the absence of festivity, but there are palaces on our avenues and the stateliest of residences on our streets. It is true there are mausoleums on Nob Hill.

* * *

Mrs. Hager opened her new home, on the corner of Gough and Sacramento Streets, by a dance, given in honor of Miss Childs, of Los Angeles. The interior of this residence, which was known as the Josselyn house, is one of the most artistic in the city. Round the larger hall there is grouped a series of exquisite parlors, furnished in different tones. The drawing-room, in particular, decorated in delicate tints, with the softest of lace hangings and the daintiest and most modern of chairs and couches, is an exceedingly beautiful apartment. Some seventy-five invitations had been sent out, and there were about one hundred men and girls present. Dancing commenced at an hour fashionably late, but was not prosecuted with extraordinary vigor, the guests seeming to find more attractive the cosy corners so admirably adapted for *tete-a-tetes*. Altogether it was an exceedingly enjoyable affair, and the girls looked their best.

* * *

Some very pretty dresses were worn. Miss Hager was in white, and looked handsomer than even in her cotillion costume. She was an admirable hostess. Miss Ames, in a costume that displayed her splendid figure and stately carriage to perfection; Miss Childs, in a dainty confection of white silk and tulle; Miss Beth Sperry and Miss Marguerite Wallace were noticeable among the maidens. A delicious supper was served after midnight, and the guests dispersed about 2:30 A. M.

* * *

Society has every reason to be thankful for Miss Child's visit. A series of lunches, teas, and theatre parties have been given in her honor, and every moment of her time has been taken up. On Saturday night last Mrs. Sheldon gave her a dinner, and on Monday night Mr. Joseph Tobin gave a theatre party for her at the California. The Voorhies' tea on Monday afternoon was one of the most successful of the season. It proved that Saturday is not the only day on which the men can be induced to attend afternoon gatherings. There was quite a strong representation of the sterner sex. Miss Childs, Miss Hager, Miss Scott, and Miss Maynard assisted the Misses Voorhies to entertain their visitors. To-morrow afternoon Miss Hager gives a small tea in honor of her guest, and on Tuesday Mrs. Adam Grant gives a lunch to eighty-five girls, which is certain to be one of the most interesting of the season. Wednesday Miss Childs will return to Los Angeles.

* * *

Miss Childs is a daughter of the late O. W. Childs, the Los Angeles millionaire. She is a very charming girl, a blonde, slender, refined, graceful, and a most agreeable conversationalist. With her mother and sisters she spent part of last summer season at Del Monte. The Childs mansion at Los Angeles is one of the handsomest in the Southern metropolis.

* * *

The first of the monthly receptions inaugurated by the officers and ladies of Angel Island was a decided social success. The "General McDowell" left Washington Street Wharf promptly at 1:15 P. M., last Thursday, with a gay assemblage, and headed for Angel Island, arriving there at 2:25. The fine band of the First Infantry greeted the coming of the boat with the lively air of "Garry Owen." The visitors found their way to the Music Hall, where they were received by Mrs. Shafter, assisted by her charming daughter, Mrs. McKittrick, and the ladies of the Post. The hall was beautifully and artistically decorated with evergreens festooned along the walls and ceiling, stacks of arms, and flags. The dancing arrangements were all that could be desired, and, accordingly, dancing began early and lasted until the "McDowell" gave the sign of departure. The punch was exquisite, brewed, as it was, under the direction of Mrs. Shafter, and the refreshments bountiful.

* * *

There is a veritable epidemic of girls' lunches. They are almost as elaborate as dinners, and are not half as much fun. Indeed, so much skill is expended on preparing *menus*, and the succession is so rapid, that some of the popular girls are becoming *gourmets*. Over ordinary food they grow supercilious, and a few have actually come to institute comparisons between *chefs*. The cultivation of tastes so expensive will eventually lead to an insistence on life in French restaurants—a type of career that comes rather costly. Quite the prettiest lunch of the season was given by Miss Holbrook on Thursday last. In the dining-room of her home on Van Ness Avenue six tables were spread, each decorated in a different shade—blue, red, lavender, green, violet, and white. There were flowers to match. The effect was quite charming, as an effort was made to have the costumes to harmonize with the tables. The *menu*, by Ludwig, was very dainty. Brandt supplied music.

* * *

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is expected to arrive here early in February. She will, of course, bring young Master Hermie with her. The object of the trip, it is said, is to make arrangements for the sale of the Fair mansion. I wonder which of our enterprising capitalists will be the purchaser. The house is one of the best in the city for giving large entertainments in, and it is to be hoped that some one with money and enterprise will acquire it.

* * *

I regret to hear of the serious indisposition of Mrs. Hobart. Her condition is so dangerous that a number of the leading physicians of the city have been summoned to a consultation. I am told there is but slight hope of her recovery. Mrs. Robert Johnson is also very ill. She is suffering from an aggravated attack of the prevailing disorder, *la grippe*. Everything that medical science can suggest is being done for her, and it is to be hoped this charitable lady will recover.

* * *

Earnest La Montagne and his brother and sister will arrive from New York on Friday next. His marriage to Miss Gatherwood will take place in the Cathedral on the following Thursday. It is to be a very elaborate ceremonial and a special musical service has been arranged. Archbishop Riordan will officiate, assisted by the Rev. Prendergast. The ushers will be Mr. Greenway, Mr. Hooker, Mr. Shortridge, Mr. Byrne, Mr. Alick, and Mr. George Loughborough. A wedding break fast at the residence of Mrs. Catherwood will follow the ceremony.

* * *

Mrs. Volney Spalding left for Virginia City on Wednesday evening, and will be the guest of Mrs. John Gillig for a week or ten day. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillig have started on their tour around the world, and will be gone for some months. They will return to California by way of China and Japan.

* * *

Mrs. E. B. Crocker is about ready to depart from California, and I am told she will never return. Frank Unger is in Sacramento closing up her affairs, and the moment accounts are settled the lady will leave. As far as possible, she will rid herself of her financial interests in the Golden State, and will invest in Eastern properties. She will take from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 with her; part of this was intended for distribution among California charities, but they will not receive a penny. I am informed that Mrs. Crocker will have her will re-written, and that her fortune will go to her relatives.

* * *

Mrs. Crocker never will recover from the verdict brought in by a Sacramento jury, which said plainly that her oath was not to be believed. Few women enjoy the respect

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

and esteem of the people at large in the degree that she does, and the verdict almost broke her heart. It was practically reversed, however, by the trial of the domestic's suit against Mrs. Gillig. Mrs. Crocker has been exceedingly kind to Sacramento, and the withdrawal of her patronage will seriously impair the success of public entertainments in the future.

* * *

The Oakland Cotillion was quite a brilliant success. Mr. Greenway led admirably and was loaded with congratulations. There is some talk of having a Leap Year Cotillion before Lent. It could not fail to be a charming success.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer gave an enjoyable dinner and card party to a number of friends on Wednesday evening at the California. Among those present were Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ritchie, and Colonel Hawes. Mrs. Palmer leaves for the East early next week, and will be gone for some time.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Georgie Schweitzer and Sol Ehrman was one of the most brilliant of recent affairs in Jewish Society. The magnificent residence of the bride was embellished inside and out for the occasion; a large tent was erected in the garden for the supper, and the veranda was enclosed with parti-colored canvas, making of it a conservatory, and a place of pleasant resort for the young people. In the presence of a very large number of guests, Dr. Voorsanger performed the wedding ceremony. The bride wore an exquisite brocade satin, and was waited on by her sister Helen. The after-dinner speeches were quite enjoyable, and Albert Ehrman, nephew of the groom, and Edgar Peixotto were quite clever in their remarks.

* * *

An engagement of interest in Jewish circles is that of Miss Bella Louisson to Gus Simon, of Portland, Or. The engagement party was given last night, and was most enjoyable.

* * *

This afternoon Mrs. John O. Reis gives a lunch to twelve girls. For the football match the Misses Dimond, Miss Lockwood and several other girls are making up parties.

* * *

Among the pleasant events of the week was the marriage of Morris A. Rothchild, President of the Wertheimer Company, and Miss Hilda Slessinger. It was celebrated in the banquet hall of the California Hotel, and was followed by an elaborate dinner, served in the hostelry's best style. The ceremony was performed in the tower window under a floral bell, by Rev. Jacob Voorsanger. After the solids were disposed of toasts were inaugurated. The health of bride and groom was drunk and responded to. A great deal of amusement was had over an imitation Salvation Army, headed by Miss Nellie Salz beating a bass drum. They sang several original songs, composed for the occasion by Morris Feintuch. The best was a parody on "Hallelujah" called "Honolulu," where the happy pair have gone for their honeymoon. Altogether it was an amusing entertainment, and Henry Sachs was a great success as chief mourner.

* * *

The reception of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young in honor of the Eastern journalists was one of the largest and most brilliant of the season. The Bohemian element predominated, but there was quite a large representation of well-known Society people present. Mrs. De Young was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Deane and Miss Deane. Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Donald Graham and others entertained the guests with music, and Marshall P. Wilder told some stories. A very fine supper brought this most successful reception to a close.

* * *

A very happy crowd of Bohemians gathered at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Younger last week, and spent an enjoyable evening with the Muses. Georgie Drew Barrymore gave some capital imitations of well-known people. Mrs. Mary Wyman-Williams sang with Donald Graham, Mrs. Baechemen entertained the gathering with songs, and some say that Mr. Sam Mayer was present. However, as Joseph D. Redding was in capital voice, I am inclined to think that this is a mistake. Mrs. Younger presided at the piano.

* * *

The International Costume "Kinder-ball," to be given in the rooms of the San Francisco Verein on the evening of January 30th, promises to be a most interesting affair. There is a great deal of genuine talent in this club, and its festivities are often decidedly unconventional. Some extremely beautiful costumes are to be displayed by the little ones. After midnight the floor will be given up to children of larger growth. One of the features of the evening will be a representation of the Pied Piper of Hamelin legend. On Wednesday night, the mind reader, Mr. Tyndall, gave a performance in the club parlors. He performed there some of the remarkable feats with which he is identified.

* * *

Among the future possibilities are two costume balls. The Calliopean Club, whose dances are always brilliantly successful, talks of giving one early in March, and a similar project is being discussed by the Directors of the Concordia Club. It does not seem to me that either institution should give way. How much it will add to the enjoyment of the season to have two such affairs to anticipate.

* * *

In the interest of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union a dramatic, musical, and literary entertainment was given at Irving Hall on Friday evening. The programme was of considerable length and was thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Rosella La Faille's recitation, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," was a feature, as was the presentation of the comedy, "First Love." The entertainment was under the management of Mrs. James Carden.

* * *

On Sunday night the Concordia Club gives a kind of informal reception for which an interesting programme is being prepared.

* * *

If last night's cotillion suffered in comparison with the glories of the *bal poudre*, still it was a very successful affair. There were not as many couples on the floor as usual, but all the most enthusiastic dancers were in attendance, and the figures were formed with agreeable dexterity. The affair went with exceeding smoothness. Mr. Greenway led with Miss Jennie Blair, who wore a charmingly pretty gown. I will comment more extensively in next week's issue.

* * *

Miss Perrin gave a Welch rarebit party at her residence on Clay Street, Tuesday evening last. It proved a very enjoyable affair. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson gave a theatre party at the Baldwin, on Wednesday, the occasion of the Mystic Shrine gathering. A delicious supper at the Pleasanton followed. Mrs. Will Crocker gave a small tea on Sunday afternoon last.

* * *

Mrs. Blair, who went East with her son on account of the latter's health, returned to the city this week. The boy is very much improved.

* * *

Rumor has it that at least three engagements will be announced before Ash Wednesday. One is that of a young lawyer and the daughter of a prominent jurist, the second that of the good-looking son of a wealthy mining man and the pretty daughter of a prominent local capitalist. About the third there is a certain indefiniteness which I presume will be cleared up later.

* * *

Theodore Wores will give an exhibition of his pictures at Morris & Kennedy's shortly. There will be about seventy-five canvases on the walls comprising English and Eastern subjects, as well as a number of Japanese pictures. The success that Mr. Wores has had in the Orient and Europe insures a splendid exhibition.

* * *

Miss Susan Hale gave the first of her series of recitals at the Unitarian Church on Wednesday evening. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was the subject, and the accomplished lady had a large and appreciative audience.

* * *

I HAVE OBSERVED no instance of public plundering recently that has at all compared in variegated interest with the case of the Whittier Reform School in Los Angeles County. The construction of that institution by the Board of Trustees seems to have

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

been signalized from the very start with a charming disregard of everything except the personal profit of the Trustees or their relatives. They have peculated from ten cents upward, and so thoroughly have they been backed in the Governor's office at Sacramento, that all efforts to dislodge them have proved futile. Some months ago the Grand Jury of Los Angeles appointed an expert to examine the accounts of the School. He made a report which was not only suppressed but destroyed. This expert charged the Trustees with all kinds of thieving. According to his story they constitute about the worst Board of Trustees ever selected to build a public institution in California.

* * *

This Board, which consists of Hervey Lindley, of Los Angeles; the Rev. Josiah Sims, of Nevada; and James R. Lowe, of Santa Clara, was appointed by the late Governor Waterman. Primarily it was created to locate the Reform School for Juvenile Offenders, provided for by the act authorizing its creation, upon a piece of land in San Bernardino County in which the Governor had an interest. Efforts were made to locate the School, as well as an asylum for the insane created by the same Legislature, upon this land, but in both cases the scheme, for some reason unknown to me, fell through. Waterman then had no further interest in the affair, and the Trustees were permitted to do as they pleased. Having been selected to perform a doubtful service, it was soon found that the Trustees had not accepted the terms without an eye to windward. At the first meeting Walter Lindley, brother to Trustee Lindley, was appointed Superintendent at a salary of $300 a month; Ralph A. Lowe, son of Trustee Lowe, was elected clerk at $150 a month, and Joseph Sims, son of Trustee Sims, was elected foreman at $3 a day. At that time there was not a thing on earth for anybody to do.

* * *

J. M. Dameron, a Los Angeles lawyer of easy virtue, was elected attorney, and a few days afterward Trustee Sims, Superintendent; an architect named Young, and Dameron were sent East to "inspect" reform institutions similar in character to the one proposed, and report. The party took a Pullman and traveled by easy stages to New York, where each one visited his relatives and had a good time with the boys. Having looked around the country they returned home and presented the State with a bill for $3500, which was promptly paid. From this time they have regularly sent claims to the State Board of Examiners for material, labor, and supplies, and so far as has ever been heard all have been paid without question. This fact, I suppose, has no relation to the other fact that a great portion of the furniture of the Whittier Reform School for Juvenile Offenders was purchased from a furniture company of which Governor Markham is, or was, President.

* * *

But the Republican party is responsible for the peculation that has taken place in the construction of this institution, and I do not purpose to concern myself much about it until the time comes next summer to instruct the voters how to vote, when I shall listen with great attention to the oratorical trouncing the party will receive at the hands of its enemies, the Democrats. Two of these Trustees, however, whose "pull" is strong enough, it seems, to overcome a Grand Jury, have long interested me. The Rev. Josiah Sims, I am reminded, was a member of the Assembly which preceded the last one. He did not sit in the halls of Legislature for his health, neither was he there to save any souls One day the chaplain was absent, and I am told Dr. Sims took the Speaker's chair and offered up a devout prayer to Almighty God.

* * *

Five minutes afterward, the same authority says, the reverend gentleman resumed his seat and voted for a boodle bill. The queerest thing this holy man ever did, however, was to enter a protest against the passage of the Mutual Insurance Bill. Everybody knows the object of the Mutual Insurance Bill, which appears at every session of the Legislature. It is designed to emancipate rate payers from the San Francisco Compact, and large sums are paid every session to defeat it. At the session of 1889, when Sims was a member, Boss Buckley had failed to defeat the bill in the Senate, and it came to the House with a strong pull. One day it was up for final passage, and on roll call, to the surprise of everybody, it received one majority. Rev. Dr. Sims constituted the one majority. But no sooner had the result been announced than the reverend gentleman was called into the lobby, where he had a hurried conversation with Sam Rainey.

* * *

He immediately returned to the Chamber and gave notice of reconsideration. The Speaker ruled him out of order. Then he entered that famous protest in which he declared that he had voted by mistake, and had been recorded against his will, and in which he claimed that the bill was illegally passed. Of course, everybody laughed at this proposition, but they were not quite so funny the next day, when Governor Waterman returned the bill to the Assembly with a message in which he agreed with Rev. Dr. Sims and Sam Rainey, and refused to sign the bill. Soon after this, Waterman appointed Sims a Trustee to build a Reform School for Juvenile Offenders, in Southern California. There was a certain fitness in this selection, which will be apparent to the least observing.

* * *

The other Trustee, James R. Lowe, of Santa Clara, was a member of the last boodle Assembly, where he constituted a very large part of Judge Dibble's "Combine." Mr. Lowe was the hero of one episode that stamps him as a man well calculated to discharge such a trust as this Reform School. The Bruner Committee, it will be recollected, endeavored to ascertain whether the Sacramento member had actually sold a position on the San Francisco police force to an *Examiner* reporter for $400. The Chairman, Bledsoe, with the three Democrats on the Committee, found that Bruner was guilty, while the other three Republicans whitewashed him. When the report was read, and Bruner found that a majority of the Committee disbelieved the yarn he had told about that $400 transaction, he was completely prostrated. He burst into tears, and fell sobbing into his seat. Assemblyman Lowe here came to the rescue. His tender boodle heart bled for his fellow-boodler. He went over to Bledsoe's seat, and in the presence of Mrs. Bledsoe and other ladies called the Humboldt man a "black-hearted —— —— ——."

* * *

Of course, the ladies screamed and there was general confusion. But as Bledsoe weighs about ninety pounds and Lowe nearly 200, the latter stood his ground and never flinched. Whatever else may be said of Trustee Lowe nobody can gainsay his bravery after this. The gentleman who has kindly called to my mind these valiant deeds of Trustees Sims and Lowe, says he knows nothing of the character or qualifications of Trustee Lindley. Neither do I know anything of that gentleman, but I will wager a great deal that he has no such record as his two colleagues. The fact, however, that he captured for his brother the only $300-a-month position within the gift of the Board of which he is a member seems to indicate that he possesses some capacity for his position.

* * *

PHIL FAY, Secretary of the Laguna Survey Commission, is one of the oldest "boys" in San Francisco. He collected rents for Jimmy Phelan, when that fleshly millionaire used to sit up nights to see that the tumble-down shanties on the lot which now sustains his magnificent building did not catch fire. His association with such solid men as Phelan, Blythe, Ryer, and other Market Street owners, is said to account for the remarkable purity of his tastes and the discriminating nature of his appetite. During his youthful days Phil expended a large amount of his energy in an attempt to knock out the demon Rum. It has been said that if all the fire-water Phil has drank was stored at the head waters of the Sacramento River and suddenly let loose, it would break the levees on both sides, so great would be the rush of fluids. After struggling for years to vanquish the demon, however, Phil suddenly gave up the fight between two days.

* * *

His conversion to temperance was as startling as it was complete. Those who knew him well said, "Oh, Phil is sure to fall down. His thirst has been cultivated too long." But Phil did not fall down. He mingled freely with his old friends, played cards in barrooms and made no attempt to evade the

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

demon. But his drinks were always soda water and sarsaparilla. At first the boys exclaimed, "What, *you* Phil?" but after awhile they got used to it, and, when he called for the trundle-bed liquids, said nothing. Four or five years have elapsed and still Phil is true to his pledge.

Some days ago a group of choice spirits stood in front of a cigar store where Phil often exhibits his ample proportions. They were discussing the experience of Robert Duncan Milne at Keeley's Los Gatos Institute, when Phil happened along.

* * *

"Stuff, humbug!" he said, "nothing will cure a man of tippling but a strong will. Look at me. Did anybody ever get down lower than I did? I was wallowing in the filth of me own degradation; I was a beast, gentlemen, a beast of burden—carrying around a load all the time. Everybody was saying, 'He is gone, poor devil!' What did I do? One morning I arose with a mighty spit on me. I had been on a spree for a week, and me head was so big that a wash-tub would not have covered it. On this morning I said to meself, 'Phil, you've been an ass long enough. Be a man for a time.' Boys, you may shoot me for a jack-rabbit, but I never have taken a swig since. That's the way I quit, after drinking up enough whisky to float a ship."

* * *

"Well," remarked one of Phil's hearers, with a surprised inflection, "I never thought you were much of a lush. I knew you drank some, but had no idea you were a regular boozer."

"Great snakes," exclaimed Phil, "you must have been blind. I was pickled. The last year of it me friend, Dr. Shorb, warned me never to light a match near me mouth. He was afraid of an explosion. I used to bottle my saliva and sell it for taking the spots out of clothing. Fact. And that was not all. One day me friend, Dr. Meares, said to me, 'Phil, the next time you come to my house, don't stand on the steps too long while ringing the bell. Your breath blisters the paint on my door.' I'm telling you, boys—" but Phil did not finish this sentence. The group of choice spirits had scattered.

* * *

THE LEAGUE OF PRESS CLUBS has departed, and the members of the local organization are resting easily, with hopes of recovery. The Eastern delegates have had a splendid opportunity of seeing San Francisco and the suburbs, and are now enjoying the sights in Southern California. They have been duly impressed with the hospitality of the people of the Golden State, and will spread the fame of this chief virtue of ours abroad. Through the kindness of many citizens and corporations the successful entertainment of the visitors was possible, and, personally, I am indebted to them. I believe the work done and the money expended will not be lost; California generally, and San Francisco particularly will benefit by the exertions of the few citizens who have so generously come to the front on this occasion.

* * *

Of the future of the League there is no doubt; it will be a success. The delegates made a mistake, I think, in giving the offices to editors and proprietors; there is no place made for the working newspaperman. The choice of M. H. de Young for President was a good one. He has a big paper, a capacity for work, and a "pull" from the Pacific to the Atlantic; he makes a success of everything he starts, and the League will prosper under his administration. To the Press Club of San Francisco the citizens are indebted for the able manner in which the visitors were entertained; Mr. Sutro, Mr. Baldwin, and the Southern Pacific Company are also entitled to thanks.

* * *

In speaking of the League, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret that some people believe they may not be journalists and gentlemen at the same time. I refer to the editors of the *Call-Bulletin*. When the *Chronicle* began to cut into the receipts of the *Call*, Mr. Pickering and Mr. De Young became personal in their remarks about each other. De Young, I believe, said Pickering had passed a counterfeit dollar on a blind man, taking in change from the mendicant's cup ninety-five cents. Pickering said De Young had engaged in the industry of giving the bloom of renewed life to cancelled postage stamps. The fight was waged so bitterly that after a time they began prevaricating about each other. Just before the election of the League officers the *Call* opened on the *Chronicle*, and deliberately, maliciously, and outrageously lied about De Young.

* * *

Pickering said De Young kept down the wages of newspapermen, and yet posed as a George W. Childs of San Francisco journalism. Everyone knows that the *Call* pays the lowest salaries in the city, if not in the country. I believe the minimum wages in the *Chronicle* is the maximum rate in the *Call*. The only man on the latter paper who gets a respectable salary is John Bonner, and he gets this because he is indispensable as an editorial writer. When I read the scolding Mrs. Pickering gave De Young I was amazed at the capacity for mendacity displayed by the old lady, and I was tempted to send a copy of the *Scolding Bat* to Oscar Wilde, as a complete refutation of his essay on the "Decay of Lying." There was in the article a virility of untruthfulness, a splendor of misrepresentation, a magnificence of mendaciousness, and a wealth of plain, sneaking, nasty, mean lying that outshone and outdid anything that Mrs. Pickering has ever attempted.

* * *

Now that our visitors have gone, and we have a chance to fight among ourselves without fear of being heard, I should like to say a word about Auburn hospitality. I do not speak of that gilt-edged article that the citizens as a whole displayed, as their kindness was without stint, and they have made their pretty town an honor to California. But I cannot refrain from mentioning the beautiful manner in which a gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits sought to rob the gentle San Franciscan delegation. When this collection of prominent citizens reached the loveliest village of Placer County, a move was made toward the hotel, and there occurred the incident that will live in local history as one of the most magnificent instances of assurance ever shown in the State.

* * *

The accomplished barkeeper was requested by the gentleman in charge of the local delegation to fill the glasses in honor of Auburn, and about twenty-five men started for perdition on whisky. When time came for settling that bill, the accountant behind the bar said the cost was twenty-three dollars and fifty cents! A cry of horror arose from all the crowd; and some one asked for a bill of sale of the establishment before the money was paid. But the barkeeper was a man of nerve, and insisted that a dollar a drink was not too much for the whisky, which had been made on the spot. A long debate followed, in which every one took part, and the barkeeper, in view of the fact that the liquor he had served was worth probably a dollar, agreed to compromise for five dollars and fifty cents; this was accepted, and no more whisky was consumed in Auburn.

* * *

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM of the kind we have been having in San Francisco for some time evidently does not pay. The satiric side of the *Wasp* has been the one we could not see; its artistic side, too, has been carefully concealed. It has, since its beginning, been the oldest and worst cartoon paper in America; it has passed through as many hands as a traveling dollar, and is again in danger of transfer. Its editor, I am told, is trying to make a corporation of it, with a capital of $7000. The *Wasp*, if it ever did pay, has passed the period in its existence when clipping coupons would be part of the editorial duties.

* * *

To incorporate a paper is as easy as the incorporation of any other business, if one can only find the men with enough money to buy the stock, and enough confidence in the future of the journal to put part of their fortunes to its uses. But I believe the stock of the *Wasp* has gone begging for some time, and that it is still the property of the Postmaster. As a matter of fact, it is a better paying concern in its present condition than if it were the property of a corporation. Postmaster Backus is enabled to show favors, legitimately enough, to many advertisers, who can only return them to Editor Backus

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

Some one has told me that the Postmaster expects every employee of his department to subscribe to the paper; and I have heard one or two of the letter carriers speak in high terms of the journal; indeed, in such a manner that I was for a moment inclined to believe that they were canvassing for the paper.

* * *

STRANGE WHAT A DIFFERENCE in the Bell case the discovery of the murderer's millionaire uncle has made. Prior to his inclusion among the *dramatis personæ* the interesting footpad had but few friends. Now he is amply provided with them. The majority of us, who are comparatively optimistic and burdened with a sense of moral responsibility, do not realize the depravity of some criminals. For money they will perjure themselves a dozen times without the faintest compunction. Lawyers who have conducted big cases are familiar with the methods of false witnesses. Once let it be whispered around that there is coin in a fight, and the manner in which evidence adduces itself will surprise a hardened cynic. The Sharon suit was a case in point. To the attorneys on either side, men and women were coming constantly, offering for a consideration to swear to anything. And they did.

* * *

Campbell and Areyer are men lacking even the sense of veracity. Bell is a whimsical thief, and a murderer besides. The efforts of his counsel may save his neck—that is what the millionaire uncle is anxious now to do. I am looking forward with considerable interest to the M. B. Curtis trial, wherein some exceedingly interesting testimony is to be developed. The chances, I am told, are that the case will be as sensational as the Bell trial. It is inadvisable, however, to anticipate, as, according to Oscar Wilde, it is the unreadable that occurs.

* * *

Even at this end of the Century the aphorism—the course of true love never did run smooth—continues forceful. The latest addition to the unwritten literature of the subject is the story of Otto Weissmann's courtship. He is soon to be married to Mrs. Clara Haenndel, a widow lady, who presides very gracefully over a jewelry establishment on Market Street. But Mr. Weissmann is an Episcopalian and Mrs. Haenndel is a Jewess. Among her people there exists the strongest prejudices against inter-marriage with Gentiles. The predicament is not easy of solution even for true love. Before proceeding to the climax it is as well to understand the preliminaries. Mr. Weissmann was the proprietor of the Blue Lake Hotel this summer. It is rather a hazardous business this, but in spite of an absence of previous experience, he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his guests—particularly of Mrs. Haenndel.

* * *

She is a lady whose age may be set in the uncertain period between thirty-five and forty—the time of life when, according to Balzac, women are most fascinating. She is capable, intelligent, agreeable, and by her husband, the late Haenndel, was left comfortably provided for. He is fully twenty-five years of age, is Mr. Weissmann, he looks older and may feel forty, but his summers number those of two decades and a half. For the interesting widow he conceived a fancy. It grew into an affection—it developed into an admiration, culminated in adoration. Did she reciprocate? Who knows? They were together a great deal. For both the moonlight seemed to have a deep attraction. They wandered by the lakeside. Alas, the widow's visit finally ended and she returned to town. At the end of the season Mr. Weissmann gleefully closed the doors of his caravansary and hied himself to the feet of his charmer on Market Street. He offered his heart and hand. She assured him she could marry only a man of her own faith and race. Union with a Christian meant ostracism, denunciation, the dislike of her relatives, the loss of her friends.

* * *

Judaism is not content with accepting converts on a mere profession of faith. There are other and far less agreeable preliminaries. Mr. Weissmann returned to the charge. Mrs. Haenndel was inexorable. Some one had to give way. Mr. Weissmann decided that chivalry inculcated the making of sacrifices. He consented to become a Hebrew. He is to be received into that fold with due rites and ceremonies in the course of a few weeks. Under the circumstances no one could possibly entertain a doubt of his affection.

* * *

Weissmann is the stepson of the wealthy German of that name. His brothers are Frank Happersburger, the sculptor, and Dr. Happersburger, a young physician, who has attained a considerable degree of success in the exercise of his profession.

* * *

Writing of the late William Center, some months ago, I spoke of his excellent library—in a small way one of the very best on the Coast. It is to follow the fate of most private libraries, alas!—dispersion. It is now on view at Doxey's—some 1600 volumes admirably bound and selected. Few collections of similar size contain as little rubbish. Most of the classics are in the best issues obtainable, and there are a great many in the original editions that bibliophiles prize so. Among the rarities is a complete set of the Pickering Aldine British poets and the Braybrook and Bright edition of Papy's Diary. Of the latter work there are very few volumes extant, the edition being seized on account of a law suit which is yet to be decided. On binding Mr. Center was a connoisseur, and some of his books are really *chef d'œuvres*.

* * *

The amenities of Arizona journalism the *Kicker* has made familiar. Of course, as remarkable personages as the versatile editor of that publication do not occur in real life, but many good stories of the consequences of frankness on the frontier are easily gleaned from the reminiscences of gentlemen familiar with the handling of hand presses in the far South. Here is one that Mr. Gamble told the Gridiron Club: It was about a very small, but exceedingly plucky little man, who ran an enterprising sheet at Yuma. His name was Tod, and he denounced "boodle" unsparingly, and never hesitated about expressing the most excessively unflattering opinions about personages he considered obnoxious. The make-up of his office was peculiar. In the very front, at a spacious desk, the little editor sat; to the rear was the composing-room, over which presided a gigantic Irishman named Clancey.

* * *

Clancey preferred fighting to eating, and willingly undertook the disposition of the kickers, who, after each issue, invaded the sanctum. It was Tod's custom to receive his visitors with an air of chilling hauteur. Objections to an item were generally met by the interrogation: What are you going to do about it? On the first intimation of hostile intentions, Tod pressed a small bell on his desk, and Clancey appearing did the rest. No one ever stood up two minutes before Clancey. One fine Saturday morning—the journal had just been issued—Tod sat at his desk. He heard heavy footsteps approaching. It was a gentleman, recently arrived, upon whose antecedents the paper had cast all manner of doubts. He thought an explanation due him.

"You do?" said Tod. "Think the paper is going to apologize, do you? Have an idea that this here journal is sort o' going to lick your feet 'cause you come round here with a kick. No, sir."

* * *

Tod smiled sarcastically.

"You —— little rat. I'll punch the head off you," ejaculated the visitor, furiously. He stepped forward.

The little editor pressed the bell. One second more and the kicker would be an authority on sidewalks. He smiled.

"No, sir; this is not the place for apologies. I defy you."

Again he touched the bell. No Clancey. He rang again and again, shouting defiances in the meantime at his opponent. Just at that moment the boy came in.

"Clancey is across in the saloon, dead drunk," he explained, breathlessly.

At that moment the visitor caught Tod by the collar and proceeded to indulge him with the most artistic hiding he had ever received in his life. There was no paper the following week, but on subsequent occasions Mr. Tod never aggravated a caller until he was certain his assistant was within call.

* * *

I AM NOT GIVEN to commenting on the business methods of florists, but here is something that all my readers, especially those gifted with friends, relatives, or sweethearts in other parts of the country, will be interested in hearing about. It appears there has been

formed a National association of florists—the leading firm in the several big cities of the States—not for mutual protection or aught of that kind, but for interchanging orders. The existence of the organization was revealed to me thus: I wanted to send some roses to a girl living in New York and not rejoicing in any convenient friends I was in a quandary how to carry out my intentions. Someone suggested—try Siever's. I did so, and was there apprised of the *modus operandi*. One leaves one's behest just as though it were to be executed in town. By consulting catalogues, the price is approximated—a printed form is filled and the order telegraphed in the association's cipher.

* * *

Supposing one's mother-in-law—a millionairess in St. Paul—has just died and it is desirable to florally express deep regret at her demise, it is only necessary to select here the particular emblem most appropriate to the occasion and to state the extent financially of your sorrow. Siever sends on a telegram calling for an anchor, or a broken wheel, or something of that kind, price so much, name, etc., and to the residence of your wife's departed parent the best florist in St. Paul dispatches your offering, name and all, and the agreement of the association is that inter-State orders shall receive the attention that is accorded only best customers—the finest flowers are furnished. It seems to me a very useful idea and there is no extra charge—a decided consideration.

* * *

ONCE BEFORE I alluded to the strong mentality and versatility of Gavin McNab, one of the leaders in the Reorganized Democracy. Besides being a vigorous writer he is an excellent speaker, possessing a power of invective that is withering. His sentences have more polish that his delivery, and his gestures are often more forcible than elegant; but once on his feet he rarely fails to say something worth remembering. Some of the neatest of current political *bon mots* proceed from him. Talking of Buckley to certain members of the Manhattan Club, who in by-gone days had been intimates of the ex-boss, he remarked:

"Buckley! I have the greatest respect for him. He reminds me of the Divinity."

"How, Mac, where?" asked an ex-Fire Commissioner.

"Why, God took earth, breathed on it and made men. Buckley, from the depths of the sewers, took mud, breathed on it, and made statesmen."

* * *

On another occasion Mr. McNab, before a gathering of Democratic County Committeemen, to whom he is bitterly opposed, delivered himself of the startling paradox:

"In San Francisco the Democratic party *plus* the County Committee, its heelers and stuffers and toughs, is in a minority of three thousand. But the Democratic party *minus* the County Committee, its heelers, roughs and stuffers, is a majority of seven thousand in San Francisco.

A certain social institution which iconoclasts have recently begun to call the "Bohemian Club," has not commended itself to Mr. McNab's favor. Speaking of reputations resounding from one end of its rooms to the other, he remarked:

"The Bohemian Club is a corporation for furnishing literary varnish to parvenues."

* * *

WAS IT NOT RABELAIS who so shrewdly contrasted the tendencies of the Devil ill and the Devil well? There is no question that sickness makes cowards of us all—far more so than conscience. I would not for a moment insinuate any relationship between the evil one and the *dramatis personæ* in the following story. On the contrary, the leading lady was really an excellent personage. It may be said she had coin enough to cover a multitude of sins, but it was never hinted she was half as bad as some of her critics. She is dead, however, and her little romance seems to me quite well worth the telling. She was Irish, and a Roman Catholic by birth and bringing up. She is buried in the Home of Peace Cemetery, and over her remains the funeral rites of Judaism were performed.

* * *

It seems a number of years since Mr. and Mrs. Martin came here from New York. Despite the full Hibernian flavor of the name he was a Hebrew. They had met in the Empire City but shortly after her arrival from the old country. She, a buxom, healthy Irish girl, he, considerably older, well-to-do, smart. He brought here a good many thousand dollars that lucky investments increased. They had a son—Jefferson Martin, of whom the mother was intensely fond. The details of their life I know not. Apparently they had good reasons for being happy—they were prosperous enough, and money is the most sympathetic of consolers. One morning Martin committed suicide. In the lane just above his house, 1017 Van Ness Avenue, he was found shot dead. He had blown his brains out with a huge pistol—an old weapon with a barrel three feet in length.

* * *

He was richer than anyone supposed. However sincerely she mourned her loss, there was no concealing the fact that Mrs. Martin was a rich widow. She was a regular attendant at Synagogue, gave liberally to Hebrew charities. Still young, buxom, handsome, she came to be regarded as a catch. Her second husband was a merchant named Simon, a wealthy man, a pleasant, agreeable fellow, who seemed possessed of all the domestic virtues. They seemed to enjoy life adequately. Of current pleasures they appeared to have their share. The new papa regarded Jefferson as his own offspring, and attended with the greatest care to the details of his education. The boy was brought up an orthodox Hebrew, went to instruction and Synagogue on Saturday, and, when old enough, joined the Olympic Club. Some two or three years ago, his marriage to a very pretty young Jewess was celebrated. And so the years ran on.

* * *

One day Mrs. Simon was taken violently ill. She had several doctors, and all the attention that money could command. On the verge of the grave she hovered. In her extremity she sent for Father Varsi, one of the most cultured of the able and amiable Jesuit Fathers who attend to the duties of St. Ignatius school and church. She confessed, and was received back into the Church of Rome. If life was spared her, she promised to be a faithful communicant. She lived to forget her promise.

* * *

I am not aware that any one offered a definite explanation of Simon's suicide. Not so very long ago, I forget the date, he shot himself—blew out his brains—much in the same way as Martin had. It was a very swell funeral he had, and but little about the manner of his taking off got into the papers. Again a widow, it was on her son Jefferson that this unfortunate lavished the entire wealth of her affection. She could not do enough for him.

* * *

In the residence 1017 Van Ness Avenue, the young husband and the young wife and Mrs. Simon lived together. She was richer than ever, for the suicide had bequeathed to her all his possessions. But she did not become a Catholic. On the contrary, she returned to Judaism, was strict in the observance of the law, fasted and prayed regularly, and gave her personal attention to the erection of a magnificent mausoleum at the Home of Peace Cemetery. The end is not yet, though. Only a few weeks ago, Jefferson Martin, returning from a boxing contest at the Olympic Club—for the young man was quite a dexterous exponent of the manly art—caught a violent cold. It developed into pneumonia. He died. This last terrible blow prostrated Mrs. Simon. She never recovered. Her constitution gave way under the terrible strain. She lingered, lingered. She died, unconscious. This time she could not send for Father Varsi.

* * *

I presume there is a moral in this story. Its deduction is purely a matter of point of view. Reading of misfortunes so pronounced, of sorrows so cruel, of losses so terrible it is easy to believe in fate. Surely some malignant destiny pursued this unfortunate—meeted out to her, it is true, some of the good things of life, but dealt her blows the hardest a woman who is both a wife and a mother can suffer.

* * *

THE DISPATCHES inform me that "Jack" Beresford has "turned up" in Buffalo. This information is of considerable interest, as I

happen to know "Jack," and now that my attention is called to the fact that he has left our English colony, I notice how much I missed him. Mr. Beresford is a cousin of Lord Charles and "Fighting" Bill Beresford, and was as brave a man as ever cut a throat, or led an attack as a commissioned officer in Her British Majesty's Navy. He has seen as much fighting as many soldiers twice his age —I think he is under thirty—has been in more trouble, and has had a greater number of narrow escapes than any one I ever knew. He was in imminent danger of death in San Francisco once, and just got out of it with his life.

* * *

Beresford was a favorite with "the boys;" he was big, good-natured, jolly, and Irish from the crown of his curly head to the soles of his patent-leather-encased feet. As an honorary member of the Rose Leaves, he shone with wondrous lustre, until one day he betrayed his friends. He was in the habit of going into trances—liquor, of course—and the period immediately preceding that stage was signalized by his Herculean efforts to get whisky. When the Rose Leaves go on a yachting trip demijohns of imposing size and soul-pleasing aroma are among the provisions. "Jack" was one of the party that started for Vallejo one soft, summer afternoon; that was his last appearance here.

* * *

The start was uneventful; the yacht was becalmed in Raccoon Straits; the members made the most of it, and toward morning lay down to headaches and sorrows. When they awoke, each man appointed himself a committee on supplies; the demijohns were empty! even the beer bottles had been robbed of their frothy contents. A council was called, and the thirty souls gathered in serious conclave; the only man missing was Jack. He was found in a trance; when he was resuscitated he confessed to having consumed the liquor of the party; a trial was held; he was condemned to banishment. Prayers were useless; tears were of no avail; he had betrayed his friends. The yacht was worked to Meigg's wharf. Beresford was put ashore; more whisky was procured, and the party started away again. I haven't seen Jack since that day.

* * *

He could consume enormous quantities of the red; and his appetite caused him to lose his commission in the navy. During the Egyptian war he served with distinction, and was "mentioned" in the dispatches. I think he fought for the love of it, he had a lust for blood; and with sword in hand was merciless. One of his men disobeyed orders, he was sentenced to be flogged; Beresford wrote the order, and I have been told that while in his cups he increased the number of lashes. Under the punishment the sailor fainted; a "round robin" was the result; a court-martial, was ordered. Beresford was suspended for a time, but he was not of the kind to have his acts revived; he resigned, started for India, and came to California. From Buffalo?

* * *

The LATEST RING is that formed by the Superior Judges. Rumor has it they have organized a combination similiar to that existing in the Board of Supervisors—a "solid nine"—bonded together for offensive and defensive purposes. Rather a novelty this judicial cohesiveness. Unanimity of opinion among so many distinguished lawyers is rare —so deucedly rare that one almost suspects something. However, the community need not indulge in an ecstasy of dread as I believe there is no assault intended on the liberty of any one citizen. The object of the "nine" is Judge Wallace. It appears that the estimation this jurist enjoys in the public mind is not viewed with generous satisfaction by his colleagues. Indeed, his prominence is distasteful, and they go so far, actually as to allege he requires "taking down." "A very clever man, undoubtedly," they say, "but he has usurped an authority that is not vested in him and really requires to be taught his proper place."

* * *

It is easily conceivable that the ordinary judge—and most judges are that way—resents being overshadowed. There are several clever and painstaking men on the Superior bench who might obtain prominence but for Judge Wallace. One can readily comprehend that the clamor for his re-election as Presiding Judge was not relished, nor yet his action in forcing publicity upon their annual deliberations. Not even a jurist cares to be put in the position of apparently sympathizing with "boodle," and as the "nine" were thus individually exhibited to the public their feelings may be comprehended. The first exhibition of displeasure was in assigning to Wallace's department criminal cases. This is decidedly the least agreeable class of business and it is usually the lot of the younger and less prominent judges.

* * *

Criminal law is infinitely less complex than civil law. Its administration calls into requisition only the most elementary judical principles. One would not dream of asking D. M. Delmas or John Garber to plead in the Justice's Court. Using Wallace's splendid intelligence on petty cases is like leveling an eighty-one-ton gun at a pygmy. It is a waste of good material. It is true that Wallace furnished an excuse for Judge Troutt, by constituting his Court a criminal department shortly after the death of Judge Hoge, but he did so to relieve the calendar, and, with his usual courtesy, rather than ask any of his colleagues to assume the unpleasant duty. In preference to burdening them he assumed the load himself. He is too big a man to notice such petty slights, but the public should have an opportunity of appreciating the cost of honestly serving it.

* * *

Another slight was the refusal of the Judges to re-elect Edmund Tauzky a Court Commissioner. He is a protege of Wallace's, an exceedingly able, conscientious lawyer, whose abilities are sterling rather than showy. To him the late Presiding Judge assigned all the most important investigations that came up in his Court, and in cases approved and abided by his findings. Though Wallace asked his re-election as a favor to himself personally, and endorsed Tauzky most emphatically, he was shelved. Now, as men who are painstaking and are possessed of judicial faculties are quite rare, Mr. Tauzky is a loss to litigants. I should not be much surprised were Wallace to resign, sooner or later. His term expires this year, and the chances are he will then go to Europe.

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch's suggested destruction of Bret Harte is being widely commented on in the Eastern press. It appears that the gifted Grand Juryman's New Year lucubration has been telegraphed all over the country, and is regarded as a fit topic for editorializing on. The treatment of the topic is serious in the extreme, and it is quite possible the suggestion may precipitate a literary controversy concerning the rights of authors as against Immigration Associations. As I am compelled to read a great many books, it is unnecessary to state that my sympathies are with the latter.

The Witness.

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY,
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R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

The Central Milling Co.,

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully recommend your "Drifted Snow Flour" as being the whitest and best family flour we have ever used.

Yours,

R. BECK & CO.,
Vienna Model Bakery.

LES MISERABLES.

I was talking to Jimmie Clayton's brother—Dick.

"He'll go down to the grave with his secret," said Dick. "Jimmie's character is an unfortunate mixture of nobility and weakness. The nobility is innate. The weakness has been instilled in him by the company he has kept. The other day I said to him: 'Jimmie, send the brandy-guzzling thing home to her mother and come abroad with me.' He raised his fist as though to strike me, and then wilted, and the tears came into his eyes. 'Gad, Dick,' said he, 'don't you know you're speaking of my wife?' There was an agonizing appeal in his voice, as though I had struck him a mean blow, one that he couldn't return. Well, I waited till he pulled himself together and then had a serious talk with him. He confessed that he hadn't the courage to bring on a scandal. 'Think what it means,' he pleaded. 'Means?' said I. 'It merely means that you acknowledge to your friends that you made the mistake of marrying a woman who is immeasurably beneath you.' 'Oh, Dick,' he broke in; 'beneath me? Why, her family—' 'Damn her family,' I snapped; 'I never saw anything remarkable about her family. There isn't one of the present generation with brains enough to keep a chicken out of the soup. What is this wife of yours? The granddaughter of a man who made millions, the daughter of a silly mother, and with a father who is drunk ten months out of the year. And she—well, what's the use of mincing matters, Jimmie? You know what she is. I won't put it in words, but you ought to get rid of her. Now, will you let me take the matter in hand, and do it for you? I'll have you free in six months, and your children will be under your care. Come, now, what do you say?' 'Impossible,' he muttered, 'impossible. You don't realize what you are talking about. Think of it. I should drag the name of her family through the mire.'

"I looked at my brother and knew that it was useless to talk further with him on this terrible subject. By a series of processes the nature of which I fail to comprehend, he had been trained to believe that his first duty in life was to protect, not his own name, but that of his wife's family. I had been aware of the awe with which he looked upon these people when he was permitted to marry one of them. Indeed, I had felt a little of it myself. I remember that I thought Jimmie in unheard-of luck when he brought down the daughter of such a house. We were quiet outsiders, you know, and she was straight in the top waters of the swim. She possessed a name without which New York Society could hardly be identified. I think she rather hated to change this name. Why she married Jimmie I don't know. We are as good as she, better in fact, but as I say, she had a great name, she had millions, and I can't understand why she did not aim for bigger game. But she didn't, worse luck. She took my brother, and now she amuses herself while his heart breaks.

"You remember the night, six months or so ago, when you dined at Jimmie's house. Mrs. Clayton was excused you will recollect. She was ill upstairs, with a perfectly excruciating headache. While we were at table, there was a tremendous crash overhead. We were all startled, but Jimmie merely turned a little pale, and went on talking about horses. The noise upstairs continued. We heard breaking glass, heavy blows and a wild voice. Jimmie never ceased talking, and finally the disturbance above us ceased. You did not guess, I think, that Mrs. Clayton was smashing the furniture, and trying to murder her maid in a state of wild delirium. And now I'll tell you something worse than that. I tell you for the reason that I propose to bring this whole affair to the surface against Jimmie's wishes, and force a separation upon him. One day last summer I ran down to Jimmie's country place for the day. I found matters in a fearful condition, Jimmie was not speaking to his wife and she refused to see any of his friends. I had heard an ugly story about her and a young cad whose physical attractions had pleased her. He was living in a house near at hand, and was with Mrs. Clayton a great deal of the time. I could believe what I heard, because I know that woman doesn't understand what it means to put a curb on any appetite she has. Jimmie asked me to go for a spin with him, and we took a twenty-mile drive at a quick clip. We were silent most of the time. I saw how it was with Jimmie, and I hadn't then reached the point of discussing the trouble with him. When we got home we went into the house from the piazza through a window. Jimmie was ahead of me, and when I had one foot inside the room he turned, with a dead-white face, and pushed me violently back on to the piazza. He wasn't quick enough, however. I had caught a glimpse of the room, of the table covered with brandy and champagne bottles, and of two figures locked together on the sofa—two figures in a drunken sleep—one Mrs. Clayton, the other the symmetrical cad. Jimmie started back into the room, but I dragged him back. What was the use then of his doing anything? What could he have done? Killed them in cold blood, that's all. They could not have fled or resisted. I led him away, and we took a five-mile walk. When we returned Mrs. Clayton was alone on the sofa. The cad had staggered home.

"Now, isn't it a sweet mess? Do you see what Jimmie is doing? Sacrificing himself, by God, to the horrible modern law that forbids a man to rid himself of the slimy coils of a serpent. The world shrugs its selfish shoulders and says: 'Oh, dear me, anything but a scandal!' And Jimmie minds it. But I'll force him to the thing, you see if I don't. I'm not going to hide the story. Hide it! Why, look here, one of these fine weeks the papers will come out and print the whole thing. And do you know who'll give it to 'em. I will. I'm not one of your snivelers that lie down and let convention squeeze the blood out of me. I'll free my brother of that woman, d'ye hear, if I have to kill her."

Dick Clayton was as white as a sheet and was trembling with emotion.

"Sh!" said I. "Here comes Jimmie, now."

It was he. He crossed to where we were sitting, and took a chair at the table with us. As he lighted a cigar the flame of the match accentuated the deep lines in the face that told of the agony of the man's heart.

"I suppose we'll see you at the Routledge dance to-night?" I said, just by way of perfunctory conversation.

"No," replied Clayton, "I don't expect to be there. The fact is—er—Mrs. Clayton is prostrated by one of her—er—nervous attacks. What ails you, Dick? You're looking awfully down."

"Yes," said Dick. "I'm having a little nervous attack on my own account."

Jimmie glanced up quickly at his brother, and then fixed his eyes on my face. I was busy studying the air and making rings with the smoke from my cigarette.

A few moments later Bronsonne came in with a new funny story and relieved the strain of the situation.

The case is not so entirely hopeless as it looks. Dick Clayton may force a separation as he threatens, or, if he will only be patient, Mrs. Clayton will drink herself to death.—*Town Topics.*

LAWN TENNIS.

The announcement that the final match of the league championship series would took place on Saturday last at the grounds of the California Tennis Club, brought out the largest assemblage of spectators that have ever been seen at the courts on any previous occasion.

The match called for the best three sets in five, and was between C. D. Bates, Jr. and Sam Neel of the East Oakland Tennis Club, and Joseph Tobin and W. H. Taylor, Jr., of the California Tennis Club. Each team had its many supporters who never missed an opportunity of cheering on their favorites.

The first set was not particularly exciting. Tobin not playing anything like his usual game. The Oaklanders employed lobbying tactics throughout and as a rule kept the ball away from Taylor, thus giving Tobin nearly all the work. The latter's strong point—smashing—was not brought into play in this set. The Oakland team won this, the first set by a score of 6-2, and their friends hurrahed and shouted, not a few predicting a victory in straight sets for the youngsters, but in this they were utterly dissappointed.

The second set brought out some really fine tennis, Tobin and Taylor were now thoroughly warmed up and went about things in a business-like manner. The Oakland team now varied their play with an occasional cross court shot but the rackets on the other side invariably met the ball. Taylor's drives in this set were a revelation to a great many; they were absolutely unplayable and went a long way toward winning them the set, which resulted in a score of 6-4.

The scorer now called set all, and the hopes of the Oakland delegation were not as bright as at the conclusion of the first set; they attributed their team's defeat, however, to nervousness, which was noticeably the case with young Neel. In the third set the California team got down to work in dead earnest and played everything, to Bates keeping him continually in the back court. and playing to his back hand, which was not at this stage of the contest very strong. This was an easy victory for the California team, the Oaklanders only being able to score but one game. Score, two sets to one, California Club wins.

It looked very cloudy for Oakland now, but after a rest of several minutes, the players re-appeared upon the courts looking as fresh as when they started. It was in this set that the Pony team got in their good work. The California team played everything to Bates during the first part of the set, but that that player's strokes developed such remarkable swiftness and such accuracy, that the games ran towards Oakland to fast to be appreciated by Tobin and Taylor. They finally concluded to try Neel, but he was there every time, and at the conclusion of the set it was seen that the Oakland players had defeated the score of the previous set, 6-1 This brought the teams even again, the game being two all. The hopes of the Oaklanders now returned. Bates and Neel regained confidence, and everybody looked anxious as the next was to decide the winners of the pennant. This was the most remarkable set of the day, and the old saying, a set is never won till it's lost, was ably illustrated in this case, when the score was five to two, in favor of Oakland, and everything pointed to a certain victory. The California team pulled together, and by a fine exhibition of hard-up-hill play succeeded in evening up the score five all. It was now necessary for either team to score two consecutive games in order to win; first, one team would win the odd game and then the other side would win the next, making things even again. Thus it ran along almost through another ordinary set until 10 all was called. At this stage of the contest the darkness was fast gathering, and after a consultation the players decided to call it off until some future date, and play the last set over again.

It was thought that it would be played over again to-day, but Tobin has other matters to attend to, and as Bates will not be able to play next Saturday, it is thought that one week from Saturday next will be the day selected. The winners of the match will be challenged by O. Hoffman and C. Hubbard, a team worthy of the consideration of the best on the Coast.

Should Bates and Neel win the doubles, it will give the East Oakland Club the District Double Championship and the Alameda County single, as Bates and Neel are in the finals in the latter event.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, January 23, 1892.

MINES AND MINERS.

By the expenditure of two and a half millions of dollars it is possible to avoid slickens and to extract from the auriferous gravel of California the sum of $350,0000,000. This State has resources more varied than any other in the Union. It produces oranges, raisins, and olives. From its central valleys it ships wheat by the trainload. On its foothills the vine flourishes. Its canned fruits are a factor in the world's market.

For ten years past there has been no hydraulic mining in California. The decade has been the least prosperous in the history of the State. In that period, over one hundred millions would have been added to the world's wealth. Have our raisins, our olives, our wines, produced a fraction of the amount?

Hydraulic mining has depreciated the value of certain farm lands at least two and a half millions of dollars. But, for this paltry consideration, the world's treasury is one hundred millions poorer. The balance seems against the farmer.

The resumption of hydraulic mining means the return of California's prosperity. Of the millions taken out of the hills, many will be spent in cultivating the valleys. It means that the dollars invested in dams, in tunnels, in sluices through the mountains will again pay interest.

The Wave offers for the information of its readers a clear and comprehensive review of the hydraulic mining situation. The convention of miners and farmers is the excuse for the space given to this important subject, if an excuse is necessaay. To California hydraulic mining occupies nearly the same position as wheat-growing does to the Dakotas, or cotton to Mississsippi. The laws that have prevented the mining of the richest fields in the State should be reconsidered and made illegal. Numbers of men have been thrown out of work, millions of dollars have been kept out of circulation, and it is time the injurious statutes were repealed. If the miners and farmers can agree on a basis of reparation for injury, the politicians should have the matter brought to their attention.

Chicago editors are yelling for war; gory, truculent war. They want the impertinence spanked right out of Chile, and are offering advice on the quickest and best means of doing it. If you study the maps of this country you will notice that Chicago is so situated that a bombardment from fleets in the Pacific or Atlantic impossible. That, of course, may not have anything to do with the fierce tone of my contemporaries; but it certainly has no deterring effect. In the meantime, I am not hunting a fight with Chile; The Wave Building is in too close proximity to the ocean, and I have no desire to take my base on "hit by ball." I notice a number of prominent citizens are making arrangements for Eastern and European trips.

TALKING ABOUT RAILROADS.

In a moment of editorial aberration, due, probably, to Mr. Bunker's absence in the East, the *Report* alleges that The Wave's knowledge of railroad matters is very indefinite, not to say useless. I merely expressed an opinion on the subject in last week's issue, and as I have the misfortune not to regard the question from my contemporary's standpoint my punishment followed quickly. If I may for a moment be permitted to drag my contemporary from the oblivion of crepuscular journalism, I will say to it that building trans-continental or trans-alley railroads is not in The Wave's line. This journal will leave that for the *Report*, and sincerely hopes that it will soon have the satisfaction of knowing that a railroad from Chicago or New York to San Francisco has been talked of. It seems to me that some time ago there was a subscription raised for the enterprise; and that the trans-continental road was kicking its heels waiting in San Francisco's vestibule for admittance. The *Report* probably remembers it, too; but if it doesn't, I will not awaken unhappy memories.

My contemporary knows more about railroads than I do, of course. Indeed, all that I know about the matter is this: that until the traffic justifies capitalists in going to the expense of building and equipping another railway to San Francisco, none will be built. These capitalists are queer fish, very. They rarely become enthusiastic on any subject, and so cold-blooded and personal-spirited are they that time and again have they declined to build and operate railroads at an annual loss of a million or two of dollars. I have known some of them to send out surveying parties to look over a proposed route; to employ engineers to estimate what it would cost them to construct a road over it; to hire men to investigate the number of tons of freight exported and imported by the States and Territories to be traversed; others to form an estimate of the amount of local travel that might ensue if a railway were built; others to purchase aldermen, councilmen, supervisors, trustees, and other boodlers, in order to gain a right of way, and after all that was done, I have known them to abandon the project, simply because the yearly expenses of operating the road would be about $2,000,000 more than the gross receipts.

That is all The Wave knows about railroad matters; as it happened in the case of a road that purposed coming into San Francisco, the *Report* will probably say it isn't enough to give me a right to speak on the subject.

It is invidious to comment on a decision prior to its being rendered, but Judge Coffee has intimated so plainly his intentions in the MacDonald will case that filing his conclusions is merely a matter of form. He is about to decide in favor of the claimant. The character of the precedent thus established it is hard to realize. If sustained by the Supreme Court, it will be far reaching in its effects. Dangerous as it now is for a rich man to die, it will then be disastrous. The development of illegitimate heirs will become a lucrative profession. The possession of a million will entitle the most moral to a posthumous reputation for depravity. Even the saints will be regarded with suspicion—if possessed of the goods of this world—and no man may be called virtuous until his remains have been two years in a mausoleum.

I believe Judge Coffee is animated by motives of the highest morality, yet he is according to children born outside wedlock the privileges the rights and considerations of those whose birth has been sanctified by Church and State. He is putting a premium on pre-matrimonial and ex-marital amours. That he establishes a direct consequence for breeches of chastity is true, but he also creates a precedent the unscrupulous will take advantage of. Perjury forms as good a basis for paternity as veracity, provided there is a sufficiency of witnesses.

I am informed that if we have a war with Chile no privates will be employed to whip the bantam. Only gentlemen who are now wearing the title of Colonel or General will be allowed to volunteer. What! are you all resigning? Well, we have General Salomon left. You, too, General? What's that you say? "Corporal Solomon, sir; Corporal Solomon." Dear me; dear me!

* * *

The people who are working in the interest of Sidney Bell are learning, at a great cost, a lesson that any aspirant for office could have taught them: Liars and politicians will not stay bought. A legislator who will remain purchased is an honest man, comparatively.

* * *

Since the death of the unfortunate Duke of Clarence *la grippe* has become very fashionable with the Anglo-Maniacs.

* * *

The Emperor has not yet taken Bismarck back as his chief adviser. Is it possible that he has met Buckley?

* * *

Heaven help us! Pugilists are impervious to *la grippe*.

HYDRAULIC MINING.

WHY IT SHOULD BE RESUMED.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA.

PROCESS OF HYDRAULIC MINING.

The recent suppression of hydraulic mining by judicial decisions, has reduced the annual gold product of California by at least $10,000,000; has thrown thousands of men out of profitable employment, and has withdrawn enormous sums of money from circulation in the various channels of trade. Nor have the hardships which resulted from this been confined to persons directly connected with mining enterprises; being felt generally throughout the community, and they have fallen to a great extent on the very persons whom the decisions in question were designed to protect. Fortunately, however, the interdependence of the various industries of the State in this respect is becoming generally recognized, and thoughtful men, of whatever profession, are awakening to the desirability of rehabilitating the hydraulic mining of the State. It is greatly to be hoped that some method will shortly be devised for the accomplishment of this end, and for the effective prosecution of hydraulic mining, *in a manner which will at the same time insure to the farming interests of the State the protection to which they are entitled, and preserve the navigable rivers of the State as well.*

In general, hydraulic mining consists in the disintegration of the auriferous alluvia, by propelling a heavy jet of water under pressure upon the bank, and in washing off the gravel in sluices in which is distributed mercury. The gold forms an amalgam and remains caught.

By far the greater portion of the material washed from the banks finds lodgment within a short distance of the tailings' dump of the mine. Fortunately the cañons into which most of the mines tail (*i. e.*, wash the debris) are of no value for purposes other than to serve as storage reservoirs for the mining debris. A properly constructed brush or log dam, preferably the former, for which most of the cañons below the mines afford advantageous sites, would, undoubtedly, impound nearly all the material which at present may be carried to the subjacent farming lands. Co-operative action in this matter, by companies having a common outlet for their tailings, would, in many localities, make it possible to operate their mines without damage to the agricultural or other interests. As these impounding dams become filled by the accumulated debris, they must be raised higher, or, if necessary, other dams must be constructed. But an insignificant amount of material would be carried over the dams as "slickens," in suspension into the valleys into which the cañons debouch. The cost of the construction and maintenance of a system of dams and of the canals for disposing of the "slickens" would be of no moment, as compared with the beneficial result of hydraulic mining.

On account of the great expense usually attending the opening up of drift and hydraulic properties, and the low grade of the material to be mined, enterprises should be conducted upon a large scale. The larger drift or hydraulic mining companies own or control from one to five miles upon the supposed course of the channel. Some have invested in the property and plant from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. The larger drift and hydraulic mines work 75 to 125 men, with wages ranging from $2 to $3.50 per day.

The value of gravel washed at hydraulic mines is estimated usually upon the basis of yield per cubic yard, per miner's inch of water used, or sometimes by the product per acre. A cubic yard of gravel is from one and one-half to one and three-fourths tons.

Companies hydraulicking more extensively have storage reservoirs commensurate with the magnitude of their operations. Such companies are enabled to continue their piping with but little interruption during the entire year. The reservoirs constructed for mining purposes (chiefly for hydraulic mining) on Yuba, Bear, Feather, and American Rivers have an aggregating storage capacity of about 50,000,000,000 gallons, which is about twice as much as the Spring Valley Water Company's system.

The source of water supply of the North Bloomfield Gravel Mining Company, the Milton Mining and Water Company, and the Eureka Lake and Yuba Canal Company (consolidated), is about the headwaters of Big Cañon Creek and Middle Yuba River in Nevada and Sierra Counties. The catchment area embraced in those sections represents in the aggregate 68.6 square miles. There are 11 principal reservoirs varying in area from 10 acres to 487½ acres (high water area) each, and having a capacity of from 2½ to 796.7 million cubic feet. The total area of the reservoirs of these companies is over 11,600 acres (at high water mark) with a total capacity of over 2,195,000,000 cubic feet.

In order to obtain efficient head or pressure it is often necessary to bring the water from great distances. To overcome the topographical obstacles, considerable engineering skill is sometimes required. In Butte County the bracket flume of the Miocene Ditch Company is something unique in hydraulics.

In order to obviate the construction of a trestle some 180 feet high, the water is conveyed in a wooden flume (4 feet wide and 3 feet deep) around a bluff 350 feet in height. The flume was suspended upon brackets made of T rails, bent in the form of a reversed L (⅃) soldered into holes previously drilled into a solid vertical escarpment; men were swung down by ropes to drill these holes.

In another place in this line of ditch is a piece of trestlework 1088 feet long and 80 feet high.

Herewith are given the statistics of the water companies in the central mining counties of the State. The water of these companies is used principally for mining purposes.

Water for hydraulicking costs five to twenty-five cents an inch, when purchased from water companies; ten to fifteen cents is the usual price paid by hydraulic mining companies.

In 1877–78 the Bloomfield Company used 855,000 miner's inches (24 hours' inches) of water, at a cost of 2⅚ cents per inch.

La Grange Ditch and Hydraulic Mining Company, Stanislaus County. Water from Tuolumne River 18 miles from mine. Length of ditches, 25 miles. Dimensions: top, 9 feet; bottom, 6 feet wide; depth, 4 feet; capacity, 2700 miner's inches per 24 hours; grade of ditches, 7 to 8 feet per mile. Cost of ditches, etc., $450,000.

Tuolumne County Water Company, Tuolumne Company. Water from South Fork of Stanislaus and tributaries. Miles of ditches, 125 (50 miles not in use now); 6 miles of flumes. Grade, ditches, 11 to 32 feet per mile. Dimensions of ditches: width, bottom, 7½ to 11 feet; top, 11 to 15 feet, depth, 4 feet. Ditches cost, on average, $4.50 per yard; flumes, $14 per yard, and pipes, $6 per yard.

Union Water Company, Calaveras County. Water from North Folk of Stanislaus River. Forty miles of ditches; capacity, 2500 miner's inches; water grade, 3 to 25 feet per mile. Total cost of plant, $200,000.

Mokelumne Hill and Campo Seco Ditch Company. Water from head-waters of Mokelumne River. Ditches, over 100 miles; grade, 8 to 16 feet per mile; capacity of ditch, 1500 inches. Cost, about $500,000.

El Dorado Water and Deep Gravel Mining Company, El Dorado County. Main reservoir, Silver Lake, Amador County. Main ditch, 40 miles; tributary ditches, 70 miles: total ditches, 110 miles; 1 mile of flumes; 3 miles of pipes. Dimension of ditches: top, 10 feet; bottom, 6 feet; depth, 4 feet; grade of ditches, 4 feet to mile; flumes, grade, 1⅓ to 2½ feet per mile; water delivered, 4000 inches. Reservoirs cost $45,000. Total cost of plant, $600,000.

California Water and Mining Company. Water from Loon Lake and Pilot Creek, in El Dorado County; 250 miles of ditches; grade, 6 to 16 feet per mile. Dimensions: top, 3½ to 8 feet wide; bottom 2 to 5 feet wide; 1½ to 3 feet deep; water supplied by ditches, 1200 inches; flumes, 2½ miles. Total cost of plant $600,000

Park Canal and Mining Company. Water from different branches of Cosumnes River; ditches, 290 miles; flumes, 8 miles; pipe, 1 mile; grade of ditch, ½ to 16 feet per mile. Dimensions: top, 8 feet wide; bottom, five feet wide; 2½ feet deep; capacity of ditches, 2200 inches. Reservoirs cost about $60,000. Total cost of plant, $2,000,000. Ditches cost $10 per rod; flumes $12 to $14 per rod; pipes, $2.50 to $4.50 per yard.

Iowa Hill Ditch Company, Placer County. Water from North Fork of American; 25 miles of ditches; capacity of ditches, 3000 inches. Plant cost $200,000.

North Bloomfield Company, Nevada County. Length (including reservoirs) of ditches, 157 miles; capacity, 3200 inches; grade, 12 to 16 feet per mile Dimensions of ditch: top, 8⅔ feet wide; bottom, 5 feet wide, depth, 3½ feet. Cost of plant, $708,841. It costs $13,463 per year to keep the reservoirs and ditches in order.

Milton Company (including reservoirs). Length, 80 miles; grade per mile, 12 to 25 feet. Dimensions: top, 6 feet wide, bottom, 4 feet wide; depth, 3½ feet; capacity, 3000 inches. Cost, $391,579.

Auburn and Bear River Canal Company, Placer County. Seventy-five miles of ditches; capacity, 3000 inches. Cost, $350,000.

Amador Canal, Amador County. Ditches, 66 miles; capacity, 2000 inches. Cost, $400,000.

Brandy City. Ditches, 17 miles; capacity, 2000 inches. Cost, $150,000.

Buckeye Company, Trinity County. Ditches, 35 miles; capacity, 2500 inches. Cost, $120,000.

Dardanelles Ditches, Placer County. Seven-

teen miles; capacity, 3000 inches. Cost, $125,000.

Del Norte Company. Ditchss, 10 miles; capacity, 2000 inches. Cost, $40,000.

Gold Run Ditch Mining Company. Ditches, 26 miles; capacity, 2500 inches. Cost, $150,000.

Little York and Liberty System, Nevada County, Cal. Ditches, 35 miles; capacity 3500 inches. Cost, $150,000.

Natoma Water and Mining Company. Ditches, 16 miles; capacity, 3500 inches. Cost, $390,000.

Phœnix Ditch Company. Ditches, 100 miles; capacity, 4000 inches. Cost, $880,000.

Powers' Ditch, Butte County. Ditches, 30 miles; capacity, 2000 inches. Cost, $75,000.

California Water Company. One hundred and twenty-five miles; capacity, 4500 inches. Cost $550,000.

Eureka Lake and Yuba Ditch Company. Length of ditches, 163 miles; capacity, 5800 inches. Cost, $723,342.

South Yuba Ditch Company. One hundred and twenty-three miles of ditches; capacity, 7000 inches. Total cost of plant, $1,100,000.

Smartsville Ditches. Capacity, 5000 inches. grade, 9 feet per mile; cost, $1,000,000; Dimensions: top, 8 feet wide; bottom, 5 feet wide; depth, 4 feet.

Spring Valley and Cherokee. Ditches, length, 52 miles; capacity, 2200 inches. Cost, about $500,000.

Hendricks. Ditches, length, 46½ miles; grade, 6 to 12 feet per mile. Cost, $136,150.

Blue Tent. Ditches, 31 miles; capacity, 2100 inches. Cost, $200,000.

When feasible ditches are used as conduits in preference to flumes or pipes, as the cost of construction and of maintenance is less than that of the flumes or pipes.

In some places, the topography of the country, the character of the ground (hardness, porosity, etc.), or other conditions, render the use of flumes more economical. Flumes are usually of smaller sectional area than the ditches, but are given more grade (20 to 40 feet per mile) to compensate for the reduced area. Flumes cost from $1 to $2 per linear foot.

At Cherokee, in Butte County, the water is conveyed across a deep ravine by an inverted siphon of wrought iron. The diameter of the pipe is 30 to 34 inches, and its greatest thickness, where subjected to a pressure of 887 feet (384 pounds per square inch), was No. 00 iron, Birmingham gauge, 0.375 inches.

A LAWYER'S VIEWS.

C. W. Cross, one of the best-known mining lawyers of the State, writes the following for THE WAVE:

Gold mining, the industry upon which the State of California and its abundant prosperity were founded, has produced up to date, and in a period of less than 44 years, an aggregate bullion yield of more than $1,250,000,000. This is an amount far in excess of all the gold and silver coin now in the United States. It has been an important factor in the finances of the entire country, and was the resource which enabled the United States Government during the Civil War, and subsequent to the war, to pay the interest in gold upon the bonds of the Nation. It can almost be said that without this enormous gold product the Nation would hardly have been able to maintain its credit and carry on the great Civil War. It has also been a most important factor in the financial affairs of the people of California, and has been the resource by which the people of the United States have been able to meet the difference in value between the exports from and the imports into the United States. One can hardly guess what would have been the unfortunate condition of the Nation but for the yield of these gold mines.

In early days gold mining was prosecuted in shallow placers; the mining extending to no considerable depth, and the operations of a single mine moving but small quantities of material. But in time the shallow placers were worked out, and the remaining deposits of gold, now known to be vastly greater in value than that contained in the shallow placers, are deposited either in quartz veins, (so called) or in the deep river channels of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and at considerable depths from the surface. The quartz veins are worked by extracting the gold-bearing quartz from the earth, crushing it to powder in the mills (generally by the use of stamps), and then washing away the pulverized quartz by means of water, and leaving the gold, which is heavier than the gravel, upon plates or in sluices, quicksilver playing a very important part in the saving of the gold. The deposits in the river channels are found at greater or less depths, and in two classes of deposits; one in which the gold, or a very high percentage of it, is deposited in a single stratum of gravel but a few feet in depth; the other, where the gold is diffused through banks of gravel of considerable depth. The former deposits are usually extracted by what is known in common parlance amongst the miners, as the drift process, which consists of reaching the gold gravel deposit usually by means of a tunnel, and then extracting the gravel containing the gold by what the miners call drifting, the gold and gravel being taken to the vicinity of a stream of water, and there the gravel being washed by means of the force of a moving stream. The gold, being heavier than the gravel, settles to the bottom, and the gravel being carried forward by the balance of the water usually into some natural stream. In the latter class of deposits where the gold is diffused through a gravel channel of considerable depth, in recent years and especially since about the year 1862, the gold has been mined by what is technically called by the miners the hydraulic process, which consists of washing away the deposit of gravel by a stream of water thrown against the sides of the deposit under pressure and with great force, and usually through what is called a little giant or monitor; by this means the power of water so applied is made to take the place of man-power in such a way that deposits of gravel, which would not pay to work by other process are made to yield greater or less profits. All three of these kinds of mining deposit more or less earthy materials in the streams which receive the waters after they have been used for washing at the mines; but the hydraulic, technically so called, has moved a much larger amount of earthy material from its original *situs* or place of deposit than have the other two classes of mining combined. Mountains are not washed down by this process, as is sometimes stated by those who are ignorant of the true state of facts, but a deposit of gravel, with the earthy materials upon it, of varying width and sinuous course is followed and washed away.

A considerable proportion of the material in all kinds of gold mining in California finds its way into the streams adjacent to the mines, and portions of such amount are carried down said streams towards their mouths.

Until a recent period no question was raised in the Courts as to the right of the miners to use the waters and natural water-ways of the State for the purposes of mining and to remove the mining debris. The debris from the mines which has so found its way into the streams, and particularly into the Sacramento River and its tributaries, shallowed these streams in places, and in times of high water in greater or less quantities were carried upon the lands adjacent to the streams in the lowlands of the Valley of the Sacramento River The lands damaged have been estimated by a Board of United States Engineers appointed by the United States Government to aggregate in full about $2,500,000. Within the last decade, owners of lands so injured brought suits against many of the principal mines situated upon the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, and procured injuctions against them, enjoining them (not from hydraulic mining) but from depositing the debris from the hydraulic mines in such streams. The principal proceeding was a suit in Equity in the United States Circuit Court in California, Judge Sawyer presiding, brought by Edward Woodruff, at that time a non-resident of the State, against the owners of the principal hydraulic mines located adjacent to the tributaries of the Sacramento River. The mines against which this action by Edward Woodruff was prosecuted were producing millions of dollars annually. This gold was shipped to the Mint in San Francisco and there coined, and all, or very nearly all, found its way immediately into the channels of trade in that city and in the farming districts of the Sacramento and San Joaquin River. The miners laboring in the mines received high wages and lived well. As a class they were intelligent, industrious and liberal. A very large percentage of the laborers were the heads of families. The dividends upon the mines when profits were made were distributed almost without exception in San Francisco. The laborers' wages were used to meet the expenses of living and found their way directly to the farms of the Sacramento and San Joaquin River Valleys in part, but in much larger part to the retailers and wholesalers in the City of San Francisco. The deposits in the savings and commercial banks were largely from the savings of the laborers in mines, and the profits made by the owners of mines formed a large element in the resources from which the great improvements were made in and about the City of San Francisco. The gold product was the principal resource and reason for the continuing good times in San Francisco and the State at large, such as had never before been known in any country or any land depending upon natural resources and legitimate business enterprises. The gold product year by year was greater than the spoils of war and the collection of taxes brought to Rome in the days of its grandeur; but by the action of the courts, and especially the United States Court in Woodruff's suit, the principal hydraulic mines of the State were closed and the gold product of the State diminished from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 per year. The result is, that there has been to the State and its business interests a loss, since the injunction in the Woodruff case was pronounced, of not less than $50,000,000. This loss, while directly a loss to the mine owners and laborers, was indirectly an equal loss to the business interests of the State, and especially of San Francisco. This amount distributed amongst the banks of San Francisco would be more than $1,000,000 to every banking institution. This additional wealth to the State, and in the shape of coin, would make money and credits easy at every

bank throughout the State. When wheat and other agricultural products and the principal portion of manufactured products go into the market, in a short time they are consumed, but a gold product, made into coin, goes into circulation and remains permanently in circulation and facilitates trade and all kinds of business. When the gold product of California was so enormously reduced by the stoppage of hydraulic mines the full force of its effect was first felt alone by the hydraulic mining districts themselves, but in time their effect came to be felt, and seriously, too, by the business interests of the State and more especially in Sacramento and San Francisco. In California, where all business is transacted on a gold basis, business cannot be transacted with facility except when there is a large amount of gold coin in circulation and on deposit in the banks. When the gold product was first cut off there was the usual amount of gold in circulation in California, but little by little that gold has been dribbling out of the State, and has not been replaced and increased by the large product which was customary before the hydraulic mines were enjoined. As the Pacific Coast is the only part of the United States where coin is the ordinary medium of exchange, when the balance of exchange is against the United States, and gold is required for exportation to foreign countries, it is mostly drawn from California, so that when the balance of exchange with foreign countries does run against the United States, it produces tight times and stagnation of business in California, and especially in San Francisco. It is hard to realize what would have been the difference in the wealth, growth, and prosperity of the City of San Francisco if the gold product had not been checked by the decrees of the courts, and the $50,000,000 of product which has been cut off were now in circulation. In time the want of this product has come to be felt, and keenly felt, by the business interests of the State. but the cause has probably not been realized by any considerable proportion of the business interests of San Francisco. The effects have been felt, and are well known. but the causes have not received due consideration.

In the trial of the Woodruff case evidence was introduced tending to show that dams could be erected in the waterways in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains which would effectually restrain the debris from the hydraulic mines; but such dams had not, at that time, been erected. Judge Sawyer seems to have felt the force of this evidence, and to have realized that barriers could be constructed in the cañons which would effectually impound the mining debris and protect the rivers and the low lands from any injurious results from hydraulic mining, for in the decree of injunction which he entered in that case, as well as in other cases, he specifically provided that the parties so enjoined, might apply to the Court at any time for a modification of the injunction upon showing that means had been provided by which the mining debris should be restrained from doing such injuries. The controversy has passed beyond the point where the miners can claim that they have a right to carry on their operations to the injury of the lands below, but it has not passed the point where proper engineering skill cannot be exercised in such a way as to revive the hydraulic mining industry without injury to other interests. With this end in view a Board of Engineers was duly appointed by the United States Government to investigate the subject of mining debris and report what, if any thing, could be done to rehabilitate hydraulic mining. They were engineers of such standing, and holding such positions under the Government in its engineering corps, (and being without any interest of any kind whatever in result) that their conclusions are entitled to the gravest consideration. They have reported that dams or barriers can be constructed in the mountain cañons, which will so effectually impound the debris from the hydraulic mines, as that, with a proper system of river improvement, such mining can be carried on without material injury to the streams or the lands adjacent thereto; but the work is of such a character that it cannot be successfully carried on by private enterprise, and the benefits accruing to the people of the United States at large, from the revival of this industry, would be of such magnitude that it can be justly claimed that the Government of the United States should, at its own expense, undertake and carry out these improvements. Such works, when constructed, would not only protect the navigable streams from the debris from the mines, but would also hold back a vast amount of debris resulting from natural erosion, the extent of which erosion has been largely increased by the cultivation of the valleys and lower foothills, the cutting down of the forests upon the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the grazing of cattle and sheep upon the mountain sides. If the United States Government should undertake this work, every dollar expended in carrying it out would be placed in circulation in the State of California. Its works would not be subject to injunction by some court, prejudiced or otherwise, as might be the case if such works were constructed by private individuals and under private control. If such works were constructed, under the saving clause in Judge Sawyer's decree, allowing an application for a modification of the injunction, it can readily be seen that such injunctions would be modified and the business of hydraulic mining resumed, and a large annual output of gold added to the circulating medium and business interests of California. The stoppage of hydraulic mining did not merely interfere with business and trade, and decrease year by year the amount of gold in circulation in California, but also threw large numbers of laborers out of employment, and these men were added to the laboring classes of California asking for employment, and thereby overloaded the labor markets of the State and increased the unemployed class, and has been followed by proportionate discontent and want on the part of the laboring classes. The mining localities throughout the entire history of the State have furnished a large and important market for the agricultural and manufactured products of the State and a proportionate patronage for all kinds of trade and business in San Francisco.

At length the miners of the State have called a Convention, asking delegates from every county in the State friendly to the mining interests to participate in the Convention, and aid in the solving of the problem as to what can be done, and how can it best be done, to revive the mining interests of the State without injury to any other interests. It is a matter which should commend itself to every tradesman and public-spirited person of the State, and especially of those engaged in business in San Francisco. The Chamber of Commerce of this city passes resolutions and memorializes Congress to take steps which will increase our trade a few hundred thousand dollars per year in some distant island of the Pacific Ocean. It should not overlook the fact that within the State has been destroyed one of the best markets for San Francisco products, a market within easy reach of the City of San Francisco and where it had exclusive possession of the field of trade. Whilst the United States Government is doing so much by taxation and in other ways to encourage manufacturing, commerce, and the agricultural interests, is it unreasonable to ask of it that it expend a small sum of money in the construction of such engineering works, as could be constructed within a brief period of time, and thereby increase the gold product of California many millions of dollars every year? C. W. Cross.

THE SITUATION REVIEWED.

The following is a resumé of the situation by William Irelan, Jr., State Mineralogist:

There are tens of thousands of square miles in the Sierras undeniably rich in beds of gold-bearing gravel. On account of the laws against hydraulic mining, which was a result of the war between the farmers of the valleys and the miners of the mountains, the annual output of gold in California has decreased nearly $10,000.000, and the foothill counties have lost more that 50,000 in population, without saying anything of the enormous decrease in the Assessor's valuations of property. How to permit this great industry to continue without detriment to the agricultural interests of the valleys has been the perplexing question with engineers, miners, farmers, and the officers of the national and State governments. There is no question that there are and have been most important equities in the claims of the farmers, which are acknowledged by the miners, whose contention is that the hydraulic mines can be worked without any damage to the farms of the valleys, and that the provisions of the present law has practically confiscated millions of dollars.

The farmers themselves appear to realize this, for at the recent session of the Legislature they made no opposition to the passage of a law which allows suit for damages wrought by hydraulic mining to be brought in the county where the damage originated. The practical effect of that law will be to allow a change of venue. There are other and more abundant signs of waning hostility to the miners upon the part of the farmers, and the conclusion has been of late dawning upon the public mind that the true solution of the great question lies with the Government of the United States.

What action should be taken by the general Government to revive the mining industry, and particularly hydraulicking? The answer is a simple one—by the general Government, possibly with State assistance, in the construction of dams, making effective appropriations for scouring the rivers upon a broad and comprehensive plan framed by the engineers of the Government, under which dams for the impounding of the debris could be constructed so as to prevent injury to the lowlands of the river beds.

The importance of the question has been fully recognized by the National Government, as Congress in 1888 enacted a law authorizing the Secretary of War to appoint a commission, consisting of three officers of the army, for the purpose of inquiring into and reporting on the extent to which the debris from the hydraulic mines had obstructed the navigation of the San Joaquin, the Sacramento and the Feather Rivers, and damaged the farming lands along those streams and their tributaries. The Secretary of War appointed Majors Benyaurd, Heuer, and Hanbury of the

Engineer Corps. Unfortunately, the appropriation of $10,000 was ridiculously inadequate for the purposes of the Commission, and their work was necessarily confined to what was little better than observation and reconnoissance, but for all that, so prolific is the data upon the subject that the Commissioner, whose report has just been published, has made many valuable observations and suggestions.

After briefly reciting the history of hydraulic mining, the methods whereby it is carried on and the legal process whereby it has been suppressed, the Commissioners have computed the quantity of land along these several streams by the alluvial wash brought down from their catchment basins, and the debris from the hydraulic mines, which quantity, with the resultant damage, they estimate as follows: Along the Feather River, 17,628 acres valued at $1,097,038; along the Yuba River, 11,845 acres, valued at $1,097,577, and along the Bear River, 9741 acres, valued at $694,970. Besides which the Commission finds that an additional amount of land situated along and adjacent to these rivers has been injured, though not wholly destroyed, in quantity and to the extent mentioned: Along the Feather, 6940 acres, damage, $195,750; along the Yuba, 3500 acres, damage, $144,500; along the Bear 3511 acres, damage, $82,200; making a total of 39,214 acres—loss, $2,871,585, and of land more or less injured, a total of 13,955 acres, damage, $422,450.

These figures are not only for the land injured or wholly destroyed by debris from the mines and the country constituting the catchment basins of these rivers and their confluents, but also cover the damage caused by the flood of 1890, which amounted to a considerable sum.

In considering the measures for insuring at least a partial resumption of hydraulic mining in the districts where it has been enjoined, the Commissioners are of the opinion that no recommendation of theirs will be likely to result in a rehabilitation in the present legal status of the question, as any attempt at resuming operations on the mines enjoined would be construed by the courts as a violation of their decrees, and punished accordingly. If by legislation or otherwise these decrees could be reversed, or so modified that the miners could resume work without exposing themselves to arrest and punishment for contempt of court, the Commissioners are of the opinion that in many cases the conditions are such that the mining debris could be so far impounded that it would cause no injury to any interest, property or pursuit whatever. In other localities, by means of properly constructed dams, it would be possible to retain nearly all the debris, a portion of which would, during freshets, be carried over the dams and be deposited in and along the rivers below. As regards the silt in suspension, it will make its escape as it will be carried down stream, little or none of it making lodgment on the farming lands. When it reaches the navigable rivers it will prove equally harmless after the channels of these rivers have contracted and their currents accelerated through the construction of wing dams such as it is proposed to build at suitable points along them.

The cost of the several works recommended by the army engineers is estimated by them as follows: Feather River wing dams, $300,000; Sacramento River wing dams, $300,000; dam on the Yuba River at DeGuerre Point, from $300,000 to $640,000, according to the height; dam on the Bear River at Van Giesen's, $150,000; restriction works on the Yuba below the foothills, $300,000, and $20,000 annually for maintaining navigation on the Feather River.

The miners claim that the outletting channels to most of the hydraulic mines consist of deep cañons leading up from the larger rivers, and that along these cañons there exist eligible sites for the construction of retaining dams, most of them capacious enough to hold all the tailings ever likely to be sent from the mines above. In cases where the dams would not be equal to that end, the escaping material would be caught and retained by the larger structures to be erected along the main river further down.

It has been suggested that the miners might go on and build these dams, trusting to their efficiency to protect them from further legal proceedings, which suggestion in a number of instances they carried out only to discover, after heavy expenditures for that purpose, that the courts would not allow them to renew operations for the reason that the dams might give way and the escaping water destroy the lives and property of the inhabitants along the rivers below.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is nothing left but for the general Government to come to the assistance of the people of California, and under proper safeguards and with the highest engineering skill available at the service of the Government, and it has the best in the country, to construct the necessary dams, wing and impounding, and permit the renewal of auriferous mining. The dams can be easily designed so as to retain but little water.

The advantage to the Government is obvious. With the addition of $10,000,000 or $20,000,000 per annum to the gold of the country, from California alone, will not this output be of as valuable service to the people of the United States as was its great output during the momentous years of 1861-65, when the country was struggling for its very existence?

As regards the extent of our mining field, it is practically illimitable. A hundred millions of additional capital might well be invested in it; nor would 100,000 men crowd it any more than 60,000. Of the mineral deposits that actually exist in California not a tithe, probably, has yet been discovered, nor has a large proportion of those already discovered been developed to a productive condition. Thirty or forty thousand additional men, followed by an annual production of $35,000,000 to $40,000,000 of the precious metals would be a grand thing for this State. How it would vitalize trade, encourage enterprise and impart a healthful impetus to every enterprise and industry of the State! The price of labor would be advanced, idle men and idle capital employed, improvement everywhere—in the value of agricultural lands and their products, in city property, and even in the value of money itself. Much of this increase of material wealth would flow from the resumption of hydraulic mining, even if the Government would come to our assistance.

Prior to the gold excitement in California and Australia, in the years 1848 and 1851, respectively, the estimated quantity of gold in circulation in the world was from $2,000,000,000 to $2,500,000,000. Since the commencement of this golden era it has been computed that the world's gold circulating medium has been increased by the introduction of about $4,500,000,000. The great part that this State has played in the addition to the world's wealth will be recognized when it is said that fully one-quarter of this increase has been derived from the gold mines of this State. Of the entire gold production of California not less than nine-tenths has been yielded by the auriferous gravels, in which more than $100,000,000 has been invested.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STATE.

The following was issued by the miners and citizens of Placer County for the information of the people of California:

The miners and citizens of Placer County, in calling upon the friends of the mining industry to meet in a State Miners' Convention to discuss their common grievance, and to devise ways for general relief, deem it proper to give to the people of this State, through the medium of this address, some of the many reasons which justify and call for this movement.

In doing this we represent the industry of this State that within the last forty-three years has poured into the channels of trade more than 1,250,000,000 of dollars in gold and more than 50,000,000 dollars in silver. We represent the industry which can again furnish an equal amount, if accorded the same fair and unrestricted freedom and encouragement which is so wisely extended to all other industrial pursuits. And we represent the industry that, if it did not create the State, at least created all the conditions that entitled it to become one of our glorious Union, and then furnished the means that enabled that Union to maintain its integrity against the most gigantic struggle for disintegration ever known to the world.

California, with its grand gold product, still leads the combined aggregate gold product of all the other States and Territories by half a thousand millions, and leads the aggregated gold, silver and copper product of any one of them by over six hundred millions. Even now, the annual gold product of California, restricted as it is by unjust abnormal causes, is far in the lead of that of any other State, and is still a third of the total of all of them. And we claim, and propose to show to you, that once release the industry from the dragging friction with a small portion of the agricultural industry, clear away the tangling legal web of unfair Court and Department decisions and rulings, expose and break up a giant conspiracy which for twelve years past, silently, but surely, has been and is now engaged in alienating to itself the people's heritage in the mineral lands, and the annual gold product will double and treble its present figure.

Our grievance is only one: the unfair, unjust and oppressive construction and misconstruction of laws. But it bears on the industry from many directions and in many ways. From it many consequences have come, direct and indirect. Unless relief be had, and shortly, a large part of it will be entirely wiped out.

Commencing with 1857, the annual gold product of the State gradually diminished by reason of the working out of the rich shallow placers, which were the concentrations of ages of erosion of portions of older auriferous placers and still older quartz veins. For the exploitation of the shallow placers unskilled labor answered, but for the uneroded portions of the older placers and the auriferous quartz veins, labor alone was powerless, requiring the assistance of capital. Then, too, for these last the conditions of their existence had to be studied and learned, and new methods and appliances of mining tested and developed. Necessarily the obtaining of a gold yield to

replace the rapidly diminishing product of the shallow placers came slowly. The most readily accessible of these new sources of gold, the quickest of development, and the surest of returns, was found to be in the vast deposits of exposed auriferous gravels, the detritus of an extinct river system. In their exploitation the great industry of hydraulic mining was developed. By itself, in the latter seventies, it was fast increasing the annual gold product of the State, when the legal fight against its existence was commenced, that has continued uninterruptedly since, and resulted in its practical suppression. As results of this litigation have come the depopulation of whole communities, the property accumulations of years have been made valueless, the opportunities of many of our people for obtaining a living taken away, the best local market in the State destroyed, and a hundred millions of gold that might to-day be in circulation, giving life to all other industries, still buried in nature's treasury. We have no wish to review all that has been stated pro and con relating to this during the last twelve years, but simply claim now, as then, that the magnitude of the industry, both absolutely and relatively, entitles it to the protection of law, and not its oppression. That, as a consequence, conceding the fact that hydraulic mining debris has overflowed and injured farming lands, the first trial of relief is not to stop the mining, but to protect the farms. *When this has once been fairly tried, if it fail, then is the time to consider other relief.* But it will not fail. On this the testimony of disinterested experts is supported by the unanswerable logic of accomplished facts. Debris dams have been built in France and Italy, many of them have accomplished the purpose for which designed, and have stood the time-test for seventy-five years. Disinterested experts have studied the problem presented by our mining debris, and say that it can be impounded and permanently restrained from injuring the farming lands. That these statements may not rest on our assertion of them, we present for your consideration extracts from the Report of the Commission of United States Army Engineers appointed by Act of Congress under what is known as the Biggs Bill. This was initiated from a joint resolution of the California Legislature of 1887, being there unanimously agreed to. This Commission spent the years 1889 and 1890 in preparing its report, which was transmitted and received by Congress, February 21, 1891. (Singularly enough, no friend of the mining industry has been able to see a copy of that report until now, though its enemies have had it.)

We quote from said report, page 5:

It is estimated that over 100,000,000 of dollars were invested in this branch of mining previous to the restriction by the courts.

Pages 8 and 9:

In 1880 it was estimated that the land in the Sacramento Valley damaged by mining debris from the Feather River, Yuba River, and Bear River amounted to 41,046 acres, and the value of said land was $2,510,835.

No mention is made of damage on the American River lands.

Pages 14 and 15:

Amount of auriferous gravel workable:

	CUBIC YARDS
North Yuba water-shed	90,000,000
Middle Yuba water-shed	140,000,000
South Yuba water-shed	560,000,000
Deer Creek water-shed	25,000,000
Below the Forks of the Yuba	40,000,000
Bear River region	157,000,000
American above the forks	105,000,000
Total amount gravel available	1,117,000,000

Hydraulic miners thoroughly acquainted with the gold yield of these gravels estimate the average gold content to be 30 cents a cubic yard making an estimated total for these of the almost inconceivable sum of $335,000,000.

In connection with and in reference to the proposed storage sites figures of holding capacity of these sites are given in this report which show a clear margin over and above the estimated workable gravels as given above.

Sites for storage dams with estimates of cost are given as follows:

Page 18. Referring to the Yuba River.

One at DeGuerre Point to cost	$ 640,000
American River	195,891
Page 27—Restriction works on the lower Yuba	300,000
Page 73—Dam on Bear River	177,369
Page 78—Dam on North Fork of American.	66,056
Page 81—Dam on Middle Fork of the American	72,168
Page 82—Dam at Rattlesnake Bar.	
Total cost of storage dams	$1,451,484

These figures include but a small portion of the water-shed of the Sierras, while the same conditions are true to a greater or less extent throughout the entire gold fields of California, extending from Siskiyou to San Diego.

We have invited your attention at length to hydraulic mining, not that it is the only branch of mining which is feeling the unfair interpretation of our laws, but because it has been crushed out and the story it tells is most emphatic. The same interpretation of law which has shut down the hydraulic mines can be used to shut down the drift and even the quartz mines. The language of the decrees of injunctions of the State and Circuit Courts is so worded as to make possible their application to any other mining using water. Concerning this, the report of the Commission says :

Page 4.

It will be observed that the decree is not against hydraulic mining in name, but against the dumping of debris into the streams, ravines, etc,, and it would therefore include all classes of mines should any action be considered necessary to prevent the detritus from said mines entering the streams.

All gold mining in California is hydraulic, being the same in principle, running water separating gold from the matter in which it is imbedded.

In addition to the possible use of debris litigation, drift and quartz mining are hampered and restricted in other ways the pressure of which is only now beginning to be felt. When in the early days of mining the miners made their local laws they worked satisfactorily because adjusted to the special local conditions. Congress, recognizing this, made its general laws very simple, authorizing the making of the local laws, only adding a limitation as to the size of individual claims and requiring a certain annual expenditure as a guarantee of good faith in making the claim. Also laws were provided for the patenting of mineral claims in compliance with defined conditions. So satisfactory were the general laws that they soon superseded the old local laws in this State. During the last ten years, however, Court and Department decisions and rulings have been placing new and restricted interpretations on the Statutes, making more difficult the acquiring of patent, and have finally gone further and practically nullified the Act of Congress reserving the mineral lands from other than mineral entry and patent. The plain obvious conditions of existence of mineral deposits have been ignored, and in their place rules set up which will tend to prevent the exploration for mines in these lands and seal up their treasures indefinitely. The Statutory requirements to obtain patents are: First, a valid location of mineral ground; second, proof of *bona fide* expenditure of $500 for labor and improvements; and third, no valid adverse claim. By virtue of decisions and rulings the requirement now is that the mineral claim shall be a paying mine. Now it is plainly evident that the expenditure of $500 will not make a mine pay or even develop that it will pay once in a thousand times. Inasmuch as capital will not risk the large amounts necessary without certainty of title in advance it follows that very few new mines will be found. Also, the Department fails to recognize a mineral value in non-mineral land as a necessity of its use for mine easements, and unwise, hampering restriction.

The shutting down of the hydraulic mines destroys the value of their vast bodies of auriferous gravels. The restrictive interpretations of the mining laws are discouraging the prospecting for new drift and quartz mines and stopping the development of many already discovered. The practical effect of it all is that the mineral lands are left open to entry and appropriation in large tracts as agricultural, timber or desert lands till mineral shall be actually mined in paying quantities. This was not the intent of Congress, which aimed to encourage the exploration and development of the mineral lands as such.

We have called on the friends of mining to meet in convention to discuss these obvious wrongs against the industry. We desire through this convention to obtain unity of action in securing remedies. We desire to have it so memorialize Congress as to secure prompt and favorable action on the report of the Commission of Engineers herein referred to. We desire, as a matter of simple justice in part return for the losses of ten years repression of hydraulic mining, as a part of the general public policy of the nation toward its industries, and as a guarantee, both to farmers and miners alike, of a fair unrestricted trial of the dams, that they shall be constructed by the Government, and that Congress shall appropriate the money therefor. We desire further to so memorialize Congress as to secure such changes in the mining statutes as shall more exactly define the rights of mining exploration, occupation and purchase, and thus prevent their acquisition in any other way than under the mining laws of the United States.

In addressing the people of the State we consider our grievance is in a measure yours. That the relation of gold mining to all other occupations is such that all the others have an interest in its prosperity. Gold is the life blood of society; the measure of all wealth and the medium of all exchange. Its abundance is of vital, never-ending importance and that State which has the most per capita is the strongest, for it commands the labor, the products, and the wealth of the others. Again, where all other industries compete within themselves and against each other in the struggle to become wealthy, and lessen individual rewards as they grow, the gold and silver mining industries stand by themselves as those which in their extension increase individual rewards not alone of their followers but of the followers of all other industries. They are the only ones that are not competing producers, but on the contrary are competing consumers for all the others.

Apply these general economic truths to our own local California conditions. Consider the disturbance in our affairs caused by a flow of 50,000,000 from New York to Europe last spring. Of that 50,000,000, 5,000,000 was withdrawn from the monetary circulation of our State, disturbing and unsettling values

and making money hard to get. Consider if we had 10,000,000 more coming out of the earth every year to meet just such drains, would not we be more assured in our prosperity as a State, and would not each industry feel the additional impulse that this amount of gold would give? These, then, are the conditions and some of the reasons why we call on the friends of the mining industry to meet us in this convention and we commend them to your consideration, confident that in them you will see our interest as yours.

(Signed.)

R. L. Dunn, J. H. Neff,
M. Schnabel, J. M. Fulweiler,
George Colby, John B. Hobson,
Chas. G. Yale, J. A. Filcher,
Amos Stevens, Noble Martin,
D. W. Spear.

CLINTON CONSOLIDATED.

FACTS REGARDING A PROMINENT MINE.

The following will be of interest at the present time, as it has to do with one of the best-known properties in the State, The Clinton Consolidated Gold Mine:

Amador County is one of the wealthiest in the State, and the annual output of gold is larger than that of any other in California. The mines that have contributed largely to this favorable showing, the Clinton Consolidated is among the best known. In a very short time it has taken a front place with the gold-producers, and, owing to the splendid management, the judicious expenditure of part of the earnings for improvements, and the honest and upright methods employed in its manipulation, it enjoys the confidence of all the mining men on the coast. The company that now owns the property is wealthy and responsible, and at the head of it is Charles S. Wieland, a sagacious, shrewd, enterprising young man, who has made the mine a thorough success.

Mr. Wieland's efforts in this direction have been seconded by an enthusiastic Board of Directors, who are in entire harmony with the President in his desire to make the Clinton one of the best known and most productive mines in California. On every proposition that has for its basis the advancement of the stockholders' interests, the Board is a unit, and in its actions the shareholders have full confidence.

The Clinton Consolidated mine is situated near the town of Wieland, which has risen very far above the condition of a mining camp. There is a population outside of the mines, and in course of construction are a schoolhouse, church, and general store. Expressed in every feature of the place is success, and the splendid influences of religion and education are noticeable. Wieland is less than seven miles from Jackson, which it will soon rival in importance. The mine is situated on what is called the "mother lode" of the County, and in the past twelve months has paid eight dividends, aggregating $72,000. The Company is now spending $100,000 in improvements, which will make the stock very valuable, as there are immense quantities of pay ore in sight. There are three large quartz veins from fourteen to twenty-two feet wide, with cross-veins of from four to five feet in width, and each vein carries a large gorge. Two gold-bearing ledges that meet about 500 feet below the bottom of the shaft now in use, or 800 feet below the surface, and another ledge of great value, is included in the property. In November a new shaft was begun, with three compartments. This has now a depth of 300 feet, and will be sunk to about 1000 feet, when it is thought the ledges will be met.

The property owned by the company consists of 420 acres, and so confident were the directors of the magnificent future of the mine and the value of the ore, that only a short time ago they expended $165,000 for 200 acres adjoining the ground already in their possession. The two principal ore bodies in the property are known as the Union and Paugh veins, which have been developed by shafts; levels have been made, and a large amount of ore has been taken out and milled. The vein contains a great deal of ribbon rock, heavily charged with auriferous sulphurets, and galena; some is estimated as high as $500 a ton.

A splendid 20-stamp mill is in operation at the mine, turning out since September, 1890, 2000 tons a month. On the company's newly-acquired property is a 10-stamp mill, which is also being utilized to crush the ore taken from the Clinton. The mills are supplied with steam and water power; the former consists of a 12x24 Meyer's cut off engine and a horizontal tubular boiler; the latter consists of a six-foot Pelton wheel working under a head of 365 feet. Water is conveyed to the large mill from the Volcano ditch system by a pipe line 2000 feet in length. The stamps, 1000 pounds each, and everything about the mine presents an appearance of solidity and success. The ore bin has a capacity of nearly 300 tons, and a 9x15 Blake rock breaker is used to crush the ore for the stamp.

The Company recently elected chlorination works, which are probably the finest in the State. The sulphurets are of great value, and with a capacity of five tons, have paid handsomely. The mine has everything that shows careful and successful management. The Directors are all business men of wealth and standing, and the President, Mr. Wieland, is devoting a great deal of time to the enterprise. He is greatly interested in this venture, and as mining is a hobby of his, he has given such attention to it that he is now a practical miner, whose assays are regarded as final.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINE.

HOW THE LAW AFFECTED IT.

To illustrate the injurious effect on the mining community directly and the people of the State at large by the result of Judge Sawyer's decision, a case in point is that of the San Francisco mine. This mine is situated in Todd's Valley, Placer County, and is owned principally by the Wieland estate. The mine is quite an extensive one and was in continual operation for ten years prior to the closing of the hydraulic mining industry by adverse legislation.

The output from this mine alone averaged some $6,000 a month. During the time the mine was operated something like $700,000 was taken out and placed in circulation. When it is conceded that this is but a single instance and by no means an unfair illustration of the wealth now tied up in hydraulic claims which are not worked, one can faintly realize the immense amount of gold which the claims collectively hold.

Mining for gold has been the leading industry and source of wealth of this county since 1849, and should continue to be one of the principal sources of wealth in the future. Hydraulic mining began in the county in 1854, and was carried on successfully at Forest Hill, Bath, Michigan Bluff, Iowa Hill, Wisconsin Hill, Gold Run, Dutch Flat, and the industry increased and flourished until the debris litigation, resulting in stopping, by injunction, all the hydraulic mining in the county.

Taking into consideration the fact that there are within the county limits some 200 miles of unworked auriferous gravel channels, and an immense area of auriferous metamorphic rock in which are great numbers of veins of auriferous quartz, and basing an estimate on the amount of gold yet remaining in the unworked channels on the result obtained from channel workings at Forest Hill, Iowa Hill, Deadwood, Last Chance, Canada Hill, Dutch Flat, and some deep channel workings between Rocklin and the American River varying from $100 to $1000 per lineal foot of channel worked, and equal to a product varying from 500,000 to 5,000,000 per mile, it is evident that the amount of gold already extracted is but a trifle compared with the amount yet remaining in the once lost river channels.

The Wieland estate are fortunate in having their claim embrace some of the most valuable timber land in the county. This, with the prospect of favorable legislation for the resumption of work on the property, makes the San Francisco Hydraulic Mine a valuable piece of ground.

Deposits Received in Sums from $1.00 upwards.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

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INTEREST 2 IN A GOOD SAVINGS BANK.

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Pacific Bank, Treasurer.

Capital Stock, - $1,000,000.00

Paid up in Cash $333,333.33
Subject to Call. 666,666.67

Interest per annum for last two years: (5.5% TERM Deposits. (A) (4.60% ORDINARY Deposits

INTEREST is credited twice a year, and if not withdrawn bears interest the same as the principal, thus compounding semi-annually.

Children and Married Women may deposit money subject to their own control.

B. O. Carr, Manager and Sec'ty. Columbus Waterhouse, President.

San Francisco, California, July 1, 1891.

KOHLER & CHASE

26, 28 and 30 O'Farrell Street

Leading Musical Instruments' House

AGENTS FOR

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

THE DEAN'S DILEMMA.

The afternoon sun streamed in through the library windows of the Deanery of Ancaster, lighting up the rosy features and comfortable figure of the Dean as he sat in frowning contemplation of two letters.

One, written in a scrawling, masculine hand, he took up and perused for the dozenth time. Truly the contents furnished sufficiently grave matter to harass the mind of any father—more especially when that father chanced to be a wealthy dignitary of the Established Church. In the wretchedly-written note, his affectionate son Reginald wished to inform his father that during his last vacation in town he had been introduced to Miss Lorraine, the well-known actress; that he had speedily fallen in love with her, an affection which Miss Lorraine reciprocated; and further that, providing the Dean gave his consent, dear Effie had promised to marry him whenever he liked.

To this letter, whose unwelcome news fell on him like a thunderbolt from a clear blue sky, the Dean had returned a furious answer. Was Reginald mad, he fiercely demanded, to ask permission to bring into the sacred atmosphere of the Close, a woman branded by the name of actress? For many years, as Reginald well knew, both he and his deceased wife, Lady Augusta Meredith, as prominent members of the Society for the Suppression of the Drama, had labored long and earnestly to prevent followers of the theatrical profession from posturing in any hall of entertainment in Ancaster. Had his son forgotten that throughout the length and breadth of the country the Very Reverend John Meredith, Dean of Ancaster, was renowned for his pamphlets on the Degrading Influence of the Stage? Once, and for all, let Reginald understand that to his father's mind, an actress, of any rank whatsoever, was but a synonym for the Scarlet Woman; and that should Miss Lorraine (of whose name and existence even the Dean had previously lived in total ignorance) persist in her marriage with his son, she would enjoy the pleasure of wedding a man alienated alike from his father's heart and his father's purse. In other words, the Dean announced his intention to cut Reginald off with the proverbial shilling.

As yet Reginald had returned no answer to this fiery missive. But, in the meantime, another blow had fallen upon the Dean. In the second note, dated the previous day, the Reverend Jabez Browne, Minor Canon of Ancaster Cathedral, and a prominent member of the Dean's pet society, begged to inform his ecclesiastical superior that, despite every opposition, the proprietor of the Jubilee Hall had at last obtained a dramatic license, and that, even at that moment highly-colored posters, whereon was depicted a female dancer in the most outrageous costume, were to be seen placarded on every spare hoarding in Ancaster. Would the Dean be content to stand idly by while the shameless picture of this Miss Lorraine, in her celebrated *pas seul*, corrupted the morals of every schoolboy in the diocese?

As the Dean laid down the Minor Canon's letter a thrill of half apprehension and half triumph ran through his veins. Truly he had done well to be firm with Reginald; but how should he deal with this woman, who had the audacity to flaunt her degrading performance under his very nose?

"A lady to see you on business, sir," announced the butler at this moment. "Wouldn't give her name, but said she hoped not to detain you many minutes."

As the Dean crossed the hall on his way to the drawing-room his mind conjured up a vision of the usual dowdy lady visitor, with whom familiarity had bred in him a species of contempt. She would wear a gown of rusty black; a pair of blue spectacles would probably surmount her irregular nose; her hands would be encased in a pair of black thread gloves, or more probably the gloves would be rolled in a tight ball on her lap; and her long, skinny fingers would be fumbling for the subscription list which was invariably concealed at the bottom of a remarkably shabby leathern satchel.

The drawing-room door stood slightly ajar; as the Dean entered his foot made no sound upon the thick Turkey carpet. The lady was seated with her back to the long French window which opened upon the garden. As she was gazing pensively at the caryatides which supported the white marble chimney-piece, the Dean, though a trifle short-sighted, had time to catch sight of a charming profile. He gave a little warning cough; the visitor turned hastily round.

"Good afternoon, madam," began the Dean, bowing slightly in the direction of the armchair. "I fear I—er—have not the honor of your acquaintance."

In some slight hesitation these last words were uttered. Somehow the Dean had a vague consciousness that the lady's profile bore a familiar resemblance to some one of his feminine acquaintances. At the same time the lady herself differed considerably from the customary type of visitors. Though not in her first youth, the Dean, from the elegance of her figure, judged her age to be between thirty and forty. A pair of sparkling dark eyes, surmounted by a neat fringe of golden hair, surveyed the Dean with a curiously intent glance which half embarrassed him her well-cut black-cloth gown was guiltless of even the suspicion of a wrinkle, and her hands were encased in the neatest and most perfect-fitting of Suède gloves.

As the sound of the Dean's clear tones fell upon her ear, the lady gave a perceptible start. She clasped her hands agitatedly, looked down mournfully for an instant on the floor, and then, with the same troubled expression, glanced across at the Dean.

"I trust you will pardon the liberty I have taken in calling upon you," she said, with a little quiver in her voice, "but my errand is a very delicate one, and——"

She paused and uttered a deep sigh. The Dean bowed gravely; this preamble was probably but the opening for the usual begging theme.

"If I can be of service to you, madam," he replied in his dignified manner, "I shall be happy to help you in any way."

The agitation of his visitor increased; for an instant a dainty cambric handkerchief was held to her eyes—an action which considerably flurried the Dean.

"Yes," exclaimed the lady fervently, as the Dean paused for an answer, "you and you alone, can assist me. In me you behold a distressed widowed mother, who appeals to you for help in her great trouble."

With such tragic emphasis were the last words uttered that the Dean began to feel slightly nervous. After all, she was only a beggar. He would give her five shillings and hint at her speedy departure.

"No, no," ejaculated the lady, as the Dean fumbled for his purse; "it is not money—it is justice I want. My story is but brief.

With an air of patient resignation the Dean seated himself in the opposite armchair. Another of these never-ending brief stories, he reflected ruefully, as he surveyed his restless visitor.

"To come to the point immediately," resumed the lady in so stern a tone that the Dean almost started, "a few weeks ago your son Reginald proposed to my daughter Effie. She agreed to marry him on condition of your consent. That consent you refused. My daughter, as proud as you, immediately broke off the engagement. At the same time she is wretchedly unhappy. I say nothing of your son's feelings—those are for you to consider—but I cannot have my daughter's life spoiled without making one effort——" At this point the paroxysm of sobs interrupted her narrative. She broke off and buried her face in her handkerchief.

During her speech the ordinary rosy tints of the Dean's cheeks had become crimson with wrath. His blood actually boiled at the audacity of the woman, with her cock-and-bull story of her shameless daughter's unhappines.

"Madam," he said, trying to speak calmly, and entirely disregarding the lady's sobs, "your errand is entirely in vain. On no consideration whatsoever will I give my consent to Reginald's marriage with an actress."

As though to end the interview, the Dean rose from his seat and stood with his back to the fireplace. To his surprise the sobs suddenly ceased. The lady rose from her chair, and, thrusting her handkerchief in her pocket, confronted him with angry, tearless eyes.

"On *no* consideration?" she reiterated, with a scornful emphasis, accentuated further by a glance of withering contempt. "When you have heard the rest of my story, I think you will not refuse my request."

The slight smile of triumph with which she ended her words roused the Dean's anger to its culminating point. His face grew purple with indignation; his wrath threatened to choke him at the sight of his visitor's calm assurance.

"Never, madam," he thundered forth with all the impressiveness of tone with which he was wont to pronounce Anathema-Maranatha. "Any further entreaties are useless; I will never withdraw my opposition."

To his consternation, the lady burst forth in a peal of laughter; the next moment she had crossed the intervening space between them, and, with a smile of familiarity, which almost froze the Dean's blood, had laid her gloved hand upon his coat sleeve

"What, Johnny," she said, her dark eyes flashing roguishly, "not even for *me!*"

Staggered by this amazing address, the Dean stood as one petrified; with a half-terrified glance he looked down to meet the gaze of those mocking eyes, which were still fixed upon him with a curious intentness of purpose. Suddenly a dimness came before his sight; the blood receded from his cheek.

"You!" he gasped, hoarsely—"Lottie!"

In the space of a single moment, a quarter of a century had rolled away from the Dean's mind. He saw himself, a student at Oxford, madly in love with the dark eyes and rosy cheeks of Lottie Marsh, the daughter of a country innkeeper. With a shudder at the remembrance of his own youthful folly, he thought of those passionate love-letters he had indited, those fervent kisses he had once pressed on Lottie's ruby lips—

"Yes," said the clear voice of his old love, breaking in upon his meditations, "it is Lottie. The Lottie whom you threw over for a rich wife—the Lottie whose daughter's happiness you would wreck with as little compunction as you wrecked her mother's—the Lottie who, despite your baseness, has loved you all her life, who has kept all your letters—"

At these words an ominous presentiment stole over the Dean's heart. To give due effect to her tragic declamation, Lottie made a slight pause, and looked expectantly at her companion.

Strangely metamorphosed, with her yellow hair, her elegant figure, her very manner of speech, as the once buxom, brown-eyed Lottie Marsh might be, the Dean now recognized the old flash in the sparkling black eyes, the old audacity of smile which had once enthralled him with its very boldness.

"Well," resumed Lottie, as her dumfounded companion still made no sign, "I think you will give your consent now."

"No," burst forth the Dean, suddenly recovering his presence of mind, "in spite of our old acquaintance I must still refuse my consent."

He drew himself up with a certain dignity and glared solemnly down at the trim figure which stood so close to his side.

"And now, madam," he continued with his hand on the handle of the bell, "I presume our interview is at an end. You have heard my decision; and much as I regret to wound your feelings, I must assure you than any further discussion of this painful question will be utterly useless."

He rolled off his sonorous periods with a solemn precision intended to impress and overawe his companion. But with one hand laid lightly upon the back of a chair, Lottie still surveyed him with the same disconcerting bold glance.

"Of course, you are prepared for the consequences," she said, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer. "I shall first instruct my solicitor to bring a breach of promise action against your son."

The Dean reddened slightly; but reflecting that in all probability the matter could be settled out of court by means of a sufficient money compensation, he shrugged his shoulders with a would-be air of indifference.

"How the circulation of the *Jackal* will go up," continued Lottie, eyeing the Dean more closely, "when the account is published of how the Dean of Ancaster and his son in turn jilted an actress—so appropriate, you know," with a sneering laugh which made her companion's blood again run cold, "the father throws over the mother, and the son repeats the example with the daughter."

During her last words the Dean's face seemed to have lost its ruddy color; his hands trembled a little as his fingers played nervously with his watch-chain

"You are confusing matters," he said, at a wretched attempt at ease. "After five and twenty years' silence you can scarcely sue me for breach of promise—more especially as you have been married in the interval. And as for my son, I have no doubt we can come to some pecuniary arrangement which will compensate you for any inconvenience either you or your daughter may have suffered."

Lottie's eyes flashed ominously as the Dean ended his speech.

"No, John Meredith," she said, slowly "I refuse your pecuniary offers. So far as my own case is concerned, I admit it would be useless to sue you for breach of promise. But," (with an emphatic emphasis in her tone) "your letters and the account of your old flirtation, as you might be pleased to call it, shall be given in the pages of the *Jackal*, along with your son Reginald's, in order to show the public the force of heredity. Like father, like son, you know. And then reflect," she ended, with a wicked smile, "how delighted every one will be to read that the President of the Society for the Suppression of the Drama was once madly in love with Lottie Lorraine, the celebrated dancer and burlesque actress."

Beads of perspiration broke out on the Dean's forehead as the awful nature of the dilemma flashed upon his mind. The situation was frightful. This terrible woman had him completely in her power; she had planned this revenge as a retaliation for a boyish flirtation which he had long since forgotten. He paced up and down the room in a very fever of impotent rage. On the one hand, to give his consent to his son's marriage with an actress would be equal to a public recantation of the most cherished hobby of his life. On the other hand, the publication of those idiotic, passionate love-letters, with the account of his youthful flirtation worked up in the "spicy" style of the *Jackal*, would cause, not merely the loss of prestige in his diocese, but would render him the laughing stock of the country. Visions of cartoons in the comic papers, headed "The Dean and the Dancer," arose before his fevered mind. He saw the thunderstruck face of the Minor Canon at the discovery of his idol's feet of clay; he watched the

chance of that possible bishopric fade quickly away into nothingness; he shuddered at the public ridicule and chaff; he even heard his son, Reginald, plead a precedent in his father's example.

With a triumphant look at his agitated face, Lottie again addressed him:

"Well, are the letters to be published?" she asked, in a dangerously quiet voice.

In trembling indecision the Dean paused before her. His brain in a whirl; at one moment he would defy the woman and save his son. The next instant the thought of the public exposure caused the words to die away on his lips.

"Choose," said Lottie Lorraine, laying her hand on his arm and looking deliberately into his face.

In their pre-occupation, neither had heard the entrance of another person into the room. With the familiarity of old friendship, the Minor Canon, passing the open drawing-room window, and seeing the form of the Dean, had stepped in to discuss the question of posters.

At the sight of a golden-haired woman, clutching the Dean's arm and looking up into his face, the Rev. Jabez Browne uttered a sudden exclamation. With a startled expression, the Dean turned round.

"I beg your pardon," said the Canon, in a frigid tone, "I am afraid I interrupt."

"No, no," exclaimed the Dean, who, after the first shock of surprise, was disposed to look upon the Canon's appearance as a divine interposition from his present difficulty. "I am at liberty now; this lady," bowing in the direction of Lottie, "has finished her business."

But the Canon's mental balance had received a shock; the sight of the Dean's agitation had not escaped his lynx eyes.

"Another time," he said, coldly. "My business was simply connected with those theatrical posters. I presume I have your sanction to arrange a meeting for their removal from the hoardings?"

At the word posters, Lottie had pricked up her ears.

"What placards are those?" she asked, cooly stepping forward and addressing the Minor Canon.

"The disgraceful advertisements of a theatrical company," thundered forth the Minor Canon, in whose eyes Lottie had met with little favor, "in which a creature is represented in the shameless attire of a ballet-dancer."

In breathless silence, the Dean waited for Lottie's answer. With a half-piteous glance he looked across at her, but as his eyes noted the triumphant expression on her face, his heart suddenly died within him.

"Oh, indeed," remarked Lottie deliberately, "considering that the Dean's future daughter-in-law happens to be the prima donna of the company and that the humble person who now addresses you is no less than her mother, the shameless 'creature,' you can hardly expect his Reverence to consent to hold such a meeting."

At this announcement, uttered in a tone of calm insolence, the Canon's face assumed an expression of horror-stricken amazement.

"Is this true?" he demanded, breathlessly, of the miserable Dean. "You have given your consent to your son's marriage with an actress?"

The wretched victim threw one agonized glance at his tormentor; her face was adamantine in its triumph.

"Ye-es," he faltered, in an anguished whisper.

* * * * * * * * *

Two months after this event an announcement of the marriage of Miss Effie Lorraine to Reginald, only son of the Very Rev. John Meredith, Dean of Ancaster appeared in the *Times*. From the moment of his unwilling consent, the Dean had refused to hold any further communication with his son. On the morning after the wedding, a letter directed in a feminine handwriting, arrived at the Deanery by the early post. As the Dean read the contents, his face assumed an apoplectic hue, and for the first time for many years a shockingly profane exclamation escaped his lips.

MY DEAR JOHNNY (ran the note)—Pardon the familiarity of the address, as this is the last time I shall call you by the old name. As your son's wedding is now an accomplished fact, I wish to clear my mind of a few tarradiddles I had the pleasure of narrating for your benefit at our last interview. In the first place, I am neither the mother nor any relative of your new daughter-in-law; the similarity of our names was a mere accident. Mrs. Reginald Meredith, I believe, is the daughter of an old college friend of yours, the Rev. James Lorraine, who unfortunately died penniless, leaving no resource for Miss Lorraine but to gain her living on the stage by means of an exceptionally fine voice. The story of your opposition to her engagement was a matter of general knowledge in the company in which we were both taking part. In posing as her injured mother, I saw a way to gratify my own revenge for your youthful desertion, and, at the same time, a means of conferring happiness upon our popular prima donna. Hoping you will pardon my little trick, and with kind regards to Canon Browne,—Believe me to remain your old affectionate friend, LOTTIE.

P. S.—I have omitted to state that all your letters were burned years ago when I married my present husband, who is, I am thankful to say, still alive.—*London Truth.*

THE FIREMAN'S FUND.

The past year was one of the most remarkable in the history of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, I do not say the most prosperous. At previous annual meetings the Secretary has announced larger additions to the surplus; more thousands have been added to the assets. But 1891 was among the most disastrous periods in the history of underwriting. In all the large cities of the East big fires have occurred. On the funds of the strongest companies huge drafts have been made. The loss ratios of some of the most conservatively handled corporations in America have gone up above 100 per cent. Consider that 63 concerns have retired from business since January 1, 1890, then realize what this California corporation has done. To its assets $213,000 have been added, to its surplus $64,000. The re-insurance reserve has been advanced $80,000, and $120,000 the stockholders have received. It is true that the results of the previous year's business were an advance in surplus of $118,643; in assets of $198,672; in re-insurance reserve of $108,860, but the figures for this year are far better, in proportion. This sterling company now presents a statement that it is gradually becoming more difficult to excel. Its total assets are $2,844,389; it has a re-insurance reserve of $986,340, and a net surplus of $667,178. It must be remembered, too, that the most conservative valuation has been placed on the excellent securities in which the Fireman's Fund has its captal invested. In both fire and marine the Company does the largest business on the Coast. From fire premiums this year it has received $1,236,765 of which $530,000 comes from the Pacific Coast—something like $100,000 ahead of any other company here. The total marine premiums were $262,707.

It is sometimes customary to attribute underwriting success to good luck, but I believe that is the least important factor in the prosperity of the Fireman's Fund. The splendid additions to the surplus and assets are due to the hard thinking, the close attention, and the earnest work of four men in particular—President D. J. Staples, Vice-President W. J. Dutton, Secretary Faymonville, and Marine Secretary Levison. There is not a stronger quartette than this in the country. The annul election this year was rendered further important by the election of Louis Weinmann, to the position of Assistant Secretary, and of Stephen D. Ives to be General Agent. Both are trained underwriters in whose hands the destinies and the traditions of the Fireman's Fund will be safe.

AS ROSEBUDS WILL.

The dewdrop loved the rosebud and the rosebud loved the dew;
But the frost king hoary headed, came between the lovers true.

Oh, a million jewels brought he to entice the rosebud sweet,
Ten hundred thousand diamonds and cast them at her feet.

The dewdrop's tender opals paled before such kingly show;
The rosebud chose the diamonds, as rosebuds will, you know.

And now! Oh, well, the sequel can be whispered in a breath—
She had her hour of splendor and she paid for it with death.—*Chicago Times.*

The Central Californian says: "One of the liberties of the American people, and of their press, is the right to criticise the acts and utterances of public men. *The Central Californian* will surrender no right guaranteed it by the constitutional law of the land."

Opaline recommended for the skin by Dr. George J. Bucknall, skin specialist.

The San Bernardino *Courier* wants war: "Secretary Tracy is credited with saying that the American navy is larger and more powerful than the Chilean navy. A splendid opportunity is now offered to prove it."

Martin, Morrison & Co., at 118 Geary Street, are refitting their funeral parlors without regard to expense.

STYLISH NOVELTIES Embracing the Latest Correct Shapes.

ENGLISH TOP-COATS,
ENGLISH DRIVING-COATS,
ENGLISH OVERCOATS,
LOUIS XV. COATS,
CHESTERFIELDS,
REEFERS.

Our stock is the largest and most complete in every particular, and comprises all above styles, lined or unlined, plain or trimmed with any of the following furs:

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ALL CAREFULLY SELECTED FURS.

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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:— The latest figure in the literary world is the reporter novelist. He is more glaring than successful, more sensational than artistic. He is profound on editorial rooms and prejudiced about parlors. His characters are reminiscences of the police; his episodes are culled from the Courts; his climaxes are crimes or their discovery. The latter, mainly.

To claim the reporter novelist as a step forward in fiction, would be going a little far. He is too energetic, too sweeping. He is too contemptuous of details, save when describing achievements in newsgathering. He is most daring and least veracious in describing classes outside the range of his experience. His women are words, not entities. Alas that it should be necessary to say so, but the fact is the reportorial novel bears as much resemblance to life as a cut in the *Call* does to the object it purports to represent. It is rough drawing—there are no shades—boiler-plate literature someone has phrased it.

The tendency of modern journalism is alien to the production of novelists. However brilliant the background for episodes that the hotel corridor and the Convention hall furnish, the coloring used is invariably garish. To describe closely, it is necessary to study words as a painter does colors. It is almost impossible to be graphic in good English at the speed of forty words a minute. The result of hasty composition is a distortion of outlines, the elimination of shades, a fatal facility in the use of phrases. Sometimes the picturesque is obtained, but veracity is sacrificed.

Here is "A Reporter's Romance," by a light of the Chicago Press Club, who calls himself "The Deacon." You care even less than I do for detecting criminals, and as little for bogus French noblemen with aquiline noses and flashing eyes. This one wears a unique ring with poisoned claws, and he is engaged to a St. Louis beauty, Miss Lebourgeois. She is in "Society," is wonderfully fascinating, and writes to Mr. Paul Terry, a reporter for the *Orb*, quite the most remarkable epistle I have ever read. Probably "The Deacon" thought it just the type of letter swell girls are in the habit of writing. However, it is the merest episode in a second-rate commonplace tale. Of course, the *Deus ex Machine* is a newspaperman. He it is who exposes the French nobleman in two pages with cuts. Not an ordinary item chaser, be it remembered, but a superior being, who hunts down murderers and swindlers for the mere love of it, one of those uncommon chaps who is worshiped from afar by his brethren, and is endowed with the most marvelous qualities. His room is decorated in red, with black borders to everything. On the walls are trophies. The skeleton of a murderer is in one corner. The rope he was hanged with, festooned with crape forms a kind of dado. An inkstand on the table is fashioned from the skull of his victim. On a cabinet were burglar's tools, portions of a faro layout. The idea of sleeping in such an apartment is enough to give one the shudders.

Blood and thundery, you say. If you must have relief float out on the Atlantic in the Southern Cross, with "Mrs. Dines's Jewels"—Clark Russell's latest. A run down the channel, with the white foam flashing at the bows, streaming after her in a broad and dazzling race, the windy sunshine whitening the stirless distended canvas into the gleaming softness of silk, the line of Coast to starboard dimming away into blue faintness, the freshening breeze will soon blow from your brain even the memory of such commonplace criminals. For the artistic sea pictures Mr. Russell gives up—they are the best in the language—one pardons his repetitions. Here is a bit. It is not possible to do much better:

> But the gale was abaft the beam, and the ship's flight before it was noble and inspiring; she raised foam to the catheads as she stooped her massive bows, and the roaring fabric of her masts and rigging with their narrow bands of canvas full of thunder, swung with stately oscillations under a sky along which the scud was pouring like smoke, though it left the dance of stars brilliant enough to fling a delicate sheen upon the night.

Through the book are dozens of the most admirably painted verbal landscapes. Otherwise you will find the story exciting enough, though you would not find it wise to be critical as regards the probabilities.

"The Baroness" is Dutch—that is, the scene is in Holland and the *dramatis personæ* are Heers and Fraus and Mynheers and Tantes, etc. There are Vans and Jans, until one imagines one actually must be in Dordt—the old town full of quaint narrow brick houses, with their steep gables, and their floriated arches half way down, with grotesquely carved heads as finials and string courses of dead white lightening the dark brick. The heroine is Quirine, a shadowy, capricious creature—whimsical, impulsive—a species of human butterfly, yet gifted with unique tenderness and a passion for self-sacrifice. In life there are Quirines by the score, but of all types it is the most difficult to portray. The charm is so elusive; the moods so variable—the lightness, the daintiness, the refined delicacy are crushed out in the cruel medium of words. Miss Peard's work is eminently careful, painstaking, elaborate. Her characters have not a great deal of vitality, but there is good technic in their rendering I should be inclined to call it a very worthy book—not one I should read from choice, but evincing earnestness and perseverance far more than ability. Written about Holland, one can hardly complain if the plot is as flat as the country. Hugo is well done, and one can imagine Helvardine was exceedingly pretty in her way, but over a novel whose two climaxes are scarlet fever and insensibility, I cannot concentrate my attention.

"The Garston Bigamy," is the latest output of the author of "Thou Shalt Not." It is not much of a book—if it were not intended to be sensational I should pronounce it tiresome. It is all about two lovely maidens and a youth named Gerald. They all grow in beauty side by side in an Iowa village and actually become so fond of one another that the youth cannot decide, when it comes to a question of matrimony, which he loves better. This interesting problem he solves by marrying both. As one might expect there is a certain amount of illicit love making with one of the maidens—Alma—she a damsel of magnificent physique—though she weighs but 120 pounds. There is a scene on a lake, she, in a boat rowing, "wearing a dress with sleeves of open work, through which the pink flesh showed distinctly, as the roundness of the arms stood out in relief. The neck was cut low, and the beauty of the throat was apparent." As might be anticipated, wrongs are righted in the last chapter. The difficulties are smoothed out by the discovery of a marriage certificate, and Alma and Gerald finally wed. This novel is neither bad enough nor good enough to be worth reading. It is distinctly commonplace, and emphatically second-rate. The style is one of comparative smoothness, but there is no elegance, no delicacy.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Reporter's Romance," by The Deacon. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers. For sale by all book sellers.

"Mrs. Dines's Jewels," by W. Clark Russell. Harper & Bros., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Baroness," by Francis Mary Peard. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Garston Bigamy," by Albert Ross. G. W. Dillingham, publisher. For sale by the S. F. News Co.

"Lays of a Lawyer," by W. Bard McVickar. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

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THE MUMMERS.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT" AT THE BUSH.

The time demands that a new definition should be found for greatness. In my opinion to be called great one must refrain from doing that that would result in comparison with another. Yes; it approaches originality, but it is not exactly that, as sometimes the imitator is more of a success than the originator. It is merely enjoying a monopoly; doing something that nobody else cares to undertake. Mr. Arthur Forrest happens at the Bush Street Theatre this week, playing in "Captain Swift." Had I seen Mr. Forrest's characterization of the part before Mr. Barrymore's I should have said Mr. Forrest was a clever actor, a creator to some extent. I regret to say that where Barrymore filled the part this new "Captain Swift" rattles in it like the kernel in a peanut. Artistically, Mr. Forrest is not big enough; physically he does not fill the requirements of the part as I have seen it played by his predecessor. But he gives a fairly good presentation, one that shines worthily forth beside the work of his sad company.

Mr. Forrest's version of "Captain Swift" differs from that played at the Baldwin some time ago. The part acted so acceptably by Mr. Stoddard on that occasion, "Marshal," was, of course, that of a man of advanced years. In Mr. Forrest's version, "Marshal" is a young man, and the change is certainly a good one. "Captain Swift" uses "Marshal" in an exceedingly rough and boisterous way, and the sight was not pleasant to the spectators. Another change is not to the advantage of the play, however; Mr. Forrest uses his lines with a slangy freedom that is not suited to the taste of people who go to see such productions as this.

The company is very bad; and for Mr. Forrest I am sincerely sorry. In the case of one or two of the mummers the work is fair; but as a whole there is nothing to commend. The stage looks much like a "misfit parlor," where the people do not suit their clothes any better than they do their parts; incompetency runs riot, and the gentle mummer quarrels audibly with his lines. All these things assist in making Mr. Forrest's efforts to please futile, and his work appears crude and unsatisfactory. I believe if the actor had a capable company, would curb his desire to indulge in eccentricities, and refrain from slang, that his characterization of "Captain Swift" would rank as an excellent bit of dramatic work.

This play will be followed on Monday by a roaring farce, "Sport McAllister," in which Bobby Gaylor takes the leading role. There are some clever people in the company, and the engagement should be a successful one.——

That charming comedian, Tim Murphy, has been the means of drawing crowds this week to the California, where he appears as Maverick Brander in Hoyt's play, "A Texas Steer." The characters are as capably handled now as they were in the past, and the production is as enjoyable as ever. "A Texas Steer" will be continued for another week.——

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" have been a paying attraction at the Baldwin, and will continue for another week. I have rarely seen as many theatre parties as have gathered at this popular place of amusement in the past two weeks. Following the comedy comes Miss Gale, supported by an excellent company, with Shakespearean and other dramas. Miss Gale was leading lady for Barrett, and later for Booth and Barrett, and was well received. As this is her first appearance here as a star, she should have a kindly reception.——

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Eseau—Yes, vader!

Mr. Isaacs—Yes; and as you get all the benefits, I'll keep the cost of making the will out of your next week's salary.—*California Life.*

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2. Song. - - - - - - - - - -
3. Duo for Violins, - - - - - - - - *Alard*
Messrs. Stamm (Pupil of Ysaye) and Nathan (Pupil of Sauret).
4. Song. - - - - - - - - - -
5. Sonata for Piano and Violin - - - - - *Mendelssohn*
Mrs. Carr and Mr. Heine.

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, Jan. 19. DEAR WAVE:—'Tis the happenings of the unexpected that occasionally render life more bearable. When I sent my last effusion to you, I was deep in that despondent slough from which all things look dismal. Our social horizon gave promise of little that seemed inviting, and I positively feared for our social reputation, when "Halloa, is this Imp?" came wafted to me o'er the telephone, and a sweet, feminine voice therewith requested the pleasure of my society at a bowling party, Saturday evening, at Mr. Herman Egger's vineyard. You can better imagine than I can describe my feelings—I accepted with the deepest thanks and assurance of a good time, and as Herman would say, "You can wager your saccharine existence I was not disappointed." Between fifty and sixty invitations were issued to the young married element and a dozen to a favored few in the single. All were responded to in person, and *such a lovely time as we did have*. The orchestra was stationed in an alcove off the hall, and the rooms opening off the latter were arranged for dancing. The library was given up to cards, while the lovely bowling alley held the merry bowlers. Of course, I won in bowling, so I enjoyed that game hugely, but the dancing and *supper*—ah! words fail me (so did my *breath* at that time). Talk about the giddy *young* men, well, the *married* ones could give them four aces or a royal flush, and even then defeat them. Only one in the married set behaved as his better half would have had him, and *he* was a Benedict. The speeches at the supper table were worthy of Depew (?), especially Rell Terry's. Why, out of a dozen speakers, *not* one responded to the toast "*The Ladies.*" Their sole topic and thought was General Muller's staff and thrashing the daylights out of Chile.

If President Harrison declares war in the present trouble, General Muller's staff officers are willingly prepared to obliterate Chile from the face of the earth. This talk of the necessity of an army or navy is entirely superfluous, I assure you. The deficiency is ably filled in these brave soldier boys. Well, I originally intended devoting this space to the party, supper, etc., but I wandered from my subject in my amazement at the bravery so recently displayed. The supper tables held all the dainties of the season, and many elegant dishes prepared to tickle the palate of the most fastidious epicure, while champagne, Sauterne, punches, etc., added brightness to bright eyes and wit to the speaker's tongue. It was, without any exception, the jolliest and most successful party given here this season, and only adds another obligation to the many our 400 are under to this most charming of our fair matrons and jovial of hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Eggers.

We are enjoying a feast of good plays at our theatre now—Captain Swift last week, Maude Granger Friday and Saturday of this week, Carleton Opera Company, two evenings next week. I hear Society will make the last four evenings very dressy affairs, and several theatre parties are being formed for the opera. I hope so, as nothing adds to Imp's good-nature as a well-filled house and nicely-dressed audience, in the pretty Barton.

On the twenty-ninth the '89-'90 Club give another dance, and the Club are talking of giving a real *swell* ball in February. Now, if I might be permitted a suggestion, I think a fancy dress ball (*no masks* in Heaven's name) would be an out-and-out success, and meet with the smiling approval of our 400.

I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Press Club men, the committee on the drive have invited me to participate, so I'll be at the train to welcome the visitors on their arrival.

By the way, another club has been added to the long list since my last—this is the "Cotton Club" and composed of our Southern element. It's to be very exclusive, very swell, etc., sort of a stand-off to the New England Club, recently organized here. As I'm a Southerner by parentage, I'm to be invited to participate in their merry-making, but not as a member of the club. Seems to me our Society is too cosmopolitan for clubs of this kind to thrive. Yours,

IMP.

AN UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE.

We once were rivals, and 'twere hard to guess
Who held the highest place within her heart;
She gave us equal favors, more or less,
And held us both with her coquettish art.

At last, grown weary of such vexing sport,
I staked my all to win or lose the game;
It was her birthday, and my rival sought
By similar advice to do the same.

He won. 'Twas by a trifle and I blame
The unkind fate that got me in that fix;
A bunch of *twenty* roses bore his name—
Unwittingly I sent her twenty-six!—*Gay Leslie.*

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, Jan. 20. DEAR WAVE:—The stagnation in Society circles is alarming. Everybody must have overdrawn his bank account last season, for only a dearth of money could account for the lack of entertainment. Two little dancing parties are all I can chronicle, these on a very small scale. The hop at the Vendome was the only function worth noticing. These affairs begin to be enjoyable as the *stand-off* and *look-on* element is being eliminated. This time there was real enjoyment. Pretty girls were numerous; recent brides added the gorgeousnesss of their attire, and three or four Society men were there and actually danced.

Some very pretty gowns were aired, conspicuously those of Faunie O—— and Maud L——. Belle E—— is not a dressy girl, too bad; for she is just the style to carry off handsome dress with ease, but then she is a Co-ed and probably they never indulge in vanities. Mrs. Fred Pott was there, beaming as though her name was the most illustrious in the land. *Entre nous*, rumor has it that her sister, Lena L——, is about to follow her example and endow one of your citizens with her "worldly goods." The Friants were all there; Effie looked just as she used too, not even matrimony can convert her into a beauty, but she is a dear little soul. Stella B—y—g—e is a recent addition—very agreeable but not graceful. The girls all like her and declare she was not spoiled by her foreign tour.

Howell was present, but he looked pensive. "He thinks too much," studies, too, they say, and is preparing for a foreign tour by studying *la belle langue*. Why? Ask him. I am not an oracle.

Those blessed little children, the Ramonas, had another frolic last Friday. This one, under the auspices of the Lewis Dancing School. That was a good move, for not one of them can escape the Argus eyes of Miss Helen, and the last little man of them stands in wholesome awe of her. You ought to have been here Sunday. The Vendome was thronged. I don't believe there ever was such a showing of brains there before. Manager Snell had ordered everything for the comfort and pleasure of his guests, and the beautiful hotel looked like fairy-land. When the baggage of the "press gang" was deposited, a lady remarked that it looked as if the hotel had *the grip*. It did, and so did all who came receive the grip of good fellowship. Such a rush and bustle; such happy hits; such graceful badinage, such *camaraderie* is not often seen here. Everyone was on the alert to see Mrs. Leslie and Mr. Wilde. What a handsome fellow he is to be sure. Charley S——, the prince of good fellows, captured them and bore them off triumphantly with his usual *aplomb*. He deserved the reward, but where was John McN——? It was downright mean of him to be absent.

"Clarence has come," not that false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, but our own Clarence. He is filled with a southern sunshine and you may expect some of it to drop in melodious lines from his pen.

I went over Friday night to see how the new club progressed. It has spread faster than the influenza did. Their enthusiasm is boiling over. Such a lot of learned women as this town will hold.

Miss Phi. A—— has gone back to school. There'll be "music in the air." Mrs. E. McL—— was there, though I can't imagine what for. I thought she knew enough, and have heard people hint that she knew too much.

It will be fine fun if she joins the "quiz class." I told you Miss W—— was Secretary, but she isn't. She declined and Mrs. Hazleton was elected.

She bears all her honors meekly, so I no longer envy her her rich husband, for she is just the same whole-souled woman she was as Mary Titus, when she made the life of every Normal School girl a burden.

We are about to have another sensation, but as I do not like to be the first to promulgate a rumor, I will await developments. The only surprising thing about it is that it has been so long delayed, for the family is noted for its indiscretions. More anon.

BABBLER.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Mr. Shortridge, of the San Jose *Mercury*, can throw no light on this subject: "Owing to a dispute as to how corsets should be classified for the purpose of collecting duty on them at the Custom House, Judge Wheeler of the United States Court has just been called upon to decide whether they are wearing apparel or only appliances for holding the apparel in place."

The Los Angeles *Herald* says: "A New York paper truthfully and amiably remarks that if Mr. Egan did succeed in producing war with Chile, among the very first to come to the assistance of their country would be the ex-Confederates, which calls to mind the fact that there is an Act of Congress prohibiting all who come under that designation from holding commissions in the army or navy. The law has been forgotten by the people, and if it was now under consideration would hardly find a single advocate."

The San Jose *Herald* says: "Mr. Cleveland is the candidate of the anti-politicians, so to speak. He represents ideas, sentiments, aspirations, not organized purpose."

The Oakland *Times* makes these pertinent remarks "Pacific Coast journalism, which for dash, spirit originality, cleverness and enterprise has no superior lacks one completing feature. It seems strange tha San Francisco has no illustrated satirical journal Smut, dreary puns, dull anecdotes and colored daub made by a sign painting villain, do not make a comi paper, and they cannot be palmed off on the Califor nia public for humorous art. We have no comic art no distinctive satirical journal which shoots folly as it flies."

The Carson *Appeal* remarks: "A local reporter on a Chico paper got into trouble by making a wrong heading over a marriage notice. The groom's name was Avery and the bride was a Miss Small. The heading was set up "A Very Small wedding." The groom, who is a muscular young rancher, is looking for the reporter, who is on a vacation."

Rosalie—I wonder why the young men of to-day never dance the *minuet*.

Grace—Goodness me. They haven't time, my dear.—*New York Truth*.

McPhinty (at box office, Bijou Theatre)—I want to see the City Directory.

Box Office Man—Dollar and a half please.

McPhinty—Dollar and a half, is it? Sure, I can see it for nothing at the drug store. [Exit.]—*New York Truth*.

Is it right to employ men to attend the female dead? No! Martin, Morrison & Co., 118 Geary St., have lady undertakers.

NOTES.

The preparations being made for the reception by California Commandery, No. 1, K. T., on next Thursday at Odd Fellows' Hall, promises to make this affair more enjoyable, if possible, than the last. The Commandery has now a drill corps, which will give an exhibition, besides presenting an excellent literary and musical programme.

* * *

"The 92's," a Leap Year Club composed of sixty young ladies, gave a very enjoyable party at Lunt's Hall on Tuesday evening. The grand march was led by Miss May Burnham and W. W. Healey, and the committee assisting in the floor management was composed of the Misses Cranna, Athearn, Gibson, Sutton, Stevens, Barclay, Shepherd, and Hopkins.

* * *

I AM informed when Mrs. Frank Leslie (Wilde) and Miss Kate Field were interviewed by the *Chronicle* reporter it was found impossible to print their remarks, as there were not sufficient capital I's in the cases to give the ladies a fair show.

* * *

Something new in social functions is the "poetry party," which has sprung into favor with the literary bohemians of the city within the past few weeks. Roger Magee gave one at his charming country house in Mill Valley last Saturday, and gathered about him some of the bright wits and keen minds of the literary set. Dan O'Connell was master of ceremonies, and recited for the edification of the guests "Maud" and "Locksley Hall;" Mr. Magee, Harry Bigelow, G. P. Brady, and others shone to advantage.

Opaline recommended by W. B. Rising, State Analyst.

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MUSIC.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

Opening the third season of the Saturday afternoon concerts with a programme from Beethoven was a happy plan, and the Sonata for piano and violin *Op. 12, No. 1*, Thirty Variations in *C Minor*, trio for violin, viola and 'cello, interspersed with "Neue Liebe, Neues Leben" and two of the Scotch songs made enough contrast. None of the works given claim a first place in the Beethoven repertoire of chamber music; with the exception of the trio, the instrumental numbers were among the best-known pieces. Of the Scotch songs with violin and 'cello obligato nothing has been heard here. "Again My Lyre" bears tender and touching phases of emotion too general to be purely Scotch. Both numbers had the living sentiment heard in lasting works only, the union of æsthetic ruled and growing from science. Songs of many moderns are make-believes of beauty and truth, false and over-lavish in taste and intent. Numbers of German, as well as French songs, of course, were evidently conceived for the purpose of giving vent to gibbering in gusts of tangled feeling regarded as the pitch of realism. Pure classics bring a return to reason at least, and after the creening of the emotions caused by so much of the turning, yearning outbursts, our vocal programmes have pained by a return to the old masters is more than a saving grace. Haydn, Mozart and Handel alone have left songs enough to enlist all the artistic capacities of any of our singers should they deign to favor them, and the result would surely be more cheering than the strenuous acrobatic pranks with the emotions modern lyric writers demand.

The performance of Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations *in C Minor*, among other reminders, brought a memory of Pachmann, the last to play them here, and the criticisms incubated upon him by an over-esteemed daily. Branded and bastinadoed as a Chopinist, the Odessan pianist told already "his *touch* was cat-like," poor artist, had ignominy massed over him in the admonition that he must remain forever a rather trifling player of Chopin, as Beethoven didn't "fit" him. This, after extravagant gurgles of ecstasy over the coarse philanderings of Miss Aus der Ohe with immortal works, made the pianist's query whether ossification of the brain was peculiar to San Francisco scarcely astonishing. Holding the memory of the last performance of the variations, Mrs. Carr did better than her best in omitting to disturb it. The Sonata *in D Major* was an unexpected performance. For the technical resources of both players there should have been no burden laid up, as the score is comparatively simple. Purity of articulation, as well as respect for the tempi, is not unheard of in performances of the classics at least. Passage playing *à la rubato e lusingando* does not chime in with the dignity of Beethoven of the period of dedicating to Salieri, nor is the addition of ornaments recommended by the respectful. Without advocating stolid performances it is permissible to suggest that a flighty technical display makes very much worse than no impression in Beethoven. An *Adagio con espressione* from the trio was given in fairer taste and made a clear impression, Messrs. Siering and Heine joining Mr. Beel in the performance. Firm in outline, and more statuesque than the usual Beethoven, the trio has the interest and beauty which go with the name of the master.

Mrs. Brechemin sang again with the confidence which is reassuring to an audience. Faults noticed at her first appearance, grown accentuated, detracted from some of her work. Flatly placed tones and some difficult breathing were to be regretted. Still, we have few singers whose work is, in certain limits, more reliable than this lady's. At the next Afternoon Mr. Beel plays the Sonata, *Op. 12, No. 2*, of Beethoven, and also a duo for violins by Alard with Mr. Landsberger. Mr. Heine will play with Mrs. Carr a piano and 'cello Sonata of Mendelssohn's.

Lesley Martin

I desire to recommend Judge King for any position he may aspire to. The *San Jose* says: "Genial and ever popular Justice Joe King, it is said, can discount the average preacher in conducting a marriage ceremony. So artistic has he become at the work that he is liable to become the fashionable 'marryer' and injure the lucrative perquisites of many of our pastors."

The *Dawson News* says: "A journalist once wisely remarked that it is not what goes in a paper that makes this world run smooth but what is kept out. Where would some of our 'nice' young men be if the local papers told everything they did?"

It is to be feared that many New Year resolutions have the rolling R.—*The Inter Ocean.*

You will be happy if you believe in the honesty of all men—but you will never be rich.—*Oakland Times.*

One touch of grip makes the whole world sneeze.—*Cincinnati Times.*

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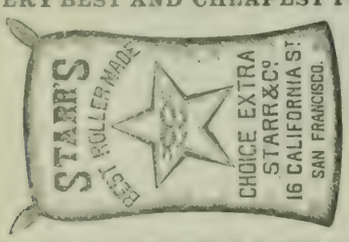

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—Life is still a dismal failure—*la grippe* has me in an iron embrace and deprives me of what little enjoyment there is in this "Land of Tombstones." The third cotillion occurred last Friday evening and was a dream of delight—so perfectly was it led by your swell cotillion leader, Mr. E. M. Greenway. Tom says that the efforts of Athearn and George in that line were mere baby attempts when compared with those of Mr. Greenway, who is an adept; but isn't it a good joke that we were compelled to go to San Francisco for a leader? With the exception of Harry Houghton, who has served his term, there was no one, in our swell organization, capable of doing the honors gracefully. Of course you have heard of the little difficulty the boys had about the affair. How I do regret my inability to attend. You remember, dear, Mr. Greenway was my escort at one of last year's cotillions, and a gallant one he made. As usual, Claire Ralston, Amy McKee, Nellie Chabot, Alice Grimes, and Bessie Wheaton monopolized our few eligibles, for which they are not to blame, as it is always a pretty woman's privilege to accept all the attention that is bestowed upon her. Their gowns? Tom says that Alice was as beautiful as a sea-nymph in emerald-green (wonder if it is the same she wore last year?) while Amy was arrayed in pink India silk, and Bessie was gowned in white *moiré* under *mousseline de soi*, which Tom was awkward enough to tear. It is needless to state that the girls were in ecstasies at the presence of so many extra gentlemen, which is something almost unheard of in this place. Wonder how the boys enjoyed the role of wall-flower? Among those present were Hattie Hall, who received more than her share of attention, May Tubbs, Ethel Moore, the Hutchinsons, Millers, McKees, Faunie Orr, and her fiancée, Cleveland Forbes, the Bordens, Hamiltons, Magees, Haights and, of course Gus McDonald, Lester Herrick, and Ed. Vinzent. No social gathering is a success without them. Tom says that he never met two sisters so totally unlike as Ella and Bessie. One so animated and careless—the other so stately and indifferent. Wonder if he really knows how absolutely unlike they are? I wouldn't for worlds, tell him that the former never arises before noon, while the latter is up and breakfasts with her father. Nor would I say that Ella is a coquette, while Bessie is true to herself and others. (I don't wonder that young Loring is spooney in that direction.) Is it not strange that the former style is usually preferred by most men—they enjoy a light, frivolous woman who takes the world as it comes. Our most aristocratic church, the St. Paul, has a perfect hornets' nest within its sacred portals, and all on account of a charming lady who has acted as organist for a long time and a San Francisco Dutchman (who once served beer in a café) who has secured her position. The D. Henshaw-Wards, and their coterie favor Gail Jackson, while the Pennoyers and their followers are with the Dutchman. The affair promises to be an interesting morsel for the gossip mongers, as the committee have succeeded in inveigling their pastor, Dr. Ritchie, in the church fight. If the poor fellow were wise he would let them settle it themselves—the first he knows he will meet the fate that Dr. Chetwood did. Wouldn't care to risk my chips on either party, as the D. Henshaw-Wards usually carry the day, while Mrs. Pennoyer is remarkable for her persuasive powers. Tom says that he remembers what a sensation she and her sister Mollie created when they first came to Oakland. They were bright, accomplished, and intriguing. They confided to him that they liked this Coast and had come to stay, so it was not a surprise to him when he heard a few months later that they had captured young Pennoyer, cousin of the millionaire Adams, and Will Cook, who was the junior of Mollie by several years.

Oh, dear WAVE, when you want to seek solace, in the cup of inebriation, be sure and come to this side. We have a new place called "The 400," and it is only intended for swells. The proprietor is said to be the son of our silurian banker, who is backing this gilded den of vice so that he can have a private place where he can indulge in a social cup and the world be none the wiser. We have too many of those places, and it would be far better for the boys had he put his son in something not so profitable, but possibly more aristocratic. The scandal is still brewing and will reach its fullest development in a few weeks.

What mean these little meetings of a certain young and pleasant attorney and an old man's darling? This is only a hint, dear, but if they continue you shall have the names ere long.

Mrs. Dargie and her little son are in Santa Barbara, and Peter Bowles is in England visiting his brother-in-law John McNear. The C. O. G. Millers, Mae and Claire Tucker, with their mother, will depart in a short time for Europe, and if sufficiently urged one of the party will be

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7:40 a m, 5:00 p m	Hopland and Ukiah	7:25 p m / 6:10 p m
7:40 a m, 5:00 p m	Guerneville	7:25 p m / 10:30 a m, 6:10 p m
7:40 a m, 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen	10:40 a m, 6:05 p m / 8:50 a m, 6:10 p m
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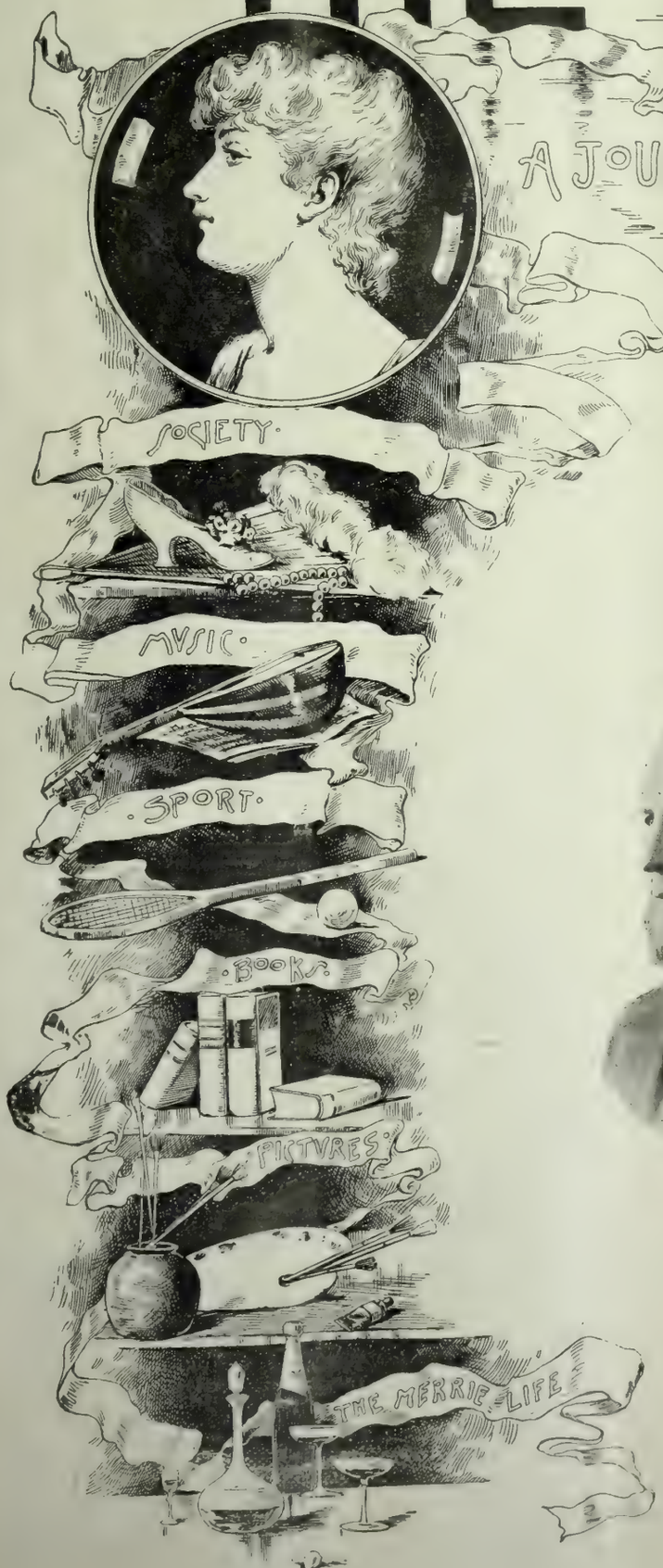

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RESORT

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE
ESTABLISHMENT IN
THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD - Manager

THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The Chamber of Commerce is a mercantile institution, which has heretofore been presided over by men representing the omnipotence of jawbone rather than of brain power. Ex-Mayor Pond and General Dimond, are not distinguished for eloquence, though at a pinch both can make bad speeches. They are men of action rather than of words. Both have succeeded in life, if not always in politics, and their election suggests a possibility that in future the Chamber of Commerce will do more and resolve less. Indeed, if the infinitely prolix resolutions, emblazoned on the archives of this most verbose of organizations, were used for paving purpose in a certain warm quarter, it is safe to believe the road there would be blockaded past relief.

SPLASHES.

THE LOVELIEST STORY of the month tells of the savage encounter between scions of Rose Leafdom at Sausalito last Saturday night. At the Borehemian Club, the Chilean embroglio has aroused but slender interest in comparison with it, and in Clearing House circles little but the prowess of Mr. Murray has been discussed. It seems to me that the marine feature of the episode was the most exciting. There is something almost grotesque about the spectacle of Alec Hamilton struggling in the embraces of old ocean and The O'Connell valiantly diving after him. Right here I must say that the movement to have him awarded the medal of the Humane Society will not have my support. Here is the story, however:

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Cary Friedlander and Alec Hamilton have an establishment at Sausalito. It is a comfortable cottage fitted up with some pretensions to elegance, and on Saturday afternoons they hie themselves over the bay and spend the Sabbath blissfully fanned by the enchanting sea breezes of the region. To them, last week, came a delegation of choice spirits headed by The O'Connell. They were *en route* to the haunted home of Roger Magee in Mill Valley and had tarried for refreshment on the way. Made welcome according to the choicest of Rose Leaf traditions they lingered, and finally The O'Connell was seduced into compounding, in his inimitable way, a Welsh rarebit. "What mighty contests rise from trivial things." It appears that Mr. Murray, who is in the banking line, has a friend whose efforts in this line are impeccable. When it was claimed for The O'Connell that his rarebits were the best in town, Mr. Murray took issue.

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More emphatically than elegantly he denied the proposition, and somewhat arrogantly championed his friend's cause. Now there are a few things that will deepen the flush on a Rose Leaf cheek. One is to doubt the perfection of The O'Connell Welsh rarebit. It is the first clause in the constitution of the organization. The rage and fury that possessed the hearts of Murray's auditors was fervently expressed by Cary Friedlander, whereupon the banker suggested that pugilism offered the only rational method of deciding such mooted points. Boldly he challenged The O'Connell. He might with more safety have offered battle to Peter Jackson, under the circumstances. However, it was suggested that chivalry forbade a man to champion his own creations, and Alec Hamilton begged the privilege of defending the honor of Rose Leafdom. It was granted him. The party adjourned to a smooth plat near the edge of the water and after the inevitable preliminaries, proceedings commenced.

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Hamilton, bent on wiping out the stain on the rarebit escutcheon, set a stiff pace, but Murray, evincing a deeper knowledge of the manly art than he was suspected of, met his advances. There was a rapid interchange of blows. Then Hamilton made a rush. His antagonist dodged. The impetus carried him to the edge of the wharf. A quick blow from Murray as he passed sent him into the water. Into the chill embraces of the Pacific he fell—thermometer in the late thirties. Horrors!

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The O'Connell sprang to his rescue. Murray dived after him. Between them they rescued the gallant young Rose Leaf, and lifted him tenderly to *terra firma*. That night the party spent in the Frenchman's. Over the fire the wet ones huddled. When dawn flushed the Eastern sky, the march to the haunted house was resumed. About the narrative, as the skilled *raconteurs* of the Club tell it, there is a subtle charm, a weird suggestion that is absent from this mere recital of facts. There is the episode, however.

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WHOEVER IS INCLINED to credit those "in the swim" with undue intelligence will doubtless receive with incredulity my explanation of the slender attendance at the last "Friday Night." The fact is, an impression got into the "upper suckle's" mind that it was unfashionable to attend a Fourth Cotillion. The result—the absence of several score of people who, under ordinary circumstances, would no more miss a german than they would dinner. What basis there is in reason or etiquette for so amazing an assumption, I cannot conceive. It is probable some ungovernable idiot with social aspirations for New York, expressed emphatically a sentiment of this character, which, obtaining general circulation, was deemed worthy of notice by people who know no better. However, it cannot be said the cotillion was any less of a success. The figures were cleverly formed under the dexterous leadership of Mr. Greenway. His partner, Miss Jennie Blair, wore a handsome toilette, and looked very well. It is a curious reflection on the average San Francisco Society man that at least three of the prettiest girls in town were present without partners. Not that it can be held they suffered any material loss, however.

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Among the maidens who have been at the last two cotillions, none have appeared to better advantage than Miss Ames and Miss Hoffman. Miss Ames is a very tall, striking-looking girl, a blonde, with a stately, magnificent figure and fine eyes. At the *bal poudre* she wore black, and at the last one was in a charming white gown. Miss Hoffman has been in retirement for many months past owing to the death of her uncle. She has certainly improved. Her beauty is also of the statuesque type, and she exhibits in her gowns a great deal of taste.

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The young married set was decidedly in evidence, and, for the first time this season, went in energetically for dancing. Considering how many young couples there are in the club it is curious they do not take a more prominent part in social affairs. This season not one of the recent matrimonial graduates has done aught in the way of entertaining. Rather an interesting innovation would be the formation of some organization by this set. It includes some of the brightest men and the prettiest girls, and its parties would undoubt-

edly be enjoyable. One of the handsomest costumes in the ballroom on Friday night was worn by Mrs. Gus Spreckles. Mrs. Will Crocker wore a strikingly handsome costume. Mrs. Fred Wooster and Mrs. Bosqui appeared to decided advantage. The next cotillion takes place on the evening of February 12th.

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Society has been absolutely active this week. In a small way, however. Save Mrs. Grant's lunch party there has been no entertainment of any magnitude, but a succession of small dinner and theatre parties, small receptions and teas. With them all, however, those "in the swim" have had but little rest. For the coming week the list of entertainments is a long one. Festivities incident to the wedding of Mr. La Montagne and Miss Catherwood are among the leading events. On Sunday evening there is to be a reception at Mrs. Catherwood's residence, and on Monday night Mr. La Montagne gives a dinner to twenty-two people at the Palace Hotel. On Tuesday Mr. Shortridge gives the visitors a Spanish dinner,

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On Wednesday Mrs John S. Hager gives a dinner to eighteen people, and on the same night Mr. James D. Phelan entertains at dinner a number of girls and men at the Bohemian Club. Mrs. Will Crocker will chaperon the party. On Thursday is the Catherwood-La Montagne marriage, which will be celebrated at the Cathedral by Archbishop Riordan, to be followed by a wedding breakfast at the bride's residence and a large reception in the afternoon. I believe there are several other events to be announced for Friday and Saturday. It must be admitted that this is a distinct improvement on the record of the past few weeks.

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Mrs. Grant's lunch was a great success. It was certainly the largest ever given here. The list of invitations included almost all the matrimonially available maidens in Society. I believe there were eighty girls present. The dining-room not being large enough to accommodate so many belles, the group of parlors adjoining were utilized. At small tables that accommodated six, the damsels were disposed. In the centre of each table was a large bouquet of fragrant roses. Throughout the rooms were vases of flowers, though there was no elaborate attempt at floral decorations. In fact, the presence of so many pretty girls put adornment of an inanimate kind at a discount. He would be an inexorable bachelor, or a widower, indeed, who could gaze unmoved at such a *tout ensemble.* I am informed that with the exception of the waiters and the musicians, no masculine eye witnessed the gathering. During the afternoon there was vocal and instrumental music. Brandt's orchestra rendered concert selections. Mrs. Breachman sang several songs, and Mrs. Vernon of the Presidio, charmed all her hearers by her beautiful voice and admirable method.

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On Sunday afternoon last Miss Hager gave a farewell tea for Miss Emma Childs who left for Los Angeles on Wednesday morning. It was a very agreeable affair. Mr. O'Sullivan, who was in good voice, sang several solos and also assisted Shafter Howard to interpret "Fair Monterey," the pretty duet which the latter composed last summer. Miss Hager rendered a pretty ballad admirably. On Wednesday afternoon Miss McMullin gave a small tea to a number of her girl friends, and Mrs. Tom Bishop gave a large tea.

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The engagement of Miss Bessie Hooker and George H. Lent was announced at Mrs. Adam Grant's lunch on Tuesday last. Miss Hooper, who is very pretty and one of the most popular girls "in the swim," is the daughter of S. G. Hooker, the well-known capitalist. Mr. Lent is the son of William M. Lent, the well-known mining man. Society has awaited this annoucement quite a long time. During the last two years the names of both have been frequently coupled in the betrothal rumors that so persistently herald agreeable events of this character.

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An engagement just made known is that of Miss Nettie Tubbs and Lieutenant Oyster of the First Artillery. Miss Tubbs is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs. This is another engagement the gossips have anticipated. Rumor has it the course of true love of this couple ran by no means smooth. There was considerable parental objection, which seems finally to have been vanquished.

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This week the crop of betrothals is large. The engagement of Chaplain Thompson of the "Charleston" and Miss Ida Carleton has already been made known. Miss Carleton is the niece of Mrs. B. F. Norris, of 1822 Sacramento Street. She is an exceedingly pretty and vivacious girl. Mr. Thompson is both good-looking and popular. He is at present Chaplain of the "Charleston," and is the son of Bishop Thompson of Missouri. The marriage will take place when the cruiser goes out of commission—about one year hence. Still another is that of Miss Susie Davis and Frank V. Wright, of San Jose. Miss Davis is the daughter of A. E. Davis, ex-President of the South Pacific Coast Railroad. Mr. Wright is in the Union Savings Bank at San Jose. The marriage will take place early in June.

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From all appearances there will be almost as large a crop of nuptial ceremonies after Lent as there were last year. It will be remembered that the latter end of April and the earlier days of May were almost entirely taken up by marriages. Among others to be celebrated will be that of Miss Edith Taylor and George Pope.

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Mrs. B. F. Norris gave a musical on Wednesday evening in honor of her niece, Miss Ida Carleton, whose engagement to Chaplain Thompson, of the "Charleston," has just been announced. Mrs. Mariner Cambell and Mr. Cambell, and Mrs. Birmingham, whose fine contralto organ has often been heard at concerts, rendered vocal selections. Noah Brandt played two violin solos with artistic success. A delicious supper followed. The occasion was the first function this season at which all the members of the Club of '90 were gathered. It is a pity this organization, which did such effective work last year, could not be revived. No one seems to care to take the initiative, however, and the result is fewer dances. There is some talk, I believe, of bringing together before Lent the men and girls who were accustomed to meet under the Club's auspices. Mrs. A. W. Scott will soon give a dance and the "'90" will assist her.

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The attendance at the Pleasanton hop was not nearly so great as at the New Year's ball. There was consequently more room for the dancers. In the large dining-room the floor was polished to a slippery perfection and those who tripped the light fantastic had an agreeable time. I did not see nearly so many pretty girls or such elaborate costumes as at the former event, however, but San Francisco gatherings vary so that it is quite out of the question to deduce any general rules as regards looks. Mrs. Pendleton is quite an accomplished hostess. The several affairs she has given have gone with considerable snap, and I believe there are others to look forward to before Lent.

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Among the very pretty girls at the hop none attracted more attention than Miss Robertson. This young lady has recently come here from Seattle, where she was the reigning belle. She is a petite brunette, has given much attention to literature, knows all the books of the day, and is a charming talker, and aside from all this, her elegant taste in dressing is waited on by a full purse, as she the granddaughter of the late Captain Renton, a millionaire among the Crœsuses, and is, I am told, heiress to six or seven figures. Miss Robertson will be one of the most popular young ladies in the city, as she has taken up her residence at the Pleasanton for the winter.

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Miss Florence Reed gave a tea on Monday afternoon last in honor of Miss Struve, of Seattle, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bowers. On Thursday Miss Maud Hopkins gave a very pleasant lunch.

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Mr. W. S. McMurtry has returned from Europe. He spent most of his time in Paris and thoroughly enjoyed his visit there. Colonel and Mrs. Eyre, and Miss Eyre have returned from New York, and are domiciled at their Menlo Park residence.

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Mrs. General Kautz and Miss Kautz are in town on a visit from Vancouver Barracks. Mrs. Kautz has a large number of friends here who retain pleasant recollections of the time

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

she was at Angel Island. Some of the most agreeable entertainments and hops ever given there she presided over. Miss Kautz is an exceedingly pretty girl, a blonde with masses of golden hair, an exquisite complexion, and magnificent eyes. She is being entertained by Miss Alice Ziska, who gave a musicale in her honor last Tuesday evening. Vocal selections were given by Mr. O'Sullivan and by Miss Ziska. Miss Kautz, who possesses a great deal of dramatic talent, recited.

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The Joseph D. Crocketts gave a dinner on Monday evening last to twelve of their friends. Mr. Sheldon gave one of his pleasant dinner parties on Wednesday evening. On Thursday night the Misses Voorhies gave a small card party and musicale. Mrs. Judge Evans rendered in her most artistic style a number of vocal selections.

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Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher, who have returned from their marriage tour, have sent out invitations to a reception at their residence, 1210 Sutter Street, on Tuesday next. I believe it is only the first of a series, as both Mr. and Mrs. Fisher are very fond of entertaining, and intend doing a good deal of it during the season.

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Ernest La Montagne, Miss Marie La Montague, and Albert La Montagne arrived yesterday morning and are guests at the Palace Hotel. During their stay here they will be extensively entertained.

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A very pleasant entertainment was the impromptu party given last Saturday evening by Miss Nellie Hillyer, at the residence of Mrs. E. N. Duprey. There were twenty-five or thirty men and girls there, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. A Leap Year cotillion was danced. Miss Hillyer led, very cleverly, a number of pretty figures. Throughout the evening the Leap Year features of the affair were rigorously insisted upon and a great deal of fun resulted.

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TO THE INTENSE REGRET of a legion of ardent admirers the fascinating Mrs. Hastings has gone East. She left on Wednesday, but under circumstances very different to what she anticipated. Mrs. Hastings is no longer an heiress; at least, her father-in-law, Judge Hastings, disputes her claim to his son's estate. She expected to step into undisputed control of property valued at nearly $300,000, which her husband held under the deed of trust. She may obtain it eventually, but between her and it there is an immense amount of litigation. It seems that Tuesday was the last day on which suits against the estate of the late Robert Hastings could be filed.

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With her attorneys, Garber, Boalt & Bishop, the fascinating widow was in Court, awaiting impatiently the happy moment that would make her an heiress. Just thirty minutes before noon, Ryland Wallace, Judge Hastings' attorney, appeared and asked for a stay of proceedings for ten days to permit the filing of an answer to the widow's petition. It appears that there are substantial grounds for the intervention. The property that Robert Hastings held under the deed of trust, Judge Hastings intended should go, after his death, to his children. Prior to his demise, however, he deeded it to his wife, making her the guardian of his children. The effect of a lawsuit will be to deprive Mrs. Hastings of the large income she has hitherto derived from the Hastings real estate. A petition will then be presented appointing another guardian besides herself for the children, and then she will be given an allowance for their support. Her visit East will, I believe, be only a flying one.

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The trustees of the O'Connor will have at last been released from their duties, and the estate is now in the hands of the heirs. The final report exhibited a most satisfactory settlement of the firm's affairs. The various bequests made by the late Mrs. O'Connor have all been paid off and with the various claimants, most liberal settlements have been made. In fact, if all trustees were to handle the affairs entrusted to them as them, as these gentlemen have, there would be much less litigation, and the duties of the Probate Court would be infinitely lighter than at present.

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The residuary heirs are the members of the Costello family—sisters and brothers of the late Mrs. O'Connor—five in number. Mr. William and Mr. A. J. Costello, who have been so long identified with the firm of O'Connor, Moffat & Co., will in the future carry on the business—the elder brother, Mr. William Costello, acting as manager in chief. This position he has held since the death of his brother-in-law, and under his shrewd and careful administration, the revenues have not only been maintained, but have increased wonderfully. The firm is to be congratulated on having such capable men at the head of its affairs.

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The naval reserve had a gala day at Mare Island on Sunday last. On the tug "Monarch" a delegation visited the Navy Yard, and inspected the "Baltimore" and other vessels there, even conducting a cursory examination of the "Monnadock." Every courtesy was, of course, extended by the Naval authorities, and the Reserve had a very enjoyable time.

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I CANNOT EXPRESS ANY REGRET for the manner the Hydraulic Convention "sat down" upon Levi, Strauss & Co. This firm has a big overall manufactory, and if mining were resumed on the old scale it would be much to its profit. Among the letters read by the Chairman from various distinguished men expressing sympathy with the objects of the Convention was a type-written epistle from the Battery Street concern—a vulgarly worded note, inviting the delegates to visit our "overall factory where several hundred white girls are employed, and where, if notice be but given, due preparations for their entertainment will be made."

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Murmurs of indignation arose from the representatives. Several delegates arose with denunciations on their lips, but a motion to lay the obnoxious letter aside prevailed, and the matter passed over. It seems to me the firm might reasonably have been severely censured, as well as snubbed. It is perfectly true that the firm is a rich one, but the wealth of its founder is very largely due to circumstances rather than to any display of marked ability. He happened to be in business with ample means during the war, and his large fortune is the result.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR seems to have a closer hold on the attention of the nations of the Eastern Hemisphere than it has secured here, and we will shortly have to go away from home to learn the news regarding this great American enterprise. Of course, the impetus that has carried the interest in the exposition to other lands, was gained from the press of the United States; but, in our efforts to collect the sensational news of the day, this staple article of information is being neglected. In France, Germany, and, I believe, Austria, the interest in the Fair far exceeds that shown here; and the citizens of these countries are in possession of facts regarding the exposition that we do not know.

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Probably for the purpose of "posting" us on matters pertaining to the Fair, Special Commissioner A. B. de Guerville will lecture, at Metropolitan Temple, next week. In the lecture I have small interest; I am of the opinion it will be dry, statistical, and pleading. But Mr. de Guerville is a character worth seeing and hearing. I judge the Special Commissioner is an enthusiast. He is a very young man; probably not over twenty-eight years old, with a thin, smooth-shaven face; small, pale-blue eyes, and a decidedly French accent. Indeed, there is little to his English but the accent. He is editor of *Le Courier Français*, published in Chicago, and is a journalist of some repute. He was not chosen to speak to American audiences, but rather to travel around the world on a tour of enlightenment; he will instruct the monarchs of the old countries in all matters pertaining to exhibits, and will start with China and Japan, whither he sails in a short time.

* * *

AFTER ALL, it does not seem to be certain that the new Australian ballot law will stop vote-buying. The modification that has been adopted in this State, and which will go into

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

force for the first time at the next election, was designed mainly by those who crowded it through the last boodle Legislature to prevent the corrupt voter from selling his franchise. For, you must know, it is not always the villain who may be canvassing for Congress or the Federal Senate or who wants to be Governor or Sheriff, who purchases votes. Manifestly, if there were no votes for sale, none could be bought, and it is quite possible that if all voters took the advice of Demosthenes, who told the Athenians to accept the gold of Philip of Macedon—and vote as they pleased, corruption of the elective franchise would be almost unknown. Vote-buyers will not purchase unless they are reasonably sure of the delivery of the goods.

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It is still my opinion, notwithstanding what I shall set down before I finish this subject, that our new election law strikes a deadly blow at vote-buying. It certainly, to the outward observer, interrupts the close connection that has heretofore existed between the vendor and vendee, and consequently will, to some extent, destroy the confidence of the latter in the delivery of the goods. This done, half the battle is won. As I have previously observed, the new law requires that the voter shall mark his ballot alone in a closed room, and after it is marked it cannot be opened or exhibited to anybody. Now a vote-buyer might say, "Mr. Jones, I will give you three dollars for your vote, if you will mark it to suit me," and Mr. Jones might accept the tender; but how is this executory contract to be consummated? Certainly, the vote-buyer is not going to take Mr. Jones' say-so that he went into the booth and marked the ticket according to contract. For how does he know that it was properly marked? Jones may have sold out to another party a few minutes previously, and when he gets into the booth he may violate both agreements, and vote as he pleases. It seems to me that on its face, this new law provides a system which it will be hard for the elective franchise vendors to beat.

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Some days ago I conversed with a gentleman who claims to know something about this subject. In fact, I have been informed that during several campaigns he has himself superintended many large vote-buying enterprises, and hence his qualifications to speak intelligently are quite unusual. I expressed the opinion that the new law would abolish the pests in the Water Front boarding-houses who traffic in votes at every election, as well as the lucrative business of "stuffing" lodging-houses and saloons with names to be sold to the highest bidders. He had a different opinion.

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"No, it will not," he said, quite positively "That business is too profitable to be easily broken up. The men who engage in it care nothing for the penalties if they succeed, and the only problem that confronts them under the new law is to provide a link between the purchaser outside and the voter inside the booth. That is easily provided. Take, for instance, precincts in which there is a large purchasable element, such as exists on the Water Front or south of Market Street, and suppose you desire to carry them and be sure that your money is not going to be wasted. To begin with, under any system there must be an agreement between the voter and the man who pays for his vote. As things were at the last election a man agreed to sell, the ticket was placed in his hand outside the 100-foot limit, and he was watched until he deposited it in the box. This can no longer be done, because the ballot is not now handled by any persons except the clerk inside who tears it off the stub and the voter who goes into the booth to mark it.

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"Now, see how easy this interrupted surveillance can be provided. Take the kind of a precinct I have mentioned, and you would first have to get a man on the election board who would co-operate with you. This man might be a Judge, Inspector, Clerk—anything. You would make a bargain with the voter on the outside to sell his vote. You would then instruct him to enter the polling place, give his name and declare that he was not sufficiently intelligent to mark his ballot. Whereupon the Inspector would ask: 'Whom do you desire to mark for you?' The merchantable voter would at once select your confederate, who would accompany him into the booth.

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"You could actually stand by and see this done, and thus have the evidence of your own eyes. Once inside, your confederate would mark the ballot according to contract, put a black pin in the coat-collar of the venial voter, in some peculiar way, and on emerging into the open air he could hunt up your Treasurer who would look at the pin and pay him the stipulated price. I do not think such a system as this is more risky or less practicable than the one now in vogue and which is about to fall into innocuous desuetude."

* * *

I will confess that since I listened to the remarks of this expert my confidence in the ability of the new election law to stop vote-buying has been shaken somewhat. It is an old saying that man proposes and the Lord disposes, and perhaps after all a wise Providence, which takes care of the "can-canner" and "bum" alike, will prevent the human mind devising any scheme to thwart the merchantable voter. Possibly there is no remedy for the evils that flow from a corrupt ballot box, except civic virtue.

* * *

FOR THE BOARD OF EDUCATION I have frequently and unequivocally expressed the contempt I feel. To say it is the worst the city has ever suffered, would be forestalling the verdict of the Recording Angel who presides over municipalities. I presume there is one. The other day a copy of the semi-annual balance sheet that the Secretary of the Board furnishes each member was given me. It is quite an elaborate document, and a superficial glance at it discloses apparently a satisfactory condition of finances. There is exhibited an unexpended balance of $14,394. Acting on the assumption that things are not always what they seem, I have gone to the trouble of analyzing the figures and my results, strange to say, are almost the antithesis of the bookkeeper's. Indeed, it seems to me an obvious effort to juggle with the debits and credits.

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There is the salary fund, for instance. The report shows an unexpended balance of $3460—which looks as though due economy had been exercised. It must be remembered that more than half the annual appropriation is required for the second six months, however, so this will not cut anything of a figure. Nor is there a word throughout the statement of the $6000 deficiency, the result of under-estimating the amount of back salaries due teachers. It will be remembered that the Board of Supervisors made a special appropriation for this purpose. It was about $66,000, I think. When payments came to be made, however, the Board found it had asked for $6000 too little. This amount, then, had to be taken from the regular fund.

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The other regular balances are approximately correct, at present. They cannot gain anything in the next six months, however, but must lose, for the simple reason that there are a number of outstanding unpaid bills, contracted before December, that are not included in this statement. Another remarkable feature of the sheet is the creation of a new fund christened "Building New Building Fund"—an unique title. Heretofore it has been called Girls' High School Fund. It purports to show that out of half the annual appropriation—$11,949, but $700 has been paid out, leaving a credit of $11,249. This sum with the $3460 provides the cash balance of $14,394, of which I spoke. But there is $29,000 due the contractor on the High School Building and it is very apparent that the amount of the original appropriation, $24,500, will be exceeded.

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It is apparent, therefore, that in claiming this balance an error is made. If $29,000 is due, the appropriation is snowed under. Add to the $11,000, the $6000 teachers' back salaries and there is really a deficit of a little over $3000 for the half year. The clever financiers who have "cooked up" their accounts so cleverly will, no doubt, be able to juggle out of their difficulty in June next. Considering the condition of affairs one may be excused hazarding a query as to where the $25,000 to erect the new schoolhouse on McAllister is to be derived! Some of the Directors have said it will be paid for out of

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

next year's funds, but I believe there is a law against that system of financering.

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THE DIFFERENCE between ornament and utility is closely defined by some of my fellow-townsmen. I have in mind now a gentleman whose rise from the bottom to the top rung of the ladder was by rapid, if reprehensible, stages. As he grew rich he became æsthetic; he dived into the sea of faddom; took to the collection of coins as a pastime, and cheered his idle hours with the study of garnered medals, whose inscriptions he did not understand. His business prospered, and from the profits he was enabled to erect a splendid building whose beetling brow frowned above everything in the city. Of course, he could not have done this had he not given some of his attention to the science of personal economy. He smoked cigarettes because they were cheaper than cigars; and finding the expense of the former a trifle heavier than he thought he could bear, he discarded them and took to chewing tobacco.

* * *

In his new building he had a private office fitted up; something original in design, unique in furnishing, and picturesque in embellishment. It was an office, library, and museum corner combined, and the expressions of praise that fell from the lips of friends who were wont to visit it were audible forms of incense offered on the altar of his good taste. In one nook he had a beautiful *buffet* in miniature, and this was filled with decanters of strange design, bottles of exquisite workmanship, and glasses artistic and valuable. It was the rich man's habit to show his visitors everything in the office before turning to this niche dedicated to Bacchus; then he would throw open its doors, and with true Californian hospitality would say: "What do you think of this?" Your eyes would bear the message of the *buffet's* equipments to your palate, and anticipating liquoring would fill you with delight. "But," the owner of all this grandeur would say, "look at that view; it is the finest in the city." Your eyes would turn from the *buffet* to gaze on the scene outside; when you looked again, bottles, liquors, and hopes had fled; the door would be shut and securely locked. Few friends visit the splendid office of my fellow-townsman now, as the story of how he feasts the eyes to the starving of the palate has been told to his disadvantage.

* * *

THE STORIES that resulted from the visit of the League of Press Clubs have not all been told in print, and here is one that has escaped the drag-net of the writer for the daily papers. After the banquet at the Palace, which came to a glorious end between one and two o'clock in the morning, a number of the guests accepted John McGilvray's invitation to visit the University Club on Sutter Street. There were no carriages in sight, and from Kearny to Taylor Streets groups of men were seen assisting comrades to navigate the tortuous and winding thoroughfare. The entire crowd seemed to be taking instructions in the ambulance and stretcher drills, and those who carried were no more numerous than those who were carried.

* * *

From time to time the crowd burst forth in song; loud, stentorian song that cracked the rafters of Heaven, and aroused the guardian of the peace as he quietly slumbered in the doorway around the corner. This officer was one who had not been long on the force, and he had not yet learned the difference between a burglar and a banqueter. He approached the crowd, and called for silence.

"Silence!" yelled Colonel Kowalsky; "Silence! Hear him, ye members of the Press; this varlet wants silence. Look here, Mr. Officer, if you don't move on, we'll arrest you."

"Come," said the policeman, "I've had enough of this; you are all under arrest."

"And I'll go bail," cried Mr. McGilvray.

Colonel Kowalsky came to the rescue again. "Officer," he said, with gravity, "You don't know us. We are the International Club of Press Leagues, and will have you put on the Police Commission. Let us alone. If you don't like what we're singing, that's all right; if 'Comrades' isn't good enough for you we'll sing 'Mary Green,' but we will not stop singing. 'Mary Green,' boys." And as the officer started away for assistance, the gang filed up to the University Club, warbling of "Mary."

* * *

THE WASHINGTON FEVER has another victim, Thomas Jefferson Clunie, General by courtesy, and *ex*-Congressman by Loud. We all know the effects of the disease, which is always dangerous; sometimes fatal; disastrous to the finances; calamitous to the reputation; causing an upright, honorable man to assume a cringing, sycophantish mien, and sending him out shadow-chasing in a mad effort to keep in a line with public opinion. Mr. Clunie's attempts to get into the United States Senate are quite apparent, but not more so than his utter indifference as to the manner of entrance; he would as soon enter by the back window as by the front door. He believes he has discovered the opportunity of his life, which consists in the repairing, setting up, and oiling of the time-worn and purpose-served County Committee machine, through whose restored instrumentality he hopes to be able to thresh out Democratic votes for senatorial purposes.

* * *

The reasoning of Thomas is not at fault. He knows that Legislatures in this State alternate, because every legislative body is worse than its predecessor; each discovers inventions in villainy that seemed to have been exhausted by the one that went before it. The magnificence of the corruption in the last Republican Legislature makes it absolutely necessary that we should give the Democracy a chance, and Mr. Clunie's efforts to refit the machine are for that purpose. He was always a friend of Buckley, and has gone from Washington to New York to attend a banquet given to the ex-boss, and has said that Mr. Buckley's modesty would not accept the offering of a United States Senatorial seat from the hands of his Californian admirers. For this Mr. Buckley owes Thomas his private aid, and if the latter can set up the County Committee it will be forthcoming. There are, of course, worse men in the Senate than Mr. Clunie, but *that* will not assist him in his ambition.

* * *

THE STORY of Paddy Murphy's encounter with John L. Sullivan has been passed round pretty extensively among "the boys," but it has not yet, so far as I remember, got into print. Among the pleasing mannerisms of the great pugilist is a habit of denouncing newspapermen who have disagreed with him. Being gifted with a vocabulary both extensive and virulent, he is apt, occasionally, to become offensive to his auditors. One night, during his last big spree, he was in at the Richlieu imbibing whisky and incidentally cursing the city editor of the *Examiner*, T. T. Williams. In his capacity as dramatic critic, this journalist had definitely expressed the belief that Mr. Sullivan was no actor, and had gone so far as to reproduce sections of Sullivanesque dialect that seemed to support his position. Since then Mr. Sullivan has sworn a hundred times to slay him.

* * *

Paddy Murphy, or Ex-Senator Murphy, to be more correct, is a very little man, who walks lame, and supports himself with a stick. He is Irish, audacious, and as pugnacious as the rest of his countrymen. After listening to the tirade he came forward and, throwing back his head, looked up at the champion.

"Sir," he said, "I care not who you are, but if you mention disrespectfully in my hearing again the name of me friend, Tom Williams, I'll slap your face, sir; I'll slap your face."

At a stretch, Mr Murphy might possibly have touched Mr. Sullivan's shoulder.

The champion stopped, hiccoughed a little, and then patting admiringly with his huge hand the shoulder of the Ex-Senator, said:

"That's right, little man; me own fadder was just such a small chap as you, an' he sed de same to me many a time."

With these words he stalked out of the saloon, and then Paddy's friends gathered round to congratulate him on his pluck.

* * *

THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY did a good deal of surmising about the Spreckels dissolution. Gus Spreckels has withdrawn from the firm of John D. Spreckels & Bros., and purposes, I believe, setting up on his own account. Few who are not interested in the operations of this concern realize how vast its interests

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

and assets are. Organized a good many years ago to handle a steamer line between here and Honolulu besides plantations at Hawaii, it has grown into one of the representative business houses of the State. One branch after another has been added—commission, insurance, an agency department, tug boats, ocean steamers—until now the firm is known to merchants all over the world, and consignments of all kinds and conditions are forwarded by it.

* * *

This business has been built up under the personal guidance of John D. Spreckels, a man who has so often given proof of possessing brains and energy out of the common, that even his enemies have never reproached him with being merely the son of his father. Though worth millions in his own right, John D., as he is familiarly known down town, is a hard, untiring worker, who comes down early and leaves late. His brother, Adolf, who now holds a half interest in the firm, vigorously co-operates with him in its operations. Segregating such vast interests is no light task. I believe the total assets are away up in the millions.

* * *

ACCORDING TO REPORTS from the Capital a more unhappy family than that which now constitutes the State administration, never dwelt within the government building at Sacramento. I am told that the heads of the government are so thoroughly at loggerheads that all communication, personal as well as official, has been suspended between some of the offices. It is customary at Sacramento, when these fellows fall out, for a *modus vivendi* of some kind to be maintained in the interest of the public at large, but it seems that this time-honored custom has now given way to the animosities of the officials. Governor Markham, owing to his delicate health, is absent from his office a considerable portion of the time, and, consequently, he has not participated to any great extent in the general ill-feeling that the other State officers constantly cultivate for each other, and, as a result, he is on speaking terms with most of his subordinates; but the other State officers assemble in the great white building at nine o'clock every morning only to glare at each other like black cats in a strange garret, until it comes time to knock off what they all—notwithstanding their bickerings—call "work."

* * *

My informant, who is a respectable citizen of the Capital City—and I set this down with many melancholy reflections—says that these personal differences have proceeded so far that they have actually invaded the chamber of death, and he firmly believes that were one of the heads of the present administration to die the others would withhold from him, if they could, a Christian burial, and perhaps resolutions of condolence. He bases this opinion upon the recent experience of State Librarian Perkins who has vainly struggled for several days past to secure for Ex-Secretary of State Hendricks the usual pleasantries of an official funeral. Mr. Hendricks died on Sunday. He was an old and popular resident of the Capital. Among his other warm friends was Librarian Perkins. Mr. Perkins happens also to be a warm friend of Secretary of State Waite, who defeated Hendricks at the last election. It struck Mr. Perkins as a handsome thing for Mr. Waite to call a meeting of the State officers and offer some resolutions properly commemorative of the services of the deceased to the State. What could be more appropriate than for one triumphant political enemy to do this for another?

* * *

But the moment the idea was suggested to Mr. Waite he smashed it with a flat refusal. Some of the other officials who are on speaking terms with the Secretary of State—and my informant says they are very few—attempted to ascertain Mr. Waite's reasons, but without success. He is well known to be an able and vigorous writer; indeed, at one time he was a leading editor of the old Sacramento *Union*, and he is just the man who could dish up a person with red fire and a quick curtain in resolutions of condolence. But he refused, and that settled it. Subsequently Mr. Perkins suggested that a collection be taken up for a floral offering to be placed upon the dead official's bier. Deputy Librarian Sam Leake was sent out with the contribution box.

* * *

Mr. Leake is a very talented collector, and if anybody can get blood out of a turnip, he can do it; but getting blood out of a turnip is an easy thing compared to making collections for funeral purposes from the present inhabitants of the State Capitol Building. Sam could get no assistance, as few of the officials are on speaking terms, and all flatly declined to enter the offices of the others under any circumstances whatever. But after struggling for several hours and perpetrating—as my informant says—the crime of highway robbery several times, Sam managed to collect a sum sufficient to buy a floral piece. This was placed on Mr. Hendricks' coffin, and on Wednesday he was buried. My informant further believes that another death in the Capital City, requiring the action of the State Administration, would cause a riot in the great white building. Fortunately, with ths exception of the Governor, the inhabitants of that structure are unusually healthy, and there is no danger of any of them dying—surely not until their terms expire.

* * *

THAT VERY THRIVING INSTITUTION, the University Club, is made up of two large sets, besides half a dozen smaller ones. There is the young set that goes in for football and loves to talk athletics, discusses the latest news from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, and regards a good football player as the noblest work of God. Opposed to it is a set composed of the staid spirits of the organization—men who have survived their fondness for physical exertion—lawyers, doctors, underwriters. They are possessed of an appreciation for the virtues of domesticity and tranquility. Some few are married and are not to be found within the precincts save at lunch time, or for a few minutes in the afternoon. There are others, however, who make the 'Varsity their headquarters, and can be found chatting there every evening.

* * *

Just as sedateness is the characteristic of this contingent, boistrousness is quite frequently the salient feature of the young men. Not that they proceed to undue lengths, for I believe the average of gentlemen to the total membership in the 'Varsity is higher than at any other club in San Francisco. Their vitality, however, is expressed in various ways—in chorus singing, in rather loud laughter, and other manifestations of surplus energy. There is a very pretty white and gold piano in the parlor of the 'Varsity, on which the members vent their talents. The worship of Euterpe is not conducted through Bach or Beethoven, or even Wagner, but in the strains of minstrelsy or comic opera. Sometimes the very rafters shudder under the strains of "Mary Jane and I," or "The Bogie Man," given by strong lungs with tempestuous force. Then it is that the old set begins to make its objections heard.

* * *

As the younger element is in the majority, I fancy the opponents of this species of harmony will have their objections for their trouble. It may be that driven desperate by "What a Difference in the Morning," an organized attack will be made on the piano. But even then the desecration of the instrument would be but a good excuse for obtaining another.

* * *

Another story being told in the select ranks of rounders concerns two brilliantly bibulous youths, known among their dear friends as "Sphinx" and the "King." They are excellent fellows. None better in town—good-hearted and jolly, worth a dozen of most of the men who envy their admirably cultivated thirsts. Both are scions of swell families, rejoicing in the possession of plutocratic parents, who, by a strange coincidence, reside across the street from one another. In the course of human events, it quite often happens that Sphinx and the King are conveyed home in the "wee sma' 'ours." Certain trained hackmen who haunt the vicinity of the Club are posted on their peculiarities, and seldom fail to locate them on the doorstep of their mansions.

* * *

One very dark and dismal night, recently, Sphinx had distinguished himself by an almost supernatural consumption of red liquor. He appeared anxious to drink the Club's entire stock, and when the poker game was concluded the last man to go upstairs left him sleeping the sleep of the jagged just in a huge armchair. It was decided to send him home. He was packed downstairs and put into the four-wheeler waiting at the door. The servitor and the hackman exchanged knowing smiles.

He had taken the King home the night before.

"At it again?" he queried.

"Yes, pretty well loaded up, too. Just take him home easily." The servitor turned to go in.

"—— Street?" interrogated the jehu, who, in the darkness, could not see his charge's face.

"Of course," was the reply.

* * *

The carriage started, and in due time reached the gate of the mansion where the parent of the King resides. Descending, the hackman opened the gate, and essayed to make his charge sit up. The Sphinx was absolutely immovable. He tried again, without avail. Finally, in despair, he rang the bell. After a short delay, the fond papa put his head out the window and asked what the matter was.

"I've brought your son home, sir, and for the loife of me I can't move him out of me hack." There was commiseration in the jehu's voice.

"Drunk again?" inquired the fond parent, sadly.

"Very drunk, your honor," was the reply.

"I'll go down, then, and help you."

* * *

A few minutes later the door was open, and a tall figure, rather scantily clad, carrying a candle, emerged. Just at that instant a female head was thrust out the window, and a voice inquired:

"What is the matter? Where are you going?"

"Here's —— in this hack, and I'm going to help him in."

"But he is home hours ago," said the fond mother of the King.

"Nonsense," said the plutocratic parent. "He is out in the hack here, drunk as usual."

"But I am quite sure," she reiterated.

"Go and see, then."

The head was withdrawn, and a minute later there came a triumphant "I told you so" from the window.

"Then, who can it be in the hack?" he interrogated anxiously. He stalked down the steps and threw the beams of his candle full on the face of the placidly sleeping Sphinx.

Surprise and outraged virtue struggled in his countenance.

The hackman's face wore an expression of deep contrition.

* * *

"Shure, the fellow at the Club said —— Street, an' I thought 'twas the King," he said.

"Don't ever make a mistake like this again, sir," said the capitalist, "or I will have your license confiscated.

Take the fellow across the street."

* * *

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY is nearly finished, and will be formally opened on this day week. Invitations are to be sent to all the members, besides to most of the prominent people in town, and an opportunity will be given to see the new reading-room under the most agreeable circumstances. The affair will take the form of a promenade concert. Donald Graham, Mrs. Wyman-Williams, and others will sing, and Beel and Landsberger will render violin solos. It is pleasant to learn the occasion will not be taken advantage of for oratorical purposes. Not even President E. J. Molera will be allowed to make a speech. I believe the manner of arranging the bookcases, periodicals, and newspapers will impress most of the visitors favorably. All are on the the same floor, and there is an abundance of light and air.

* * *

On the Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenue corner, two windows on either street have been enclosed forming an alcove for ladies exclusively. This is being very comfortably fitted up and makes a most luxurious place to spend an hour or so with the latest novel. The stream of carriages and buggies on the way to Golden Gate Park furnishes a diversion of the most agreeable kind. The chances are quite in favor of the new reading-room proving a popular place, even though it is at present rather removed from the car lines. A question of considerable importance is in regard to the finances. To complete the structure there has been contracted a debt of some $50,000. Of course there are two floors containing a large number of the most comfortable apartments in town to derive income from, but there is still a question of success.

* * *

The cost of the building was $100,000. For the lot the sum of $70,000 was paid. I presume the total expenditures amount to over $210,000. From the sale of the property on Bush Street, $165,500 was derived. The interest on the sum borrowed should be more than covered by the rents even the first year, and the revenue from the library ought to keep the library going. If expectations are disappointed, there will be a crash of monumental proportions.

* * *

THE DISPATCHES state that an executive officer on board one of the American men-of-war in Valparaiso had used his position as a means of getting news, which he furnished to the New York *Herald*, and there is some talk of suspending the gentleman, who is referred to as a "culprit." One might as well talk of suspending Miss Poemriter from the Woman's Press Association for contributing verses to the *Morning Caul*. The offense—it is so called in the light of events—of which the officer was guilty was in coloring his dispatches to suit Balmaceda. It is not necessary to state that almost every American in Chile favored the Dictator; I suppose that was because of their Republican education.

* * *

The news this officer sent to the *Herald* was of such a character that a complaint was filed against him, and Commander Schley ordered him to stop. About the same time, Mr. Wolf, the present correspondent, dawned in Valparaiso as special representative of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and *Examiner*. The people laughed at him; he was regarded as an adventurer, and was shown small courtesy wherever he went. By accident he came upon the officer who had been the *Herald's* only source of news, and was retained by that gentleman to send the dispatch containing the account of the decisive battle between the Congressionalists and Balmaceda's forces; Mr. Wolf attached his name to the cablegram, which cost about $2.50 a word. Within two days Chile was at his feet; he blossomed like the rose of Sharon; he was heavy with money; his hospitality was the talk of the town; and now, I understand, he is the guest at all the clubs and is a social lion.

* * *

This was nearly all due to Admiral Brown. As is well known, the Admiral was openly charged with having sent dispatches of an informative nature to Balmaceda, and there was likely to be an investigation if the reports were not contradicted. Mr. Wolf was the man to do this, and his dispatches to the *Herald* were of a very flattering character to Brown. The latter was not slow to show his appreciation of the reporter's kindness; he was taken on board the cruiser; dined with the Admiral; was his companion at all the *fetes* in Valparaiso, and was treated everywhere as if he had been a gentlemen. On one occasion, there were three American citizens at an important meeting of the Chilean Cabinet. They were Mr. Wolf, Brown, and Egan. Mr. Wolf is "chums" with President Montt; "chappy" with Matta; and a *persona grata* to all the big men in Chile. I will not be charged with professional jealousy when I say that his cheek would turn an army worm.

* * *

The Saturday Morning Orchestra's opening concert will be given under the direction of J. H. Rosewald, at Metropolitan Temple, on Tuesday evening, February 16th, in aid of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society. The organization is composed exclusively of ladies (amateurs) and comprises all the string and reed instruments necessary for a regular orchestra.

* * *

The High License Association is working with a will against the liquor traffic, and the Right Rev. Assistant Bishop Nichols will speak on behalf of the movement at Metropolitan Temple on next Tuesday. A. S. Hollidie will preside, and an excellent musical programme has been arranged.

* * *

The Grand Charity Concert to be given in the interest of the Fabiola Home, promises to be a Society event. Mrs. Mary Wyman-Williams, Messrs. Howland, Galvani, Martinez, and Keating; the famous Los Bandurvistas, and other mandolin, and guitar clubs will assist.

* * *

I AM PAINED TO LEARN that the Episcopalians are so sure of the road to heaven that

they will not travel it in company. St. Luke's parish, which comprises many of the fashionable people of the city, was anxious to journey along the thorny and narrow path with the good people of Trinity, and, to secure the convoy of the co-religionists, proposed that they unite. Trinity has refused, fearing, probably, that the influx of St. Luke's parishioners would crowd the road, and make the walking bad for themselves; perhaps they merely preferred to scale the heights alone, without any selfish feeling in the matter. The proposition for a union was discussed calmly and seriously by the people of Trinity; and, of the forty-eight votes cast on the question, only five were in favor of uniting.

* * *

While St. Luke's is probably the most fashionable parish in the city, and while, individually, the parishioners are very wealthy, the church is by no means rich; indeed, I am not quite sure that the mortgage on the property is raised yet, although, since the Rev. Mr. Davis took hold, much has been done to clear it of debt. At the outside, under any circumstances, it has not more than $25,000 or $30,000 to its credit. Trinity, on the other hand, is, comparatively, a wealthy corporation, and is easily worth $250,000 or $300,000. But the question of figures with the worldly dollar mark in front of them, could have nothing to do with the refusal of Trinity to join with St. Luke's; I cannot believe that a matter of money would prevent two churches in joining for the good of the people. However, the vote against the union was about as I have given it.

* * *

THE LEGAL FRATERNITY promises us all kinds of huge surprises next week. The two greatest cases in criminal jurisprudence are said to be on at the New City Hall, and Sidney Bell and M. B. Curtis are enjoying the privilege of sharing public attention with the Chilean disgrace. That brilliant jurist, Judge Dan Murphy, will not grant Sidney Bell a new trial; only the most sanguine could have expected that he would. Dan Murphy has the kind of mind that I admire; he will not admit that he has made a mistake, and would rather have a decision go to the Supreme Court (which, if it decides against him, is notoriously incompetent) for reversal, than convict himself out of his own mouth of error. There has been much imagination expended in this case, and the perjurers are not all on one side. But Judge Murphy will not grant a new trial, although the Supreme Court will.

* * *

Of Actor Curtis' case little need be said; he will not be convicted; an honest jury could not find him guilty on the evidence in possession of the prosecution, and a dishonest jury never decides against the defendant; that is why it is dishonest. It is a serious waste of time and money to continue the trial, which will cost the tax-payers more than they can afford. In my opinion there is no testimony against Curtis; the circumstantial evidence is in his favor: and the character of the witnesses for the State will hurt the case. Two of the principal witnesses wanted to know what the defense would give them to leave town; the police have shown a bitterness of feeling that will destroy the value of anything they say, and the array of legal talent, W. W. Foote, George Knight, and J. N. E. Wilson will be hard to beat. Curtis will not be found guilty.

* * *

THE MUSICIANS' UNION, which is continually frying its own fat in the heat of an arrogant assumption of proprietorship in the earth, should have its attention called to the flagrant violation of its rules and irregulations at the Bush Street Theatre. A labor-saving and money-making device of a most outrageous character is in vogue there, and how it has been permitted to continue I am quite unable to say. The orchestra at this popular place of resort has been doing its regular duty and performing the work of a polyglot band of musicians during the "Sport McAllister" engagement. It has kept a male quartette of negro impersonators out of a job, to gain a precarious livelihood by begging charity from soulless capitalists. The members have played the trombone, tooted the French horn, scraped the fiddle, and sawed the viol—and then have been compelled to sing! Orchestras in other theatres are not made to sing; nor was this one.

* * *

It seems to me that the Union is not performing its duty toward the members in permitting this outrage. I respectfully submit that an orchestra is not expected to engage in vocal exercises, to the disadvantage of trained musicians and the audience. There are many good singers in the city who would be pleased to accept a small remuneration for doing "a turn" at the Bush every night; and, in keeping them from getting the opportunity, I believe the Musicians' Union has transgressed its laws and violated its constitution. Its charter—if it have one—should be revoked; and it should, as a body, be sentenced to listen to some of its own music. People who object to capital punishment will think this is too severe; I will reduce the sentence; The Union may go to the Devil, instead.

* * *

I SUPPOSE IT IS IN ORDER to congratulate my esteemed friend, Hon. Maurice Schmitt, upon his signal success as a political boss. He has managed the Fire Department for less than twelve months, and has succeeded in landing himself and his co-workers of the Fire Commission, in a sea of "soup." Months ago I related the story of the compact entered into between Martin Kelly and Sam Rainey, and pointed out how it enabled them to defeat the bill before the last Legislature, with which Dan Burns intended to reorganize the Fire Department. The proceedings in Judge Wallace's Court, on Tuesday, at the late trial of Charles E. Broad, Clerk of the Corporation Yard, which has resulted in his reinstatement, merely prove that the compact was not a whit more far-reaching than my information indicated. It is plain now, however, that Fire Commissioners Fisher Ames, Maurice Schmitt, and Thomas Jefferson Parsons (who wants to be Sheriff), did not go in with Kelly and Rainey solely to control the patronage of the Department and manipulate the politics of the town; there was "dust," as Maurice says, in other things, and he was evidently "out" for it.

* * *

I do not wish to be severe on this quintette of knaves. They are now being vividly presented to the public in their dirty habiliments, and that, perhaps, is sufficient for the present. But I sincerely trust the new Grand Jury will find some way to indict the whole pack, and send them to State Prison. If men are permitted to traffic in the lives and property of the people of San Francisco, as these men men have done in trying to "reorganize" the Fire Department, then we may as well throw up the sponge and emigrate. They have trumped up charges against firemen to get rid of them, with an utter disregard of the safety of the public. Nothing better could be expected of Rainey and Kelly, but the other three, for their participation in the conspiracy, ought, as my silurian contemporary, the *Bulletin*, would remark, to be placed in the public pillory and pelted with dead cats.

The Witness.

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY,
205 KEARNY STREET,
R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

The Central Milling Co.,

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully recommend your "Drifted Snow Flour" as being the whitest and best family flour we have ever used.

Yours,

R. BECK & CO.,

Vienna Model Bakery.

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, January 30, 1892.

POLITICAL PROMISES.

Political promises are harder to keep than New Year's resolutions; and the men who make them perform more than the cook's part who constructs the indigestible pie crust. The fights for Senatorial place in California show a long record of betrayed confidences, broken vows, and shameful defeats; of men without honor trading on the honor of their opponents; of politicians shaping caucuses for financial gain; of impoverished honesty falling by the power of the sack.

The struggle for the seat of the late Senator Hearst was characterized by some of that bitterness that in the past put the brand of a peculiar infamy on California's politicians. The usual charges of corruption—votes bought, paid for, and delivered—were made; the Waste Paper Basket came to the front as a receptacle of evidence against those who had purchased the venal legislator; and in all things the contest was much the same as others had been. But if THE WAVE is not in error, the effects of the struggle for the place will have a more disastrous result for the Republican party than was thought possible. Mr. Felton gained the seat through a coalition with the adherents of Mr. De Young, on the plain understanding and express promise that when the next election came around the latter would have the influence of the junior Senator. This understanding has been repudiated; the promise has been broken. Felton, through his friends, has stated that he made no trade with De Young; that his election was gained by his personal popularity and fitness for the position; and that he made no promise whatever to assist De Young either in the approaching election or at any other time. Mr. Felton, however, did promise Mr. De Young his assistance; and if I am not misinformed the latter has verbal and documentary proof to that effect, which will be forthcoming when the Senator stands for re-election, as he says he will at the expiration of his short term.

In the *Chronicle* it will be noticed that Felton has done nothing lately but answer roll-call in the Senate; De Young, appreciating the Senator's change of position, has begun the contest. Felton's friends are now De Young's enemies, and it is probable that the *Chronicle* will see fit to oppose each and every one seeking office at the approaching election. The *Chronicle* is a vast power in politics, as was shown in the case of the candidate for administrator, whom it defeated when every man on the local ticket was elected by an immense majority. Should De Young determine to make Felton's friends pay for their leader's treachery, the Republican ticket in California will be in a very bad way next November.

CANDIDATE OR PRESIDENT?

The bluff that we have made against Chile has won, but as we are only twenty-one times bigger than the weak sister of the South, I looked for a more insulting message from Mr. Harrison. On second thought, I believe that it would be impossible for any one not a candidate to write a more insolent or untruthful summary of the affair than the one the President sent to Congress. The Chief Magistrate has, I regret to say, resorted to an expedient that the worst jingo in the country would have shrank from. With the utmost care, and for what purpose may be imagined, Mr. Harrison concealed the fact that Chile had expressed regret for the deplorable acts of the Valparaiso hoodlums; about that time Mr. Blaine withdrew from the controversy, and the Great Secretary was no longer consulted by the Little President. I am of the opinion that Blaine thought Chile should not be baited, after the letter of regret had been forwarded; that time should be given for terms of reparation, and that the United States was big enough not to need to prove her strength by standing growling and teeth-showing at the little republic.

The administration has not gained anything by the affair; and if the question "Why did Harrison conceal Chile's letter of regret?" is not asked during the coming campaign I am very much in error. For our citizens who thought there would be trouble with Chile I have the same respect that I would have for an Englishman who would say that under any circumstances Mr. Harrison would urge the declaration of war with Great Britain.

THE STREET COMMITTEE of the Board of Supervisors has reported in favor of the construction of a new sewer system. Strangely enough, there are one or two good recommendations in the report, which leads me to believe that some one with intelligence must have associated himself with the Committee in preparing it. We need new sewers, and the matter of cost should not be taken into account in arguing the question. The Committee asks that premiums of from $25,000 to $5000 be offered for the best plans and specifications for the system. What the work would cost is really a small item. What the Supervisors will cost will be the chief expense. A non-orating Supervisor, an unfortunate member of the Board who has nothing but his vote to depend on, would not add much to the expense of new sewers; probably all he would get out of it would be $5000; the talking member, who charges for his speeches at campaign rates, would be entitled to, say, $10,000, which, at the regular tariff rates, is not too great.

Then the ordinary City Hall gang would be entitled to their "draw down;" this would have to be something very handsome. The lump sum might not exceed $75,000. The extraordinary City Hall gang, Messrs. Crimmins and Kelley, of course, would have to be considered, and if they were not unusually rapacious, $150,000 might cover their demands. Some of the newspapers would be glad to lend their assistance for a small amount, not more than they were to receive if the Parrott property were purchased for the Postoffice site; say $15,000 each, and may be $5000 for my crepuscular contemporary. I am quoting here bottom figures; but the cost of a new sewer system should not frighten the taxpayers; they have been robbed to a merrier tune than this a dozen times, and will be again, whenever opportunity offers.

THE SACRAMENTO GRAND JURY has surprised even its respected step-father, Mr. Frank Rhoades. I am informed that about three per cent of the members are honest, five per cent are honest on compulsion, and one per cent will do what the majority tells him; the rest are of the ordinary Sacramento material, and are all there for what there is in it. John Stevens, the foreman, is alleged to be "square," but is slower than an oak's growth; Secretary Coons has at heart the interest of his constituency, which is composed almost entirely of himself. I doubt that the Jury will indict Elwood Bruner, who has been clamoring so long for an investigation that he has convinced everyone of his guilt If it finds a true bill against him, there is no efficacy in the jingle of glittering gold.

* * *

It seems that Mr. Rhoades is not not now as big a man in Sacramento as he was some time ago; he is not taking that active interest in successful jobs for which he was so justly famous a few months back, and the people in the State Capitol have almost shown that they can get along very well without him. Of course, he is on the Grand Jury to protect the boodler in general and Bruner in particular; but as Steve Gage says, "The boys up there don't mean anything by the investigation; there's a whole lot of country jays on the jury; somebody has shaken an anise-seed bag under their noses and they all think they are on a scent. They are as near Bruner as Markham is to happiness." And then Stephen smiles, and when Mr. Gage does that he knows what it is for; Mr. Gage's smile is the most expensive in California.

* * *

THE Stockton *Independent* says a "young man charged with murder, was taken to Tulare." What cruel judge sentenced a human being to that awful punishment?

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Your *bete noire* Gunther has delivered himself of a new book. Detesting his literary proclivities as heartily as you do, it will make the most delicious reading. It is so bad, so vulgar, so stupid. There is not a redeeming page, from the inside of one yellow cover to the outside of the other. The characters are the species of Society people one meets on Tehama Street, the incidents are almost as uninterestingly impossible as they are inadequately stated. About "Mr. Barnes of New York" there was a redeeming vitality, a certain sustained force. One could almost pardon its garishness because of its virility.

Undoubtedly the production of "hand-me-down" fiction is a profitable form of industry, but, as in the manufacture of overalls or shoes, it is desirable to use good material and careful workmanship, so it is necessary, in turning out novels, to conform with the recognized sample. Some years ago, certain salmon-packers, anxious for large profits, put up an inferior article. The result was, their sales deteriorated, and their brand was noted as one to avoid. Speaking of Mr. Gunther's labors, one naturally falls into the use of mercantile illustrations. "A Florida Enchantment" cannot fail to injure the future output of this author.

I believe you have already read "Peter Ibbetson," Du Maurier's first essay in fiction. Rather a weird kind of book, more autobiography than novel, evincing literary ability certainly, but slight constructive skill. The earlier passages, the descriptions of the life of Gogo and Mimsey at Passy, a suburb of Paris, the expeditions with Madame Seraskier and the dear old Major to St. Cloud and the Mare d'Auteuil are charming. The type the hero belongs to is a most ungrateful one to depict. For diffidence as pronounced as his, the world has but little sympathy. Considering his chances, one gets out of patience with him. There were so many avenues of escape. I admit it is a new idea to use dreamland as Mr. Du Maurier has done, but however fascinating the region is, it is also unsubstantial. One objects to spending 200 pages there—equivalent in life to quite a span of years. It does seem to me that waking tragedies make infinitely better fiction material than sleeping ones. To become vigorously interested in the astral bodies of two beings, however devoted and lovely they happen to be, is rather too much exertion. In these days sentiment is not appreciated save in English as good as Stevenson's, and even then, one is apt to turn up one's nose at the emotion. However agreeable the ghost of Peter Ibbetson may have found it traveling through picture galleries, attending concerts, and exchanging moral and artistic crititisms with that of his beloved Duchess of Towers, some of the captious among us would have preferred had he escaped from prison *in propria persona* and fled with that lady to the South Sea Islands.

The last issue of the Unknown Library is an illustration of the clipped-climax theory of novel writing. The idea is that of appealing to the imagination—presenting characters and conditions, and a mystery, then, ringing down the curtain without explanation. Nothing in the world is more interesting than an unrevealed secret. The inclination to speculate over the probable solution of a set of circumstances, however impossible, is irresistible. In comparison with "Through Red-litten Windows," Stockton's lady and tiger story was lucid. The writer is Theodor Hertzgarten, and his ingredients are almost startling, viz.: an interesting youth, wandering alone in London, the most beautiful woman in the world who accosts him, the strange house where she leads him—the antique flagon full of pleasant unknown wine of which he drinks and goes to sleep—a dreadful scene enacted while he is under the hypnotic sway of the lovely unknown, the strange child he has charge of living in the "red-litten" mansion. The advantages of this system are numerous, but hardly mutual. It is very much like examining a box of paints, and permitting one's imagination to body forth the wonderful combinations that might be made with colors. Have you ever considered the literary possibilities of a quick walk? Thinks of the chains of remarkable events that might be hinged round even an ordinary lamp-post. The "Old River House" concerns an impressionable musician and a lovely flirt, the musician's sister, his mother, and another fellow, who survives the musician and his sister, and marries the flirt—at least it is probable he does. The writer is far too ardent a lover of the indefinite to commit himself on matrimony. He permits the reader with romantically domestic notions to perform the ceremony—if one is not gifted that way the possibilities of bachelordom and spinsterhood are open. Mr. Hertzgarten writes rather high-class English, but seems to lose himself in the mazes of his own vocabulary. Some of the descriptive work has a veritable poetic quality in it, and the story opens most effectively. It is something to paint the portrait of a beautiful woman so as to enable the cursory reader to realize her loveliness. In spite of all his passion for vagueness, his apparent deep adhesion to the mystification method, I shall be inclined to read the author's next book.

The literary event of the week is the appearance of Ambrose Bierce's book "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians." Of this writer's art and style I have so often written that is impossible to add much more. Reading "A Horseman in the Sky," "The Affair at Coulter's Notch," "At Owl Creek Bridge," one cannot but be struck with the dramatic value of the situations, with the marvelous power and graphic force of the narrative. In the entire range of fiction there are few short stories that compare with these. There is genius in them. In the "Sieur de Malvoise's Door," in Markheim, and "Will o'the Mill," Stevenson is more subtle, finer, more suggestive. Kipling is more fertile, his painting freer and broader, his coloring more brilliant, but they have done nothing that excels in tragic power the description of the scene in the "Notch" where the Colonel rides in to order firing stopped, or the horror of that meeting in the cellar. It is as dreadful as Balzac's *Grand Breteche*. Who will ever forget Jerome Searing pinned to the ground by falling timbers, the muzzle of his gun pointed full at his forehead. To think of it makes one shudder. Or "Parker Adderson, Philosopher," whose cynicism disappears with the death sentence. Or "Haita the Shepherd," who falls in love with the beauteous maiden, "Happiness."

One cannot but hope for this book the most favorable reception, and a large sale. It will certainly commend itself to all lovers of literature—or, at least, those of them whose opinion is worth having. You might complete the week with some serious reading, and I am sure you could do no better than to read "Wells of English," by Isaac Fassett Choate, who will prove to you that the past masters in poetry and drama are worthy of more than passing notice. I will tell you, next week, about George Meredith's latest, "Magic Comedians."

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Florida Enchantment," by Archibald Clavering Gunther. The Home Publishing Co. For sale by the San Francisco News Co.

"Peter Ibbetson," by George du Maurier. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Through Red-litten Windows," by Theodor Hertz-Garten. Cassell Publishing Co. For sale by William Doxey.

"Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," by Ambrose Bierce. E. L. G. Steele, Publisher, San Francisco. For sale by all booksellers.

"Current Literature," an Eclectic Magazine, by Fred Somers. For sale everywhere.

"Wells of English," by J. B. Choate. Roberts Brothers, Publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

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MUSIC.

OUR COMIC OPERA.

As a standard of musical education comic opera takes equal rank with average brass bands and street fiddling. Flimsy as it is, it yet bears some resemblance to the original purpose of music, accurate expression of emotion through sound. The mass of the public probably knows the music of comic opera more than it does any other, and it has come to regard that style as the apex of musical beauty. Every public prefers what it knows; familiar burlesque operas attract, charm, and partially educate the ignorant, and on this last showing the music of comic opera deserves every attention. Farce-comedy and vaudeville disseminate a kind of noise which it would be sinful to call music, doing positive harm to the cause of real music. As this vulgar farrago of mummery is one of the most successful forms of public entertainment, the rhythmic jingle associated with it vitiates taste and forms an independent standard. This concussion of sounds is the ground for the prevailing belief that music is nothing more than a more or less clearly-felt series of rhythms built upon given tones. Music being the closest, most faithful art medium for expressing emotion, if not a form of emotion itself, has no place with these creations set up to appease the passion for amusement. Grinning mummery is mostly the chief desideratum. Comic opera may not tally with realism or sincerity, but at least it gives good sign of taste and originality, and the hundred and one sweetish melodies sprung therefrom have art and fancy in their construction.

Just now we have two temples dedicated to the *olla-podrida* of music and amusement, the Orpheum, and, like its prototype, the Tivoli, a poor which is always with us. Whether the division of the theatre-going public at these entertainments is beneficial to the pockets of the management or not, is an open question; the result of the competition is not amazing artistically. While the Tivoli retains the most competent of our orchestras, the Orpheum boasts a tenor who will not, like the similar article furnished at the other house, scare the most obstinate jays in the corn-fields, comedians, whose talents are well developed, la soubrette with a winsome personality, and the talents of Emily Soldene. The chorus in both houses might have been indiscriminately resurrected as to shapes and sizes from the debris of a Bashi-Bazouk massacre in an Albanian village; some look happy and careless, while others storm in, cappy and hairless. In neither house is it possible to say the chorus bears off the palm vocally; brimful of lungs and aspirates it is all that is to be expected for fifty cents an hour. Miss Tellula Evans and Miss Gracie Plaisted match well; neither succeeds in being more dressy or shrieky. One is tempted to think the rival opera companies were expressly floated to keep these ladies apart. Had these vocalists torn the welkin in unison the audiences would have vanished, as did the individual to whom Brigham Young's wives offered their twenty-four hands and hearts, excusing himself with "This is too much, too many."

"Erminie" after the reaction of immense popularity has still the flavor of the familiarity breeding contempt, yet it compares favorably with "Bocaccio" also aged in esteem. "Erminie" music is attractive from every point which makes popularity, and had the libretto flashed into occasional aberrations of wit, its success would have become phenomenal. "Bocaccio," despite its libretto, is heavy and flat, the stories in being discreetly draped become insiped, it is a *ragout* which has not been seasoned with sufficiently piquant music.

Comic opera is apparentyl a necessity, the public patronizes it untiringly, probably to the disadvantage of a more artistic type of performance. As we must have it, why should it not be well done? The demand made by this species of music upon singers players, to say the least, are hardly exacting. Small talents and astringent voices make the little musical quality in these operas less. As to voices, comic opera singers appear to be born with that organ worn and failing, and in general the principal quality of their singing and is an astounding ignorance of the functions of the voice itself. The fact that singing has become a profession with them does not seem to necessitate any knowledge of the principles of that art; strong in the consciousness of an ability to shriek and shout, these people drift into a contented lethargy of thickest ignorance, unbroken by any qualms of conscience. Evidently these singers took up the profession after the period of curiosity in the human brain was exhausted. The Tivoli is the Mecca of their choice, and for years its tenors have been a source of perpetual chagrin to the sensitive. Supposing the Orpheum company to have before it a lease of life, its prospects are better, the tenor, Henry Hallam sings respectably with a fair voice, and the company with a few exceptions does capable work.

Lesley Martin

WORTHY OF EXAMINATION.

The interest that centered about Belvedere last year seems to be increasing, and this charming peninsula has fulfilled the promise made of it: that it would be the most popular resort in the State. The number of people who go thither on week days and Sundays is very large, and many lots have been sold within the past month. The company has shown a disposition to treat all comers with equal politeness, and every effort is made for their comfort and convenience in examining the land. It is not necessary to speak of the natural advantages of Belvedere, in whose praise poets have sung. Every train is met by 'busses, which convey intending purchasers all over the island, from whose pleasant driveways views of the most beautiful scenery on the Coast are gained. The large number of new houses in course of erection are sufficient evidence of the fact that Belvedere has found favor in the eyes of the moneyed classes. A first-class hotel, operated under the patronage of the company, is the latest addition to the comforts, and already a number of San Franciscans have taken up their residence under its hospitable roof.

"SUPERIOR TO BUTTER."

Dr. Howard E. Ames, of the U. S. Navy, in speaking of the new food product, butterine, says:

"I have recommended its use for the regular rations of the army and navy, and am satisfied that it will prove a better article of food than butter. It should be more generally used and not looked upon as an inferior article, and makeshift for butter, when in reality it is superior.

"The nutritrious value is fully equal to that of butter; it is much cheaper, and when properly made, will remain sweet and fit for consumption much longer.

"There is more fermentation or putrefactive change in milk than the other materials, and hence the best butterine is that made with the least milk. The matter used in coloring is in no way injurious, and the best temperature to which the materials are subjected perfectly sterilizes them.

"The idea is to educate the people up to using it."

Hot rolls, waffles, biscuits, etc., are being prepared and served with Silver Churn New Process Butterine, at 657 Market Street, opposite Kearny, and housekeepers invited to call and sample.

THE WINE THEY DRANK!

No champage holds its merit and retains its popularity as does G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry. It seems as if no banquet were complete without this wine, to which connoisseurs give the palm. At the magnificent banquet given by the Press Club to the Delegates of the International League of Press Clubs, Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne was selected as the best; and the hosts on this occasion were not disappointed in its quality; the delegates had been banqueted in every big city from New York to San Francisco, and they had found G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne leading in quality and consumption everywhere. The following will show how popular this wine is:

Importations of champagne into the United States from July 1 to December 31, 1891, six months:

G. H. Mumm & Co	36,685	cases
Moet & Chandon	18,420	"
Perrier Jouet	18,384	"
Pommery	10,382	"
Veuve Clicquot	9,702	"
Dry Monopole	7,535	"
L. Roederer	5,703	"

Jones, Mundy & Co., 16 Front Street, San Francisco, Pacific Coast Agents for "G. H. Mumm & Co."

PROMISED SALE OF PICTURES.

I am informed that in the early spring, during the month of March, S. & G. Gump, the well-known art dealers, will offer their splendid collection of paintings for sale. Theirs is certainly the finest art gallery in the country, enriched as it is by the best works of the masters of the Old World and the foremost painters in America. The Gumps have been especially fortunate in their purchases in the art centres of Europe, and have earned the thanks of picture-lovers in this State by their enterprise, in importing the works of the famous painters to the Coast. Over 200 paintings will be offered for sale, and in the meantime it will pay to take a walk through the gallery.

THE VANE GODDESS.

With apologies to New York "Truth."

Poor tortured Goddess of the crescent bow!
How sore must be your light fantastic toe!
Turning this way and that, you pirouette
In sunshine or in rain, in dry or wet,
Surely there must be moments when you tire
Of proving Division Chief Kirkam is a liar.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

The San Bernardino *Courier* says: "Sherman says this term of office will end his political life. Guess Foraker wishes it had been ended several weeks ago."

The Los Angeles *Herald*, referring to a matter of importance to British royalty, says: "The acute observer will not fail to detect in the sullenness of the despised coal miners of England the same estrangement that was shown by the peasantry of France for the noblesse just prior to the great revolution which swept away the throne and sent the privileged classes into exile or to the guillotine."

The Oakland *Tribune* does not know much about the International League of Press Clubs, but it is authority on beer. It says: "A curious blunder appears in a picture on the front page of yesterday's *Chronicle*. The imaginative artist, in order, as he supposed, to give local color to a picture of a scene in Virginia City in 1860, includes a sign 'Beer 5 cents.' We do not believe that beer could have beenbought for that price in 1860, anywhere west of the Rocky Mountains, and certainly not in Nevada."

First Pickpocket—How did you come out last night at the Neighbob's ball?

Second Pickpocket—Nothing in it; the detective recognized me.

First Pickpocket—Did he squeal?

Second Pickpocket—No; but I had to give up two-thirds.—*New York Truth.*

COLORLESS WOMEN.

Individuality without eccentricity is rarely achieved by any woman, but is more frequent in the United States than in Europe, because of our broader education and better developed characters. But personal magnetism, which is another name for individuality, is not wholly a matter of education. It savors of that quality which makes its possessor heaven-born and favored of the gods. Babies show this characteristic, and from the beginning to the end of life are favored in every way. Sometimes these born favorites have the rare good sense to cultivate any other talent they may possess, and in that case they have a comparatively easy time reaching whatever height they may attempt, and in rare cases a genius also has this innate art of pleasing.

Individuality, happily, is not a respecter of persons. It is distributed alike among men and women, and there never was a great Society favorite or actress who did not have this quality. In many cases beauty is coupled with it, and then the claims of its fortunate possessor are well nigh irresistible. A notable instance on the stage was Adelaide Neilson. Who that has ever seen her as Juliette would ever want to see another woman play the role. If you analyze the effect she produced, it was her splendid personality, her beauty, and her intelligent reading of the lines. Nature did not make her an actress. Her art was acquired, and how fortunate for her that she had the rare good sense to study hard and strive for excellence. Lillian Russell is an equally beautiful woman, but she is deficient in that inner beauty which makes itself felt, nor has she the common sense which balanced Neilson. History is full of instances where women did great good or great harm through their strong individuality, but there never was a woman who amounted to anything in any line who was one of those colorless beings which make up the grand army of the commonplace. Chance has thrown many of these women into high places, but they always fail lamentably, and the Mrs. Grundys all over the world invariably belong to this class.

Not only do they fail miserably in everything they undertake, but they are the only women who need to carp and find fault with their neighbors. They are too indolent and petty to do anything themselves, and too ill-natured and mean to allow any one else to do it for them, and so they spend their days in hopeless mediocrity, finding fault with themselves and everybody else.

Another large class are the women whose bane is the lack of beauty; who are critics but not creators; who look into their mirrors and candidly confess their lack of symmetrical features or figure, and because of this lack sit down and blame Providence for whatever failure or disappointment has come into their lives. In too many cases apathy and stupidity settles down over them like a pall and they never rise above it. I always feel like shaking a woman who voluntarily wastes her opportunities in this manner. Because she did not happen to be blonde instead of brunette, or short instead of tall must she be a nonentity? If she has no accomplishments must she be the sworn enemy of any and every woman who has?

What shall the commonplaces do? Individualize. One of the ugliest women I have ever seen was one of the most stylish and attractive. Her face was without a single good point. She had large hands and feet, and she was on the shady side of thirty. Her good points were a graceful carriage and good figure and pretty manners. She was not over blest in this world's goods but she knew how to dress. When she entered a room and was presented to strangers she had a fashion of drawing attention to her method of seating herself, and instead of looking at her face her visitor was charmed with her waist and body, which somehow seemed to fit her chair. Her pose was graceful and easy, but it was, nevertheless, a studied pose, and her soft voice and well-chosen words was all that she required to produce a favorable impression upon the most critical. Another worldly-wise woman of my acquaintance makes the use of her hands a fine art. They are beautiful hands and she knows how to draw attention to that fact. She is so adroit about it that no man would ever suspect her of art. He would simply know that after she had shaken hands with him in her soft, caressing fashion that he liked her, and believed her when she told him that his visit was a delight to her. If you asked him about her complexion he would tell you that he did not look at her face, but he would be apt to add in all innocence, that she had pretty, white hands.

If a woman has no good points physically, then she must cultivate the mental, and first and foremost is tact. If she cannot talk well she can listen, and if she knows how to use a pair of fine eyes, she can make her auditor believe that she agrees with him and is highly entertained and interested without saying much of anything. The very manner itself may be a caress or a blow, and there are few women who can afford to have a hateful manner. Many of them do it, but it don't pay in more ways than one. The right to veto, and the habit of cutting people is one very largely employed by the commonplace. Superior men and women are liberal minded, and the truly virtuous and righteous are slow to see harm. Well-bred people take no note of slander unless it finds an airing in the courts or in some way becomes notorious. As long as it is not proven, they give their acquaintances the benefit of a doubt, and in the case of friends assume their innocence as long as possible.

The knack of saying pretty things about people and things is one of the acquired arts of magnetism, and if there is a thread of sincerity about it all, there is no surer way of pleasing. To be appreciative is another good point in mental attractiveness, and one can be adored by the young and timid by simply seeing and acknowledging their efforts. Man always likes to be a discoverer, and sometimes he likes to be discovered. If it is his whim to conceal a trait or accomplishment, and wait to have some woman bring this out, she is wise who treats the fiction as a *bona fide* discovery, provided always that some other woman in the company has not done the same thing.

To not do the same thing; that is the rub. Be individual. If you cannot do anything except to peel an orange and serve it, do it differently, so that your visitor will remember your dainty method, and will enjoy that much more than the orange itself. If nature has not endowed you with beauty or brilliancy, then become appreciative, look and listen well, make a point of being agreeable in an individual way, carry it out in every detail of your life as far as practical, and my word for it you will soon be divorced from the unloving and unlovable commonplaces.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Alameda County championship was decided at the courts of the Alameda Tennis Club on Saturday last before a large and appreciative audience.

C. D. Bates and S. Neel, better known as the Pony team, were in the finals, and a better exhibition of tennis has seldom been seen on the courts.

Previous to the match the Oaklanders conceded the championship to S. Neel, whom they thought played a more steady game than Bates. In this case, however, they were bitterly disappointed, as the latter played remarkably well and won a victory that surprised everyone present by a score of three sets to one.

It was regretted that Hubbard was not against Bates, as the latter's friends were of the opinion that the East Oaklander would give the Lakeside man a close net. A match between the two would create a great deal of interest, and is a possibility of the future. Bates is anxious to play Hubbard, and is confident of playing him closer now than when he was defeated by him some time ago at Alameda.

The members of the California Tennis Club are practicing hard for the Members' Single Championship Tournament which takes place on February 22d. A great many new players will be seen in this event, and a great many surprises are looked for. Hubbard, the present holder of the championship trophy, practices every day, and unless Champion Taylor enters this time, a second victory will reward the Oaklander.

The ladies of the California Club are at the courts every morning in numbers, and some really clever players are developing.

Miss Susie Morgan practices occasionally and is still the best player among the fair racket wielders of the club. Miss Mason, the Misses Dimond, the Misses Goad, Miss Holbrook, Miss Lockwood, and a number of other lady players are all good players, and a club tournament for ladies only would greatly benefit their game.

February 6th is the date decided upon for the finish of the postponed match between Bates and Neel, East Oakland, and Tobin and W. H. Taylor, Jr., California Club, for the League championship. The contest now stands two sets all, and when called on account of darkness, two weeks ago, the games in the deciding set were ten all. Instead of starting off at ten all, according to rules the players, by mutual consent, have decided to play a new set, thus giving the spectators a chance of witnessing at least six games, whereas if they played from ten all they might finish in two games.

The Oakland team are practicing hard for this match, Professor Daily and Carr Neel oppose them in practice, but are rarely able to secure a set from the youngsters.

Tobin and Taylor are not idle as they are determined to win the pennant, the fact of their tying the score after the Oaklanders were five, two, in the lead has given them unlimited confidence. The Oakland team, on the other hand, have a reputation of starting off with a rush and it may be that they will gain a lead that will be impossible to overcome.

A close and exciting match is expected.

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A MIDDLETOWN ELOPEMENT.

BY HENRY BIGELOW.

The weather was very frosty just after the Thanksgiving Day ball, and Mrs. Durbin had risen from the warm bed where her spouse was sleeping the hot sleep of the fat, to see if her daughter Carrie was sufficiently covered up. Carrie had attended the ball the night before last, and had feared she might catch the grippe, but Mrs. Durbin was a careful mother, and was bound she shouldn't.

As she removed one of the heavy blankets piled on her fat spouse's side of the bed, she remarked:

"You kin spare them bedclothes heap better than Carrie can. She's only seventeen year old, and ain't got all the fat over her chest you got, Henry Clay Durbin."

Henry Clay Durbin only grunted and whirled the bedclothes all over himself, as he floundered and wallowed to the warm nest his wife had just forsaken.

"That's right, you old hog!" she exclaimed, holding the candle over him, "if I had my knee on that sheet you couldn't spoil them bedclothes like that. The way you tear round in your sleep one would think you was John the Baptist, rushin' through the wilderness!"

Then good Mrs. Durbin gathered up her big top blanket and walked over across past the room of her son, Stephen Douglas Durbin, to the little chamber wherein pretty little Carrie, her youngest, red-cheeked daughter slept.

She opened the door, and putting the candle on the rough bureau, with its two or three photographs, and its four or five dusty ribbons, lifted up the blanket and spread it, as she would a tablecloth, over the virgin bed.

"It's mighty cold in here, hain't it, Carrie?" she added.

She had not meant to wake Carrie up, but the loneliness of a cold night was tempting, and she loved to talk to such an attractive creature as was Carrie, and realize that she was the last and prettiest of all her daughter. Then, too, the other daughters were married off and Carrie was the only gossip left her.

"Say, Carrie, be sociable an' talk to yo' old maw."

But the big blanket fell flat across the narrow bed, and Mrs. Durbin caught up the candle and held it above her head. She saw a crushed pillow, then she thrust her brawny arm under the bedclothes.

"It's warm!" she said, "she must be somewhere round." Next her eyes fell upon a tiny nightgown, and it was warm, too. This staggered her, and she turned fiercely toward the open window and glanced down the slanting kitchen roof, toward the white, frosty ground.

"Paw will kill him if he knows it," she muttered, "and so 'll Stephen—Stephen ain't got no more patience than paw has; I s'pose I got to tell paw, but I ain't goin' to rouse Steve, 'cause Steve's too young to begin shootin'!"

Then the good lady marched back hurriedly to where her lord lay, and, giving him a punch in the neck, exclaimed in virile tones:

"Wake up, thar, Henry Clay, yo' daughter Carrie has gone off with Buchanan Carr. I felt her nightgown an' it's warm still, so you can catch her if you rouse youelf. But you got to work quick!"

Henry Clay Durbin fell out of bed, and put on his boots and some of his clothes.

"Did you see 'em go?" he asked, breathing hard over his efforts to dress quickly.

"No, but I know it's Buchanan Carr, 'cause we said we wouldn't let Carrie have him till he got his paw to do something fer him. An' I just guessed right off when Carrie went off to that dance with Cness Sproull and came back with Buchanan Carr that there was going to be trouble. Now, you just hurry if you want to stop lots of trouble. There's no knowing what'll happen if yo' don't make haste."

Durbin jumped down the narrow stairs into the kitchen and lit the lantern. Then he hurried to the barn, and saddled a horse so rapidly that he left the cinch loose. Throwing himself across the saddle, he felt for his six-shooter, and unloosing the gate that led into the road toward Middletown, galloped at headlong speed, swaying with the loose saddle recklessly from side to side.

It was three miles to town, and he didn't exactly know what he was going to do when he got there, except that there was the vague chance of apprehending his daughter in that vicinity.

There was a jingle of coins in his right trousers' pocket as he jounced along, and he was reminded of the fact that he had received $150 from a commission merchant in San Francisco on account for his autumn wool, and that he must pay the interest on the Reifferth ranch next week.

Half an hour or so over the frosty puddles brought in sight the lights of Middletown, and the turn of the road, across the bridge, and down the lane carried the old man into the main street to the brick hotel.

It was natural that he should descend here, where the flash of lights through the heavy glass doors, and the sound of reveling voices suggested information of every sort. So, throwing his bridle carelessly over a hitching post, he ambled up to the door, opened it, and found himself inside the big square barroom, where the iron stove glared like a great, fat demon, and a card game flaunted itself in the corner, in opposition to a game of pin-pool on the uncertain table in the middle.

An ancient, white-bearded man waved a cue aloft as the ball crashed through the bits of wood in the centre ring, and cried "Ramps! Didn't I tell you, kids, I knew this game 'fore your fathers got married? I'd like to see any of you kids that think you're smart try an' do that like this old man—this old Jefferson Carr!"

And, in this exultation, he brought the cue down with a sounding thwack upon the table, sending the pool-pins flying about the room.

A scrawny hand was placed upon his shoulder rather roughly, and he turned slowly round—a little sobered by the insolence of the grip. He gazed up into the red, bleary eyes before him, and exclaimed with some surprise:

"Say, Clay Durbin, what you doing down here, anyways? Is your woman got crazy all of a sudden?"

"That all all right 'bout my woman; it's my darter I'm lookin' after, 'cause she's gone off with yo' Buchanan, and is gettin' married somewhars."

"No, she ain't!" retorted Carr roughly, "my boy Buck's got too much sense to fool round a ranch where there ain't but just enough to go round anyhow, and me and my woman we told him just to keep away from that Durbin girl."

"He knew he'd get shot if he ever came round," responded Durbin, eyeing a steaming rum punch that was being concocted at the bar, and then, as the sight overpowered him, he added, "Say, Jefferson, jes' yo' shet yo' head an' hev' a drink."

"That goes."

"What'll it be?"

"Jes' one of them ol' soft toddies."

"That hits me."

"Say, yo' ol' fool, whar do yo' s'pose my darter an' Buchanan's gone to? They've gone off somewhars, and my woman she's jes' crazy."

"Well, now, I guess you and she's jumping at conclusions too quick, 'cause I happen to know she and my gal Rachel's gone across the creek to stop with the Dalton gals and go to the dance to-morrow night. Buchanan—why he's in town to-night, just whooping it up, and having a good time while he's young. Well, here goes for luck."

The drinks were down and the two old men sauntered in a friendly fashion over to the table where a game of cards was in progres. It was stud poker, and in the game were a number of young fellows from the quicksilver mines, and three or four from the Gebhardt ranch.

"You'd like to get in that game if you weren't scared of your woman," said Carr to Durbin, with a vicious grin and gleaming eyes. The deal was just going round for the fifth time, and the two old men gazed at each other with glistening eyes.

"Say, Clay Durbin, I got two hundred in my pocket to send down to 'Frisco to-morrow, but I dasn't use it," whispered Carr, stroking his white beard nervously.

"Humph!" rejoined Durbin, "I got a hundred and fifty with me to pay off interest on that Reifferth ranch to-morrow, but my woman, why she'd get the mizzables ef I did't find that gal Carrie."

At this moment the inside door leading from the main part of the hotel was flung open, and in walked Buchanan Carr himself accompanied by Judge Petrie.

"Didn't I tell you!" cried old man Carr triumphantly. "There's Buck. Why, I told you he was fooling round town here."

"Then it's all right," murmured Durbin asking them all over to drink.

"Well," said Buchanan slapping his aged parent on the back, "how's things coming, old man? Have a drink with me!"

The four ranged themselves instinctively along the bar and watched the concoction of the hot drink as it steamed each floating bit of lime.

"Look here, old man," said Buchanan turning to his parent, "I sold my colt to the Judge to-night."

"What for did you be so foolish, Buchanan," said his father with a vexed look.

"Oh, the Judge, he got stuck on her. You see I had him out pleasure riding in the wagon, just to see how she'd go, and she went to beat all thunder, and the Judge, he went me twenty-five better, and got her for a hundred and seventy-five."

"Say, Buchanan," exclaimed his old father, apprehensively, "you ain't got all that money round with you in town!"

"You bet your life I have, and I'll play you for it!"

"Now, look here, Buchanan, don't you get reckless, but just let me take care of it for you."

"Oh, I'm dead on to your care—but I raised this colt myself, and I ain't going to be played for a sucker like you played me last time!"

"Buchanan! Buchanan!" moaned the old man, reproachfully, "you know I only took it as a loan."

"Well, now, me and the Judge here, we'll play you for the pile—just see if you're game! You're always talking about your sporting blood. I don't think you've got any style about you, anyhow."

As Buchanan Carr and the Judge walked arm in arm over toward the poker table, old man Carr clasped Durbin about the arm with both hands and cried:

"Say, Durbin, me and you have got to get that money somehow. He'll lose it if he stays with that there Judge. Why, I've known that there Judge to postpone Court and play with the jury till he'd got every dollar they had or was going to have for the case, beside all the lawyers' fees. Say, Clay Durbin, you and me's got to get him into our game, and win his money. You and me; why, we'll just cross raise him and the Judge till they're plum sick. Then we'll give 'em five dollars so they won't go off dissatisfied."

"Now, I don't know 'bout thet," answered Durbin, nervously feeling of his seven twenty dollar gold pieces and the lone ten; "I don't know 'bout thet, Jefferson. My woman, she'd take on ef I was to play cards, and mebbe she'd keep me from town."

"Not if I divide on this here Buchanan's pile. You bet she'll just be proud of you! Come along, here goes—say there, Buck, us two old men, me and Clay Durbin here, we're going to give you a show for your money. Come ahead, over in this here corner, and see what you can do."

Buchanan and the Judge turned about with alacrity, and were in the thick of the fray in a few moments. It was regular poker, and the limit was five dollars, just like the more reckless game across the room. In the first round Durbin came out with twelve dollars ahead, and he winked uproariously at old man Carr, and ordered drinks for the party. He felt that he was getting into the reckless Buchanan in great shape. In the following deal Judge Petrie stayed out, and old man Carr won two dollars from his son and seven from Durbin, which caused him to wink back at Durbin as if for encouragement in the good work in which they were engaged.

"You got the 'brick,' Judge," said old man Carr, "and it's a jack-pot."

"Sure," said the Judge absently, as if half asleep.

"Give us more drink," shouted Durbin winking at old man Carr again with a significant glance at the Judge's condition.

In the deal Buchanan opened the pot on a pair, and chipped in the limit.

Old man Carr glanced at his hand with enthusiastic surprise, for he recognized a pair of kings and a pair of tens. Then he raised his son five dollars, and tried to assume a polite indifference.

The ancient Durbin came next and he was equally brash, for he had a bob-tail flush in hearts. He raised his silent partner effusively, and in turn was raised by the Judge, who said he didn't want any cards, but would go the limit better.

"Well, see here," cried Buck, "what kind of a game's this? I'm afraid you and that old Durbin's been stackin' the deck."

"You just keep quiet and saw wood," said his parent reprovingly, as the Judge dealt three cards to Buchanan, one card to his father, another to Durbin and stood pat himself.

"The opener's got to ante!" exclaimed Durbin excitedly, for he had his heart.

"Five dollars," said Buchanan Carr, scanning his cards.

"And five better," retorted his father.

"And five better!" exclaimed Durbin, trying to suppress his excitement over the flush.

The Judge increased the pot by ten, and Buchanan raised him, at which old Carr laid down his two pair with a sigh, and looked wistfully at the joyous senility of Durbin. Round the table the betting went four times, and then five. The Judge clung on with amazing tenacity, and so did Buchanan. Durbin's eyes were like beads, and his only desire in life seemed to be that he should suppress any too exultant a condition of his emotions. He had one hundred and five dollars on the board now, and presently he realized that there was one hundred and fifty before him that had all come from his own pocket.

"Say, kin I borrow from yo', paw?" he asked, furtively.

"That ain't exactly under the conditions," replied Buchanan.

"Why, of course you can!" spoke up the Judge with asperity; "as I understand it, we're playing with friends."

"Go ahead, help yourself," put in old Carr, shoving his pile toward Durbin, and digging for more.

Seven more rounds of raising followed, and the Judge dropped out with a groan, remarking that he was laying down a straight. This excited Durbin so greatly that he borrowed the last dollar old Carr had, and called down the obstinate Buchanan, who in response showed four sevens with an ace behind.

Durbin gazed at his heart flush as if in a trance and then, conscious that the fierce eyes of old Carr

were leveled at him, he slowly lowered his own eyes to better stand the terrible reproach:

"So you go and put up every cent we had on that old flush, would you? You ought to get indicted by the next Grand Jury, you ought! But I'll see yon pay back the money you stole from me, making me think I was lending on four aces! Here, you just take thif chair over your cursed head, will you!"

And the infuriated old man raised his chair to dash it over the brow of his horror-stricken companion.

The heavy hand of the Judge wrenched the chair from the old man, and the latter sank down in it, shaking with sobs from the terrible strain.

Durbin pulled at his white lace beard with nervous jerks, and stared into space like a man suffering from paralysis.

"Say, Buchanan, just lend me half that! You can spare it! Why you cleared up more than $600 there. Just lend me half. Only think what your mother'll say if I don't go home with it. Say, now, Buck, don't break up your family like that. Say, Judge, just interfere, will you, for God's sake, and make Buck do the square thing to his family!" whined old Carr piteously.

"Say, Judge," said Buchanan, "there's your pile out of this," pushing over $300. "That's a hundred for your fee. I guess you don't get that every day for your fee when you marry folks. Well, good night old man, I got to go upstairs and see how that little wife of mine's getting along. I guess she must be tired of waiting."

"Your wife, Bhchanan!" gasped old Carr, "what do you mean."

"Oh, me and Carrie Durbin, we got tired of waiting so Judge Petrie, here, just married us out on the road to-night, and we are going on the stage to 'Frisco in the morning, and what I got off you and that other old fool over there will just pay for ten days' honeymoon. Good night."

* * * * * * * * *

"Clay Durbin," murmured old man Carr feebly, as the two patriarchs wandered out in the cold gray of morning to find their horses, "Clay, I guess I'll go over to your house and stop a week."

"I'm thinkin' I'll jes' rob a stage," sighed Durbin, trying to mount his horse, and then added in anguish: "I wish you an' my woman, and yo' son Buck, and yo' hull crowd was with the Devil whar yo' belong."

And the ancient man shook his beard and moved on, prepared to meet the worst.

A STROKE OF ENTERPRISE.

HOW "DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR" IS BROUGHT TO PEOPLE'S ATTENTION.

To the making of books and getting up of advertising schemes there is no end. What the business man wants is to attract attention to his wares, to have the people understand that he has something to sell; and then if the goods are worth buying there is no trouble in finding purchasers. C. L. Dingley, Jr., Manager of the Central Milling Company, has discovered a plan to call attention to the splendid product of his mill, "Drifted Snow Flour." He has had made a large delivery wagon, painted pure white, and kept as clean and bright as the packages in which the flour is placed; drawing the attention-attracting vehicle are four black-as-Erebus horses, the finest to be had in the State. The wonderful contrast of wagon and animals attracts the eyes of all, and then the rest is easy, as Mr. Dingley takes good care that no one will miss noticing the fact that "Drifted Snow Flour" is really the best in the market. As everyone knows, the introduction of a staple is a hard matter; people get accustomed to using one thing or another, and when they do it is not easy to make them take something else. It is only when the substitute is found to be much superior to the old article that a change is made, and this is the reason why Mr. Dingley has won for "Drifted Snow Flour" consumers in all parts of the State.

The four black horses that have attracted so much attention were not easily found; they are roadsters of the best breed, and California was scoured for them. Aside from the excellent advertisement that they prove for the Central Milling Company, the equines are very valuable, and, as a team, are the finest in the city. When they appear on the streets the people stop to look at them, and the ubiquitous reporter hunts for pencil and paper as he sees the "item" of the day passing. There is always a crowd following the turnout and not a few people make the remark: "That's the flour I use; I gave it a trial, and have kept on trying it until I find I can't get along without it." Drifted Snow Flour has made itself popular with families, hotels, and restaurants; and those who have tried it, say "They can't get along without it."

THE QUESTION OF TIPPING THE WAITER.

"Tipping" is a relic of the age that antedates steamboats and telegraph lines, when priest and laymen, lord and commoner paid blackmail to the robbers for immunity from depredation and dragonnade. It has grown to be an iniquitous system, that compels a man to pay as much for having his meal served as the meal costs. The restauranteur who appreciates the amount of custom he loses by the system, and is wise enough to forbid it and strong enough to enforce his veto, is entitled to the thanks of that vast army of people that does not live "at home." Probably in all of San Francisco, Johnson's restaurant, 28 Montgomery Street, is the only place where one is not required to pay a double price for a meal; there "tipping" is not allowed under any circumstances. The proprietor pays his employés full wages; he gives the very best the market affords; charges a reasonable price, and expects people who have been to his restaurant once to return. The result of his experiment in forbidding feeing justifies it; customers are assured of good attendance, first-class service, and no favoritism. The splendid facilities Johnson has for catering to the gastronomic wants of San Francisco epicures are not excelled by any restauranteur in the city. His place is commodious, seating 104 people; there are 27 tables; for parties, *tete-à-tetes*, and individuals. The furnishings are superior to any in the city; the silver service was specially made for him; the dishes are decorated China, from which it is a pleasure to eat; the lighting is by electricity; solid oak is the base of the furniture; and the walls are covered by French plate mirrors. An excellent feature is the elegant room for ladies, and to Johnson's a lady can go alone at any hour without escort and be assured of good service and thorough respectability.

LOTTIE.

"Oh, Lottie is fair as the morning,
And Lottie is bright as the sun;
Her cheeks have the flush of the dawning,
Her eyes dance with frolic and fun.

"She fills all the day with her chatter,
With laughter the pauses between,
And care to the four winds doth scatter—
For Lottie is merry sixteen."

But what if Miss Lottie is pretty?
And what though Miss Lottie is bright?
And what though she really be witty,
Or merry from morning till night?

What good does it do me to know it;
Though her presence make summer or fall?
For my brother, alas, is her poet,
And I've never seen her at all.

—*James G. Burnett, in N. Y. Truth.*

The Sonoma *Democrat* calls attention to a fact of some moment: "The President is aching for a row with Chile. Mr. Blaine has dropped jingoism and his presidential rival has picked it up."

BENEATH THE CLOTH.

A NEW YEAR DINNER EPISODE.

There was no use denying what was beyond the peradventure of a doubt, a fact. The mere touch of it with my gaitered foot did send a thrill through me. Perhaps my leg was extended a trifle farther beneath the table than it should have been; but I had been walking a good deal during the day, and when I stretched myself at that New Year's dinner it was solely with the thought and object of personal rest.

I had finished my soup and my fish and was well on with an *entrée* when I became aware that somebody's else foot was in very close juxtaposition with my own.

For the first time since I had sat down I glanced across the table. The middle-aged lady whom I had taken in to dinner had been so delightfully entertaining that I had paid little or no attention to anyone else. When I was thus suddenly called to a realization of the presence of other people, the occupancy of the seat opposite to me by a beautiful pink and white creature in all the enticing flush of a deliciously inexperienced maidenhood rather tended to throw me off my balance.

My *vis-à-vis* certainly was very fair to look at, and I detected, moreover, in the corner of her brown eye, a roguish playfulness and devil-may-careishness of expression that encouraged me to a flirtation beneath the cloth. Bringing my other foot up as a reinforcement, I succeeded ere long in getting the tiny slipppered extremity of my opposite neighbor between my own two feet, and from that moment until the hostess gave the signal for the ladies to follow her to the drawing-room I held it fast, and caressed it every now and then with a more or less ardent gaiter-masked squeeze.

The telegraphy thus instituted and carried on under the table was seconded, it seemed to me, across the cut glass bowl of flowers that stood before me, and, though I spoke never a word to the beautiful creature that faced me, I felt satisfied that a secret bond of sympathy had been established that would stand almost any test to which I might afterward wish to put it.

Under the circumstances you cannot, I fancy, blame me if I was a trifle anxious to make away with the nuts and the wine and to join the ladies.

It seemed to me that the moment when we should be enabled to desert that glaring white table cloth and its half-vacated chairs would never come. When it really did arrive my heart was beating energetically, and it was what I considered one of the greatest efforts of my life to break through the drawing-room crowd and make my way to the side of my beautiful charmer.

"A delightful dinner, was it not?" I said addressing her plump neck, in my failure to raise my gaze to her eyes.

"Lovely!" she replied, laconically, and I gathered a veritable bushel of meaning from her one word.

"You enjoyed it *all*?" I queried; and my accent was very decidedly on the last word.

"All," she responded, with a smile. "You sat opposite to me, did you not?"

I flushed with a consciousness that my conquest was complete.

"I had that pleasure," I replied, and I said it in such a way that there was no mistaking my meaning.

"So I thought," she said.

There was the same mischievous twinkle in her eye that I had noticed at table.

"Ah!" I said to myself, "I have won a prize here quite unexpectedly."

"Yes," she went on, "the gentleman on my right called my attention to you." That was not so encouraging. "He said you evidently were on to it!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"He said," she repeated, "that you evidently noticed how that old maid on your right was making a dead set at him."

"I'm sure—" I mumbled, "I—"

"O, you needn't try to pretend," she rattled on, "I saw, myself, that you had discovered it."

"Discovered what?" I almost shouted.

"Why, discovered," she answered, "that the dear old thing was trying to win him away from me. She actually caught one of his feet between both of hers and squeezed it, unmercifully, throughout the entire dinner."

My flirtations have since been conducted above board.—*Town Topics.*

The *San Diegan* appreciates good advertising: "San Diego was fortunate in securing a visit from the International League of Press Clubs, fortunate in the entertainment she provided for them, fortunate in their thorough enjoyment of the same, and will doubtless be fortunate in receiving many kind notices from the strong, vigorous and intelligent writers who make up its membership."

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THE MUMMERS.

"SPORT M'ALLISTER" AT THE BUSH.

Purely for the purpose of making merriment "Sport McAllister" is at the Bush Street Theatre. The compiler—I would not dare say author—disarms criticism by stating that the work has no plot, was not written as a play, and has no object aside from that of making the spectator laugh. But it has a plot; is a good deal of a play, and is remarkably funny. The large number of theatre-goers who never enjoy themselves excepting when called on to shed real tears at the mimic woes of some tragedy queen, will not enjoy the efforts of Mr. Robert Gaylor; that other class, that sees nothing humorous that is not made so by the mummers fathered by Daly, Palmer, or Frohman, are likely to find Mr. Gaylor a horrible bore; but for myself, with a tear for Juliet, a smile for Lady Teazle, and a laugh for Maverick Brander, I cannot recall anything more enjoyable than "Sport McAllister"—of course, in its line. I beg that no one will believe that my regard for a play of this kind is the fault of my early education; whatever that may have been, I have undergone so many vicissitudes of dramatic performances that education would long ago have succumbed to experience; and the finger-posts of youth, pointing to likes and dislikes, would have been washed away in the numberless tides of the New that have rolled against them. Like every one else, I find that those things that pleased most in the long ago hold their pleasure now in memory only; and had "Sport McAllister" stormed the easy fortress of my applause a couple of decades ago, he and his prototypes would besiege in vain, and rattle his jokes on unheeding ears. The boy who does not like the circus should be carefully watched; as senior warden of an Episcopal Church he will run away with the soprano. The man who glories in his love for the circus should have a guardian appointed; he will eat peas with his knife, and lick his plate.

Mr. Gaylor is not the most original actor in the world; and some of his "business" is so old that the spectator must laugh at it or be under the suspicion that he is wanting in the bump of reverence. Still, the actor does his work admirably well; and he does not seem to tire of it. His support is fairly good, and what is lacking in ability, is more than compensated for by the earnestness of the mummers. Mr. Gaylor will continue at the Bush next week.——

Miss Gale will follow "Wilkinson's Widows" at the Baldwin on Monday, and the reputation of this charming actress, and her splendid repertory presage a season as enjoyable as successful. When leading lady for Booth and Barrett, Miss Gale was a warm favorite with the American public; against the background of such accomplished mummers as the stars were, her ability may not have shone to great advantage, yet the reputation she made then, and the favor with which she was received, have encouraged her to organize a company of her own, made up in great part of the people with whom she had played before. She has been very successful, and the sale of seats for the first night is highly encouraging. Miss Gale opens in "Romeo and Juliet." After her comes Stuart Robson, in "She Stoops to Conquer." It will be interesting to see what his conception of the part of Tony Lumpkin is. In it there is a mixture of shrewdness and stupidity which must be so nicely adjusted that the stupidity will seem to be uppermost, and the schemes, such as those of the jewels, and the misleading of his mother in the darkness, but the happy-go-lucky inspirations of the moment. Tony is bluntly truthful when no escapade is on foot; but the moment he is obliged to circumvent his mother to save his own skin, or those of the eloping lovers, he can lie with an ease and dexterity that is positively bewildering. On the whole, he is one of the most humor-tickling, laughter-provoking fellows in the range of comedy, and Stuart Robson can be relied on to make the most of the opportunity.——

"A Texas Steer" has had another splendid run at the California; judging from the crowds that go to this place, I should imagine that half the people in town have seen it at least twice. It will be continued for another week, and will be followed by "The Club Fiend." This is Roland Reed's latest success; and from what has been said of it in the East, it should be a drawing card here. Mr. Reed's company has been improved since his last appearance at the California.

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, Jan. 27. DEAR WAVE:—The editor of the *Mercury* says, "The year has opened auspiciously in its social aspect." May she be forgiven, for a severer stretch of the imagination it would be hard to conceive. Socially, we are taking a Rip Van Winkle nap. But two social gatherings worth mentioning.

Dr. Simpson did entertain a select few at cards. The future Mrs. S—— was there, if any credit can attach to rumor. Well! "he's a jolly good fellow" and she is a fortunate girl.

The *juveniles* have taken this town. It is rather hard upon those of us who enjoy social pleasures. The first thing we know Lent will serve as a legitimate excuse for the absence of dinners, teas, at homes, etc. To be literary is the proper caper now. The Miller girls started the fad. They are *immensely* learned and equally *pedantic*.

Reading circles are wrestling with literary problems; grandmammas have polished up their spectacles and joined the ranks of students; passé belles are reviving their ancient lore, and the air begins to be blue. Even A. P. Hill has joined the club.

You know he is one of the original "*Chivs*," and *highly intellectual*, but to this date he has been eminently successful in hiding his light.

Mrs. W——w takes her French lessons in the morning before rising. They say she looks ravishing in her exquisite slumber-robe, nestling among her silken pillows, surrounded by all the luxuries her doting husband provides.

The Spanish class at the Vendome is taking a vacation in the absence of Mrs. P——. She is missed from the favorite drives, too.

What a pity the youngest Phiel girl has entered Society! She is more dashing than her sisters, and if they don't look out, she will quite overshadow them. At present she is in the green and giggly age.

Bettie T—— might well enter the lists, but she goes in for a different style. Dancing and flirting do not seem to have any charm for her. Parental influence, probably, as her father is an *Anchorite*. Whatever the cause, although graduated with honor from Notre Dame, she is pursuing her studies there, occasionally giving us glimpses of what her pen can do.

If my papa was as rich as hers, you would not find me burning any unnecessary oil while poring over books, but *chacun a son gout*.

Nobody seems surprised that Florence and Louis are out. The only occasion for surprise is that the *denouement* was so long delayed. His sisters were awfully good to her when she became one of the family, and compelled their friends to receive her. "Blood will tell," and the gossips are expecting a savory feast.

The Wehners are back at the Vendome. I wish they would give me that fine ranch and lovely house as long as they don't care to occupy it. They will add considerably to the social features of the Vendome. Miss W—— is pretty and interesting.

Grace S—— is in your city. The Baron is épris, and will impoverish himself at the florist's. If she secures a title without crossing the pond to fish for it, won't her sister's *sister-in-law* be furious? But then, Jennie, is of an older set and Grace still has her *beauti du diable*.

Could you possibly enlighten us as to the occasion of the frequent visits of our widower captain to your city? He can find consolation here. It is not just the thing for him to go off on a "still hunt" like that. They say the young attorney has gained his case, having proven a good *special pleader*, and Maude will be a bride before she fairly enters Society.

The last hop at the Vendome has been hopped, unless our young men succeed in getting up a german. It is doubtful if they can raise the money.

I meant to tell you of a tragedy that has been enacted here, in the very eyes of Society and scarcely one knows of it. The girl is young, lovely, and rich, but she carries a burden with her that will press the life from all her pleasures. She knows the full meaning of the bitterness that springs from woman's weakness and man's perfidy. Poor girl! Her name is sacred even if I am a BABBLER.

I must agree with the Alameda *News* on this point: "THE WAVE is always full of interesting reading matter. 'The Witness' has a style which is all his own, and he uses it in the dishing up of local events in a manner that makes them quite palatable. THE WAVE is San Francisco's leading Society journal."

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The Fresno *Republican* expresses my sentiments when it says: "THE WAVE is California's best and sprightliest journal."

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, January 27, 1892. DEAR WAVE:—I intended sending you details of the Press reception in Fresno, but so many lovely Society events have taken place since that affair, that our 400 would hardly appreciate such a late news epistle. However, I'll say this, that our entertainment in their behalf was the most delightful surprise the members had experienced on their trip; I really believe the most amusing feature was the strenuous efforts certain vineyardists made to confine the guests at their respective ranches, also Marcus' touching devotion to Mrs. Leslie Wilde. If the vineyardists and Marcus aren't repaid with several pages in America's largest magazines and newspapers our cup of sorrow will be full to overflowing.

This week has been a social success truly. Monday evening Society turned out to see Tyndall, the famous mind reader, and methinks some of our eligibles are very weak brained if they are so easily handled. Last evening two of the swellest affairs of the season took place, Phonse Newhouse gave a dinner party to fifteen of his young lady and gentlemen friends. I was there, and it was the prettiest scene I ever participated in. The table was beautifully decorated in smilax, roses, and violets, while the lighting was all by candles and banquet lamps in yellow shades. *Menu* on yellow silk ribbons, as were the name cards. The dinner, well, I won't attempt to describe it; I can only say with the guests, if this is a forerunner of what's to be expected from the Newhouse mansion, then Phonse and Esther are folks indeed worth cultivating. I heard it whispered that this dinner was his farewell to the bachelors' club, and again, that it was one of a series to be given by Al previous to his marriage. Whatever it was, it stands out prominently the swellest dinner party ever given in Fresno.

We went to the '89-'90 Club from the dinner and completed the evening in dancing and a general good time. The floor was rather crowded to make dancing an ideal pleasure, still 'twas thoroughly enjoyed. Several of the young ladies appeared in swell new suits, that of Miss Coffman, of red crepe, was particularly lovely. Mrs. W.W. Phillips was very charming in white cloth and diamonds. To-night and to-morrow night the operas and several theatre parties will make it a full-dress affair. Friday evening Mrs. J. R. White gives an "At Home," and Monday evening we have the Lyceum Company of New York, with us.. I will write full accounts of all these in my next. Until then I am Yours, IMP.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought,
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life; and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Martin, Morrison & Co., at 118 Geary St., have refitted and now have the finest funeral parlors on the coast.

The Fresno *Republican* asserts: "Young Mr. Irving attempted to commit suicide because he failed of success as an actor. If all the actors who are failures should commit suicide the amount of real tragedy would fairly drug the market."

I give up this conundrum propounded by the Oakland *Tribune:* "What rich man or woman will leave a name to be remembered in Oakland for all time by building and giving to the city a handsome library building?"

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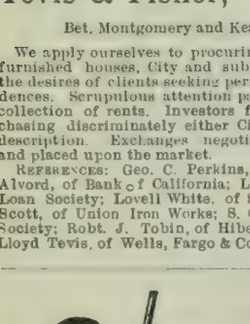

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, January 29th. DEAR WAVE:—We are still stranded, so far as any social event is concerned. We have not even had that most dreadful bore—a tea—to vary the monotory, and, at present, one would be a boon, as there is no place where so much gossip can be learned in a short time. We had the mind-reader, Tyndall, last week and I was so frightened when Charlie Pierce, Cleve Dam, Prentiss Sebby, Walter Laymance, and Jim Brady were on the stage that I could scarcely breathe—every moment I expected that they would have Tyndall point out Frou-Frou. It is strange that they allowed the one opportunity of their lives to escape—they will never have another chance to discover my identity. The fracas between Tyndall and one of the *Tribune* staff was amusing as well as alarming, for the last night of his performance, the poor fellow was so enraged that he fell off the stage in a fit, so you see we do manage to stir up a disturbance occasionally.

The dismissal of the Mitchell divorce suit was a great disappointment to every one. It seemed so childish for them to kiss and make up. She should have thought of her children before seeking so much notoriety, and where was his pride? Any way it was cruel for them to cause us to anticipate so much and give us so little. For a few days it promised to be almost as interesting as the Pratt affair, and then—presto—change and we have no more of it.

Oh, dear WAVE, isn't that dashing Alameda blonde impudent to tell all about her flirtations and numerous Xmas presents? The gold purse that E. B. Pomeroy presented was a beauty. The first thing she knows he will be returning to his former friend, who was more secretive. Wonder if Mr. P—— is aware that Mr. George Nagle is fast supplanting him in Mamie's affections.

Tom says that in my last I neglected the choicest morsel about the Pennoyer-Cook outfit, *née* Edmonds. It seems that when they first came to Oakland they succeeded in ingratiating themselves into the affections of every one "in the swim," among the number being the Graysons, who had just struck oil, and purchased one of the finest mansions on this side, so when Mrs. G—— and Mamie were going East, they asked the Edmonds girl for letters of introduction which were readily granted and upon receipt of them, the Graysons thought they would read them and were more than pleased at the numerous compliments, until the perusal of one that gave them a horrible shock—it seems that the girls had written to their friends saying that the Graysons were *nouveau riche* and other uncomplimentary remarks, but that it was well to cultivate them in case they intended visiting this Coast, and by some mistake had allowed the letter of introduction to go to their friend, while the other was enclosed to the Graysons. It is needless to state that the families were strangers after that. Speaking of the Graysons reminds me that Mr. G—— made a fatal mistake when he failed to settle something on his daughters, for *on dit* that his fortune has taken wings and flown, and his married daughters are dowerless. For Georgie it does not seem so bad, as Will is a model of a husband, but as much cannot be said of Harry's devotion.

Was over to see Margaret Nelson McMahon last week. They are at the Palace for the winter. You should see some of her lovely gowns, they are creations of beauty. She seems too happy for anything. The McMahons are a lively set and I'm happy that I'm in with them. After this winter I'm not even going to attend the Oakland cotillion—it don't pay—would rather spend my money on the other side. The few San Francisco parties that I have been to have utterly spoiled me for anything on this side, which is not strange for a slower place cannot be found and it is not to be wondered at that Mamie, Nellie, Alice, Emma, Floy, and Frou-Frou are still without life partners. Have just discovered why Miss Shafter lingers until the last on the boat. She makes no pretense to dress, nor anything of that kind—considers such feminine trifles as unwomanly, and indulges in all masculine pursuits and is successful at all. Nevertheless she lingers on the boat so that she can take an extra dash at her toilet unobserved—that large mirror is so attractive to such frivolous creatures as Frou-Frou, but from Miss S—— we never expected such a show of vanity. Have a good joke on Jack Wilson and Phil Remillard, which I will divulge later—San Francisco is too attractive for them now-a-days.

By the way, dear, if you want to see our most exclusive Society girls be sure and secure seats for the entertainment to be given at the Grand Opera House on the tenth of February. We can't get enough on this side to keep the Fabiola in running order, so we intend giving the San Francisco public a chance to help us out, and the Hutchinson Mandolin Club are going to distinguish themselves before a critical San Francisco audience.

The Assembly party takes place on Friday evening.

Auf wiedersehen, FROU-FROU.

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LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 6, 1891.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	‡8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Many people who have been tortured in dentists' chairs are slow to believe, but with a full knowledge of the gravity of the statement, we assure such that we can repair and fill their most sensitive teeth *absolutely without pain.* Among those who have put this statement to the test within the last few days are: Mrs. E. Cole, 1618½ Devisadero St., Mrs J. A. Dupre M. D., 21 Powell St., and Mrs. E. N. Williams, 118½ Ellis St. They are all strangers to us but will confirm to enquiring persons all that has been said here.

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WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 29, 1891.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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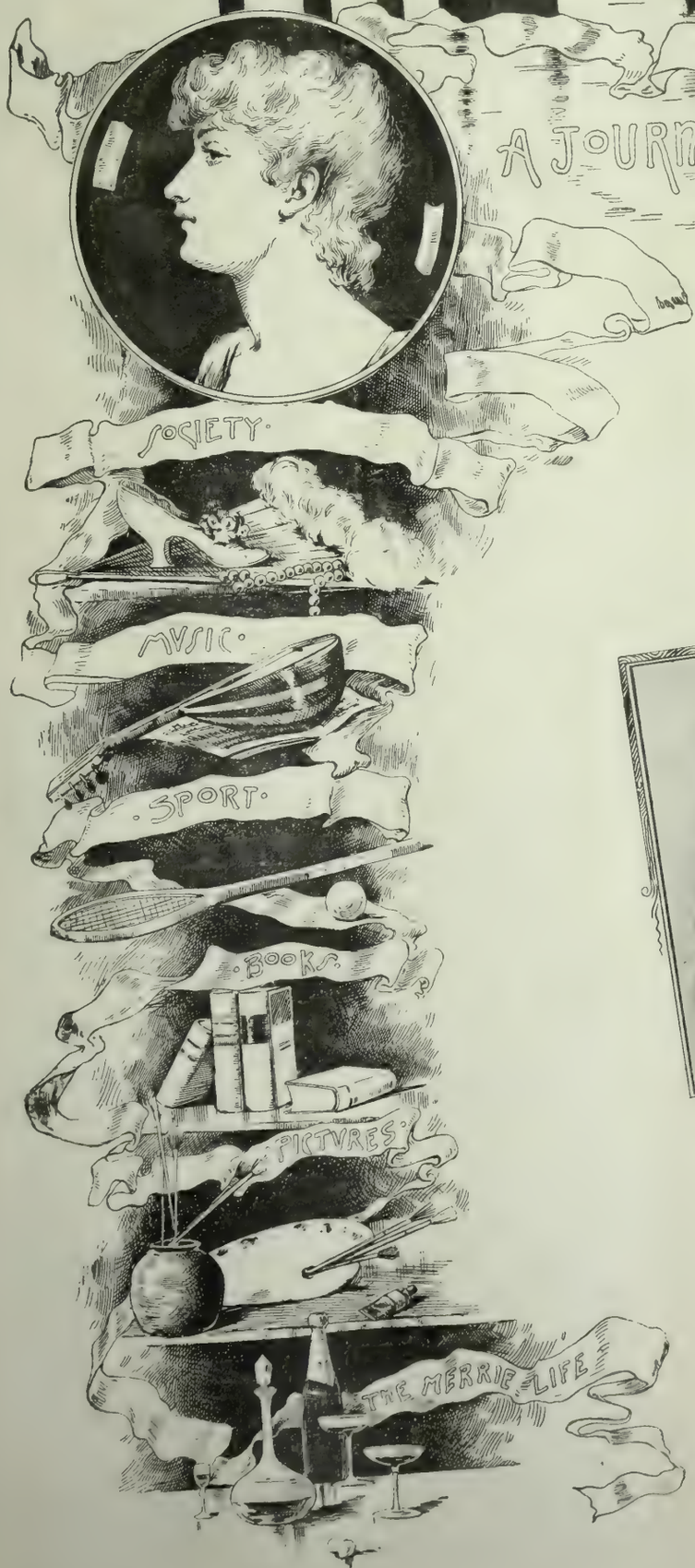
THE WAVE

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA



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WINTER
RESORT

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And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

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THE WORLD

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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 6. San Francisco, February 6, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by

COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne have the merit of adequately representing their subjects. The majority of photographs are but weak reflexes of their originals. Miss Catherwood was one of the fairest flowers in the bouquet of California womanhood. Her grandfather, Judge Hastiugs, was among the men who made California a State. Mr. La Montagne, to whom she was married on Thursday last, belongs to a well-known New York family. Mingled with the felicitations appropriate to the occasion are the regrets that Gotham gains what California loses. But I believe Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne have no intention of being permanent absentees.

SPLASHES.

THE FASHIONABLE EVENT of the week was the marriage of Miss Louise Catherwood and Mr. Ernest La Montagne at the Cathedral on Thursday morning last. Besides being the first wedding of any social importance this season, it was notable because of the identity of the contracting parties. Miss Catherwood is the daughter of Mrs. Clara Catherwood, and the eldest grandchild of one of California's law-givers, the first Chief Justice of the State—Judge Hastings. A man of unique individuality and powerful intellect, he had acquired prominence long before he came to California, and to-day his is one of the most interesting characters among surviving pioneers. Her father, Colonel Catherwood of the United States Army, and her mother were among the leaders of local Society in its palmy days—the days that are no more. The bride is an exceedingly handsome girl, whose face is indicative of a high degree of intelligence and character. She has been educated abroad, and is as versatile as she is beautiful.

* * *

She is a clever pianist and a favorite pupil of the most celebrated of vocal instructresses, Madame Marchesi. She speaks four languages with facility, is really a capable artist, and rides superbly. Miss Catherwood returned to California in the middle of last summer, became immediately one of the belles, and attracted a great deal of attention. It was during a visit to her friend, Miss Simrall, of Louisville, that she met her fate. Rumor says it was a case of love at first sight. Mr. La Montagne is a member of a well-known New York family, and a partner in his father's firm in that city. They met in Louisville during the races, and four days later, were engaged. Contrary to the precdent, the course of their true love ran smooth. To their union, there was no opposition to speak of, and the congratulations poured in on them were not only generous but general.

* * *

This was the first wedding of note that has been celebrated in the new Cathedral. For some reason or other, the Catholic contingent in local Society has done but little marrying or giving in marriage. The Fair nuptials were performed at the bride's residence, those of Mr. Donahoe and Miss Parrott at St. Mary's on California Street. While there is not a great deal of difference between one nuptial ceremony and another, events seemed to have combined to render this one especially pretty. The bride looked beautiful in a magnificent gown of white brocaded satin. She wore a long veil of Duchess point lace, and ascended the aisle leaning on the arm of her godfather, Tom Madden, preceded by the six ushers, and her maid of honor, Miss Marie La Montagne. The groom and his best man, Albert La Montagne, met the party at the altar.

* * *

Archbishop Riordan performed the ceremony, and then followed a nuptial mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Kirby, the choir rendering very successfully a special musical service, which included for an offertory hymn the intermezzo from "Cavilleria Rusticana." After the ceremony the happy pair descended by the north aisle, the ushers—Messrs. S. M. Shortridge, E. M. Greenway, Alexander and George Loughborough, J. O'H. Cosgrave, and Osgood Hooker—bringing up the rear. A delicious wedding breakfast, served by the Maison Doré, was then partaken of at the residence of Mrs. Catherwood. At the main table in the dining-room sat the bridal party—the other guests were placed at small *tete-a-tete* tables. The floral adornments of the room were most artistic. The health of the bride and groom proposed by A. H. Loughborough was drunk standing, and then Mr. Shortridge, in a brief and felicitous speech, responded. To the reception which followod a large number of invitations had been sent out, and until four o'clook the happy pair were kept busy receiving congratulations. They took their departure by the afternoon train for San Jose, continuing their journey the following morning to Del Monte.

* * *

Probably the most enjoyable affair of the ante-nuptial functions was the dinner given by Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge in the Spanish quarter to the bride and groom on Tuesday evening. Aside from the novelty of the banquet, there were elements in the gathering that made it a brilliant success. The *chef*—I am told he was imported for the occasion, and his confections were of such a character as will warrant the statement that he will remain here—employed ingenuity and art to devise new dishes of a tempting and appetite-compelling nature; the courses were innumerable, and were of the prevailing red tint so noticeable in Spanishtown; copious libations of Delbeck made their consumption a matter of pleasure.

* * *

The host was very happy in his remarks anent the occasion that brought together such a merry party, referring to the bride as the fairest flower in California's bouquet of pretty women. Mr. La Montagne responded; Mr. Delmas spoke of California's loss, and ex-Senator Lynch referred to New York's gain. The Spanish quarter has never before seen such a gay party, and will not soon see its like again.

* * *

THE ATTACKS recently made by a weekly contemporary on a young man who has made his way into Society after a long struggle, in which he was handicapped as much by natural disabilities as by misfortuues of antecedents, were of a most brutal and disgusting character. Referring to a person's cimian-like appearance, no matter what the physical and intellectual provocation may be, is, to say the least, unkind, and should not be tolerated. A man is no more to be criticised for his resemblance to a monkey than is his grandfather; indeed, the chances are that his paternal grandparent's likeness to the animal in question may be responsible for the unfortunate conditions existing in the second generation. The *News Letter* was not, in my humble opinion, justified in its attacks on Mr. Gus Casserly.

* * *

The imputation was that this young man

was a cad; a statement that is not wholly proved by the meagre evidence at the command of his traducer; and the further charge that he was a prig, whatever may have been the weight of testimony on which his enemy based the allegation, merely proved that he had confounded the terms of reproach, and applied them indiscriminately (where justice would have asked that only one be used) to a person whose misfortunes, if what was said were true, ought to have gained him immunity from such vulgar abuse. A casual acquaintance with Mr. Casserly leads me to believe that my weekly contemporary may have been too severe.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENTS GIVEN in honor of the La Montagnes were the social staple of the past week. Mrs. Catherwood gave a dinner and a reception in their honor on Sunday evening, at which the visitors had the opportunity of meeting the ushers and the other members of the bridal party. A very delightful evening was passed. On Monday there was an excursion to Palo Alto, which proved very enjoyable.

* * *

On Monday evening the new private dining-room of the Palace Hotel—a magnificent apartment paneled in onyx and in colored marbles—was the scene of an elaborate dinner party given by Mr. La Montagne in honor of his bride elect. There were twenty-two guests, and the long table, illuminated by the soft radiance of wax candles in highly polished candelabra, set out with shining silverware, and adorned with red and white roses, presented a beautiful spectacle. Mr. La Montagne, who has the reputation of being one of the most accomplished dinner-givers in New York, composed a delicious *menu* for the occasion. At dessert there was a little speech-making. The health of bride and groom elect was proposed by Mr. Redding, and briefly responded to by Mr. La Montagne. Mr. Shortridge was quite felicitous in proposing a toast to Miss Catherwood, which was drunk standing in sparkling Delbeck. After dinner the guests adjourned to the large drawing-room on the first floor, where coffee was served.

* * *

Some very gorgeous presents were received by Miss Catherwood. Among the handsomest were a magnificent silver toilet service from Mrs. Stanford, a rich silver tea service from Judge Hastings, an individual salt and pepper service in gold from Mr. and Mrs. Geisleman, a large silver salad dish from John W. Mackay, and a richly jeweled bracelet from Mrs. Hearst. Mr. Mackay also sent the bride from Sievers a magnificent bouquet of orchids, similar to the one he gave Miss Fair on her wedding day.

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING WAS devoted to dinners. Mrs. Hager's was as delightful as her entertainments always are. The *menu* was elaborate, and the table decorations very beautiful. Afterward, there was a small dance, the guests devoting themselves to the new dances—the caprice and the *deux temps*—which are to be extensively danced at the forthcoming cotillion.

* * *

Mr. Phelan's dinner at the Bohemian Club, like others he has given, was a most enjoyable affair. The table decorations were elaborate enough and sufficiently beautiful to compensate for defects in the *menu*—had there been any, and I am as ured there was none. There were about twenty guests. After the edibles were disposed of, the affair assumed quite a literary character. Mr. Redding and Mr. Phelan read papers that Mr. Lansing Mizner replied to. There was music and chorus singing in which everyone took part, and altogether a very enjoyable evening was passed.

* * *

Leap Year dances are increasing in vogue and will undoubtedly become quite popular ere the season closes. One was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. Greer Harrison, at their residence on Pacific Avenue, Wednesday evening last. The gathering was of young people and married people, and everyone had a pleasant time. An exceedingly good supper was served at midnight.

* * *

The marriage of Lieutenant Oyster and Miss Nettie Tubbs will be privately celebrated on Monday next in the Tubbs apartments at the Palace Hotel. A reception will follow, to which a large number of invitations have been sent out.

* * *

On Saturday next, St. Valentine's day, Miss Margaret Kittle gives a dance at her home on Pacific Avenue. Among coming events are several dinners to be given Mr. and Mrs. E. C. LaMontagne. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson entertain them on Wednesday evening. On Friday night is the Oakland cotillion which is to be a *bal poudre* and conducted on Leap Year principles.

* * *

There were numberless pretty children at the San Francisco Verein, last Saturday evening—youthful beaux and future belles in all manner of engaging and fanciful costumes; Little Bo Peeps, Fairies, Nights, Follies, and all the hundred and one characters that are represented at grown-up masquerades, the little ones depicted. There were little old gentlemen in court wigs and knee-breeches, and little old ladies in Pompadour costumes and powdered locks. They danced with exceeding grace and flexibility, all of them, and if gratification and happiness are set forth by shining, smiling faces, they must have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Which looked prettiest of all the little ones present, is a question that their parents very naturally think differently about. There is no question that every tiny damsel and every pretty boy represent a positive type of youthful perfection. I have been assured, though, that—if not the fairest of the little people—one of the fairest was Miss Florence Steinberger as "Violets." Master Harold Brown as "Cupid," looked very pretty.

* * *

After a sumptuous supper, the little ones were packed home by their fond parents, and then the children of larger growth had the floor. A grand march commenced the festivities, and after it dancing was kept up until past three—the usual intermission being allowed for supper. There are few better floors for dancing in the city than that of the Verein ballroom. Although there were not so many men present as there were girls, this gave all the more room for the dancers. Quite a number of pretty girls were present. Miss Ettlinger wore a handsome costume and looked very pretty. Miss Greenbaum, Miss Godkind, Miss Henrietta Meyer, Miss Hyman, and Miss Adler all looked charming. Miss Eliza Emanuel and Miss Shainwald were among the belles. Of the matrons, Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart Mrs. Isaac Walter and Mrs. A. Greenbaum wore magnificent costumes and looked very handsome. Among the dancers, I could not but admire Mrs. Ackerman, whose waltzing is the very poetry of motion.

* * *

I could not but notice the amount of jewelry displayed by some of the young married women. Indeed, there seemed to be an impression that a certain rivalry existed, that a few of the descendants of millionaires were endeavoring to outdo one another. Of course, it is very interesting to witness an exhibition of fine diamonds, and there is no question that quality and quantity of the adornments add to the fascination and importance of the occasion, but it is not difficult to go too far.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo went East on Saturday last. Colonel Trumbo is a member of the committee appointed to represent the silver men before Congress, and he is now going forward to meet his friend, Senator Teller. He will return in a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillig, accompanied by Frank Unger and Elwood Crocker, arrived in San Francisco on Monday and left for Honolulu on Thursday. A large delegation of their friends saw them off. Porter Ashe has returned from his trip East, and is to be seen at his accustomed haunts.

* * *

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen gave a very charming lunch to a party of eight ladies on Monday, in the private dining-room of the Hotel Bella Vista. The floral decorations were very beautiful. The centre piece was a lamp standing on an exquisite piece of embroidery (the design being in violets), and the table was covered with violets. The favors, or name cards, were painted on wide purple satin ribbon, and fastened to them with narrow ribbon were large bunches of violets. The *menu* was very tempting. The guests were: Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Pelham Ames, Mrs.

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

Barber, Mrs. George Roe, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Bothin, and Mrs. Hobbs.

* * *

I am informed that the young ladies of the Crocker Auxiliary purpose giving a Leap Year party in the near future. They have been working quietly but systematically on the plans, which promise a function of considerable size and much elegance, and have been fortunate enough to secure for it the patronage of Mrs. Albert W. Scott, at whose residence it will be given.

* * *

Mrs. Adeline Pell Benham accompanied Mrs. Paxton to her ranch, Madrono Knoll, this week, and will remain at Healdsburg for some time.

* * *

A very pleasant affair was the surprise party to Colonel and Mrs. Parnell on a recent evening. The festivities were arranged by the members of the Daphne Club, nearly all of whom gathered at the residence of Colonel Parnell on Washington Street. The President of the Club, Mrs. Dr. O. V. Taylor, made a brief address and presented the astonished hosts with the emblem of the organization.

* * *

Miss Sarah Tompkins gave an impromptu german at her residence on Pine Street. George Vernon Gray led, introducing some very pretty figures. Every one had a jolly time. Miss Lucia Kittle gave a tea at her apartments in the Palace Hotel. There were quite a large number of callers.

* * *

Miss Millie Ashe gave a small card party at her residence last evening. To-night the reception in the Mercantile Library Building will be the event. An excellent musical programme has been arranged and the affair will be quite fashionable.

* * *

There was a large gathering of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher, at their residence, 1210 Sutter Street, on Tuesday evening last. It was the first reception they have given since their marriage, and congratulations were in order. They give another next Tuesday night, at which quite a large crowd is also expected.

* * *

Presidio hops are growing in popularity. At the last two Tuesday evening hops the attendance was large. On the floor were a number of very pretty girls, and of partners there was no lack. They were not even confined to the military. Of all the ball floors in the city, that of the Presidio Hall is pronounced the best. A substantial supper was served in the mess-room.

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Mr. and Mrs. John J. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle have closed their Ross Valley residence and are now installed at the Palace for the rest of the winter. Miss Dibblee is also at the Palace Hotel.

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On Tuesday afternoon the Misses Voorhies will give a tea in honor of Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne. Several dinners and other entertainments are in prospect prior to their departure for New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bunker returned to the city this week, after an enjoyable trip through the East.

* * *

When you read "With Edge Tools," you will get the best native imitation of a French novel. It is not unlike our home brew of champagne; it is superior, however, to that much-maligned beverage, which is charged with responsibilities for all the headaches in town; "With Edge Tools" does not even leave a heartache. Mr. Taylor shows no originality in his plot; a handsome woman marries a rich man; his office gets all his attention; a young man, handsome and superficially bright, flatters her at their first meeting; kisses her at the second; and makes a fool of her, as usual. Then she falls out of love with him because he puts his elbows on the table, and makes a noise when he eats; she confesses all to her husband, and they are happy. Oh, lame and impotent conclusion to a bright story, cleverly written! The dialogue is readable, and, while booky, is not stilted; epigrams are not in the mouths of scullery maids, and pot-carriers do not philosophize. That is the curse of present-day literature; our domestics make jokes, and neglect the fires; messenger-boys deliver epigrams, and forget the messages; our police officers philosophize to the point of keeping out of danger.

* * *

On Market Street the facilities for conducting a large retail trade are very few. The buildings are for the most part small and crowded, and the tenants are hardly able to handle the volume of business that should naturally be theirs. With the exception of the structure that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are fitting up, there are few stores that might not be greatly improved on.

* * *

THE SUBJECT OF SUPPERS is a dangerous theme to discuss, but it is almost time some one called attention to the distressing sameness of the midnight repasts to which Society is treated. Oysters *a la poulette* and terrapin —mud turtle—cooked a certain way, are as inevitable as the grave, and one may be forgiven the most earnest detestation after frequent experiences of both. There is no question of the excellence of both in their own way, but it is distressing to have to undergo them night in and night out through a season. If the culinary availabilities were limited—if it were not possible to vary this unutterable monotony in a thousand different ways—one might forgive caterers. The literature of cookery is almost as extensive as that of theology. It seems strange that after the experience of, heaven alone knows how many, centuries that selection should be so limited.

* * *

At the balls of the Concordia Club and at those of the San Francisco Verein, an effort has been made to introduce new dishes. It can be done at a very trifling excess in cost, and the result is agreeable, quite as much for the novelty as for the satisfaction to one's palate. At these institutions the standard of criticism is high, and the committees in charge are exceedingly exacting. Poor cooking is not permitted to go pass without comment, and the result is the caterers are careful. At private house entertainments the same caterers are employed, and the old *menu* does duty. Few hostesses have the enterprise, even if they have good cooks, to serve their own suppers. I might be permitted to suggest as a method of reputation making worth thinking over, the preparation of a midnight repast in which "terrapin" and oysters were conspicuous by their absence.

* * *

A CHANGE has been made in the directorate of the Olympic Club. Mr. Walter A. Scott has resigned and Mr. Gaston M. Ashe has been chosen to fill the vacancy. Mr. Scott was for years one of the most prominent of the outdoor athletes. Though not at all times personally popular, he possessed energy and ability, and largely aided in inducing the public to take interest in cinderpath events. At one time he committed the always fatal error of snubbing a reporter, and to this fact is attributed a large amount of the unpleasant criticism he so frequently received.

* * *

Mr. Ashe brings into the Board a love for and experience in athletics, having taken part in them at Harvard, where he was specially known as a skillful boxer. It seems to be the rule among members of the Olympic to resign when they marry. In making so signal an exception to this practice it is said that pretty Mrs. Ashe is largely responsible for the stand taken by her athletic spouse, she being an admirer of all sports that are manly.

* * *

Judge Hastings has finally made up his mind vigorously to contest the will of his son, the late R. P. Hastings. The fascinating widow will therefore have a law suit of portentous dimensions on her hands. It is no joke entering the legal lists with California's first Chief Justice. The deed of trust, that very much protested instrument, seems to develop new characteristics each time it is brought into Court. It is positive, however, the grounds of action are in this instance feasible enough, and undoubtedly the fight will develop into a *cause celèbre*. Mrs. Hastings is represented by the strong law firm of Garber, Boalt & Bishop, while Ryland Wall lace will handle the suit for that lady's father-in-law.

* * *

IT HAS BEEN NOTICED at the New City Hall that Judge Coffey has not been getting such a large volume of probate business since J. M. Troutt became Presiding Judge.

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

People who remember that Judge Coffey did not cast his vote for Troutt in the election of Presiding Judge, may surmise a reason for the deflection of probate business from Coffey to Levy. The falling off has been gradual and has not yet attracted much attention, but if the Presiding Judge has no fear of unfavorable comment, he will continue to assign cases away from the popular Probate Courts.

* * *

By the way, this is not the first time that there has been a suspicion of scandal connected with the probate business of the Superior Court. Judge Levy was the first to infringe on Judge Coffey's domain. When he became Presiding Judge, a few years ago, he was not slow in discovering that there was such a large volume of probate business on the calendar that it was impossible for his confrere of Department No. 9 to transact it as speedily as the heirs would like. He was at once prompted by that respect for the public which has distinguished a number of local jurists to assign a portion of the business to himself. A few suspicious people were so foolish as to regard this action of the Presiding Judge in a manner not at all complimentary to him. They were so dull of comprehension that they could not understand that the division of the business was due to a desire to facilitate the distribution of estates. Judge Levy has ever since acted as a Probate Judge, but he has only attended to a moderate number of cases. Some members of the bar are now of the opinion that a game of "freeze out" is being played, and that Judge Coffey is the man who is to be placed in the refrigerator.

* * *

As everybody does not know why one Judge should have a penchant for probate cases, it may be well to explain that the Court has entire control over the estates involved. He appoints appraisers, administrators, and attorneys to represent absent and minor heirs, and fixes the amount of compensation for each. The Court has the power to greatly diminish an estate, and can do so simply by entertaining extravagant notions of the value of the services rendered by his appointees. It is, therefore, important that a careful and prudent Judge should have charge of the department of justice in which probate practice is confined. Lawyers have always had the utmost confidence in the ability of Judge Coffey in that special practice, and the prominent members of the bar do not approve of a change, except, of course, when a crowded calendar demands a division of the business.

* * *

IT DOES NOT REQUIRE a long stretch of memory to recall the time when that distinguished jurist, Dennis J. Toohy, sat upon one of the twelve benches of the Superior Court, "fenced in by bulwarks of the law," and ruled the criminal dock. When clothed in ermine he was a most dignified-looking man, and it was often said that "he looked every inch a Judge," although—well, no matter. Since his retirement to private life many good stories have been told about incidents of his career under the red canopy. I happened to be in the company of Charley Ackerman and Colonel Kowalsky, a few days ago, when they were in a reminiscent mood, and each told of experience in Judge Toohy's Court.

* * *

Ackerman's story was about a case in which he sought to secure the release of Charles Frank, arrested for embezzlement on a warrant from Chicago. The attorney discovered a clerical error in the warrant by which the name of the defendant and "Cook County," in which Chicago is located, were transposed, so that it appeared that the charge was against Charles Cook of Chicago, Frank County, Illinois. Ackerman argued that this was a fatal error, and that the prisoner should be discharged. The Court took the case under advisement for two weeks, and at the end of that period rendered a long opinion. He stated that Ackerman's technical point appeared at first blush to be of great importance, but after due consideration it was deemed trivial. The Court, however, had discovered another and fatal error of which he had taken judicial cognizance. "It is this," said His Honor. "The law provides that a *certified copy* of the warrant must accompany the requisition. I find that a certified copy is not of record here, but that the original warrant was sent out. This is not in compliance with the law, and in the circumstances the prisoner cannot be detained; let him be discharged from custody."

* * *

Colonel Kowalsky's story was also about a knock-out administered to him by Toohy. He had been engaged as special counsel to prosecute a young man who had robbed his employer, and he was successful in securing the conviction of the defendent. Subsequently the latter's attorney argued a motion for a new trial. Kowalsky asked for time to prepare his argument in reply, and the request was granted. In the meantime he met Judge Toohy on the street, and the Court said: "Say, Colonel, are you going to argue that motion?"

"Certainly I am," was the response.

"What do you want to argue it for?" queried the Judge.

* * *

The Colonel looked surprised. The Judge then poked him familiarly in the ribs, and said with a smile, "A wink ought to be as good as a kick with you."

"Oh, well, all right," said the attorney. "You are the Judge, and, of course, you know just what ought to be done."

After this conversation Kowalsky paid no more attention to the case until it was again called in Court. He was certain that the motion would be denied, and, therefore, when he appeared in Court he was not in the least concerned. After calling the case, the Judge looked toward him and asked, "Any argument from your side?" The Colonel arose with expanded bosom, and exclaimed: "No, sir, I am satisfied to submit this matter without argument."

* * *

The Judge cleared his throat, and, in his most dignified manner, gave utterance as follows:

"The motion for a new trial is granted."

Kowalsky's amazement was so intense that he almost tumbled off a chair. Immediately after Court adjourned he visited Judge Toohy in his chambers, and indignantly demanded an explanation. For reply, the Judge familiarly patted him on the shoulder, and cheered him with the assurance: "Oh, don't mind a little thing like that; you'll convict him again, Colonel."

* * *

COLONEL HENRY I. KOWALSKY, who has for several years consumed so large a portion of the time of the Probate Court, is one of the best story-tellers on the Coast. It has often been said that if he could entertain Judge Coffey with stories, instead of legal arguments, he would win all his cases in the Probate Court, unless Judge Coffey, who is somsthing of a yarn-spinner himself, should become envious of his talents. Many of the Colonel's stories will not bear repetition, not because there is anything improper about them—I believe his repertoire rests on a higher moral plane than that of the average lawyer—but because, to produce the highest effects, they must have his intonation, manner, and dialect. But here is one that would pass muster anywhere. I have no doubt it is true.

* * *

Associated with the Colonel in the Dama will contest is Joseph P. Kelly, a son of the late Michael Joseph Kelly, the contractor, who, among his other facial ornaments, has a very large nose. During the trial of the case Joe and the Colonel were always together, whether going to and from the Court or spinning around town in the evening with the "boys." I suppose this companionship was necessary to keep the attorneys *en rapport*, as the French say, with the case. The Colonel, as is well known, cultivates the friendship of many staid old Hebrew families, and one night he invited Joe to attend a party on Van Ness Avenue, at the residence of one of the chosen people. Here Joe was introduced to several gentlemen and passed a pleasant evening.

* * *

The next day one of the ancient Hebrews who was present met Kowalsky on the street and said:

"Henry, vat vas the name of your friend vat you had oud to der house lashte nide?"

"That was young Joe Kelly, the lawyer. He's with me in the Dama will contest, you know."

"Vat vas der name?"

"Kelly—Joe Kelly."

"Vell," said the Hebrew, with some sur-

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

prise, "dot vas the first time I efer heard of a Shew nam't Kelly."

"Jew? Why, Kelly is not a Jew. He's an Irishman."

The old gentleman reflected a moment while he nursed his incredulity. Then he said:

"But I say, Henry, vere did he get dot nose?"

* * *

I SUPPOSE THAT ALL ADVICE, no matter how sound it may be, will be lost upon the factions of the local Democracy who are now discussing plans for reorganizing the party. But there is nothing in the world so cheap as advice, and, although I may be snubbed for my presumptousness, I propose to volunteer some. Judging from the antics of what Mr. Jack Dougherty of the Democratic County Committee calls "the Sutter Street gang," and from the comical exhibition of Buckley's late possession, now known as the "legally constituted authority of the Democracy," I am firmly convinced that the party is in need of something. I may not be advice, but my impartial observer can readily see that it is something. In neither of these bodies is there anything resembling patriotism, politics, or sense. If I did not detect in the performance of the "Committee" a slight coloring of method, I should affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that the leaders of both had gone daft.

* * *

In the first place, it is the height of absurdity for Jack Dougherty, Jimmy Long, Alex Greggains, Brer Spotts, and the other toughs, pugilists, rounders, and gentlemen, who so lately hobnobbed with Boss Buckley in the Democratic County Committee, to suppose that they can have anything to do with the future affairs of the party in this city. They represent nothing on earth—not even themselves, for up to the hour of his flight Buckley owned every hair of their heads. It is idle for them to talk about being the "legally constituted Democratic authority," and to hope that anybody is going to trust them to manage anything. For all practical purposes the Democratic County Committee is dead to the world; it is an effete entity, as it were, with no power for good or evil, a thing, in short, which is so infinitesimally small and which has such a miserable perspective that God, in his inscrutable wisdom, does not consider it of sufficient importance to warrant annihilation. The Democratic County Committee is a mere speck on the body politic, and the sooner its members take transfers and get off the earth, the better for themselves and the people.

* * *

On the other hand, "the Sutter Street gang" ought not to resolve, like the three tailors of Tooley Street, that they are the people of England, for they are not the Democratic party of this town by any means. There are large numbers of Democratic voters south of Market Street whom they do not represent at all, and, while that body of citizens will not act with the County Committee, I doubt very much whether they will affiliate with the Sutter Street Club. To my mind that Reorganization Committee is the most undemocratic thing I have recently examined. It proposes to organize clubs in each district, but it will give them no power; it calls on the people for support, but it asks them to refrain from participating in the nomination of candidates; in short, it creates itself the well-spring of Democracy, and provides that it alone shall enjoy all the emoluments which will naturally flow from being the only pure thing in town. This language may seem extravagant, but I will defy any man to extract any practical result from the plan of reorganization proposed by the Sutter Street Committee which does not lead to the most intolerable bossism. The mere fact that the appointment of convention delegates is provided for kills the whole scheme. The local Democracy will never stand that. They have have had the game played on them too often. It may be argued that the appointing machine is too cumbersome to be handled by the ring that has already been formed, I am told, to grab it, but the argument is opaque. A ring of smart fellows with the public plunder of San Francisco in sight, would have no trouble in promptly finding a way to capture the delegates.

* * *

Besides, no delegation of appointed men, provided there was a contest, would ever be admitted to the State Convention. This is saying nothing about an appointed City Convention. I have in mind but one instance in the history of this town where a local ticket nominated by an appointed convention was successful. Twelve years ago the Democrats were split into several fragments variously called Workingmen, "Honorable Bilks," and regular Democrats, and the Republicans with any kind of management were assured of success. At that time a faction of milk ranches in the Eleventh Ward organized to fight Bill Higgins, the then Republican Boss. They called to their aid the Spring Valley Water Company and other corporations which desired favors from the Supervisors. An open primary was held and Higgins captured about half the delegates to the City Convention. He was so strong that the milkmen were obliged to compromise with him. They did so by conceding several places on the ticket, not as many, however, as Higgins considered his men entitled to. At the election Bill set the Fire Department to work and it elected his candidates and defeated nearly all of those nominated by the milkmen.

This brought on a savage political war, and two years afterward, the milkmen, having control of the County Committee, sat down and appointed a City Convention. There was a frightful howl about it, but they pulled it through and elected the entire ticket. The successful candidates were, however, not long in office, for the Supreme Court legislated them out at the end of their first year. The milkmen, emboldened by their success, repeated the appointing game at the next election, but it was too late. Higgins split the party and every Democrat was elected in 1882 by majorities varying, from 1000 to 10,000. I have never heard of a convention being appointed since until this Sutter Street Committee proposed it. Buckley in the heyday of his power never dreamed of such a thing.

* * *

I believe that with a united local organization the Democrats can carry San Francisco four times out of five. The town always gives a Democratic majority in Presidential years, unless Blaine is the Republican candidate, and it will do so with judicious management this year. But the Reorganization Committee can never win with a club system which lodges all ultimate power in a central governing body. Especially is this true in a year like the present when all the public offices, State, Federal, and municipal, are in the hands of the Republicans. The Democrats have nothing to build on except their proverbial inertia and fixedness of purpose. With the offices in sight, Democrats never consider any hope forlorn.

The essentials to Democratic success are, in my opinion, as follows:

First—A revolution which shall annihilate the County Committee.

Second—The continued absence of Boss Buckley in Europe and the seclusion of Boss Rainey at his Mission San Jose ranch.

Third—A large reef in the conceit of the Sutter Street Reorganization Committee.

Fourth—An open primary under the Porter law for the election of delegates to a State Convention, and a new County Committee.

Fifth—The appointment of the election officers for this primary by a committee of well-known Democrats selected by the State Central Committee.

Sixth—The dumping of Maurice Schmitt and Fisher Ames into the new Brannan Street sewer. I am not particular about the Brannan Street sewer. I suggest that because it is large, and has a swift rush of water, which would surely drown them.

* * *

It would not make much difference how the details of such a plan as this were worked up, provided all was open and clean-handed. There would probably be some apathy on the part of the masses at first, but the State Convention contest would serve to wake them up, and when the primary was called for the local convention there would be plenty of spirit and enthusiasm. The "toughs" who now surround Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins might attempt to interfere, and make the first primary disreputable, but the managing committee could prevent that by swearing in a sufficient number of special police to arrest them, and when arrested provide a sufficient sum of money to prosecute and send them to jail. I

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

am aware that a term in jail has no terrors for the average ward-striker, but a term that commences just as politics begin to boil, is cordially disliked and generally avoided.

I am quite certain that the excellent advice I have tendered to these contending factions will be thrown away. Steeped in their own conceit, and secure in self-assurance, neither of them will heed it. None are so blind as those who will not see, and I have long known that it is useless to reason with a thick-headed politician. Indeed, if the leaders do not suspect me of desiring to boss the party myself, I shall be thankful. But the fact still remains that the Democratic party cannot win at the next election unless it is united. It might, perhaps, if the opposition was not so strong, but with all its sins upon its head—corruption, incompetency, and boodling—the Republican party will not be routed this year by a divided Democracy. However, thank Heaven, I have converted all my money into United States bonds, and I can safely live two years longer under Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins. A man who has his money in registered bonds cannot be robbed.

* * *

TALKING OF IMPROVEMENTS (which I am not) reminds me of a story that George Sanderson told at the Press Club, the other day. When the Mayor is not in his office, the dignity of the place descends, like Elijah's mantle, on George, and he receives visitors, booms the city, and otherwise conducts himself as becomes the son and private Secretary of his Honor. A short time ago, two literary ladies from Chicago (they were with the League of Press Clubs, but that is an old matter) called at the New City Hall, and asked for information concerning the municipality. Mr. Sanderson was all politeness; anxious and willing always to serve the fair sex, he became a veritable slave to every thought they had, and their note-books were shortly crowded with data enough to fill a dozen Sunday papers.

* * *

Mr. Sanderson was modest and gallant in his comments on San Francisco. "Of course," said he, "our city is not as large as Chicago, but we are growing steadily and surely."

One of the ladies got the Mayor's annual message, and took the population in round numbers.

"We have many things to be proud of," continued George, "and the Australian ballot system will perpetuate Republican rule in this city, now that Mr. Buckley is absent."

Some explanations followed, from which the ladies jotted down notes to the effect that Mr. Buckley had been Secretary of the city, and as such had always cast the ballot of the citizens for the Democratic candidates.

"The buildings are not as big as yours in Chicago," said Mr. Sanderson, after the matter had been clearly explained to them; "but we are doing fairly well. This great structure is something of which we are naturally proud, but when you return, in a few years, you will see a vast improvement in it"

"Yes," said one of the ladies, "we noticed that you are tearing it down. How many stories will the new building be?"

* * *

AT AN ANTE-NUPTIAL DINNER given this week in honor of a gentleman who has carried away one of California's fairest flowers, an accident happened that came near being serious. A number of gentlemen had been invited to meet the prospective bridegroom, and a very enjoyable evening was spent in the discussion of new and dainty evidence of the *chef's* art. As the dinner progressed, one of the guest's turned to his companion and asked him how he liked San Francisco.

"Ah, it's—ah—very fair town," was the reply.

"Well, I should think it was. We are proud of it, sir; proud of it. And if we do have some ruffians in politics, a Grand Jury, such as the last, would shortly rid the body politic of its sores. What, sir, do you think of the climate?"

* * *

The gentleman interrogated smiled gently: "The truth is," he said; "I—ah—haven't had the best chawnce in the world to note your excellence of atmospheric conditions; I haven't had more than—ah—a sample of it, you know, and ——"

"Very good, very good," cried the other; "but, sir; we are proud of our climate. True, there are some months when it is not pleasant, but I believe the last Grand Jury could have arranged that. Have you been to the Cliff House? A beautiful view there, sir; magnificent on a pleasant day."

"I drove out there yesterday, and—ah—enjoyed it very much. But the seals kept up such a confounded racket that one could—ah—hardly hear the rollers break."

"That is a drawback, but if the last Grand Jury, by an infamous decision, had not been declared unconstitutional, we could have remedied that. The last Grand ——"

"Pardon me, but Bob Wieland is to be called on to respond to 'San Francisco,' and we want to give him a couple of minutes to prepare an impromptu speech," said a gentleman, interrupting ex-Senator Lynch; "and if you keep on talking to him he ——"

"And I thought you were the bridegroom," said Jerry.

"It's a matter for the last Grand Jury," Bob replied.

* * *

HABIT IS A CRUEL MASTER, and some of us are never strong enough to take service under another. J. N. E. Wilson's Habit has conquered him completely, and he is suffering at the tongues of some joking friends for what he cannot help. A few nights ago—indeed, it was that particular one made ever glorious by the arrival of his excellency, Daniel M. Burns, from a foreign prison—Mr. Wilson went to his home at an unseemly hour, and found a number of visitors there. I shall not say what influence Dan Burns had on him, nor shall I speak of the gladsome greetings that passed between these representatives of a dominant party. Rather shall I permit Mr. Wilson to speak for himself in this matter.

* * *

As he walked in on the guests some of them noticed that he was not fully dressed; indeed, although it wanted a few minutes to six o'clock, he carried his shoes under his arm, and slid into the room in a quiet and unobtrusive way. He expressed great delight at seeing so many happy faces about him, and it was only after his speech was finished that someone called attention to the fact that he was not wearing shoes.

"Oh, it's my Habit," said Mr. Wilson, "to take off my shoes when I come in as late as this; I don't like to make a noise, and arouse the baby."

"Why, it's only six o'clock in the evening," some one said.

"It's only six o'clock in the evening? Well of course, it's only six o'clock. I know that. By the way," he whispered to his aunt, "will you run down stairs and light the gas in the hall? I turned it out as I came in."

* * *

IT IS A NOTICEABLE FACT that many of the most important benefactions for which the world has lately been called on to return thanks, have come from women. It has not, I believe, been urged that the gentler sex is more generous in large things than man; indeed, I doubt that a statement of that kind could be proved. That they give oftener and with greater readiness, is easily shown; but that they part with large sums as often as their husbands, is not a fact. Still, many charitable organizations owe their existence and continuance to the efforts of women who are seldom heard from with large sums, probably for the reason that they fritter their substance away in continual giving.

* * *

I am informed that Mrs. Hearst, to whom many people are indebted for a kindly and secret charity, purposes giving to this city a museum. That there is anything we need more I doubt; a public building of any kind, that is not erected for utilitarian purposes, would be in the nature of a great surprise; and this element would increase in proportion to the value of the structure and the splendor of the contents. Mrs. Hearst has had this matter in contemplation for some time; but the unsettled condition of the estate of the late Senator was, I believe, the only reason why it did not gain publicity before. The museum is intended for the Park, a choice of location that will be generally commended, and will have a site near the conservatory.

* * *

Mrs. Hearst has in her possession now many articles that might form the nucleus of a magnificent museum; I believe the family owns the finest collection of Americana in the country. Mr. Will Hearst, some time ago, bought extensively, at the Eastern sales, articles

whose intrinsic value was increased by a long and authenticated record. I have not learned when Mrs. Hearst purposes making the formal announcement of her intention; I sincerely hope it will be soon, as a museum for the public is something that San Francisco has needed since to the town there came a woman broad-minded, generous, and rich enough to speak of building one.

* * *

HANGING IN EFFIGY is the weak expression of a powerless populace's disgust at the conduct of one of its number. Frank Leech, who is said to be in the newspaper profession in Oakland, had his counterfeit presentment of straw suspended by the windpipeless neck until he was alive to the indignity put upon him. The citizens, when the manikin refused to yell for mercy, pelted the make-believe Leech with turf, potatoes, bits of coal, cabbages, and turnips to the unlooked-for enrichment of the larders of all the poor in the vicinity. I am told Leech will bring suit against the people who got the green groceries for their recovery; I hope he wins the case in two years, and that he be made to eat the stakes.

* * *

The offense charged against Leech is a serious one; indeed, the punishment vicariously visited on his effigy is not too severe; the people of Oakland say that Leech exists; that is the present crime alleged against Sidney Bell, and the police are working to remove the offense. But hanging a man in effigy, however satisfying to the lynchers, is not a dignified way of visiting punishment on a deserving man; Guy Fawkes is still hanged in England, but my pen parts to Frank Leech's immortal parts, he never feels it. No, the people of Oakland should not have hanged the editor of the *Enquirer;* they should have read him to death with one of his own editorials.

* * *

SOME YEARS AGO before political preferment "tacked on" United States District Attorney to the name of Charley Garter, that gentleman was a lover of sports; and he gave more attention to baseball than to Blackstone. He was a member of one of the flourishing clubs, the Oak Leaves, I believe, and had been instrumental in wiping up the ground with the adversary over at Berkeley. A banquet followed the victory, and about fifty gentlemen met at the old Lafayette Hotel, and enjoyed the delicacies of the season and the latest crop of jokes. There were a number of good speeches made, and the time passed swiftly.

* * *

Mr. Garter was called on to respond to a toast toward the end of the feast, and it was noticed when he arose that he looked pale and ill. He had fallen heavily on the field, and some of his friends thought he was suffering from the effects of that. With much eloquence he spoke on the burning question of the day: "Shall Baseball Become the National Game?" and was loud for the affirmative. As he spoke, he was seen to reel; his face became purple, and he would have fallen had not some friends rushed to his assistance. He had fainted. Kindly hands bore him to the outer air; he was placed gently on the ground, and—"My God," cried one of the banqueters, "he has a hemorrhage." It, indeed, looked as if Mr. Garter had attended his last banquet. A doctor was summoned, and before his arrival the terror-stricken revelers stood around Garter, watching his struggles for breath, and many were the encomiums spoken as they watched "poor Charley" die. The physician came at last; the sick man's friends watched him narrowly as he diagnosed the case.

"Is it a hemorrhage?" asked one.

"Yes, sir;" said the doctor, and his voice was very stern; "a hemorrage—of claret."

Mr. Garter then arose, and finished his speech.

* * *

THE DEFECTION of George Hanlon from the stage, while not an unusual thing, is sufficiently striking to merit attention. I knew Hanlon just well enough to understand that he was not pious for advertising purposes, although when he joined Calvary Presbyterian Church here I was tempted to write it up as a scheme that outdid the lost diamonds, or the narrow escape from a hotel fire. Mr. Hanlon was serious in his piety; indeed, to the point of being a crank. He had some plan of elevating the stage, of bringing the mummer nearer to the preacher, and of establishing a bond of sympathy between the buckskin and the surplice. He was opposed to Sunday theatricals, and for some time past positively refused to accept his percentage of receipts from productions on the Lord's day.

* * *

I remember when he applied for admission as a member of Calvary Church that there was some opposition to him. Some of the "unco guid" did not desire to have him as an associate, although, from my knowledge of the applicant and of those opposed to him, I am inclined to think that he will be a ministering angel in Heaven, when they are yowling in the stew-pots of Hades. Selah. Dr. Easton favored Hanlon's application, and probably rejoiced more over it than he would have done at the request of ninety-nine who were not on the stage. In his efforts to get it favorably acted on, he was assisted by Thomas Magee and Charles Layton, and, after a hard fight, the Session accepted George Hanlon. I am sorry to see the actor has gone astray; he has left the stage, and is studying for the ministry.

* * *

A TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN is Maurice E. Kenealy, son of that famous Q. C. who made the world ring with the story of the Titchborne claimant. Mr. Kenealy happens to be in the newspaper profession from choice, and it is greatly to his credit, etc., that he is. He arrived in the city a few days ago from Alaska, where he edited the *Alaskan*, much to the satisfaction of the people of Sitka and to the enrichment of a purse that is now as heavy as a broken heart. When he took hold of the paper it was the property and rat-hole of that distinguished statesman, Governor Swineford, who poured his money into it with the generosity of all patrons of letters. Mr. Kenealy made it pay.

* * *

It is not generally known that there are three members of the Kenealy family in this country, Maurice, Alexander, who is on the Chicago *Tribune's* editorial staff, and Miss Annesley Kenealy, matron of the Orthopedic Hospital of Philadelphia. Alexander Kenealy went with the Greenland expedition last year, and his letters made a hit. For a long time he did obituary work on the New York *Herald*, and his articles on the passing away of well-known men attracted some attention. When a well-known public man lay at the point of death a Chicago paper telegraphed to its representative in New York: "Any hope of ———'s recovery?" The reply came back: "None; Dr. Ha—h—y is the physician and Kenealy has written the obituary."

* * *

Lloyd Osbourne, Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson, is in town on a species of holiday tour. The news he brings about the great writer is most reassuring and satisfactory to his numberless admirers. In his Samoan home he enjoys excellent health, and has actually become quite robust. Though by no means wedded to savage life he finds it difficult to tear himself away from a clime that has done so much for him physically. Stevenson, Mr. Osbourne says, has written a new story which he regards as his masterpiece. It has more vitality in it than "Kidnaped," and is as weird as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." McClure's syndicate has purchased the serial rights, I believe, and the story will appear in the Sunday press. This is rather better than having it doled out in meagre monthly fragments by the magazines as "The Wrecker" is.

* * *

Regarding this most fascinating tale, Osbourne tells me the mystery—one that is really worth being mysterious over—is maintained to the last. In order, therefore, to obtain any satisfaction it will be necessary to pursue the fate of Pinkenton and his friend to the bitter end. Mr. Osbourne is staying at the California, and has several times been a guest of the Gridiron Club at the headquarters of that interesting organization on Merchant Street.

* * *

Keith has in his studio several of the greatest landscapes he has ever painted. Two in particular—one of them a moonlit scene, the orb of night rising from behind a clump of pine trees with a bit of dusky road in the foreground; the other, a patch of open ground surrounded by trees with a blood-red moon in the background, are admirable in their weird suggestion. They are works of genius, as good as Corot. It is to be hoped that local lovers of art will secure these pictures.

If exhibited in the East they would certainly arouse the critics to enthusiasm.

* * *

HOW IS IT one never hears of an undertaker with literary proclivities? In that business the incongruities are so pronounced that the opportunities for humor and pathos are endless. Tragedy and comedy are continually colliding. Here is a little story which, unlike most of its kind, has the advantage of being true. It is submitted as proof positive that it is not always the unreadable that occurs. The assistant of an undertaker at the Mission had donned his best clothes preparatory to paying court to his sweetheart. She, a neighboring beauty—he rather a well set-up young man with considerable breadth of shoulder. In his brilliant array, flower in button hole, cane in hand, he was on the very verge of departure when a call came—a corpse. It was incumbent on him to prepare the body for the grave.

* * *

Being a case of business before pleasure he proceeded to use the utmost dispatch in the execution of his unpleasant duties. It was the body of a respectable mechanic and the disconsolate widow was determined to give him a fine funeral. The gallant undertaker removed his coat, laid it carefully on the bed, and in ten minutes had made substantial progress. As he was putting on the finishing touches in the latest undertaking style the bereaved wife came to the door with a coat.

"This," she said, "is his best coat, poor man. He wore it every Sunday and I'd not be happy if he did not wear it in his grave. God rest his soul."

"Nothing simpler, ma'am," the undertaker replied infusing deep sympathy into his voice. "Just lay it on the bed there and I'll put it on him in a jiffy."

* * *

The departed was tall and thin. Whoever imagines it is easy decorating a corpse for the casket is in error. It is hard work. The undertaker's heart's love was already awaiting his coming. A happy thought struck him. He took the coat from the bed and quickly ripped it up the back. Then he experienced no difficulty in putting it on. Into the coffin he put the corpse, smoothed out the folds and summoned the widow. She burst into a torrent of tears as she contemplated her dear departed, when her eye was caught by the coat.

"That coat he was so fond of," she exclaimed through her sobs. "It did not fit him like that." She pointed to the collar, which, in spite of the undertaker's efforts, hung on him but loosely.

* * *

"Yes, ma'am, but the illness always reduces them." There was no question about his deep sorrow at her sad loss.

"But the last time he wore it, poor man, it lay on him like a glove," she persisted.

"I don't doubt it, ma'am. Me own father who just died this time last year, was just the same way." The undertaker was getting a little uneasy.

"Where did that flower come from?" Suddenly her tears stopped flowing. She bent over the corpse. So did the undertaker.

"That is not me husband's coat," she said peremptorily.

"Well, whose coat should it be, ma'am? Here's me own." The undertaker advanced confidently to the bed. He stopped, started, grew pale.

It was his own best garment slit up the back that the corpse was wearing.

The Witness.

NOT HANDSOME BUT USEFUL.

Our winter with or without discontent, is decidedly on the wane, and very soon Society will be on the wing. Every year more and more people visit the Yosemite, but comparatively few women know how to make the trip with any degree of comfort. Once in the valley it is a mountain trip pure and simple, and can be made a season of unmixed delight or almost unbearable misery, according to the manner in which one is dressed. In the first place no corset should be worn. A beauty waist, snug yet comfortable, suspends its weight from the shoulders. The stocking suspenders button to this, as do also the woolen knickerbockers or divided skirt. The shoes should be wide of sole and low heeled. Gaiters of cloth protect the ankles and meet the divided skirts. The dress should be short, of storm serge, gray, brown, or blue. If black is desired alpaca is by far the best selection. With either serge or alpaca skirts a sailor blouse or Norfolk waist of surah should be worn. A leather belt and bag are a great comfort, because a woman may carry with her a chamois for powder and many little things necessary for her comfort. A needle and pin case with thimble and thread are useful, and to prevent tan she should carry a cake of cocoa butter and use it on her face every night. After a day's climbing it is well to wash the face with cocoa butter instead of water, as this will prevent smarting and redness. Afterward an equal mixture of Fuller's earth and precipitate chalk should be used as a powder. It is not enough to merely lightly dust the face with this powder. It should be rubbed in well, as that is the only way to make chalk adhere, and a good coating of this mixture will effectually guard against freckles and sunburn. Before retiring the face should be washed in as hot water as can be borne, and there is no harm in using a good toilet soap. Then rub the face well with a towel and apply whatever lotion or cerate that experience has proven valuable for your skin. Before starting out next morning repeat the process with cocoa butter and powder, and there need be no worry about the complexion.

The dress should have two large pockets, one on each side, for emergencies, and the tourist's bag, which is slung across the shoulders with a leather strap, should contain a small comb, brush, tooth brush, and hand glass as well as hair pins, pen knife, pencil pad, some string, a small pair of scissors, a roll of courtplaster, a drinking cup, a small flask, a small bottle of Florida water, a field glass, several clean handkerchiefs, and a shoulder cape for extra warmth when sitting down to rest. This sounds like a formidable array, but each article is small and makes up little in bulk or weight, and a day's outing is more comfortable for their existence. Gloves made of pig skin and without buttons should be worn, and a broad-brimmed, light-weight straw hat, such as men wear in the harvest field, will prove a blessing. Add to this an alpenstock and a fair maiden may do the Yosemite thoroughly with ease and independence of civilization. When she gets back to the Stoneman House she will feel more comfortable if she has taken the forethought to carry an extra dress, something which will answer for dinner, not a regulation affair, but dressy enough to pass muster. This is all she will need beside her traveling dress, and the remainder of her steamer trunk should be filled with extra underclothing, especially hosiery, for the trip is nothing if not dirty. Canvas shoes with yellow leather look much neater than black ones for tramping, and a vigorous use of a whisk broom, and a sponging with alcohol and water will soon remove any evidences of mountaineering when the homeward journey is contemplated. Should the change of air and water produce an unnatural thirst it can be relieved by squeezing lemon juice over a nickel and then rolling the nickel with the tongue. If this is not practical, try a splinter of fresh pine, or, better still, carry some peppermint lozenges.

Railroad and carriage driving is also hard on the clothing, and if silk or fine diagonals are worn, they are very apt to take a disagreeable shine, to the Yosemite, as it were. To remove this, lay the garment on a table with a flannel wet with cider vinegar and rub the shiny places well until they have disappeared. It does not matter how wet the garment gets. Hang it up in the shade to dry, and the shiny gloss that made the new garment look old will have vanished, leaving it as fresh and crisp as when first worn. The same place will never require another treatment, but this must only be done with silks or diagonals.

If velvet should be among the garnitures of dress or wrap, (and I have long ago despaired of women ever learning that diamonds, silks, and velvets are not always good dressing,) there will be a woful condition of things.

The velvet can be thoroughly ridded of dust by using a fine unwashed sponge. Be careful to select a firm, fine-textured sponge, and then, on your sacred honor, refrain from dipping it in water. If you do it will never serve your purpose for cleaning velvet. Shake it well to remove anything which may stick to it, and then use it on your velvet as if it were a brush. Then take a hot iron; put it bottom upward, and cover it with a wet towel folded in several thicknesses. Pass the velvet, with the pile up, over the steaming iron slowly until the pile looks fresh and new. When finished lay the velvet in a smooth place where nothing will touch the pile to flatten and crush it, and leave it to dry.

For the woman who is a slave to a face veil there is comfort in the knowledge that she can freshen and restore her treasure by dipping it into some of the Florida water or perfume which she has carried. Squeeze it with the fingers, and then carefully straighten the edges and hold it until it dries. Chenille dotted or thread run veils or plain tulle are all that can be treated in this way, for jets and gilt dots will come off in the wash. If women would take their veils and carefully roll them, pinching the edges in the fingers and leaving them that way after each wearing, they would last longer and prove much more satisfactory than to leave them knotted and wrinkled as worn. It only takes a moment to shake them out and lay them away properly, and a tidy woman thinks better of herself for having done so.

It is something to know that carboline, a preparation of petroleum, will clean kid shoes nicely, and prevent any kind of dressing from cracking the kid, and it is also an excellent dressing for the hair, giving it a gloss superior to brilliantine and being excellent for the scalp.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.
205 KEARNY STREET.
R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

The Central Milling Co.,

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully recommend your "Drifted Snow Flour" as being the whitest and best family flour we have ever used.

Yours,

R. BECK & CO.,
Vienna Model Bakery.

THE LOVE OF PANCHITA.

SOL. N. SHERIDAN.

She was a Spanish woman—and she loved him. She would have given her soul's salvation for him. Nay, mayhap she did—for who knows what comes afterward! Who knows but the good God and the Holy Mother?

And what woman could have helped loving him! He was tall, and lithe, and graceful, like a god, with eyes blue as glimpses of the depths of heaven, and tawny hair like the flames of gold that are in the sky at sunset—and there was not a vaquero on the rancho who sat his horse more gracefully than Walter. He was an American, you see, but his blood was of the pure old Anglo-Saxon, and the men about the rancho hated him—as men of a dark race hate their lighter fellows, and as men hate a stranger anyway who comes among them from a distant land, and takes their women, and excels them in their own sports and labors with the unconscious superiority of a master.

But Panchita! Panchita was a woman. From the first day that she came home from the convent at Los Angeles she had laid her heart at the feet of her father's major-domo—and he had taken the gift as a man takes such things. There are thousands of women in the world, and a man whose life is full with the serious concerns of life may find time for trifling by the way, perhaps, but cannot give his best self to such a little thing as love. Women give themselves to it, to be sure, but then their lives are filled with petty things and they have leisure for dreaming. Men must see that the sheep are corraled, and the cattle properly housed and guarded, and the grapes pressed, and the crops gathered. Love can come afterwards—love and amusement.

And yet Walter was not unconscious of the devotion he had awakened. A much older man would have been flattered by the soft glances from her dark, languorous eyes—for any woman can win a thing so paltry as man's love who satisfies his vanity—and he played with the child in his god-like way, throwing her caresses as he might have thrown bones to a hungry dog.

And Panchita! Panchita fed upon the crumbs he gave her. She was a woman.

But there came times when it was maddening. One gets so hungry—and husks are dry feeding.

Besides, there was Jose Sanchez. Jose loved Panchita, madly, desperately, passionately, as the youth of the dark races love, and he hated this cool, lordly American with an intensity equaled only by his love for the girl. From childhood they had been destined for each other. The old Don, Panchita's father, was the boy's guardian, he had been reared as one of the family, and the Sanchez lands would have made a princely domain added to the rancho of the old Don.

It was upon Panchita that the hopes of two families rested—and Panchita teased Jose and laughed at him, and played with him as a sister might, and loved Walter.

And so matters went at the rancho through all the long, dry months of the summer, the old Don seeing nothing. Men are so blind about these things.

But Jose saw, for boys love if men do not, and his love made him keen—and the women, for they taunted him and jeered at him, and his love and his hate grew apace; the one passion from repression and the other from expression.

He was not slow to show his hate. No, no. The lordly American knew well enough that he had a bitter enemy in the slight young man whose eyes looked balefully upon him when they met—knew it and despised the enemy, as men spurn a snake until it has turned and bitten them.

Still the old Don knew nothing of the comedy being played out within the walls of the old ranch house—the comedy that might upon any sunny day become a tragedy that would put the stain of blood, perhaps of shame, upon an honest name. But the women knew—knew and watched and waited for the inevitable meeting of the antagonistic forces. Jose, too, knew that the end must come, and speedily, and prayed for it, for he was growing thin and sallow under the struggle of contending passions within him—and Panchita knew. But, if Walter knew, he made no sign. He was cool and careless as ever—a god in all his movements; something less than a man, perhaps, in his actions.

It came at last. It was a glorious December night—a night in the southern latitudes of California. It was Panchita's birthnight, and the old Don, to pleasure the child of his love, had gathered all the young men and maidens from the ranchos for miles around, and there was dancing in the long dining-room, and out in the court-yard colored lights flashed upon the golden balls nestled by nature in the dark foliage of the orange trees.

Panchita had reigned queen of the baille—for was she not the youngest and the fairest of the senoritas there? And in her dark hair, black as the sky without, there gleamed at midnight the golden dust of cascaronis that her cavaliers had broken there, as without the golden dust of stars gleamed in the sky above. Walter's tawny hair was filled with the glittering love offerings, too, and Jose—well, the boy had been strangely silent that night, as though the heat and the lights had oppressed him, and he had stood out upon the low veranda with the men, sullenly rolling cigarette after cigarette, and only showing that he was alive by the strange lights that gleamed in his eyes, lights born of the native brandy he had taken, perhaps, or of the wild, half barbaric music of the dance.

There was to be a supper at midnight, and the gay company went chattering along the low corridor, dim lit with the sputtering candles placed in silver sconces along the adobe walls, to the room wherein the women had spread the plenty of the richest rancho in all the south.

Only Panchita was missing—and Walter.

"It is a love tryst," laughed the women, but the old Don frowned a little. Then, with Castilian courtliness, he bade his guests fall too. Nobody had noticed that Jose, too, was absent. The boy had been so quiet all the night that the gay revelers had well nigh forgotten his existence.

Meanwhile, out in the court-yard whither they had strolled after the last waltz, a man and a woman stood half in the shadow of an orange tree that drooped low above the little fountain. The water, falling down with softest music, was but a night voice deepening the silence.

"And you will leave me, Walter?" the woman said.

The man shrugged his shoulders, an invisible gesture in the darkness. "Yes," he said, briefly.

"But why?"

"Oh, Panchita, don't be a fool. This is no country for a man of energy. Why, I would become as lazy as these greasers if I staid here a year or two longer."

"But, Walter," and she nestled close to him, taking his hands in hers and clasping his arms about her, "I am here, and I love you."

He did not take his arms away. The position was pleasant enough, so pleasant that another man who stood still deeper in the shadow clenched his teeth as though in mortal pain, and clasped still more firmly the hilt of the dirk he held in his hand.

The man holding the girl pressed close to him, was silent for a long time.

"It is time," he said at last, "that we stop all his nonsense. Love is for boys and women. Men have no time for such things."

"Walter!" she exclaimed springing away from him, as though he had struck her.

"Come, come, Panchita," laughed the man, "you are too sensible a girl to give way to this sort of thing."

"Walter," she repeated, and there came into her eyes a look as of one prescient with the great future.

He laughed, a little nervously perhaps, and made as though to hold her once more in his arms, but she stepped backward quickly.

"Walter," she said in a strange half whisper, "you must not, you dare not leave me, My father would kill me—and you."

The other man in the deeper shadow writhed in his agony.

The man standing there beside the stricken woman, for tears had come to her relief now, threw back his tawny head and laughed, a laugh that one of his Viking ancestors might have thrown in the teeth of the north wind.

"The men of my race do not fear, Panchita. To-morrow I leave you. The Don knows it already—has known it for weeks. Let me kiss you good-bye now, where others will not see."

But almost as he spoke she had gone from him and he saw her white draperies fluttering away in the half shadows.

Then he turned and walked in another direction, laughing softly as he went, and close behind him crept the dark shadow that had lurked beneath the trees.

Walter walked on through the court-yard buried in thought, and, just as he turned to go again into the house, a lithe form sprang into the path in front of him.

"Curse you!" said the voice of Jose, "curse you!"

Walter saw the gleam of steel upraised in the hand of the desperate man. He saw it descending towards his heart. He almost felt its icy touch—for so quickly had it happened that he was given no time to even ward the blow—when he seemed to see a shadow dart between him and the knife, and a woman down upon whose white dress there streamed warm blood, sank into his arms with one piercing, awful cry, such a cry as the California lioness gives from her lair in the rocks.

There was hurrying to and fro, and shouting of men and screaming of women, and Walter carried his burden, cold and dead now, into the dingy old chamber that had been her mother's—while far out across the hills, where the grass was just springing up, there rushed a madman who cried aloud to the darkness:

"My God, I loved her! My God, my God! I loved her!"

Martin, Morrison & Co., at 118 Geary St., have refitted and now have the finest funeral parlors on the coast.

The Santa Cruz *Surf* says: "President Harrison's conduct in this affair has been ignoble and unworthy of the fair-minded, peace-loving people whom he represents. His bluster has been in painful contrast with the calm dignity this Government ought to have maintained."

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

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BY COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

DANGERS OF THE PARK.

The interesting "gun fight" that occurred on the plains of San Francisco, the other day, is attracting much attention to this city, whose plan of civilization appears to rest on the swinging lariat and the ready revolver. The results of the encounter I regret very much; and, while I have never seen the unfortunate citizen through whom the liberties and rights of all San Franciscans were fired on, I sympathize with his family, and also with that other one who was so shortly to become a member of it.

Out on the plains, where Mr. de Greayer was first lassoed and then murdered, the desperate character of the people who travel them may be guessed from the fact that each guardian of the peace is given his tools—a revolver and lariat—and is turned loose to insult, shoot, and murder at will. So far removed from San Francisco is the Park that the kindly influences of an over-ripe civilization have not spread thither, and are not yet attested by anything more modern than the lariat. The dangers attending the occupancy of an office such as Harper held—policeman of the ruffian-infested territory lying between Market Street and the ocean—may not be lightly estimated; and they are of such a character that only one who had spent his early life "shooting the daylights" out of sheriffs' possés, "gunnin' for tenderfeet," and "baggin' bosses," could successfully cope with them. Unwary travelers through the Park are murdered, scalped, and robbed every week; bands of predatory renegades are in the habit of making a dragonnade every day or two through the Park, on whose arid lengths and breadths bleach the bones of many of their victims. If we did not have cool, brave, nervy cowboys and scouts to guide the emigrant on his way to civilization, or protect him from the desperate marauders of the plains, murders would occur much more frequently. The movement to disarm these scouts is a pernicious one, in the present unsettled condition of the wandering tribes; they should be allowed to keep their lariats, as some of the renegades whom they have been insulting and shooting may take it into their heads to hang a scout, and if a rope is not handy the ceremonies may have to be postponed.

Take the ready revolver away from city and park policemen; when he uses it he invariably hits the wrong man, as he is uninjured when the smoke clears away.

SENATORIAL TRUTHS.

My expression of opinion on the Senatorial outlook caused some comment this week, and contemporaries, esteemed and otherwise, were pleased to write at length about it. The *Call*, whose proprietor is in his driveling dotage and whose editor is in his doting drivelage, had a short and humorous paragraph constructed on the plan of all the *Call's* wit. If De Young is against Felton, Felton will be elected. Well, De Young is against Felton, and time will prove that the poor old granny of the dailies has been stammering through her gums.

Events of the past week have changed the appearance of Senatorial politics to some extent. Morrow cannot be Circuit Judge; Van Fleet is said to have taken luncheon with a man connected with the railroad; McKenna has too many enemies; Spencer is alleged to know Stanford, who appointed him a university trustee. Now, in speaking of changed appearances, let me show you my reasons for believing that Felton will try to succeed himself: He has been somewhat cold in his support of all these men, and is "red-hot" in his advocacy of the claims of M. M. Estee for the place of Circuit Judge. Why? Estee is an unknown political quantity with a penchant for getting into fights and trading votes; he was the State administration candidate for the Senate last year, and will make a good run again; Mr. Felton is trying to side-track and shelve him on the Circuit Bench.

Another man who has "declared his intentions" toward the United States Senate is General Barnes. He is bright, eloquent, able, but I fear will never see the fruition of his ambition; he has not enough money to buy the seat, and if any corporation sought to do the purchasing for him questions might be asked.

General Barnes would not develop a great deal of strength, but might have an influence on the last ballot or two; I doubt that he would oppose Mr. De Young.

Returning to Estee; I believe that he will refuse the Circuit Judgeship as he did the Japanese mission. He had reason to expect something more than a consular appointment or a judgeship; he would prefer to take his chances in a free-for-all fight for Senator, with possibilities beyond that, rather than accept a certainty in small salary and little honor as Judge.

Mr. Felton will have to work hard to win his fight, even if Estee were out of the way De Young would give him a hard tussle; and some of Felton's friends may insist on his keeping his promises to the editor of the *Chronicle*; promises that old Mrs. Pickering and the *Call* know nothing of, but which such men as J. D. Spreckels and others know were made.

THE members of the Press Club of San Francisco, loaded for bear and whatever other game came within gunshot, met at their rooms on Pine Street on Thursday evening, and voted to withdraw from the International League of Press Clubs. This, of course, was their privilege. Some of them had a grievance. Little Sally Waters, the young lady who sat in the sun, had, in the distribution of the candy at the late entertainment, received a larger proportion of peanuts to her share than one or two of the others. With commendable dignity, those who discovered this, picked up their dolls, and said they would not play any more. Sally Waters was called a "mean, old thing," and was positively informed that she could not slide down the basement steps of the other little girls' homes. If the International League of Press Clubs is not a fit body to associate with, there is an apology due the people of San Francisco, and the Press Club should make it at once for foisting it on the public, and asking the public's money to entertain it. But it has not yet been decided that this is the case; a motion to reconsider the vote of withdrawal will be debated at the next meeting.

* * *

ON information that is not to be refuted, I learn that Charles Hirsch has sold his interest in the *Post* to George Heazelton, which leaves that gentleman in full control of my evening contemporary. Mr. Hirsch has been offered inducements of some weight to go East, where his excellent business qualities will show to advantage.

* * *

FROM the very best sources I learn that Mr. Frank Pixley, editor of the once bright but now defunct *Argonaut*, will under no circumstances accept the appointment to the office left vacant by the lamentable death of Cardinal Manning. Mr. Pixley's magnificent efforts on behalf of the church made him an available candidate, but he declines to permit his name to be mentioned in this connection.

* * *

POOR Ananias must hide his diminished head when he reads the testimony in the Bell case. The ordinary unprofessional perjurer could give the Ancient One cards, spades, and big casino, and then lie out on him.

* * *

TALKING of competing railroads, none has been built this week. This is an oversight, no doubt, on the part of some of my contemporaries. By the way, M. H. de Young made a remark on this subject that the *Report* might study. "Railroads," said Mr. De Young, "compete just long enough to combine." That sounds like knowledge.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Imagine 576 pages of small type divided into four periods, each longer than an ordinary novel, and you have "David Grieve." That is, from the optical point of view, at least. To read such a book is an undertaking of considerable magnitude, and I am sure you would not believe me were I to assure you I had done no skipping. A new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward is entitled, you know, to some critical attention—if not because of the artistic value of Robert Elsmere, at least on account of the sensation that theological treatise created. Success in literature is decidely a question of atmosphere just as style is largely dependent on type. The nice young clergyman and his spiritual struggles emerged during a moment of theological controversy. The reading world, so largely made up of ladies, gave him the attention that is the inalienable right of new pastors.

The *virus* of theology is the strongest working element in "The History of David Grieve." In his spiritual condition the authoress is more deeply interested than in his love affairs. She returns from lengthy excursions into the realms of pure description, to enlarge on the hero's latest development of veneration. In the thread of incident—the material struggles of the young man to succeed in business—one has hardly time to become deeply interested before the narrative switches off, and the reader is enlightened in regard to the saintliness of Dora and the number of children who attend her Sunday-school classes. The strength of the book—and, after perusing it, no one can deny there is power in it—lies in the depicting of David Grieve and his sister Louie. There are two distinct and original characters, strongly individualized, consistently elaborated. Their father, a Derbyshire youth of Scotch descent, marries in London a flighty French milliner, who bears him two children and then deserts him. She, a woman of the most capricious nature, fascinating, vain, and violent, is the strongest contrast to the man she marries. His Calvinistic sternness and frugality, tempered with ambitious energy, are reproduced in David Grieve, who inherits from the mother a strongly romantic tendency. In the girl, the worst traits of the milliner's nature are accentuated, and combined with them is a strength of will, a force and virulence of character that are the psychological results of so incongruous a mixture.

In the first portion of their lives, the influences of environment on their characters are brought out with admirable lucidity. There is not a touch out of drawing. Brother and sister stand out among the verbal spectres that surround them. Undoubtedly you will agree with me that there are chapters of the childhood period that are dreary beyond ordinary dreariness. There is the most tedious elaboration, the most wearisome prolixity. In the "youth" period the interest is deeper; the traits of the David begin to develop, his struggles are magnificent. Such a daring, independent, aggressively intellectual young fellow, his success is as splendid as his efforts. Then follows his love episode—the best portion of the book. Though there is absolutely nothing anyone accustomed to French literature or Edgar Saltus would find suggestive in this narrative of Parisian life, still the prudish will surely look aghast at the relation of David's liason with Elise and Louie's departure with the sculptor. However, if you read nothing more than this part of the book there is what will repay perusal. However, I have told you all I am sure you care to know, and now I'll give you my verdict—the book is a jungle. It is too long. Its merit lies in the admirable characterization of the hero and his sister—in the story of his intellectual development. Nothing better has been done in that way. But they are almost swamped by Dora and Lucy. There is no attempt at fine writing—the style is honest rather than elegant. In the love episode there is too much earnestness; there is no spirituality—the authoress' touch is too heavy.

Last week I promised to tell you about the "Tragic Comedians"—read it if you want something soul stirring. It is not at all like Meredith's other books. Do not take that to mean I am not his most ardent admirer—I am. This is a love story—nothing else. The heroine is one of those fascinating "slippery" creatures Meredith always selects for his hero to play upon. He certainly makes her live up to his ideal in that line, for one more uncertain could hardly be found—even in real life. The hero, Alvan, is a Jew—does that prejudice you? Do not permit it to do so, for "his face was the born orator's, with the light-giving eyes, the forward nose, the animated mouth, all stamped for speechfulness and enterprise." Then, again, "could that be the face of a Jew? She feasted. It was a noble profile, an ivory skin, most lustrous eyes." Listen to what he says of Jews in general. "There is the noble Jew as well as the bestial Gentile. There is not in the sublimest of Gentiles a majesty comparable to that of the Jew elect. He may well think his race favored of heaven, though heaven chastise them still." Can you wonder that the heroine, Clotilde, commits love at first sight? In the presence of the irresistible, the conventional structure is swept away with very little creaking of its timbers on the flood. "They love—they part," but with a hope. It is futile, and Alvan is killed in a duel by Clotilde's lover, Prince Marko.

That's the whole story, and yet George Meredith has made it the stage for some of his most thrilling scenes. The book is true—it does not ring false in a single place—even the drop after the climax is just deep enough. Clotilde marries the slayer of Alvan—he dies within the year and "from that day or it may be on her marriage day, her heart was Alvan's." There is a strange thing in this book, Clotilde and Alvan are wonderfully alike, in mind, even in appearance. Before they meet they are told of the similarity. Do you believe in attraction of that sort? I do—it seems so much more sensible than the "opposite" theory. The minds of Clotilde and Alvan "melt into one as the pieces of a puzzle." There is no rounding off to be done, no growing to accomplish. The picture is charming. As to the introduction, I agree with its author; it should be classed with "the presumptuous in literature." It is like being shown the photograph of the skeleton of a woman before being allowed to gaze on the pictured Venus.

The splendor of the style, too, It is Meredith at his best, his most masterful. His English rings out like the voice of a trumpet. What fibre and virility in those short, strong sentences. To Alvan's love making there is an epic sweep. It is irresistible. "Look at me," he says. He lifted his head to the highest on his great square shoulders, widening his eagle eyes. "Do you take me for one who *could* be content with the part of second? I will workand do battle unceasingly, but I will have, too, the prize of battle to clasp it, to savor it richly. I was not fashioned to be the lean, meek martyr of a cause, not I." There is the splendid egotism of a genius, ardent, magnificent. You have never read such love-making. To Meredith's last, "One of Our Conquerors," its predecessor is in the strongest contrast. There is the torrent of epigrams, but they have almost a Gallic sparkle. There is the close analysis, that certainty of character touch, but there is no prolixity. It is not the "chaos illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning," of which Wilde speaks. Read the book.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The History of David Grieve," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Tragic Comedians," by George Meredith. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

Mrs. H. D. Spedding having made a study of the complexion in New York, and also being in communication with best SPECIALISTS in complexion treatments abroad is fully qualified to RESTORE, IMPROVE and PRESEVE any WOMAN'S COMPLEXION, IRRESPECTIVE OF AGE. Removal of LINES, CROW'S FEET, WRINKLES positively guaranteed. The Kalmia, 112 Post Street, Rooms 2 and 3.

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THE MUMMERS.

MISS GALE AT THE BALDWIN.

Since we have no great Juliets, we must be content with the Juliets that we have.

Miss Gale should cut "Romeo and Juliet" from her repertoire; nature has not endowed her with Juliet-like qualities; the costumer has not been happy in the choice of wearing apparel, which, however correct it may be in design, did little else than suggest how pretty the new star would look if she wore costumes suited to her, and she has been imposed on in the matter of a leading man, as Mr. Clarke is by no means able to play Romeo. (I have seen him later in other parts, and must do him the justice of saying that he probably did not seek to appear as the sighing lover of Verona; he does so much worse in that than in anything else.) The death of few men has touched me more deeply than that of Mercutio; when Mr. Weaver was carried off the stage, the audience lost almost the only friend they had, and I mourned that indubitable evidence was given again that the good die young. Mr. Weaver is a thorough actor, and I have never seen Mercutio's character presented with more spirit, better judgment, or more artistic excellence. I could have spared any other man in the company better than Mercutio; and with that envious thrust of Tybalt all my interest in the play was gone Mr. Whytal showed an intimate knowledge of his part, but had his quarrel been with me instead of with Mercutio I should have bade him begone, on the ground that he was too young to speak distinctly,

Judging from the plays Miss Gale has presented, I am of the opinion that she did wrong in putting on "Romeo and Juliet" first. That there was a curiosity to see the new star in this play, I am sure; but curiosity should have been made to wait while confidence for the trying part was secured from early triumphs. The production was a disappointment. Miss Gale is not suited to the part of Juliet. The actress who is old enough to appreciate this character, is usually too old to play it; there are elements in it that become seriously confounded when the interpreter gives one the impression that there is a disparity in years between herself and the character. Juliet permits of little acting; the sweetness of her face, her gentle voice, and her youth, make an alliance with the wonderful store of her newly-discovered passion that appeals to the reader of the play more forcibly than to the observer of a production. The stage setting and scenery were a poor substitute for imagination. I would not speak of the exquisite anachronism that gave to Verona the "Pig and Whiste Inn," if it were not in explanation of the manner in which the lines of the play were made ridiculous by this and some other settings.

Miss Gale's reception was flattering, and the burst of applause that continued for many minutes showed she had friends who were anxious to do more justice to their personal liking than to their dramatic judgment. On Monday evening Miss Gale presents "As You Like It," and the repertoire for the week is a very entertaining one.——

Stuart Robson will return to the Baldwin on February 15th, and has chosen as the medium for displaying his ability "She Stoops to Conquer," taking the part of Tony Lumpkin. May Waldron, who played the widow so acceptably in "The Henrietta," and who has since become Mrs. Robson, is with the company, which includes other clever people——

Roland Reed holds a warm place in the hearts of San Franciscans, and his return to the California will mark another season of success. The play he brings this time is new, "The Club Friend," and has been distinguished by many charming criticisms. Mr. Reed has a splendid opportunity for displaying that whimsical humor and eccentricity that made him a favorite years ago.——

Miss Maude Granger, who has achieved an enviable reputation as a capable actress of the sensational type, will appear at the Bush next week with a repertoire calculated to show her abilities to advantage. She will present "Inherited," a play she has made famous, "Camille," and the "Creole."

A POPULAR BUSINESS.

Popularity is not gained suddenly, and in this city, where competition is so brisk and rivalry so close, one must, indeed, have the elements to win it before it is found. Probably no one in the dressmaking business here has been more fortunate than Mrs. M. Davis, who for years conducted a large dress and suit house on Taylor Street. Her success, even from the first, was phenomenal, and lately her business grew to a volume where it was necessary to move to more commodious quarters. The location chosen was 138 Geary Street, between Stockton and Grant Avenue, and the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of her customers insure those two absolutely requisites to the success of her large business.

Mrs. Davis has added some features to her already large enterprise. She will carry a first-class stock of ready-made suits of all descriptions at low prices; and her corps of assistants is prepared to make any necessary alterations on the instant. Indeed, so systematically is the business conducted that ladies can be measured, fitted, and clothed in the newest and latest fashions in twelve hours, with fit guaranteed. Orders for mourning dresses are filled in four hours. Imported gowns, wrappers, and dresses are a specialty; country orders are filled from measurements, and ladies' own goods are made up to give perfect satisfaction.

BRILLIANT BALL OF THE BONAPARTISTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 16th.—Colonel and Mme. Bonaparte, descendants of the brother of Napoleon the Great, gave a sumptuous ball at the Arlington, to introduce their daughter into society. The great ballroom suites were magnificently decorated, and the supper, served at small tables, was the most elaborate, the champagne for the occasion being G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry, the favorite of royalty. The debutante was dressed in white, her ornaments beautiful pearls, heirlooms of the Bonaparte family. The popularity of Mumm Champagne in the United States is well shown by this record of the importations of champagne into the United States from July 1st to December 31, 1891:

G. H. Mumm & Co.	36,685 cases
Moet & Chandon	18,420 "
Perrier Jouet	18,384 "
Pommery	10,382 "
Veuve Clicquot	9,702 "
Dry Monopole	7,535 "
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DR. G. J. BUCKNALL RECOMMENDS OPALINE FOR THE SKIN.

The *Inter Ocean* should accept Mr. Vilas as a candidate for the Republicans. His purity would be appreciated. It says: "If Democrats were hunting a patriotic candidate and a man of brains, there is Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin. There is no tar on his coat."

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To-night—"The Duchess of Padua."

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Monday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings—AS YOU LIKE IT, Miss Gale as Rosalind.
Tuesday—THE HUNCHBACK—Miss Gale as Julia.
Wednesday—INGOMAR—Miss Gale's Parthenia.
Friday, a Double Comedy Bill—PYGMALION AND GALATEA, and THE WONDER—Miss Gale in Both Plays.
Saturday Matinee—ROMEO AND JULIET—Miss Gale as Juliet.

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Mr. Stuart Robson in an adequate production of Goldsmith's immortal comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Mr. Robson as Tony Lumpkin.

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A FAIR FIGARO.

That was her house yonder, and save for the mossy walks and broken fountain it looks just as it did the evening we last were there together. She jested with us that night, as she bade us adieu on the porch beneath the yon ilex trees; jested us about our vows of friendship, and the badges thereof that we wore. For we three had, from our careless college days been friends more close than brothers, and with a sort of Nazarene fancy had worn our beards unshorn, as tokens of mutual faith; so that, in those days of smooth-shaven faces, we were known through all the city as the "bearded brothers." Even our rivalry for Lucrezia's hand did not impair our friendship; only the others would never let one go there alone, lest opportunity should bring him triumph. So all three were there that night, and she laughed as she wondered if ever she should see one of us without the others; and the very next evening brought it to pass.

This was how it happened. Carlo and I were called to Tivoli, expecting to return before the evening. But he was kept all night, while I hastened back late, raging with jealousy at thought of Lorenzo at Lucrezia's house alone. The evening had waned, but I hurried thither. At the gate I paused for a moment in the shadow of those myrtles. As I did so the door opened and he came out. He passed me by with rapid step, not seeing me, and went from my view down yonder side street. But he wore upon his face a look of joy and triumph that changed my heart to gall, and I turned away and paced the streets till morning, chewing the bitterest cud of disappointment's fancy.

With morning, Carlo came. I told him all that I had seen, and then our friendship conquered love's despair, and we sought Lorenzo to wish him happiness. But we sought in vain. He was not at home; he had not been at home that night: and though all day we searched through his accustomed haunts, we found no trace of him. "Lucrezia will know," said Carlo; and thither at evening we went. But she did not know, save that he had called upon her, in his usual merry mood; they had jested together about his being the first of us to visit her alone, and then he had gone away—that was all.

"But, Countess," I insisted, "was there no word to make him the happiest or the wretchedest of men, to bring him back to you or to banish him forever?"

"Ah, no, Signor Luigi," she answered with a blush, "how could there be? I did not—he did not say anything that I could answer so."

Yet I had seen upon his face a look that no other circumstance could have inspired. What did it mean? Whither had he gone? And why? The questions rose and fell with every pulse, the days and weeks passed by, all Rome rang with the lost one's name; but no answer came to still the fevered throbbing.

Carlo and I were forced at last to give him up as lost, and we dropped back into the old life, though there were only two of us to call each evening on Lucrezia. Then there came another night, when Carlo went alone, and I was kept at home by a tedious visitor. It was late when I was free, but I hurried thither; too late, for he was just leaving her. I met him, as I had met Lorenzo, at the gate. He wore that same smile of happy triumph, and, not noticing me, turned quickly, as Lorenzo had done, down that same narrow street. Yet I determined to speak with her a moment, even if my hope were dead. I rang the bell at the familiar door. The old domestic came. The Countess Lucrezia, he said, was indisposed and had retired. So I turned away and went to Carlo's home. He was not there; but I would wait for him. I sat waiting in his room, and I thought, as I had not thought for years, of the old student life; of our friendship and our vows, unbroken yet; of Lucrezia; of Lorenzo's mysterious passing; of Carlo's triumph, and my loneliness. And when I awoke from my dreaming the morning had dawned, but Carlo had not come. That day I searched all Rome, but found him not. That evening I asked Lucrezia where he was, but she knew not, save that he had left her the evening before without a word from either to prophesy his fate. And mornings dawned and evenings waned, and Rome rang with the name of the lost one; but I found him not.

Thus I was left alone; alone, and with Lucrezia. But still I wore the badge of friendship with the lost, and it was not until I had mourned them long that I could return to the ilex-shadowed porch and woo the love in whose pursuit I had no rivals now. No rivals! But I trembled at thought of how I had lost them, and, as I passed the entrance to that narrow street, a cold hand seemed reaching forth to drag me to their fate. A hand? Even now I was in the grasp of a resistless power leading me I knew not whither. I must go on; I would seek her love. Alone I pushed that gate and trod that walk and stood upon that porch. Alone I entered the familiar hall and the well-remembered room with the scent of jasmines in the air. Alone; and then she came; never so beautiful before, never her voice so tender, never her eyes so eloquent; never before the madness of my love so potent in its sway. I was at her side, and she did not repulse me. My arms were about her, and she did not free herself. Burning kisses and words of passion I showered upon her, and she clung to me and answered in a syllable that was the breath of life to me! She was mine! Memories of my lost friends vanished. She was mine! Let fate do its worst; fortune had done its best. She was mine; I knew, I cared no more.

But at that supreme moment of both our lives, her face grew pale with a nameless fear.

"Oh, my love!" she murmured, "I cannot see you standing in the shadow of a doom. Your two friends, where are they? And what would poor Lucrezia do if you should follow them? For my sake, love, break the vow that binds you to them, and wear its badge no longer, not an hour, lest it drag you to their fate!"

What was friendship for them compared with love for her? I hastened to obey her will. Yet she clung to me as though she could not let me go, and then whispered that I must return to her at once. "Do not go beyond the next street, love!" she murmured, as I left her at the door, and I glanced back to see the jasmine on her bosom like a star, and the moonbeams shining like a sacred halo on her upturned brow.

The next street! I started back in horror as I thought it! It was there that my friends had vanished; there that the icy fingers of doom were clutching for my heartstrings. But she had bidden me! Her love was a protecting talisman, and I feared nothing. Down the flower-fringed path, her kisses warm upon my lips; past the ilexes and myrtles, her voice still tremulous upon my ear; out and along the street, her love making my soul drunk with rapture; into the dark shadows of that narrow street, as though it were the gold-paved path of Paradise!

I passed by a row of cottages that stood not far from the rear of Lucrezia's home. The place was well known to me of old, and of late I had searched it much in quest of Carlo and Lorenzo. I was therefore much surprised to see at the door of one of the cottages the well-known sign of Figaro, for I knew it had never been there before. But who shall startle a lover into prudence? Without hesitation I entered. The front room was empty. I went to the inner room where stood the barber's chair. It, too, was empty. But as I was calling aloud in my impatience, the master entered from a yet inner room, breathless, as though he had hastened to answer my demand. Without a word he motioned me to the chair, and the task began.

For a time I lay there with my eyes closed, thinking of Lucrezia. Not until the operation was almost finished did I closely regard the barber who was bending over me. Then a strange fascination fixed my gaze upon him. I saw his hands, small and delicate, but swarthy brown. I saw his face, swarthy too, with bushy brows and whiskers, and crowned with a huge turban. I saw his slight yet supple form, clad in a full, loose robe, like that of an Oriental. I spoke to him in a Turkish dialect, but he answered not a word, shaking his head as though he did not understand. The task was almost finished now, under his swift, deft hands. I saw the gleaming steel as it flashed about my throat; I saw the nervous fingers tighten their grasp upon it; I heard his heart beat like the pulse of fate; and then a baleful lustre in his eyes flashed all the truth upon me! A moment I lay powerless and unnerved. Then the fierce lust of life hurled me from the chair and beyond his reach. A moment he menaced me with upraised blade, then burst back, baffled, through the door by which he had entered, while I fled into the street, the night, the darkness, and knew no more.

It was morning when consciousness returned, and I was lying by a fountain in a square, far from the scene of my perilous adventure. Several gendarmes and a crowd of the populace stood around me. The events of the night flashed back into my mind. I had been face to face with the doom that had lost me my friends, and my soul demanded vengeance. Back over the course of my desperate flight I led the officers and crowd; back to the narrow street, still ghastly in the light of morning.

"But what is this?" demanded a dozen voices from the throng. "There never was a barber-shop here before! The building has been tenantless for years!"

"Aye, aye!" replied an old and wrinkled crone; "and they laughed at me for dreaming when I told them I had seen the sign there twice before!"

"In God's name, when?" I cried.

"The first time, Signor Luigi," said she, "was on the eve of St. Mark's Day, the day that Signor Lorenzo disappeared; and the next time was the night of good St. Peter's Day, and the next day you were seeking for Signor Carlo all over Rome!"

Half of my heart was as cold as ice, and half raging with the fire of hell as I burst into the shop, the officers and people at my heels. Empty! The inner room. Empty, too, the fatal chair still overturned as I had left it in my flight. We broke down the door through which the assassin had entered, and found a cellar-way which led us to the very basement of Lucrezia's house. There was a closed door. We burst it, and started back in horror. There, extended upon divans, embalmed to look like life, lay the bodies of my two lost friends, their faces smooth shaven, their throats cut from ear to ear with a single awful stroke; while on the blood-reeking floor lay the body of the murderous barber, self-slain, with the blade still grasped in his small, dark hand; and when we lifted him and tore away the disguise, there lay revealed the fairest fiend Rome ever knew, my love, the Countess Lucrezia!—*Town Topics.*

WORTHY OF EXAMINATION.

The interest that centered about Belvedere last year seems to be increasing, and this charming peninsula has fulfilled the promise made of it: that it would be the most popular resort in the State. The number of people who go thither on week days and Sundays is very large, and many lots have been sold within the past month. The company has shown a disposition to treat all comers with equal politeness, and every effort is made for their comfort and convenience in examining the land. It is not necessary to speak of the natural advantages of Belvedere, in whose praise poets have sung. Every train is met by 'busses, which convey intending purchasers all over the island, from whose pleasant driveways views of the most beautiful scenery on the Coast are gained. The large number of new houses in course of erection are sufficient evidence of the fact that Belvedere has found favor in the eyes of the moneyed classes. A first-class hotel, operated under the patronage of the company, is the latest addition to the comforts, and already a number of San Franciscans have taken up their residence under its hospitable roof.

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MUSIC.

The performance of a cantata by Heinrich Hofmann is an event, particularly in these evil days of local choral music. "Editha, a Saga of Hertha Sea," the title of the work given by the Loring, with the assistance of the Schumann Club, is new to our public, and its interest is in every light well balanced.

A clear, compact story was at least succinctly told in the short preface to the book of words issued by the Club, and such a story as might easily have inspired a less gifted composer than Hofmann to his best efforts. An opera seria could, with a few alterations and incidents, be constructed upon this plot, and that setting would, in the hands of an able composer, be something more than memorable. The legend of the loves of the heathen priestess, Editha, and Runold, has been chastely told, and the rise and climax of events are turned with a certain picturesque grace, not powerful, but with sufficient closeness of detail. Most cantatas are profusely ornamented by supernatural intervention, but this one is free from this conventional machinery. For music emotional and descriptive there is a wide place, and there is no small need of delicacy and fancy.

Without being a composer of intense personality, which is the prerogative of the great masters only, Hofmann has melody, imagination, force, and inspiration. All his works are at least tasteful and eclectic, and incline to follow the lead of the greater composers of moderate originality. In his musical utterance there is no attempt to be archæological. Traces of a sort of runic rhythm breaks through the web of the score, but the harmonic structure is entirely and advancedly modern. There is no old world feeling in the vocal score, and from the limited transcription even the most carefully arranged piano score must be, no primeval atmosphere appears to emanate from the orchestral accompaniments. Duets, trios, solos, and chorus all have the irregular though often rounded forms of modern music by all composers, and the accompaniments have touches of complex figure and rapid development which is as especially modern also. Unlike the works of Gade, whose cantatas have the pulse and color of the time, people, and places they picture, this cantata is a setting in modern spirit of an ancient legend. There are few works of this kind which recreate the aroma of the past, mediæval or primeval. A powerful genius, with the magic of a strong musical inspiration, will create the intensity of feeling which casts into nothingness the claims of realism. Hofmann has clothed the poem he chose with music which is always melodious, always effective, sometimes original and throughout in clear flexible forms. Without being intensely dramatic, there is sufficient climax, and the emotional poise is deftly managed. A melodious quality more sympathetic and fluent than deep, breathes through every number and reaches its most charming phase in a love duet between the priestess and the Christian warrior, written for soprano and barytone voices. Several of the solos also are touched with the same feeling, and artistically sung would be directly effective. Refinement is one of the distinguishing features of this work; had the rhymes been more broadly planned its success with the public might have been pronounced. Without the orchestra, so much was undoubtedly lost in color and solidity that the effect of the whole might be expected to have been twice heightened at least, had the voices had the assistance of the varied color of a full band.

Both the Loring and Schumann Clubs are doubtless almost entirely made up of amateur material. The standard of performance must necessarily be of amateur degree. For the enthusiasm and time expended, the subscribers and the public admitted showed a due appreciation. Allowing for the great deficiency in the absence of an orchestra and those always expected in amateur performances, the whole performance had sufficient merit to give a fair idea of the work and interest a very large audience as well. The choral singing was the best feature, and many numbers were crisply and forcefully given. The defects were not seriously noticeable. Of the solo portions, some of it artistically exacting and somewhat exhausting, the performance was at the usual standard. Evidently the vocalists brought the strongest desire to do their utmost to fulfill the intentions of the composer; from this standpoint their efforts succeeded in holding the attention of the house. All the singers are well known to the public and have done more or less creditable work at Loring Club concerts. Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Miss Ella V. Macloskie and Messrs. Howland and Stone shared the ardors of the solo parts, Miss Macloskie and Mr. Howland doing, perhaps, the most exacting and faithful work. The piano score was played by Miss Loring, whose conscientious efforts made the standard of success achieved possible. Mr. Loring conducted with the accustomed good intention.

Leahy Martin

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The Stockton Investment Company goes right ahead, notwithstanding the prohibitory circulars of General DuVal; no less than a dozen specials, generals, and officers of companies, have journeyed to Stockton and felt the pulse or pulses of the Great Combine. Were I to make a "guess," the agencies of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and a prominent local, will early take lodgment with Secretary Miller. Of course there will be a genteel row, but as one of our prominent underwriters recently remarked, "We know of no constitutional provision empowering the General Manager, the Executive Committee, or the Union itself, to proscribe or prescribe, who should or should not be appointed agents of the members."

* * *

The crying twin evils of Coast underwriting are excessive agency credits, and commissions. Why this should be so is, to an outsider, unanswerable. Competition has run riot, and underwriters have lost their heads. Black list the agent, broker, and the assured failing to meet their bills within thirty days; reduce all commissions everywhere to fifteen per cent with no exceptions, and present rates will stand a fifteen per cent reduction all around, with more money in the business for everybody concerned. THE WAVE has no patent on this common-sense business recipe for the cure of the "twin evils" besetting the fire and marine business of this Coast.

* * *

The foreign companies are, if all reports be true, making a "dead set" for business at the more prominent points. A squeezing process is adopted, whereby an agent representing several companies is made the principal operator; allured by unusual inducements, if necessary, he sallies forth to the companies soliciting their "voluntary" retirement from the Agency. They might as well gracefully retire when invited, for the voluntary resignation is sure to follow, and the underwriting philosopher will quietly "pack his traps," and hunt pastures new. The latest case of this kind is at Los Angeles: Messrs. Callingham and Mitchell understand the "process" as the squeezed, and the Commercial Union and Kremer, Campbell & Co. were the expert squeezers.

* * *

Eastern losses continue to bewilder the average underwriter. January is no improvement over the preceding twelvemonth, and every office looks askance at his neighbor with wonder and suspicion. I predict many changes during 1892, and sudden ones, too, unless the tide takes a more favorable turn. "Keep a steppin'" will give way to a livelier gait, and in the race somebody will be distanced.

* * *

Apropos of the return from the East of H. R. Mann, of the popular firm of Mann & Wilson, I note the resurrection of the Mutual Fire of New York, and the re-appointment of Agent Van Slyke for the Coast by that Company. This satisfactorily ends the competition of the latter gentleman for the Lancashire, which will be, as heretofore, exclusively represented in this city by Messrs. Mann & Wilson.

* * *

The lean, lank, and hungry Bohemian, with a picturesque and highly ornamental nasal appendage, who recently foisted upon a long-suffering but too indulging underwriting public, a worthless periodical known as the *Adjuster*, again gives premature birth to an hermaphrodite journalistic piece of uselessness, dubbed the *Insurance Sun*. In the language of very recent Chilean diplomacy, both the man and his literary "Sun of a gun" are *non personæ grata!*

The only difference between the underwriters and the editor of this column, rests in the fact that he dares *speak his mind*, and bid an unsavory welcome to an unsavory luxury.

* * *

Messrs. Conrad & Maxwell succeed to the local department of the Alliance, vice Wattles & Warfield. The appointment reflects further credit to the business sagacity and good judgment of Manager James.

* * *

I am credibly advised that Manager Laton, of the Palatine, will discontinue the marine business and re-insure all such risks in force—directing his future efforts to the fire business exclusively.

* * *

Secretary W. H. C. Fowler and Agency Superintendent Mercer Otey are covering the North and South respectively for their beloved "Old" California.

* * *

General Agent W. J. Landers, of the Sun and Guardian, is shortly expected at his desk after an extended trip on the other side! LOCAL.

LAWN TENNIS.

Two important events are to be decided this afternoon, one on the courts of the California Tennis Club, corner of Bush and Scott Streets, and the other at the courts of the Lakeside Club in Oakland.

The most interesting event will, of course, be the deciding set of the league series between Bates and Neel of East Oakland, and Tobin and W. H. Taylor, Jr., of the California Club. These teams met three weeks ago but could not finish the contest owing to darkness, the score at that time standing two sets all and the games in the final set were ten all. Instead of starting at ten all this afternoon a new set will be played.

In past contests Tobin has shown himself to be a rather slow starter; he does not seem to play his game until thoroughly warmed up to his work. It would be well for him to take some preliminary practice to-day, not too much, but just enough to loosen up on. It was owing to his poor smashing that the Oakland team won the first set so easily.

The Oakland team have not practiced much, but nevertheless, they are in fine form. Joe Daily has been coaching them, and in his opinion, the California team will have to do their finest work to prevent the youngsters from starting off with a rush as they have in nearly all of their past matches.

The California team are confident of victory, based upon the fact of their having pulled up from 5-2 to five all in their unfinished set three weeks ago.

The third tournament for the Hammersmith & Field trophy was played at the courts of the Lakeside Tennis Club on Saturday last. It was a class tournament and had the following entries:

First Class.—H. Haight *vs.* Tom Magee. Won by Haight by default.

Second Class.—Collier *vs.* Driscoll, won by Driscoll by default; Griffin *vs.* Wheaton, won by Griffin by default; Breck *vs.* Driscoll, won by Driscoll; Griffin *vs.* Stewart, won by Stewart; Stewart *vs.* Driscoll, won by Driscoll.

In the third class J. A. Code defeated Roberts, a great surprise to the Oaklander and no doubt to Code as it is the first time that Code has come out so well in a tournament. The latter shows a strong disposition to learn the game, however, and takes part in every tournament, an example that should be followed by every tennis player who has any idea of improving his play. Such men as Taylor, Hubbard, Tobin, and others of the first-class, are samples of what tournament practice can accomplish.

The match between Driscoll and Haight this afternoon is creating no little interest throughout Oakland. Driscoll has been coming up rapidly since he resumed practice; his easy defeat of Breck on Saturday last has given his friends every reason to believe that he will win to-day.

The two former winners of this tournament are Hubbard and Sanborn; by to-days' match another winner will be produced and at some future date the three will play off for the trophy.

Entries for the California Tennis Club's class tournament commencing on February 20th, are coming in rapidly, and before Wednesday, the seventeenth inst., the date of closing entries, at least forty-five names will be entered. About four classes will be made and the winner of each class will receive a prize. The entries up to date are as follows: Grao, Walter Magee, Moore, Bishop, Beasley, Code, Detrick, Drown, Spencer, Haight, O'Connor, Eyre, Gardner, Linderman, Schmiedell, Tobin, O. Hoffman, Collier, Stetson, Loughborough, A. Taylor, Woods, A. Carrigan, Wilberforce, Ames, Bee, S. Hoff, Field, Yates, Davis, Beaver, Harron, Bosqui, O'Sullivan, Treat, McGavin.

The members of the Oriole Tennis Club, of San Lorenzo, will, no doubt, be heard of to advantage in some of the future tournaments. They have secured the services of Joe Daily for two days in the week, and the professional is doing his best to make players of them. Miss Alice Roberts has improved very much and great things are expected of her in the next ladies' singles.

On Tuesday evening the members of the Lakeside Club will meet to consider the advisability of consolidating with the East Oakland Club. The probabilities are that Oakland will soon have a club that will compare with any in the State.

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

DEAR WAVE:—Another "stale, flat, und unprofitable" week has taken itself off. No one laments its departure. It brought no new pleasures. The fact is, *Society* is in a rut, and if superhuman efforts are not made to prize it out, our doom is sealed.

Even *the hop* was not a success, in one sense. There was a crowd, and the garments of the elect were brushed by the gowns of would-be swells. Scarcely one new gown was aired. Cora E—— wore the same green silk she has been dancing in for the last two years. She ought to send that gown to the "Sheltering Arms," for her father can afford her any dress she wants. Perhaps she is economizing for the sake of more splendor in her trousseau.

There was one real beauty there, beautifully gowned, too, Viva B——, who was a picture in a cream India, trimmed with rich purple pansies. Bessie M—— always looks as if she had just stepped from a Watteau fan.

Loring ——— was not on duty. They say he has gone South to recuperate, having been hard pressed in the recent siege of a San Francisco belle.

The most distinguished men there was B. L. R——, and I don't blame the pretty girl who vowed she would capture him this year. He walks and talks well.

The Schennels are in mourning, so none of them were out. Henry has discontinued his study of French, and the gay class that gathered there to conjugate the verb *aimee* meets no more. Strange what a difference in the ardor of study the absence of one person can make.

The Lion's new house is approaching completion, and we girls are counting upon another place where five o'clock tea will be dispensed. Mrs. L. Lion has a lovely tea equipage, and her China is superb.

The Calhouns have returned to us. They ought never to have left. Miss Virginia is a dainty piece of femininity, and Jessie is a dear little roly-poly of a woman, whom no one would accuse of style; but they are talented and deserve success. I hope Mrs. E. O. S—— will take them under her social wing, but I believe, since she went abroad, that dear lady had become indifferent to our social life. I have not yet been able to comprehend how it was "Our Nellie" was permitted to come and go unheralded.

Did I tell you that your secret (and mine) is in danger becoming public property? "Fragment" has mastered it. He held a *séance* recently, and with the aid of Donnelly's cipher, and his trusty spirits, he knows who that naughty Sappho was, and who Babbler is, and "faith he's going to print it."

The *Mercury* has stirred up a hornet's nest in the shape of voting for the most popular teacher. Before the successful winner is known all the old friendships will be dissolved. You ought to see the old maids glaring at each other as they pass by. I herad one accuse another of buying votes with apples. The married women will bankrupt their husbands.

Driving has again become enjoyable and we can show many handsome turnouts, some good horses, and a few women who look well driving, it will be a relief to our monotony.

Mrs. J. H. C—— is one of these. She dresses elegantly and as she is usually accompanied by one of her pretty children, more than one turns for a second look. Some ill-natured people hint that they could look as well if they were equally skillful in the use of the appliances of the toilet, but I doubt it, and if Mrs. C—— is a little lavish with the "bloom of youth," did not Madame Recamier use lotions and balms and other etc? Most of us look better for the application of a little war paint, but feathers—oh, feathers are worn *ad nauseum* now. Why doesn't some good friend whisper to Mrs. W——w that her immense feather boa is unbecoming? It enlarges her sufficiently ample dimensions.

Who said quiet colors were the fashion? It must have been an error, for one tall belle was on the street the other day clad in scarlet. She looked like a segment of the Aurora Borealis. In her boudoir that gown would have been fetching, but on the street it was execrable. A good many have taken to walking Mrs. Tom M—— looks like a veritable Hebe as she glides along, her cheeks aglow, her golden hair artistically ruffled, and her gowns the best fitting in town.

That was a downright shabby trick dealt played on the lawyer, wasn't it? The papers had been served and things would have been interesting for us all, but she is free now without the aid of a judge.

The Rhiels are going to give a party and I will be there to chronicle events. BABBLER.

It seems that the papers are not to be fooled about the manner in which some people advertise their cities. The *Central Californian* says: "Some of our exchanges are inclined to poke fun at the Fresno Albino child, and insinuate that it is another dodge to advertise the city of destiny. Only another testimonial in substantiation of the wonderful diversity of soil, climate, and natural products of the county, gentlemen, we assure you."

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FEBRUARY 2d. DEAR WAVE:—"Never in a thousand years" have we experienced such glorious, good times as in these last two weeks. My dainty couch, wherein Morpheus has wooed me to sweet slumber, hasn't held Imp's fair form before the early morning hours. In fact, repose has been a luxury in which only those out of Society's pale could indulge. I wrote you of the Club's dance and the "famous thirteen dinner," as the Sunday Sayings calls it, then Wednesday evening, Carleton Opera Company in "Indigo." Society was out in full force, several of the ladies appearing in new spring bonnets and gowns. Miss Harris made a very pretty appearance in black and pale blue silk, while Hallie Smith in pearl gray, Stony in his usual smile, and Am, in all his dignity, made a bright party in the right loge. Kitty Hughes was out for the first time since her illness, and with Moultrie. I was never so surprised in my life. Lee and Louie hugged the orchestra, and both looked as solemn as owls. Tom and Miss Winchell, "my handsome Frank" and Miss Maupin, "Earnest and Fannie," "Phouse and Esther," "Tom and Lizzie," the Doctor and Mary were all present. (And, say, I wonder which will eventually get him, San Francisco or Fresno?) The Mullers and Parkers occupied their loge, and the little chaperon had a very handsome young man in charge instead of the usual young lady. We girls all made eyes at him, but he doesn't flirt worth a cent. The same crowd was present Thursday evening, and we all thoroughly enjoyed both operas. Only wish we had more of them.

Friday evening brought Mrs. J. R. White's reception; the married element were received from seven 'til nine, then they gave way to the young folks, who spent the evening in dancing, cards, music, and doing ample justice to a dainty supper. We had a very jolly time and wished Mrs. W—— would so entertain oftener. The White residence is perfectly suited to such gatherings, and Friday evening it presented a pretty sight indeed. Each room was handsomely decorated in shades of blue, pink or yellow tulle and flowers, and showed the work of artistic hands. Miss Green of Stockton, Miss Kennedy, and several other young ladies assisted Mrs. W—— in receiving and at the table. Mrs. W—— wore an elegant black silk en train, with point lace and diamonds. The young ladies were all in full dress and looked charming. 'Twas between two and three o'clock when the last guest left. Monday night of this week "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" delighted our theatregoers. Last night I participated in a small party where poker was the attraction. I was initiated into the mysteries of the game, and, as is usual with beginners won several dollars. You can watch for a swell new gown the next '89-'90 dance. To-night the guests want to make party calls at Mrs. Eggers' Vineyard, but I think it will be postponed until next week. Friday evening the Reel Terrys give an "At Home."

The newly appointed officers on General Muller's staff will participate in a "Low Beer" at the Eggers' Vineyard at an early date. I firmly believe they are so relieved over the change in Chilean affairs they will express their gratitude in the flowing "Keg," If this is a test of each man's capacity, then it will be "hoss and hoss," and end in a draw.

Yours. IMP.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Drop an "ultimatum" in the slot and get a Presidential nomination.—*Oakland Times.*

This deadly body blow is aimed and landed by the *Examiner:* "Senator Power is seriously ill. Justice Field is avenged."

The Oakland *Tribune* is perturbed. It says: "An awful suspicion is abroad in the land that the Hoskins motor has been frost-bitten."

The Stockton *Mail* is patriotic. I haven't seen this family, but it should be a good one: "Don't say that the population of California is not increasing rapidly. A man, his wife, and their nineteen children have just arrived in San Francisco. It seems unnecessary to add that the family are from Ireland; there are things which are understood in all narratives."

The *San Diegan* refers to a matter of some interest: "One of the questions ever asked by the taxpayers and never answered by anyone, is why certain Republican papers should be paid for printing a monthly statement of expenditures of county officials when it is so clearly an item of news that Democratic papers are glad to publish it free of charge."

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—If you want to create a disturbance, just tell what you know about the saintly church people. My little article about the fight at St. Paul's has brought me into more notoriety than all my preceding letters, and since the publishing of that epistle I've been anathematized (by those who should have learned the lesson of charity) in most slanderous terms. As a *finale*, the *Tribune's* Amateur has put me under obligations, and I thank him for his correction in reference to the organist, Mr. Albrect. I have made inquiries and find, from one of the members of St. Paul's, that Amateur is right. Mr. Albrect never served beer in a San Francisco café, but his wife did, hence my mistake. Harry Melvin must have been the fond object of my dreams when I wrote the name of Gail Jackson in place of Sarah. Every one knows that the latter was organist at St. Paul's, while the former is the *fiancée* of our divorcee, Dr. Russell Cool, besides, the two ladies are so utterly unlike in every respect, that it would be an impossibility for any one to even imagine them to be relatives.

Augustin Daly's famous comedy, "A Night Off" will be played by amateurs, the latter part of the week, for the benefit of dear, handsome Father McSweeny's church, St. Francis de Sales, and I'm going both nights, as E. W. H. has been kind enough to send me complimentary tickets. Wish I were acquainted with him, so as to thank him in person. Can it be that he is our Eddie Harris?

Had a delightful four-in-hand drive last Saturday, but, as usual, there were no men in it. Willie Powning was our only cavalier, and the girls were the same bewitching set that he always takes on his little excursions. It is needless to state that Frou-Frou had the seat of honor.

The giddy actions of some of our ancients are alarming. "Papa Graves'" attentions to a certain auriferous blonde (wife a D. D. O.) are the talk of the town. You wouldn't expect such a thing from a member of St Paul's, would you, dear?

The banker, Henry W——, is living very quietly at present, or is his Laura still in bloom? The other two seem dead to the world.

The last Assembly party for the season was danced on Friday evening, and a great success it was, too. Jim Brech is quite elated at the numerous compliments he has received about the management of these parties. Tom says that he was especially devoted to Miss Eliot McComb, of your city, who wore one of the prettiest and quaintest gowns in the room—a blue brocade cut *a la* Josephine. Bertha Crouch, our tennis champion, was in red India silk, while pretty Edith Gowell was quite the belle of the evening in a gown of blue and white. She is always a great favorite with the boys. She has the happy faculty of being an attentive listener. Tom says that the Snook girl is rather spoiled by a little flattery. Strange, how some girls believe every word a man says to them. How I shall always regret that mamma would not allow me to attend the Assemblies, for I could have had flirtations with Harry Converse, Russ Lukins, Adolph Uhl, Arthur Pope, and scores of "broilers."

Miss Pullman was the guest of Mrs. Reque last week, but my! Isn't Mrs. R—— getting exclusive nowadays? None of us ordinary creatures were high enough on the social ladder to be entertained with the Pullmans, and it is kind of mean, too.

The preparations for the mammoth concert, at Wade's Opera House, for the benefit of the Fabiola, are rapidly progressing. Dear WAVE, do be kind in your criticisms on the members of the different clubs who will assist the Bandurria boys. The girls are going to look so lovely and jaunty in bewitching gowns that you will not have the heart to tell of the many pretty attitudes that will be struck without a responsive chord. We Oakland girls are noted for our poses. The lady managers of the Fabiola are quite alarmed at their presumption in going to San Francisco for Oakland charity, as a prominent citizen of the city says that he intends having the compliment returned. The San Francisco people are coming over here to give an entertainment in our barn, for the benefit of a San Francisco hospital, which will be a dreadful calamity, as we would not like to expose how shockingly poor the majority of our supposed property-holders really are on this side. That young attorney is still devoted to the "old man's darling." My little hint has not frightened them at all. In my next you shall hear about Jack's love for a city girl.

Yours, *con amore*, FROU-FROU.

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8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Callistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose. Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m 6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
17.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

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8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
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‡11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	‡8.05 p m

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10.57 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
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*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.36 a m
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7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 7. San Francisco, February 13, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL,

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The three photographs that may be said to adorn the cover represent the conflicting elements in the Sidney Bell case. In the middle is Rev. Dr. Easton, who first championed the innocence of the accused. That he is actuated by the highest motives, those who know him, know best. Matthew P. Brady, who is eloquent, and from Illinois, seems bent on saving his client's neck, while District Attorney Barnes is vigorous in his efforts to prevent him. Outside the mere human interest in the legal controversy, the contest takes rank among the most interesting perjury festivals on record.

SPLASHES.

THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB is a highly aristocratic institution. If it is not, like the Society of Pioneers, composed entirely of Forty-niners, the accumulated age of its membership would total but little below that less august if more reverend body. It is noted for its magnificent inactivity, for its superb conservatism, and for the possession of a baseball nine more competent than that of the Bohemian Club. Through the broad corridors and in the lofty parlors breathes an almost holy calm. Rarely has the supreme dignity of the institution been impeached in current gossip, rarely, indeed, has aught occurred worth mentioning outside the parlor. At times there has been a magnificent consumption of champagne, but such achievements belong rather to the realm of statistics than to journalism.

* * *

Some few weeks ago Gotham clubdom was much wrought up over the rejection by the Union Club, of New York, of Dr. Seward Webb. Dr. Webb is a multi-millionaire, President of the Wagner Car Company, and a relative of the Vanderbilts. Each is a paramount distinction—the total a celebrity of more than ordinary importance. His several distinctions, however, did not prevent him from being unmercifully pilled. Almost a parallel case has recently occurred in the local institution, and the members still find it a fruitful topic of conversation. To understand the situation it should be explained that the names of candidates for membership are submitted to an election committee of fifteen appointed by the president. To be elected thirteen white balls are required, so that three black balls reject.

* * *

The method of voting is very simple. The committeemen sign their names in the presence of the secretary, and drop into the ballot box either a white or a black ball. Some few weeks ago the name of that very eminent jurist, ex-Judge John A. Stanly, of the firm of Stanly, Stoney & Hayes, was proposed for membership. He is a man of unimpeachable integrity, who, in point of honor and character stands among the highest in his profession. Indeed, he was the Democratic candidate for Supreme Justice at the last election. When the Directors appointed to open the ballot box after the Election Committee had acted on Judge Stanly's name they found seventeen balls in it—five of them black balls. Obviously the ex-Judge was not elected, but his rejection was not formal.

* * *

There are some men whom even the Pacific-Union Club cannot afford to blackball, and one of the handful is Judge Stanly. The news of his rejection created almost an excitement. The old members freely expressed their disgust, and most of the "bloods" spoke of the affair as a setback to the Club—good baseball players are prone to speak of events of all characters from that point of view. In consequence of the controversy thus precipitated, the Board decided to again submit Judge Stanly's name. This was done, and, at the last election, the previous error was atoned for, the required number of white balls being found in the box.

* * *

The question is, how did the seventeen balls get in? The opposition to the ex-Judge's candidacy was concentrated in Major Horace G. Platt, who, for some personal reason or other, organized the fight against him. Perhaps it was because both are Democrats and lawyers, and Major Platt, like certain champagne agents who downed a rival, some time ago, may have concluded there were enough of both in the Club. However, even if the gallant Major was Mr. Buckley's legal adviser and friend, it would be unjust to suspect him of applying primary election within club precincts, and as the rest of the committee is composed of men who could not under ordinary circumstances be safely accused of knowing aught about politics, the charitable presumption is that some one made a mistake.

* * *

THE GRAND JURY is in existence, I believe, but beyond that no one seems to know aught about it. Around town there is evinced but little confidence that it will prove more effective than previous bodies, and I am sure Foreman Le Count has no ambition to be another Barclay Henley. In fact, it is asserted that should any member of the jury exhibit inconvenient activity, Mr. Le Count will see that nothing comes of it. The redeeming features of the organization are H. H. Scott, Al. Bouvier, H. J. Davis, and M. P. Jones, but what are they among so many? Mr. Doble is a good man and is rich, but no one ever accused him of being a stalwart. Dutard is also a very pleasant personage, but he is interested in a pavement business. Another member, whom no one could even suspect of being anything but harmless, stood an excellent chance of being indicted by the Wallace jury.

* * *

Scott has activity, and is relentlessly honest, and he is the only one whom one might expect to devote time to rooting out rascality. So far as the lack of money is concerned, the talk Le Count has been making in this direction is what is known as "bluff." Whatever expenses the Grand Jury incurs in doing its duty the Supervisors will pay. They are compelled to by law. I believe that President Phelan, of the People's Party, has selected the committee of twenty-five in accordance with the resolutions passed at the Metropolitan Hall mass meeting. It is composed of strong men and active men. No one who will not pledge himself to do a certain amount of work will be put on. Just as soon as all have accepted the conditions the committee will announce itself.

* * *

Should the Grand Jury prove derelict, there is but little doubt the committee will cut a figure in local politics. In fact, it may usurp the functions of that body. Certain members of the organization could lodge an information against individual boodlers before Judge Wallace, who might consider it worth while to hear evidence before admitting the accused to bail. Would it not be rather a surprise to certain personages, who now con-

sider themselves safe, if they were "haled up" in the Court of the late Presiding Judge, and testimony pro and con adduced to show whether or not they should be held. All the necessary publicity would be given the proceedings, and the revelations could possibly be made of a nature so compromising that the derelict body would be forced to take action. All this is something that may happen.

* * *

SOCIETY is debating the possibility of enjoying one or two big private balls before the season closes. While the past eight weeks were infinitely gayer than in years gone by, it cannot be claimed there was aught sensational about the character of the prevailing festivities. Theatre parties, teas, and small dinners were and continue the order of the day. However agreeable and pleasant they be, who can reasonably claim they are exciting? Mrs. Parrott, however, has decided to throw open her Sutter Street residence before Ash Wednesday. Invitations are out for a reception to be given there on the evening of the 23d. Than the old O'Brien mansion there is no house in town better adapted for large entertainments. There is ample space for dancing and that, after all, is the main thing.

* * *

Rumor also credits another hostess with similar intentions. In her previous entertainments she has been unfortunate, so signally so that her luck should by this time have turned. Should it come off, it will be a very elaborate affair.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. La Montagne returned from Del Monte on Monday, and on that evening were Mrs. Catherwood's guests at a dinner given General Keyes. Tuesday, Joseph D. Redding entertained Mr. La Montagne and Mr. Albert La Montagne at a lunch in the Bohemian Club. On Wednesday the newly-married couple and the visitors were given a luncheon at the California Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. de Fremery. It was a very elaborate affair. In the evening a dinner party was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne, by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson. This was a very "wide" affair. The table was magnificently decorated with pink and white blossoms. Wax candles, set in large candelabra, shed a soft radiance on the sumptuous service. There were twenty-two at the table, and there were but two single men present, Mr. Albert La Montagne and Mr. Greenway.

* * *

On Thursday, Mrs. Catherwood gave a farewell lunch at her residence, Pacific Avenue, and in the afternoon held an informal reception. Farewells to Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne and their relatives were said. The newly-married pair left for Los Angeles on the afternoon train.

They are to be the guests of Judge Hastings, who has invited them to remain with him a week. They will then go on to New York and later to Paris. Since the ceremony telegrams and cablegrams of congratulation have been pouring in on the happy pair. Mrs. John W. Mackay, Mrs. Jerome, and many of the European friends of the Catherwoods have felicitated them by wire.

* * *

In Society, the tea habit continues to develop. The round of entertainments this week have taken this most innocuous of forms. In one afternoon there were three—on another two, and the future is fruitful in promise of more to come. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Quinan entertained a number of her friends, and Miss Eleanor Wood gave a girls' tea which was one of the most elaborate of the season. Brandt's orchestra furnished music, and delicious refreshments were served at *tete-a-tete* tables. Parlors and hall were beautifully decorated, and those who came were full of regrets this bright young debutante had not made her initial entertainment a dance.

* * *

On Tuesday afternoon, the Misses Voorhies gave a tea to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. La Montagne. It was a very pleasant affair. Mrs. Lieutenant Blunt sang in her best manner several pretty songs. Mrs. Will Ashe also entertained a number of her friends, and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller's artistically furnished parlors were crowded with guests. A number of girls assisted the hostess to receive. They were all in light costumes and the effect was quite pretty. On Wednesday night there was a very informal gathering at Mrs. Munroe Salisbury's residence. Miss Bessie Wall rendered very delightfully a number of classic *morceaux*.

* * *

A series of afternoon teas or receptions are to be given in aid of the San Francisco Polyclinic. The first occurs this afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, 2616 Buchanan Street, between the hours of three and ten. Instrumental selections will be rendered by well-known musicians, and refreshments of the nicest kind will be provided. On the twentieth inst., Mr. Ansel G. Davis gives an entertainment, the staple feature of which will be an amateur dramatic performance of "First Love." In her residence there is a large ball room provided with a stage on which the performance can be easily given. Miss Alice Rideout, who is an amateur of great talent, takes the leading role.

* * *

The Tubbs-Oyster wedding was very quietly celebrated at the Palace Hotel on Monday. Little can be said about the affair, save that the wedding presents were very handsome, and the happy pair were heartily congratulated by their many friends. A sumptuous wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, and then Lieutenant and Mrs. Oyster left for "Ferncliff" near St. Helena, where the Tubbs country house is situated. About Lieutenant Oyster many very nice things are being said by army men. He is described as an officer of decided ability who is not, like so many of his compatriots, ambitious to shine in Society rather than in the service.

* * *

Miss Alice Simpkins gave a theatre party at the California on Monday evening last. There were twenty-one men and girls in the party, and all adjourned after the performance to the Simpkins' residence, 2100 California Street, where a delicious supper was partaken of. Several other theatre parties were given the same night.

* * *

Mrs. Volney Spalding gives a tea this afternoon to a number of ladies at the Bella Vista. It is in honor of the guests of the house; next week Mrs. Spalding will issue invitations for another tea.

* * *

Everyone is looking forward to the concert of the Ladies' Orchestra, to be given next Tuesday evening at Metropolitan Hall. As my office is removed but a few floors from the hall wherein those musical damsels rehearse, I may not be regarded as altogether impartial, but I am certainly under the impression they play excellently. Among them, too, are some girls whose good looks would compensate for the total absence of accomplishments—and these particular maidens are by no means the worst players. Under the careful leadership of Mr. Rosewald the girls have practiced assiduously, and their efforts compare more than favorably with those of rival organizations wherein the talent is confined to the sterner sex. At all events, the performance will be worth hearing.

* * *

The exact nature of the Concordia Club's next entertainment has yet to be determined. The masked ball project has not met the sanction of the Directors, and has been abandoned. A rag party was suggested as an agreeable substitute, but the fiat has not yet gone forth. Only the date, March 12th, has been fixed. On the following Saturday the San Francisco Verein gives a party. A burlesque of "Romeo and Juliet" will be the staple of the evening's entertainment, to be followed by a dance and supper. Mr. Arnhold has the burlesque well under way, and something quite amusing is promised. On the twenty-sixth the Calliopean Club comes to the front. An amateur dramatic performance will preface a dance, and I have no doubt that the gathering will include, as the last one did, the prettiest girls in town.

* * *

To-night the Concordia has a "jinks." Proceedings commence at 10:30 P. M., and close at . Milton Eisner is to "sire" the affair, and all the bright young men in the Club have promised to participate. I understand there are to be no papers, though

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

rumor accuses a few of the impromptu speakers of burning midnight oil in preparing their off-hand remarks. On Friday evening next there will be a lady's night—a species of promenade concert. The members will be asked to request the presence of their girl friends, and a few general invitations may possibly be sent out.

* * *

Mrs. M. J. Lemmon, assisted by the Misses Katie and Nellie Lemmon, entertained a large number of friends at their residence, corner Jackson and Buchanan Streets, on last Friday evening. There was dancing, which began early and ended at midnight, after which a charming collation was served.

* * *

An entertainment that promises to be a very pleasant affair will be given under the patronage of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society on February 18th, 19th, and 20th. The Armory of the Second Regiment has been secured, and there will be musical, literarary, and dramatic features.

* * *

A quiet wedding was celebrated last week, the contracting parties being Mr. George E. Morse and Miss Ada H. McKinley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. B. Church, of Trinity. The bride is the daughter of Consul and Mrs. D. H. McKinley. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morse, of this city.

* * *

I deeply regret to learn that the most gifted and popular of Society vocalists, Mr. O'Sullivan, is suffering from a severe attack of *la grippe*. The ailments of ordinary personages who cannot minister to the pleasure of their fellow beings may be borne with equanimity, but Mr. O'Sullivan's temporary extinction is something in the neighborhood of a calamity. I fear he will not be able to sing at Mr. Ludovici's concert on Sunday afternoon, but it is to be hoped he will have recovered sufficiently to take the very small part which the authorities have given him in Bluff King Hal.

* * *

A very jolly party went up to Mare Island on Wednesday evening to attend the hop given by the officers of the "Baltimore" and "Charleston" there. The Government tug conveyed them to their destination, and after the pleasures of the evening had been enjoyed, conveyed them back to San Francisco.

* * *

The next hop at the Presidio takes place on Tuesday evening, and I hear of a number of couples who purpose going there. As the season progresses toward a close, the tendency of those "in the swim" is to have as much dancing as possible. For Terpsichorean revelry there is no place like the Presidio.

* * *

An especially attractive programme for the Sunday afternoon concert to-morrow has been prepared by Mr. Ludovici, and Steinway Hall should be crowded. Schubert's Quintette, Op. 163, will be given; Hermann Brandt and Miss Madga Bugge will play, and Mr. O'Sullivan is down for several solos. The concert will be worth hearing.

* * *

The Press Club has issued invitations of a unique character for the monthly "Late Watch" this evening. Committeemen Moran, Williams, and Bonnet have promised to do something rare in the way of a programme and Ross Jackson will hold the "Blue Pencil."

Whoever has read "Old Creole Days" or the "Grandissimes," must have been impressed with the quaintness, the originality of the characterizations, and the sweet charm of human nature that runs like a golden thread all through. George W. Cable, the author of these works, will give readings in this city the first of March.

* * *

While Mr. Ralston is a very nice young man, it does seem to me he could be better employed than in telegraphing to Washington about Colonel Trumbo. The Hydraulic Miners' Association has a hard fight, and all the assistance it can get it should be thankful for. There are few men in the State who could do more in the way of affording the committee aid than Colonel Trumbo. He has many friends in Washington, and knows the ropes there as well as any one. Besides, he is energetic and very active. That he has said or done aught he had no justification for, no one who knows him believes. If he did testify before the River and Harbor Committee it was probably at the urgent request of some member of that body. It seems to me Mr. Ralston has been a little previous.

* * *

The sudden death of young James G. Fair, shocked a number of people who had seen the apparent improvement in his health resulting from his trip East. To his father, especially, the blow is a severe one, as he was the favorite boy. Young Fair was a clever fellow, knew three or four languages very well, had a capacity for hard work, and only lacked the incentive of necessity to be what people call a successful man. There is something strange about his taking off; only a few hours before his death he was on the street, in the best of health, making engagements for the following day.

* * *

It was the intention of Mrs. Oelrichs to come to the Coast early next week. The death of her brother will probably hasten the trip. It is quite probable that the family's interests will all be disposed of here, excepting, of course, the Senator's. Charlie Fair is now in London.

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch indicates an intention of retiring into the country, and devoting the remainder of winter and the entire spring to a biography of Broderick. He has gathered a large amount of material, and believes from what he has already read of certain manuscripts placed in his hands, that a more than ordinarily entertaining volume can be made. In the careers of a few of the prominent Californians of the days gone by there is admirable opportunity for high-class biographical work. Before it is too late an effort should be made to rescue their memory from the obscurity of Bancroft's histories.

* * *

If Timothy Hopkins has nothing to complain of Fate in so far as the will of his late uncle is concerned, I imagine that by this time he has rather had his fill of congratulation. Of course, $300,000 is not a huge sum to a man who refused $3,500,000, still, it is by no means a despicable amount, and when the big law suit commences it will prove quite useful. Everyone seems very pleased over Mr. Hopkins' good fortune, and I hope it is an augury of better luck yet to come.

* * *

DOWN AT SAN MATEO they are having a very interesting fight over Dr. Whitwell's private lunatic asylum, which is now located in an exceedingly pleasant neighborhood, some distance to the west of the town. A variety of ordinances of a character more or less stringent have been passed with a view of compelling the Doctor to vacate, but, so far, he has prevailed against his adversaries, and has overthrown, on legal grounds, each instrument directed against him. Quite recently his enemies have banded together, and the result is a choice piece of literature, which, if put into force, would compel the erection of a veritable stronghold—thick walls, brick edifices, iron doors, and a troop of guards.

* * *

This asylum seems to be conducted on humanitarian principles. The unfortunate patients find themselves in a lovely spot surrounded by pretty gardens full of flowers and verdant lawns shaded by trees. Fences, strong enough for all ordinary purposes bound the grounds, and no violent cases are accepted. That there is no possible danger is evidenced by the fact that Mrs. Whitwell and her children reside there. The Supervisors, however, have passed the ordinance, and now Dr. Whitwell will be compelled to engage in a legal controversy to show that the municipal authorities have exceeded their powers. The inside of the fight, of course, is the efforts of a few of the large property owners to abolish the institution.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT.—You will have to seek your information from the *Report*. I am not prepared to say that the Southern Pacific Company was not responsible for the sufferings of the Children of Israel.

* * *

A HOT DISPUTE is in progress, at the present time, between the factions of the Democratic party with reference to the recent records of the leaders. The question is, which faction was nearest to Boss Buckley during his reign? The County Committee, headed by

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

General Jack Dougherty and Colonel Jimmy Long, makes no denial of its adhesion to the fallen potentate, and some of its members darkly insinuate that if he should suddenly appear upon the scene, like Bonaparte at Paris, after his flight from Elba, they would, as did the Little Corporal's marshals and soldiers, again rally around him and renew the conflict. The result might be a Waterloo like that which followed the one hundred days, but they say that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a resurrection of the dead leader. The Sutter Street Reorganization Committee, however ,asserts that not only are they now free from personal and political contamination with the boss, but they always have been. Like the Pharisee in the temple, they cross themselves every day, give alms, and declare that they are holier than other Democrats.

* * *

This claim is not allowed by the County Committee, and whenever Tim O'Brien meets Bill Broderick, or Al Spotts meets ex-Mayor Pond, records are compared, and the matter re-canvassed. It appears to be assumed by both sides that the party must stand or fall on this issue alone. The County Committee faction is willing to compromise. It will give up the ghost on any honorable terms that may be proposed, but the Sutter Street faction is evidently of the opinion that any dicker whatever with the choice collection of unwashed "heelers" who compose Mr. Dougherty's "gang," would result in political damnation. The other day Charley Weller, late of the United States District Attorney's office, met Assemblyman Arms—met and talked about the prospects of Democratic success in the coming campaign. Arms is one of the few Democrats who has managed to affiliate with Boss Buckley and retain his reputation. He has taken no part in the present dispute, but, like many law-and-order Democrats, believes the County Committee ought to be annihilated, according to the constitution of the party, and not be made the subject of a revolution.

* * *

"The trouble with you fellers," said Mr. Weller, who belongs to the Sutter Street Committee, "is that the people have no confidence in you. The only thing you can do is to outlive your reputation."

"In what respect is our reputation worse than that of the Reorganization Committee?" asked Mr. Arms.

"Well, you have been too close to Buckley. Now, you can't deny that all you fellers, Dougherty, Spotts, Nealon, and the others, were awfully close to him."

"No, I don't deny that we were close to the boss," returned Arms, "and do you know why we didn't get closer?"

"Seems to me you got as close as you could."

"No; many of us would have been glad to get closer, but you know very well that the reason we couldn't was because some of your people, who are now howling loudest, folded him so firmly in their arms that nobody could get near him."

Mr. Arms then mentioned some names, and Mr. Weller went off in a reflective mood.

* * *

But, speaking of Boss Buckley reminds me that a great deal of discussion is also taking place in political circles relative to his probable return and what effect it will have on the Democratic party of city and State. He has resigned from the County Committee and formally retired from the arena, but there is no denying the fact that his spirit exists in all its pristine glory. It is impossible to kill such an entity as Buckley's. Men live in their imaginations and are ruled with phrases and memories. History makes great parties, great nations, and great men. There is no doubt that if Blaine were to proceed to the remotest place on earth and stay there his personality would still be felt in our Presidential elections. So long as Jefferson, Jackson, Grant, Tilden, and other great leaders lived they remained the hope of their parties. To what must this be attributed? Plainly to memories of the past and to fond visions of the future. So with Buckley, in a smaller but equally interesting theatre of action. For eight years he ruled this city. Year after year he led the Democratic hosts to victory. Think of the soft places he conferred, the fine "work" he did, and the lasting friendships he must have made among men who are still respectable and influential.

* * *

Suppose Buckley should return to-morrow and declare that he purposed again to take charge of the local Democracy? How many men among the rich and powerful with whom he has transacted "business" would be found throwing stones at him? Not many, I think.

The question whether or not he will return and seek revenge is an interesting one. I do not pretend to have any information on the subject, but a friend whom I often consult upon abstruse and intricate problems, has a theory. It strikes me as being rather unique, to say nothing of its possibility and I shall reproduce it.

"To begin with," says my prophet, "as Governor Booth said of George C. Gorham in 1875, affiliation with Buckley means contamination and political death. As Chris is an intelligent fellow I presume he knows that his name is Dennis in San Francisco. At any rate, he must be alive to the fact that he can never make another fight here and win. He might, perhaps, if he was not suspected of having sold out to the Republicans at the last election. With that crime on his head, however, it will be impossible for him ever to regain his prestige. Nothing costs a politician so dearly as known or suspected political treachery.

* * *

"Since Buckley went away he has heard nothing, so I am told, but tales of the perfidy of his former friends and associates. Undoubtedly he is mad from the ground up, and would jump at a chance to get even. He is surely coming back, for I hear many of his faithful lambs say so. The situation here is well understood by the politicians of both parties in the East, and when Buckley arrives in New York from Europe I have no doubt he will be waited upon by some big Republican boss and induced to return here and take charge of his party again. This will give him a chance to make an honest dollar or two, and get even on his perfidious friends. As it will be impossible to divorce the Democracy of city and State during a national campaign, this will make California surely Republican in November.

* * *

In my opinion Chris Buckley is even now awaiting a declaration of policy on the part of the new Grand Jury, and as soon as he finds that it does not intend to indict him he will set out on the trip home. It is true a few Democrats will howl the moment he puts foot on California soil, but if he enters into a Republican conspiracy like this, that will be just what he wants. The louder the howl the smaller the Democratic vote. Buckley was once a Republican. He has never, since he abandoned the Federal machine at the Mare Island Navy Yard, been considered a reliable Democrat, and if he determines to be revenged on those who are now denouncing him, this will be the way in which he will do it."

* * *

FEED MY SHEEP is an order that has not been neglected through the ages, but it has been given a more substantial recognition in San Francisco than elsewhere. The command was issued by the very excellent gentlemen who hold what is termed the whip handle in San Francisco politics, and who, in order that they may continue in possession of the working end of the implement, require that their sheep may not stray to other folds. The people of San Francisco, with a generosity that is not altogether voluntary, have taken the contract to pasture the animals who "vittle free" at the public crib. The New City Hall is overrun with deputies, assistants, subs, and extras, who could be as easily spared from the offices they fill as the spots on their neckties.

* * *

As the season approaches for the primaries, conventions, and elections, there is noticeable a doubling-up process, whereby two sheep are employed where one would suffice. The registrar's office has, I am told, something like fourteen employees; six or eight men could do all the work easily. But the bosses are anxious to have their people taken care of; they use them for vote-buying and vote-stealing in the fall; and the public is enjoying the sensation of feeding during the winter months the gentlemen who will pick their pockets on election day, and

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

as long thereafter as there is anything there to steal. The public, however, does not seem to care much; it is spending its business hours preying on all within sight, and it really has not the time at present to strike a balance, in order to discover whether what it filches from its neighbor is not less than the bosses steal from it.

* * *

HERE IS A STORY that is susceptible of highly refined literary treatment. In it are the elements of a first-class plot; the situations are replete with possible climaxes and the embroglio is of a character to be adorned by pessimistic reflections. A local capitalist is the prominent personage; his daughter and heiress is the axis of the complications. There are several relatives, a secretary, a *fiancée* and a lady—the latter the villain of the episode. However rich he happens to be, this capitalist's virtue is entirely out of proportion to his bank account. He loves mysterious ways of adding to his surplus, and in his Secretary, a subtle, accomplished and quite ambitious young gentleman, he has always found a willing and capable assistant. When the curtain rises the situation is something like this: In the background is a family secret, an engagement. The only daughter and heiress is betrothed to a very nice young Society gentleman, but for certain occult reasons, the world knows naught of the connection.

* * *

The lady, however, who for so long has been the family's dearest friend, knows all about it. She, rather a designing personage, is *au fait*, too, with the details of most of the capitalist's little speculations, and her knowledge to the latter has become rather offensive. It is not good to know too much. After years of intimacy there has come a rupture. It appears the lady had a dinner to which the heiress had not been invited. She responded by giving a dance at which the lady did not even figure as a chaperon. To add insult to injury, the affair was exceedingly fashionable, and the lady was not even missed. The fury of a woman scorned it is unnecessary to accentuate. She determined to have revenge. She would announce the engagement.

* * *

To apprise her select coterie of dearest enemies of the tender attachment between the Society young man and the capitalist's daughter was too easy. To interfere with the *menage*, it was necessary to give the betrothal wide publication. On her calling list was a single journalist, and him she selected as the instrument of her wrath. He was invited to dine; he came, was well fed, and was given permission to tell to a Society reporter he knew the interesting information. A day or two later the *Bulletin* published the engagement. To say the capitalist was mad, but slightly expresses his colossal wrath. He raged, stormed, threatened, swore. He spoke of killing Deacon Fitch, and finally woke up to a keen realization of the fact that "some enemy hath done this." At this stage of the plot a new personage must be introduced—the capitalist's nephew. This is a young gentleman whose wits are keener than his industry; a youth whose appreciation of a dollar is only equaled by his reluctance to earn it. Scheming to extract loans from his rich relatives exhausted such leisure as remained after putting his plans into execution.

* * *

Two nights after the announcement had startled the family circle, there was a gathering of the capitalist's friends and relatives. In the presence of the party the rich man piled objurgations on journalism, and offered the sum of $500 to whoever would reveal the identity of the family's betrayer.

"Do you mean it?" inquired the impecunious nephew, eagerly.

"Tell me his or her name," was the reply, "and the money is yours."

* * *

A few days later, the nephew, wearing a most mysterious air, waited on the capitalist in his down-town office. He asked for a private interview. After sounding the walls and double locking the doors, he confided that the Secretary was the traitor.

"But, for heaven's sake, not a word to him. He would know I told you," he concluded.

"The scoundrel, the villain; after all I have done for him. I'll dismiss him at once, the base ingrate."

But reflection succeeded wrath. The Secretary knew too much about the great man to be let loose upon the world. Recollections of an exceedingly shady trick, whereby a certain mortgage had been foreclosed, came to his mind. He swallowed his wrath, and determined to call upon the lady. She had advised him in similar predicaments.

* * *

There was a good deal of triumph in her manner as she listened to his wrathful revelations. At the denunciations of the Secretary she trembled a little, but evinced no surprise. Woman-like, she had "always mistrusted that young man." But she grew thoughtful as the capitalist revealed to her the shrewdness of his nephew who had penetrated the secret.

"For obvious reasons," he said, "I cannot 'fire' the fellow;" he concluded, "but I'd like to break his neck."

"For obvious reasons," she returned, rather tartly, "you cannot do either. And I would not reveal to him your suspicions." She is a wise woman.

The capitalist thought so, said so, agreed with her.

A reconciliation has taken place. Once more the lady is the family's dearest friend. She goes to all the capitalist's little dances, and the heiress graces her delightful dinners. There is a sequel, and the lady tells it:

The Secretary and the nephew, she says, divided the $500.

* * *

A LONG TITLE is more to be desired than good deeds. Take, for instance, the National Association of Democratic Clubs, which has lately achieved great notoriety in the Democratic press. That body might have gone to its early grave without a friend or an advocate had it been known by any other name, and its magnificent work would have been unrecorded, its splendid achievements gone unheralded had it not been called the National Association of Democratic Clubs. A meeting will soon be held in San Francisco, but I regret that it will not be attended by the intellect and brawn of the Democracy. Invitations have been sent everywhere, to the cross roads saloon, the corner grocery, the groggery, and wherever there is a likelihood that a Democratic man may be in hiding.

* * *

It seems to me that the National Association of Democratic Clubs is a painfully elaborate effort to create a machine to govern the State, County, and municipal organizations. At any rate it has not aroused much enthusiasm in the honest granger of Democratic tendencies. To make an appearance of strength, so-called clubs have been organized in this city; to call them National Clubs would be a ghastly attempt at wit. The heelers, strikers, ward-runners, and whoever else are disreputable in politics will join in the hope that when the election is over they may be present at the looting of the treasury; but their presence in the clubs, and their attendance at the meeting, will do much to rob the organization with which they are affiliated of its title of a National Association.

* * *

THE LAST FINANCIAL statement of the Bohemian Club discloses what the members are pleased to regard as a very agreeable state of affairs. That is, the institution is in a comparatively happy condition from the monetary point of view. It is true, the restaurant ran behind about $1000 per month, a larger sum than the *menu* seems to warrant, but the profits of the bar and the income from dues have almost met the deficiency—at least I believe there is only a matter of $2000 to make up. A few new members and the exercise of a little economy will relieve this. There is a surplus of some $15,000 to draw on in case the economy and the new members do not materialize.

* * *

The annual election takes place in April, and already the campaign whisperings are in the air. It will be the endeavor of the so called Bohemian element to elect a representative member of their own set president in place of Mr. Phelan. Against the down-town membership the Rose Leaves are all arrayed, and, if the contest does not develop the proportions of last year, it will be sensational enough for ordinary purposes. Ed. Townsend, who is now Vice-President, is a prominent candidate for Mr. Phelan's place, and it is not unlikely that the descendant of several generations of Irish Kings—Mr. O'Connell—will head the opposition ticket. But there

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

are a host of other candidates, notably E. L. G. Steele and Jeremiah Lynch. Mr. Steele is the publisher of Bierce's book, and, of course, stands well with the literary set, besides being endeared by his wealth to the commercial spirits.

* * *

THE TALK of "throwing" J. C. Stubbs out of the Western Traffic Association would be humorous were it less stupid. As it is, it throws some light on a very pretty fight, in which the officers of the Southern Pacific may or may not be involved. If there is any truth in the statement that Stubbs cut the rate on sugar, then the howlers for lower freight charges should sustain him; if he did not cut the rate, of course that should settle the matter. Mr. Gould is reported as perspiring blood in his effort to have the Southern Pacific's Third Vice-President removed; I think that he will have to do something more than that if he wishes to secure Stubb's downfall.

* * *

The advisory board of the Western Traffic Association is the body that will determine on Stubb's guilt or innocence, and the punishment for the crime of rate-cutting. By the most remarkable kind of a coincidence, Mr. Stubbs happens to be a member of this Advisory Board, and, if I mistake not the end of man will be able to look out for himself when his case is heard. However, I do not think it will ever be mentioned in the Board; it is creating talk here, because this is a small city, but in New York no one hears of it. Mr. Stubbs can afford to enjoy his joke at the expense of the papers that are worrying themselves over the likelihood of his overthrow.

* * *

A CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION of the way in which the trades-union principle operates in molding the destinies of workingmen who adhere to it, has reached me *via* Sacramento. In that city the newspaper men have what they call the "Sacramento Writers' Union." It was organized a few months ago for the avowed purpose of elevating the wages and character of journalism in the Capitol City. As a matter of fact, its object was to bulldoze Wells Drury, proprietor of the Sacramento *Evening News*, a lively little sheet, which was started over a year ago, in opposition to the *Bee*. At the time the *News* was born, the *Bee* was engaged in a fight with its printers, and had locked them out. The newcomer, therefore, became the exponent of oppressed labor, and was supported by those classes to whom the *Bee's* general bad character had become offensive. Just as the *News* was upon the point of absorbing its rival's last advertiser, the *Bee* surrendered to the Union printers.

* * *

Wells Drury is well known in this city, where he was employed for several years on the local papers. He is not easily turned aside when he once sallies forth to do battle, and, before many days, the *Bee* found that the *News* was not a thing of to-day, but had become a permanent thorn in its side. Owing to the necessities of his young business, Drury employed on his paper several reporters of the "country" type, and, being a good judge of the value of their labor, paid them about what they were worth. Reporters known in our metropolitan establishments as "blacksmiths," get from ten to eighteen dollars a week.

Drury was gradually teaching his men how to write and was slowly growing financially able to increase their salaries—for he is a generous fellow and believes every laborer is worthy of his hire—when the *Bee* sprung the "Writers' Union" on him.

* * *

This institution formally requested Drury's men to join, and when they consulted their employer he readily assented. Having elected officers and obtained a charter from the Federated Trades, which confers on the "Writers' Union" the boycotting power of that powerful organization, the boys voted to establish the minimum rate of wages for reporting on a daily newspaper at twenty-five dollars a week.

* * *

The busy *Bee* fondly imagined that this *coup d'etat* would break Drury. But it did not. The plucky little editor said:

"Boys, this paper was started to uphold the diguity of labor; your salaries are raised to the Union figure. Don't think I am disturbed about this."

But a few days later Drury made an additional remark:

"Since the Union has imposed a minimum salary rate upon me, I presume it will have no objection to my employing men who can earn the money. I shall send to San Francisco in a few days for competent journalists to take your places."

I have not been informed as to the result, but at last accounts the "Writers' Union" was discussing whether it has really accomplished anything in aiding the *Bee* to bulldoze Drury. In the *Record-Union* office where all the men receive more than twenty-five dollars a week, Managing Editor Willis is considering a proposition to reduce everybody to the Union level, and the *Bee* reporters regard the introduction into Sacramento journalism of four or five San Francisco boys with something like consternation. On the whole, journalistic circles in the Capitol City may be said to be in a state of agitation.

* * *

SAD RUMORS about dissentions in the Bluff King Hal combination come to me. Such a concourse of important personages are concerned in the production, that it is difficult for even so diplomatic an individual as Conductor Stewart to reconcile their individual pretensions. For an ordinary outsider, the effort to appreciate the brilliancy of the stars, as they do, would be far too great. They find their rays interfere, commingle, intertwine. Each desires an entire heaven to blaze in. With deep regret I hear that one lady with an important part is not nearly as regular at rehearsals as her ignorance of the part she has demands. Another, a leading gentleman, is furious because the cast includes a voice of more volume, if less cultivation, than his own. For the happiness of the librettist, his visits to rehearsal bear far too much resemblance to angels' visits.

* * *

Under the spur and stimulus of the appreciative literary comment the performance will surely evoke, the rehearsals will undoubtedly go better as time proceeds. I am sure that Bluff King will be a brilliant success, and perhaps before the twenty-fifth the separate stars will sink their individuality, and resolve into an ordinary planetary system, revolving peacefully round Mr. Redding, whose manly beauty will be the salient feature of the cast.

* * *

Something that bears a close resemblance to a collision occurred at the Grand Opera House Tuesday evening. That is the night the King Hals rehearse, and the stage is presumed to be theirs. Alas, the Bandurria Club, which gave a concert the following night, occupied the desired location. It was their very last rehearsal and the success of the performance absolutely depended on a final rendering of the *morceaux*. The passage of arms at Ashby was nothing to the tilt between Signor Sancho and Conductor Stewart. If words were darts and tongues swords, they would both be bleeding from a thousand wounds. However, the disputed stage was finally yielded to Spanish music, and the *dramatis personæ* of the Opera made an unwilling audience.

* * *

The opera will be produced for the benefit of the building fund of the Art Association, and from the number of tickets already sold will be a big success financially. Those who desire to get the best seats and at the same time display some generosity, will have an opportunity of so doing at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday, when an auction will be held, at which Walter Newhall will preside. Mr. Redding will be there to woo the unwilling dollar from the well-lined pockets of our citizens, and the auction should be almost as funny as the opera.

* * *

A good story is going the musical circuit about two vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions, both of whom are to assist in making the O'Connell-Stewart combination famous. One of them was good enough to give a concert for a charity, and feeling that a little rivalry would but make his own efforts shine brighter, he asked the other to assist. 'His calculations, alas, were erroneous. Instead of being the hero of the afternoon, the plaudits showered on the pseudo foil quite hushed the clamor that rewarded his own best effort. However apparent is a man's superiority to himself it is bitter, indeed, to be excelled.

After the other had responded to half a dozen tumultuous encores with a ballad into which he infused supreme pathos, the concert-giver met him and remarked:

"Me deah boy, you should not sing with so much emotion, you know. It is pwofessional, and bad form."

* * *

AN INDIAN disappeared from the face of the earth—or, at least, that much of it as is included in this peninsula—the other day, and his friends and an alleged creditor are looking for him. He is well known here, as his sporting propensities have got him into a number of papers. He is Hank Vaughn, son-in-law of the Chief of the Umatillas, and directly in line of succession. At present Mr. Vaughn is enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Jewell, at the Home of Inebriates. The Indian is an exceedingly "ba-ad" man, and my informant's voice fell to a whisper when telling me that he had killed fourteen men. One John Barleycorn was too much for him, however.

* * *

Mr. Vaughn is a tall, thin, angular person, who, from time to time, stumbles over his own toes—and when you see a man do that, you can bet he is either an Indian or a bow-legged Caucasian. Vaughn is a gambler; he would rather bet on the turn of a card than eat; and, with a schooner of whisky by his side and a stud-horse poker game in front of him, he is one of the most picturesque men in the world. The last time he came to the city he had the misfortune to lose $4000, for which he gave notes. I understand that he has been sued on this debt, and that his proud spirit tried to drown itself in liquor at the humiliation.

* * *

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY opening on Saturday evening was almost a Society affair. There was an adequate representation of the Friday Night Club, and, had there been even standing room, a german could easily have been improvised. It must be admitted, however, that the crowd exhibited but slight locomotory tendencies. It was a promenade concert only to the extent of being a concert. There were no seats, no rest whatever for the weary. I wish I could become as enthusiastic over the music as some females were who stood in front of me. They seemed to imagine nothing better had ever been heard in town, while I was convinced none of the vocalists had ever sung worse. That is generally the way, however. Still, there was no question about the encores or the applause. Both were full of vigor and vitality.

* * *

Over the library one might be forgiven for growing enthusiastic. It is really a magnificent room, admirably illuminated, and an ideal place to read in. There are comfortable lounges, luxurious couches, and one does not have to sign an order to obtain a book. It must be admitted that in the matter of recent fiction the collection is a long way below high-water mark. Still, it does not cost a fortune to repair such sins of omission as this. I hope for the library an amplitude of prosperity.

* * *

THE DRESS COAT is again the cause of war in clubdom, and the Bohemians are in two regiments, one led by President Phelan in a lovely evening suit; the other by Dan O'Connell, in a short sack coat, shiny at the elbows, and not too virtuous as to breast. It is some time since we had a fight on the question of whether a dress coat is the proper garment to wear at a Bohemian Club banquet, and those who took part in the last one have been pensioned by a grateful constituency. Peter Robertson, Raphael Weill, and Henry Heyman wear the badge of the Order of the Royal Clawhammerers as a souvenir of the battle where Commerce and Literature had their deadliest fray.

* * *

But the fight of the past appears as a battle with snowflakes compared with the one that rages now. A Bohemian, and, strangely enough, a member of the club, appeared at a banquet in the sacred precincts in the coat in which he wrote the libretto of "Bluff King Hal," and Commerce covered its eyes with its hand and swooned. It has only recovered from its shame long enough to declare that a man who would appear at a banquet in anything but a dress suit would write verses and things for the papers. The banquet was in honor of Fred Somers, a man whom I admire as much for his perspicacity in breaking away from the *Argonaut* as for the splendid success he has made with *Current Literature*.

* * *

It was to be an affair of the year; a history-making, reputation-building dinner, at which Bohemia would put forth her best men to astonish the visitor from the East, and make him tired of the Lambs, the Authors, and kindred organizations of New York. Instructions were given that gentlemen would be expected to wear evening dress, and the scurrying around for the badge of noble birth and gentle breeding left some of the Palace waiters coatless. The banquet was a grand success; everybody was dressed, and all went merrily as the Bohemian Club Owl, until Dan O'Connell appeared, *sans* dress coat. There was a howl, but it was of admiration; cheer after cheer went up, and in acknowledging the greeting Mr. O'Connell made the speech of the evening. President Phelan made a clever address to Mr. Somers, who responded. But the fight over Mr. O'Connell's sack coat is a very bitter one.

* * *

THE VALUE of certain very ordinary articles of diet is largely a question of latitude. One may have for a few dollars at the Maison Riche what would cost a hundred in Salinas. It is customary for some hotel men to regard as subjects for strong financial measures such brides and grooms as occur in their neighborhood. Here is a story about a recently wedded pair, who started off late in the afternoon, and made their first stop in the Santa Clara Valley. They were hospitably entertained. The host himself ushered the twain into the finest rooms in the caravansary. Nothing that could be done for their comfort was neglected. Next morning the bill was presented. It was prodigious.

* * *

Hastily scanning the items, the horrified groom espied—"Breakfast, ten dollars."

"Good heavens," he said to the clerk, "what is the meaning of such an outrageous charge as this?"

"Why," said the functionary, "you had beefsteak, and ham and eggs, did you not?"

* * *

THE ARCHITECTS are dissatisfied with the manner in which the prizes for the designs of the Californian buildings at the World's Fair were awarded. As everyone said, it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Brown would be the successful man. A number of the younger architects would not compete, first because the specifications were quite ambiguous, and second, because they knew it was not worth while. The plans asked for something Moorish-Mission. If I am not in error, the "Mission" style is not recognized in architecture; the Mooresque has, I presume, a place, but it is neither a high nor an honorable one.

* * *

It is unfortunate that over such a matter as this there should be bickering, but we of California cannot do anything without a fight. I believe if the first prize had been awarded to a native the heavens would have been torn down by the Californians who had failed. I am inclined to think that Mr. Brown's plans are as good, if not better, than any others submitted, the people who say the award was made because of favoritism to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * *

Speaking of the Fair, reminds me that those newspaper readers who admire the European letters of Henry Haynie will shortly have a chance to compare them with those of someone else. Mr. Haynie has, I am informed, been engaged to come to Chicago and "report" the World's Fair for Paris *Figaro*. This is an "assignment" that carries with it considerable weight. The journal is probably the best known in France, and will be the official organ of French exhibitors. Mr. Haynie will be paid a salary of $12,000 a year, I understand, and, as he will probably have the privilege of corresponding for other foreign publications, he should not start "over the hill" for some time.

* * *

IT IS TIME the Order of the New Life went out of existence. It has run its sinful course, has done its infamous work, and Mr.

Thomas Lake Harris and his followers and victims should be asked to leave the State and return no more. In the past I have spoken of this man and his creed; this ex-preacher, who has chosen the most charming spot in the beautiful Sonoma Valley as the breeding place of his dangerous doctrines; who has urged the violation of whatever laws interfered with the satisfying of appetites of the grossest character; whose orgies and debauches have been the shame of Santa Rosa, and whose offenses call loudly for punishment. It is time justice had him by the heels; his religion is just a trifle worse than Mormonism, and no better than free love.

* * *

If I am not in error, the people of Brockton, N. Y., tiring of the practices of Mr. Harris, bade him begone, and put an alternative in the hand of their command that would have whipped the corruptionist from the country had he displayed the spirit of the old martyr. But he was not anxious to enroll himself in the army commanded by Mr. Fox, and departed, leaving behind him no hearts that sorrowed at his absence. Harris located in Sonoma County, and readers of THE WAVE are familiar with some of his doings at Fountain Grove. Since my last writing on the subject of the Order of the New Life, further facts have come into my possession regarding Harris, and I would respectfully urge on the Grand Jury of Sonoma County the necessity of a full and searching investigation into the morality of Harris and his followers. If the Grand Jury of Sonoma will not move in the matter—and I am of the opinion that it will not, as Harris has said the prosecuting attorney was his lawyer—then the Governor should order an examination into the conduct of the Order.

* * *

The stories that have come to me, told by persons who live at Fountain Grove under the dominion of the king (Mr. Harris), are beyond belief. Giving credence to the very mildest of them, the place is an idealized house of sin; a den of iniquitous debauchees, whose only religion is the satisfaction of the passions, where there are no ties of affection, and where both sexes of one family bed together like dogs in a kennel. It is almost time that this came to an end, and if the authorities can but spare a moment from political pleasure to engage in a matter of duty, I can place in their hands affidavits and statements that will prove what is charged. In the near future, Miss Alzire A. Chevaillier will lecture on this matter. Brought hither by the glowing promises of Harris, she soon learned the objects of the man and the character of the place, and the public will have an opportunity of judging how near it comes to fulfilling the longings that all of us feel for a new life.

The Witness.

DEBUTANTE, BRIDE, AND MATRON.

There is a whiff of spring in the air, there is a fragrance of violet, hyacinth, and narcissus everywhere, and the shop windows are gay with light and airy fabrics suitable for those women who are still in the morning of life. She who takes her first glimpse of social life when school-days close with the coming vacation, has many dainty things from which to choose her first ball-dress. Should she tire of mousseline de soie, or any of the myriads of chiffons, plain, embroidered, or figured, she may select a creamy silk organdie or tulle, and still be within the prescribed limits. If inclined to be conservative, she can be fair as a lily in an India silk, made with ample fullness and much shirring, or she may have an exquisite dress of surah, fashioned after the simple round waist and skirts of our grandmothers' days. The new models show skirts with as many as three or four rows of inserting above a wide hemstitched hem, and the waist and sleeves are ornamented in similar fashion. A less expensive dress, and one equally lovely, is of surah á la Empire, with the half low round neck finished with a wide valance of chiffon or lace. If the leg-of-mutton sleeves, ribbon belt and rosette are brightened sparingly with silver spangles, the effect is very beautiful.

That satin is creeping back to first place in the affection of womankind, cannot be denied. It makes the handsomest dinner or reception dress in the world, and is so capable of infinite variety in brocades, stripes, and conventional designs, that it is deservedly popular with all classes. Satin is *the* one thing for a bride, and a recent display showed some wonderful brocades in geometric designs and wavy lines, which are quite startling in their novelty. The wavy lines are many in number and wide, forming acute angles with each other, something like the facial decorations of a Zulu chief, or the skin of a zebra. Made with a petticoat of plain white satin, draped with lace flouncings, and a long, square train of the brocaded or wavy satin, there would be little to criticise in the selection, and if the heavy veils, now being urged for choice as against tulle, ever become popular, the train must needs be very striking in decoration or fabric, to retain any individuality at all. The so-called thread bridal veils are very "Dutchy" looking, anyhow, with their clumsy borders, and I never see one of them without having an uncomfortable sensation of badly done laundry work. I may be wanting in all the elements of refined taste, but those thread veils look as if they had been washed and dried without the necessary dip in bluing water, and had been stretched out on the floor to dry without starch. They might serve very well for sash curtains in the bride's boudour, but I don't like to see her wear them. Not only are they unbecoming, but they look as if they might smother her.

Next to being a rich widow I should like to be a young Society matron. Her market is made and she has all the attraction of youth, with a knowledge of the world which gives her grace, repose, and ease of manner. She has gotten over being all knees and elbows, nor is she like the English girls, whom a witty and observing clubman describes as having two left hands

Her grace, the pretty married lady, has a wide range of materials and designs in which to robe her lovely self, and for her ball and dinner toilets she either selects a light or dark embroidered bobbinet. If black, it has huge interlocked rings of embroidery either in light blue or green, or else she goes in for elaborate jet or gold and iridescent bead embroideries. The latter are heavy and cling close to the figure, which is a blessing to women inclined to *embonpoint*, or where youth has shed his wings and age is upon the threshold.

I saw a creamy, white organdie with gold bead trimmings, a few days ago, that was a dream. The ornamentation was a single shell bead over the main surface at rather wide intervals, while the border was an elongated string of the same, as light as a feather and as bright as burnished gold. It would make a beautiful ball dress, and one not easily duplicated nor over decorated. The newest things in embroidered chiffon edgings and bands are done in rosebud designs in natural colors for stems and leaves, while the buds themselves are real flowers (artificial, of course,) in clusters of three, alternately pink and yellow. Rounded shoulders would take on an extra charm surrounded by rosebud bands, and there are embroideries in gray and pearly white, seductive enough to turn any man's head.

And the challies! Ah! yes, the challies, that economical and sensible material for house gowns, negligees, or street wear, according to decoration and color. There is a bewildering array of them already, and they are prettier than ever. Close beside them are the new Scotch flannels, highly suggestive of tennis and that rugged outdoor sport which tries any but wash and washable materials. Sateens, zephyrs, and ginghams are already holding their heads up, and they all show improvement and change during their absence from the windows. The pretty new India and surah silks have not deigned to show themselves in public yet, but it is whispered that they are arriving in great numbers and varieties, and there promises to be a lively competition for popular favor in the spring of '92.

Headgear, too, shows signs of change, there are bunches of violets on many new toques and walking hats, and there is also much activity and still greater secrecy about that near approaching "opening day," when the spring bonnet, that much-maligned object of man's solicitation, shall be seen in all its glory.

Pockets that grew lean at holiday times, and that are only now regaining their accustomed rotundity, must prepare to stand another siege.

Spring is here. It is in the air, in the flowers, and in the shop windows.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

TO EPHELIA.

You ask me why the song is silent, dear,
That from the lyre my cunning fingers drew,
Till all the wildwood laughed, that time we two
Roamed through the forest to the murmurous mere,
That on its pebbled beach laughed too, to hear.
On every bow still hangs the taunting dew,
As when we wandered, shouting, I and you,
And still the blackbird's whistle smites my ear.

All is unchanged, yet changed is everything,
All is the same, yet nothing is the same.
To-day there is no music in my heart.
The strings rebel. Alas! we are apart.
I never mused a song until you came,
And now that you are gone I cannot sing.

I love thee not that thou art fair.
Though thou art fairer than the day;
I love thee not that thou art gay,
Though thou art blither than the rare
Nard-laden bee that swims the air
When fields are faint with new-mown hay.
I love thee not that thou canst play
Minerva's role beyond compare.

I love thee that there is no trace
In thy pure glance of impure things.
Thy cheek with earth is all unflecked.
The blushes flitting o'er thy face
Are shadows cast by angels' wings
That hover o'er thee to protect.

—*E. L. Miller.*

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.
205 KEARNY STREET.
R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

The Central Milling Co.,

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully recommend your "Drifted Snow Flour" as being the whitest and best family flour we have ever used.

Yours,
R. BECK & CO.,
Vienna Model Bakery.

TRIUMPH OF MACELRANO.

BY EDGAR B. MIZNER.

There was a swarming crowd in the *Plaza de Toros*, The town had been well billed, and every man, woman, and child in the city of Guatemala knew that Macelrano, the great matador, at one time the particular star of the bull-ring of old Madrid, was to do battle with the bulls on Sunday the third day of October, 1889, at four o'clock P. M. The rainy season was just over, and this was the first bull-fight in four months. The Guatemalteco was thirsting for gory sights.

But he was doomed to disappointment. The bulls were tame and slow; Macelrano was drunk, and the toreadores and picadores timid. Hisses and howls of scorn were heard on all sides as the disgusted crowd passed out after the performance.

The papers next day devoted several columns to Macelrano and his company of fakers. They told how at one time he had been the pet of Madrid, and how his eagle eye and steady hand had sent the sword into the hearts of hundreds of fierce bulls. For, of a truth, Macelrano had been the John L. Sullivan of the *Plaza de Toros de Madrid*.

But that time was passed. Too much *aguadiente* and cognac had unsteadied his nerves, and his courage had left him. He had been hissed out of Madrid, and, with a band of third-rate bull baiters, had dropped in on Guatemala. This was too much, for every native of the city prided himself on knowing a good bull-fighter when he saw one. The papers warned Macelrano against giving another unsatisfactory exhibition, and explained to him what he might expect if he did.

Notwithstanding all this, the next day's handbills announced that this once proud matador would, on the following Sunday, again, with his famous toreadores and world-renowned picadores, fight the fiercest bulls ever seen in Guatemala—bulls brought especially from the wild mountain district of Cohan.

For the next few days, in the saloons and hotels, they talked of nothing else but the coming bull-fight, and everyone told everyone else to be sure to attend.

"Is he going to redeem himself?" I asked of a crowd of native Bloods.

"No! No! No!" They all laughed at the idea; and again I was advised not to miss it. But why, I, at that time, did not understand.

On the appointed Sunday I made my way to the Plaza, and, although I was early, the place was already crowded, and many more people were pushing their way in. I forced myself to the "gringo" corner, and there found about thirty Americans, all expectant; but expecting what? No one seemed to know. The Government band of 120 musicians was playing martial airs; the boxes were crowded with senoras and senoritas, all looking their prettiest, and fully 8000 people were crowded around the ring.

At last the gates to the ring were opened, and the procession of participants marched in—the matador, six toreadores, two picadores, the miko (clown), and the mozos ("supes" of the ring). They went through the very pretty preliminary business of saluting the officials present, and receiving the key to the bull-pen. Then each man took his place.

The crowd was silent. There was no cheer of welcome. Macelrano, his arms folded and his *capa* thrown over his shoulder, stood near the centre of the ring. With his tall, spare figure, and refined, clean-shaven face, he looked more like a priest than a matador, save that he wore a magnificent embroidered costume, a relic of his past glory.

The bugle sounds, the gate to the bull-pen is thrown open, and out dashes a big brown bull. The band plays a lively tune, and every one cheers the brute. In about one minute he has driven every man out of the ring; one poor horse is kicking his last in the dust, while another, riderless, is hobbling about with his entrails trailing. The bull, with his head lowered and pawing up clouds of dirt, bellows his defiance at the pale fighters perched in safe places on the fence. But none of them seem to care to come near this particular Mr. Cow, and the angry people hiss menacingly and howl themselves hoarse. Loud are the cries of *Matalto!* (kill him.)

At last the matador comes down from his safe seat, and announces that the authorities will allow him to kill but one out of the six bulls that are to appear. This announcement is the signal for more yells from the crowd. Many uncomplimentary remarks and insulting oaths are hurled at Macelrano from all directions. By this time it is plain to see that the people had not come to see him kill the bull, but to see the bull kill him. After a few banderillas were struck in the shoulders of the bull in a very clumsy and timid manner, he was allowed to depart.

The next bull and the next came in and went out, and so on until five had passed through the ring victorious.

Poor matador! I think some one had played a trick on him, for of all these bulls he had not found one tame enough to kill.

The man who has never seen a Spanish crowd excited cannot imagine the scene at this stage of the exhibition. Thought seemed benumbed by the noise. I expected a riot at any time, and the arrival of 100 special policemen only seemed to make things worse. Rage, disappointment, hate mingled in the shrieks and frantic exclamations.

Amid the wildest commotion the sixth bull rushed into the ring—an ugly black animal with long horns and wild eyes. The handbills had not lied about this bull, for he was fierce enough to please the most cultured Guatemalteco present.

The toreadores seemed to have made up their mind—that it was safer to fight the bull than to incur the further anger of the threatening crowd, and they managed to make it very lively for this last animal. Many were the hair-breadth escapes; but, to the disgust of the crowd, none of the leaping tormentors were killed. When they fell back from their part of the work they left the bull's shoulders decorated with six gaudy banderillas, and his lordship was the picture of anger and defiance as he stood pawing the earth to dust, with a torn *capa* hanging on one horn.

Now was the matador's last chance. As Macelrano stepped out into the ring, with the red death flag in his left hand and his sword in his right, it could be seen at a glance that he had gone too far into the black bottle for his courage. The multitude greeted him with hisses and groans. He braced himself, shook his sword at the insulting populace and cursed them with all the eloquence of the Spanish tongue.

Still cursing he walked toward the bull, and when within about twenty yards from him stopped, carelessly drew a small ring in the dust with the point of his sword and stepped inside of it.

The bull was interested. He seemed to smile with angry cynicism at the impudence of the man. For a moment he stood still. The red flag was waved, inviting him to do battle. He did not send his regrets. With a bellow he made a rush that shook the bull-ring.

Macelrano's body swayed to one side, but his feet did not leave the little circle in the dust. The red flag flashed over the angry horns, and the bull passed on. For the moment the crowd forgot themselves, and shouted "Bravo! bravo! bravo!"

In an instant the bull turned and made another rush. Again there was the same graceful sway of Macelrano's body, and again the sharp horns passed harmlessly by him. Again and again, and yet again, the infuriated brute rushed to the attack. He came like the swishing whirlwind, but like the swaying reed the graceful matador bent from him.

The crowd was now cheering the bull-fighter to the echo. The band was playing a lively tune. Hats and handkerchiefs were waving. Macelrano was himself again! He was back in old Madrid, the pet of the women, the idol of the men. The plaudits of the people made sweet music in his ear.

The bull pauses for a moment, and gathers himself for another charge. The man's eyes flash fire as he tightens his grip upon his sword and looks along its blade to see that it is straight. Every one knows that in an instant the matador will attempt the death-thrust. The crowd is still. You can hear the panting of the bull, and the breathing of the excited gringoes on the upper seats.

The rush is made! The sword flashes, and the thrust is given!

A shout of horror goes up from thirty gringoes. Macelrano has missed! The sword struck the steel point of a banderilla, and the force of his thrust threw him right upon the bull's eager horns. In a second he was tossed, spinning like a pin-wheel, seven or eight feet into the air. He came down in a breathless heap on the bloody ground. A howl of pleasure, mingled with regret, went up from the excited, fickle crowd.

But the bull loses no time. He has charged the helpless body. One of his sharp horns seems to pass through the unlucky matador's breast. The wild beast drops to his knees, and, roaring like a lion all the time, is pushing the limp body before him, at intervals lifting it off the ground with a powerful shake of his head.

The other bull-fighters and mozos rush to the assistance of their fallen chief. Three or four grasp the victorious animal by the tail, twist it, and pull with all their might. Another beats and prods him with a picador's pole. Still another is jabbing him full of banderillas; while the rest are dancing and shouting around his head, waving their *capas* in front of his eyes.

For a minute or two all these little attentions have no effect whatever on the bull. His business is strictly with the matador, and not with his underlings. Many and varied are the shouts of advice from the crowd, and at last the bull is forced to turn on his tormentors. There is a wild scattering; but one toreador, braver than the rest, shaking his *capa* valiantly, induces the bull to chase him across the ring.

And while the bull is spending his time tearing that *capa* into shreds and keeping one eye on the toreador, captive behind a bulkhead, the other fighters rush out to bring in the body of the fallen matador. They have no time to handle him gently. He is despised clay now. They pick him up like a bundle of rags. His arms and legs hang limp. But, strange to say, his right hand tightly clasps his sword.

"Merely the death grip!" some one remarks behind me.

The bearers are about to pass the body over the fence, when, with a sudden start, Macelrano is alive again. He breaks away from those who are holding him, and staggers to his feet. Playing his flashing sword about him he drives everyone back. His eyes are wild; his face defiant. His embroidered costume is almost torn off, and he is covered with blood and dust. He is mad as the bull now. Like a drunken man he staggers out into the ring.

With one voice the whole crowd shouts "No! No! Stop him! Stop him!"

His maniacal bravery has won them again, and they do not like to see him commit suicide, for he has lost his *capa*—his main defense. But he turns upon the sympatizing crowd. Now it is his turn to hiss, and the curses come hot and hissing through his teeth. He shakes his clinched hand at them, and then his sword. All the anger stirred by their insults and his overthrow comes bursting from his tongue. It is a torrent of profanity and of filth. Oh, he cursed grandly, that bedraggled matador!

The people are silent. They take the sting of his bitter taunts without a reply. At last he seems disgusted and turns to nobler game. Far on the other side of the ring the bull has not seemed to notice the crazy matador.

Macelrano starts for him with a wild run. The bull sees him coming, and in turn rushes forward bellowing, to meet him.

Ah, how quiet it is now! Not even a fan flutters. Men choke with their own breath. Two maddened, magnificent animals are about to meet. The shock will be terrible. Poor Macelrano! For all his insane bravery he will be tossed and torn again. The gringoes hid their faces.

Running at top speed, Macelrano raised his sword to the level of his eye. On comes the bull with the rush of a storm. They meet in the centre of the ring.

The light gleams upon a sword. Then that sword is buried to the hilt. It has gone straight to the mark through the narrow space between the shoulder blades. Almost without a quiver the great black beast drops in his tracks—stone dead.

Macelrano, a hero, shrieks one more curse at the wildly clamorous crowd, attempts to plant a victor's foot upon the bull's head, totters and falls across the horns of his vanquished foe.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, February 13, 1892.

DOES KEELEY'S "CURE" CURE?

The so-called cure of dipsomania by the Keeley method of bichloride of gold injection has been given a fair trial. No one—not even Dr. Keeley, who purposes resting from his labors now and taking an around-the-world trip—will deny that. Habitual drunkenness is so general, and so many families are afflicted with members addicted to it, that any remedy that promised relief was hailed with delight. Dr. Keeley was the best-advertised man in the world, probably excepting Koch, whose "cure" for consumption gave him a month's splendid notoriety. Ministers preached, editors praised, and lawyers lauded bichloride.

The Wave reserved judgment on the cure until the evidence was all in, although in the case of Dr. Koch I pronounced the "cure" a failure the moment the German gave his prescription to the world. The time has come to express an opinion on the Keeley method of curing drunkenness. Judged by results, the bichloride of gold treatment is a failure. From the time that poor Scott died a drunkard in an almshouse, after having written his famous magazine article, showing the process of treatment and how he had been cured, the roads *from* the Keeley Institutes have been crowded with reeling, drunken men. I have known three persons—one intimately, one slightly, and the third as a nodding acquaintance—who have taken the treatment, who were pronounced absolutely cured, and each of whom has returned to the fleshpots of Egypt. That it may not be charged there is something in the Californian air that makes a cure impossible, it may be stated that one is an alien, the second was born on the Coast, and the third is a Chicagoan. I have known no others who were treated for dipsomania. As the figures stand, that is a large percentage of failure.

Aside from this, on which The Wave renders an opinion, the dispatches inform the public of backsliders every day, and only this week we are told that the treatment cured a drunkard by killing him. Privately, I believe that this, while a heroic measure, is the only sure one. Drunkenness cannot be cured by injecting bichloride of gold or any other liquid into the system. The syringe must be applied to the mind; that is where the disease is located. The throat does not cry for liquor; the stomach does not thirst for it, and any system that seeks to cure through them will fail. Inject your bichloride into the brain; rid men of the idea that they drown their sorrow, or are made happy in the transition state between sobriety and inebriety, and you have cured dipsomania, but the drunkard who has had his stomach trained to turn a somersault at the taste of whisky, and whose mind is in the same condition as before, will return, like the dog; and his second state is worse than his first.

BLAINE'S DAY.

Mr. Blaine has written a letter informing the Nation that he will not be a candidate for the Presidency. The Republican press has built him a monument, and already he stands beside Cæsar, who thrice refused a kingly crown upon the Lupercal. His party papers say he has declined an honor that was within his grasp; that all the signs pointed to his nomination, and that his election shared surety with death. The Democratic press says Blaine withdrew from a fight that he knew to be a losing one, as, while he was positive he could get the nomination, his election, or the election of any Republican, was very doubtful. Under those circumstances the reader can take his choice of opinions.

We of California are enamored of Blaine, and mistake our kindly feelings toward him for the sentiment of the entire country; whatever we have is his; and out of that spirit grows a belief that the Nation regards him as we do. This is an error; common, it is true, but none the less serious on that account. I am not of the opinion that Mr. Blaine could have been nominated. The Republican party is at a critical point in its history; it has served its purpose, and has no longer a cause for existence. It needs a man to lead its hosts who is great with the prestige of past success; whose banner has not been trailed in the dust of an ignominious defeat; who is young enough to meet the electors and tell them he is their candidate. Harrison is that man; Blaine is not to be spoken of. And again: The Republican party will not put aside one who has governed wisely, a faithful, tried, successful man, for one whose record burned its red shame on the heart of every follower, and whose greatest triumph was lost in a crushing defeat.

Mr. Blaine has had his day; he had a strange, eventful political history. Three times a candidate for the Presidency, he was nominated once; then his defeat; and twice he has refused to accept what was in his grasp. It is without parallel. Blaine is too old to make another canvass; too old to shake off his toga and show the blear-eyed, ill-smelling electors the wounds he received on their behalf.

The Republican party needs a soldier to lead it; the war is its platform; the bloody shirt its main plank; and flags and banners will fly in the fall, and the orators will jump into the saddle again, re-open the old sores, and march once more through Georgia, Harrison leading.

Now that The National Committees of two parties having located their Conventions, it might be interesting to look into the management of the Democratic fight. Mr. Coleman and Mr. Tarpey were dispatched to Washington to press the claims of San Francisco. They were armed with all sorts and conditions of pledges, besides a carload of wine. The task of persuading the delegates of the manifold advantages offered by this end of creation was entrusted to them, and they performed it by reaching the National Capital just twenty-four hours before the Committee met. Their wine loomed up two days after said Committee had adjourned. The indefatigable fighters did rent a house, however—one must not forget that. They placarded it with an immense sign—"California Headquarters"—and could never be found within a mile of it.

Indeed, the sign was the only evidence of California's ambition. True it is, there was a nice young man at the door, who pressed the very occasional visitor to refresh himself, but that was all. The expenditure was absolutely without return. Anything quite so contemptibly weak as Tarpey's presentation speech, it would strain the faculties to imagine. Never at any time did a single committeeman consider seriously the claims of this State. The votes obtained were hardly complimentary—they had to be scattered. There was no effort at organization, no attempt at the hard work such an achievement really requires. If this State is to obtain the next Convention, Democrats should see to it that a man of brains and ability is put on the National Committee. As long as Mr. Tarpey is our representative, so long will California's claims be treated with contempt.

Mr. Tarpey has been guilty of losing two fights before this committee, and it is high time he was relegated to the obscurity he will so adorn. This done, it would be an excellent idea to commence at once the fight for the Conventions. Properly managed, I believe, the Democratic candidate for President in 1896 could be nominated in San Francisco.

The growth of the suicide industry in this State is attracting the attention of the East. Lately we have been doing a first-class business in this line, and are giving another evidence of the fact that California leads in everything. But I regret to see that a spirit of parsimony animates those who seek to break the golden bowl; nearly every one is taking the water route—jumping off ferry-boats. Its cheapness recommends it, of course, and I am the last person to oppose this, but I would respectfully suggest that people intending to commit suicide from the ferries, should be charged a higher rate than those who merely take a trip to Oakland.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—With intentions the best in the world I cannot give my entire time to the perusal of current literature. Perpetual novel reading resembles continual wine drinking—it becomes tiresome. From the point of view of a sybarite or a semi-intellectual millionaire, it may be a subject for rejoicing to look back upon six months of fiction and say, "All this have I read," but fancy what it has meant. One comprehends a plot in the first chapter; the cover of a German translation reveals almost the episodes of which it is composed. It requires but little practice to recite sea pieces by Clark Russell, and the very appearance of a new Grant Allen is enough to disturb one's equanimity.

I have been contemplating all this week a pile of novels. Each day it has grown higher and more forbidding. After dipping here, skimming there, glancing over prefaces and down conclusions, my head is a perfect jumble of confused plots. Australian scenery and German heroines are inextricably interwoven, and, actually, I have come to hear the cry of the curlew in the capital of Grand Duke Eginhard. Gooseherd Liesel is a far more picturesque figure against the dark blue of a Victorian range, where waves upon waves of primeval gum forest, soft as sapphire velvet in the sun-tinted dusk, show but their delicate upper edges against the sky. But, alas, she is not there. Her real name is Miss Wetter Von Stauffenberg. She is ever so pretty and she lives at Gross-Stauffen. They call her the "Wild Rose" of that interesting region, and she is noted for a capacity to ride over five bar gates—quite Amazonian, you know. There comes a blonde officer from the Grand Duke's capital, Count Günther, who wins her dear little heart. She follows him, alas, to a Court ball in a dowdy costume, and he knoweth her no more. This being a German novel, it is unnecessary to explain that Miss Wetter von Stauffenberg finds an admirable dressmaker who attires her in the latest fashion. She blooms out an unparalleled belle, subjugates the moustachioed officers who on her first appearance refused to dance with her—especially Count Günther.

Ada Cambridge writes good old English novels, and locates them on the banks of the Murray, amid the yellow feathers of the wattle, amongst the sedater gum-trees scenting the dewy air. Great flocks of cockatoos and parrots flash hither and thither, tweeting and screaming; laughing jackasses, sitting on dead boughs, shake out streams of gurgling trills. At night, down in that latitude, out on the ranges one hears the curlew wailing like a lost spirit across what seems an immeasurable distance of unpeopled space. There the ghostly and more far-away plaint of the mopoke—a mere shadow of a sound, though clear as a tolled bell. There is some life to the story—whose worst fault is inordinate length. If novel-writers would but be content to be brief. The descriptions are occasionally poetic, and have the charm of softness and the merit of veraciousness.

Katharine Lee writes of "Love or Money," and her contribution, if lacking high excellence, is good enough reading. The leading feature of the book is the family of a poor clergyman. There are eleven children, called after the early Christian martyrs, and it is with their love affairs the story deals. Rather, I should say, with the love affairs of Gabrielle and Philumena, who are exceedingly beautiful. According to the received recipe, it is absolutely necessary, if your heroines are not rich they shall at least be lovely. These have golden hair and angelic blue eyes, they can talk in Latin with papa and discuss the careers of the Christian martyrs. I cannot truly say you will arise from a perusal of this work with a deeper insight into English Society, but you will be entertained by Philumena, by no means a saintly young personage, and you will revere Gabrille, who incarnates the twelve beatitudes.

B. L. Farjeon, in "For the Defense," shows a power of expansion that is almost miraculous. The earlier pages of the novel exhibit a startling resemblance to a brief. Page after page of cross-examination is varied by interviews with the prisoner, a young woman—beautiful, of course—who is accused of murdering her child. That she is the victim of a foul plot, her good-looking attorney is well aware, and before he has covered 190 pages, he has found her betrayer. He is the son of Mr. Justice Richbell, who is trying the case. This gives quite a dramatic turn to the tale. The Judge, a man noted for his marvelous inflexibility, for his deep love of justice quails not when his offspring is brought before him. His censure is none the less terrible because of the relationship he bears the culprit. The conclusion is the marriage of the attorney and the beauteous culprit, who, of course, is proved not guilty.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Wild Rose of Gross-Stauffen," by Nataly Von Eschstruth. Worthington & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Not All in Vain," by Ada Cambridge. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Love or Money," by Katharine Lee. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm Doxey.

"For the Defense," by B. L. Farjeon. John W. Lovell Co., publishers. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Prisons of Air," by Moncure D. Conway. United States Book Co., publishers. For sale by all booksellers.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

January opens the ball for 1892 with customary losses east of the Rockies, and February proves a "close second." Unless something practical is speedily accomplished, looking to an increase of rates, reduction of expenses, and the cessation of losses, there will be another procession of underwriting mourners marching out with the current year. "In this world of change, naught which comes stays, and naught which goes is entirely lost."

* * *

George F. Grant, of the London and Northern, and Robert Dickson, of the Connecticut, Queen, and Royal Exchange, have just closed (February 10th) their first year of "nip and tuck" for the business put upon the books of the former companies, when all were under the sole management of Mr. Dickson. Now the "Lion and the Lamb will lie down together."

* * *

It is rumored that Agent Van Slyke, of the Mutual Fire of New York, is endeavoring to organize a similar company local in character. As his old Chief P. B. A. is heralded to arrive on the Coast shortly, primed with plans for a mammoth fruit growers' combine, he can get a few points of "how to do it." I hear it hinted that this course is made necessary by the inability of the resurrected Mutual Fire to comply with our State laws.

* * *

The Underwriters' Association of the Pacific will hold their annual meeting on the 16th inst., and after their usual two days' session, will love feast on the evening of the 17th, and next morning "swear off" for another year! The programme is an unusually attractive one

* * *

The New York Life Insurance Company is a National institution; of late the company has had to hoist its umbrella until the storm brought about by the criticisms of the New York *Times* had spent itself; an official examination by the State Department does not entirely whitewash the management, but, so far as the solvency of the company goes, it exhibits assets of $120,710,690.64; liabilities, $106,002,014.81; surplus, $14,708,675.83.

The Hon. J. G. McCall, formerly Superintendent of Insurance for New York, will probably succeed President Beers; he is a talented actuary, and a gentleman fully competent and able to successfully handle so gigantic a trust; Colonel Alexander G. Hawes represents the company on this Coast. LOCAL.

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The Perfection of a Dry Wine

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12¾ miles from S. F. via Sausalito and Narrow Gauge R. R. Climate famous for relief from asthmatic and pulmonary affections. Plenty of trees and fine drives.

WE MAKE THE TABLE OUR SPECIALTY

It will pay Eastern tourists to spend the winter with us. Trains and boats to S. F. every hour. Write or telegraph. Hepburn and Berry, Larkspur, Cal.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Wedding ✻ Invitations

ROBERTSON'S

126 POST STREET

THE MUMMERS.

MISS GALE AS ROSALIND.

One who plays Rosalind as pleasingly as does Miss Gale need not regret that critics deny her Juliet praise; and one who forms an estimate of this new star's ability by her characterization of Capulet's daughter permits his judgment to rob his senses.

Miss Gale was unfortunate in choosing as the first vehicle of her ability's expression a part for which she is not fitted; people are prone to believe that their entertainers put "their best foot foremost" and a hasty decision on the actress' quality given on the production of "Romeo and Juliet," would remain unreversible by future evidence of a splendid histrionic force in another direction. If I am not in error Miss Gale takes more delight in the presentation of Rosalind than in any of her other characters. To one so charmingly formed—indeed, in a mold that few other actresses could fill—the part offers splendid opportunities. Taking it outside the realm of stageland, there are few Rosalinds who have not sighed to become Gannymede; in the heart of every woman there is left a wish that she had been her brother instead of her brother's sister. It is not, of course, uppermost always, any more than the moon is always full, but it is felt often enough to give every woman who sees "As You Like It" a more than ordinary interest in the chief character of the play. When Shakespeare puts his heroines in hero's clothes, there is really no one imposed on; and one can imagine Rosalind much less beautiful than Orlanda thought her, if Rosalind did not betray herself to him when all that stood between her and exposure was doublet and hose. However, it would be more than ill-natured to speak of so slight a matter as that; yet it would be the occasion of some pleasure if Miss Gale would assist the fancy of her lover in believing her some one else.

Not only does Miss Gale show to more advantage in this play than in almost any of the others in her repertoire, but her company seems more at home here than one could expect from their performance of the first night. I desire to reiterate what I said of Mr. Weaver. He is a splendid actor, as careful and conscientious as any mummer on the stage. His excellence stands out with dignity and vigor from among his companions. When he rendered the lines beginning, "All the world's a stage" his auditors honored him with more attention than I have seen bestowed on any man in the Baldwin; the silence was marred by no sound, until a burst of applause punctuated with generous praise the speaker's effort. It was a splendid bit of work. Mr. Sylvester, as Touchstone, earned the applause he got, and Miss Wakeman did well. Miss Aubrey and Miss Proctor contributed much to the success of the piece. This evening "As You Like It" will be repeated and those who have not seen it have missed an enjoyable play.

"THE CLUB FRIEND:" THE CALIFORNIA.

It is not often that I am called on to speak in praise of two theatrical performances in one week; but the perspicacity of the managers and the excellence of the company combined it may be, with a clear conscience and a good digestion, make it imperative that I break an old-established rule. Roland Reed and his admirable company must receive their meed of applause. This comedian returns with a new play, "The Club Friend," something better than "The Woman Hater" or "Lend Me Your Wife;" more comedy than farce, where the humor does not lie in falling over a chair, nor in tripping over the imaginary pin. That it would be a comedy lacking Roland Reed, I doubt; that it would even be a farce comedy with some one else in the leading character, is a question that could be debated for some time without solution. Yet, as Mr. Reed is there, it is not necessary to go outside the record, and whatever criticism is to be made must be made on the evidence as it stands. The testimony shows that Mr. Reed is an exceedingly popular actor; that with hardly an exception the company is capable and earnest; and that the play is an admirable vehicle for their fun-making ability. I would not rashly say that Mr. Reed in a dress suit in "The Club Friend" differs from Mr. Reed in a dress suit in "The Woman Hater;" indeed, there is no more difference between Mr. Reed in one character and another, than there is between two peas in the same pod; that is probably why so many people like him; for myself, I go to see him because he is Reed, Reed, Reed; "first, last, and all the time." If his makeup in one play was not exactly what it is in another, I should feel mortally offended, as what he says or does is really a matter of slight significance to me; I go to see Reed. His company is an improvement on the one he offered for my commendation on his last visit. Miss Wallace is pretty, clever, and young; Miss Rush does excellently well, and knows how to dress. Miss James plays a small part very well, and Miss Myers has not been praised enough, although many kindly things have been said of her. George Frederick Nash is a splendid actor; and I do not know many who could play the part of the fashionable physician better. He is quiet, forceful, and suave, with but one fault. When Mr. Filbert mentions the name of his wife, the start he gives is too energetic. He has divined what is coming; knows the story; and should not jump as he does. Aside from this, his acting is excellent. Mr. Davidge and Mr. Smiley are more than acceptable. This is, I think, the best-dressed company I have ever seen in San Francisco; really, I'd like to know the company tailor. "The Club Friend" will be continued next week.——

On Monday evening at the Baldwin, one of the few remaining legitimate comedians makes his re-appearance here and signalizes it with an event of considerable importance. The comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" will live as long as the English language is read. Mr. Robson certainly deserves thanks for having stepped into the field of revival, and from all accounts he has spared neither money nor pains to make this a brilliant production in every particular. The cast includes several very well-known names, Mr. Robson himself assuming the character of Tony Lumpkin, and Mrs. Robson (the May Waldron that was) is the Kate Hardcastle. During his engagement he will also present Bronson Howard's sterling comedy "The Henrietta."——

Miss Maude Granger did an excellent business at the Bush, this week, presenting a splendid repertoire with the assistance of a good company. James O'Neill follows on Monday, with an elaborate revival of that favorite play, "Monte Christo." Mr. O'Neill's success in the past is the guaranty of a successful week.

Martin, Morrison & Co., at 118 Geary St., have refitted and now have the finest funeral parlors on the coast.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Lessee and Proprietor
ALFRED BOUVIER ..... Manager

Last Matinee To-Day, ROMEO AND JULIET
. . . . . Last Night, AS YOU LIKE IT

Next Week, Commencing Monday, Feb. 15

ENGAGEMENT OF THE COMEDIAN

STUART ROBSON And Company of Players under the Direction of W. R. HAYDEN

In an adequate production of Goldsmith's immortal comedy SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

MR. ROBSON as TONY LUMPKIN

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Handsomest Theatre in the World.

AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
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MONDAY, FEB. 15th . . .

Last Week Last Matinee Saturday

ROLAND REED IN THE CLUB FRIEND

NEXT WEEK

First Production in San Francisco HANLON BROS.' Gorgeous Spectacular Pantomime

SUPERBA

. . . . Seats on Sale Thursday

NEW BUSH ST. THEATRE

MR. M. B. LEAVITT, Lessee MR. J. J. GOTTLOB, Manager

To-Night and Sunday Night

Farewell Performances

MAUDE GRANGER * IN * THE CREOLE

NEXT MONDAY

MR. JAMES O'NEILL

In an Elaborate Revival of

. . . MONTE CRISTO

STEINWAY HALL

206 and 208 POST STREET

Fifth : Musical : Sunday : Afternoon

SECOND SERIES, 1891 1892

On Sunday, February 14th, at 3 P. M.

. . . PROGRAMME . . .

1. String Quintette, Op. 163 . . . *Schubert*
2. Song, Adelaide . . . . *Beethoven*
   Alfred Wilkie
3. Violin Solo, Sonata, Il Trillo del Diavolo, *Tartini*
   Herrman Brandt, accompanied by Miss Ada Weigel
4. Song, Evening Song . . . . *Sullivan*
5. Quintette, Piano and Strings, Op. 107 . *Raff*
   Miss Magda Bugge and the Herrman Brandt Quartette

ADMISSION, - - - ONE DOLLAR

. . . NOTICE . . .

The next and last "Musical Sunday Afternoon" of this series, March 13th, the Beethoven Septette, for strings and wind instruments, will be performed.

Several of the patrons of the "Musical Sunday Afternoons" have expressed a hope that two more concerts would be given (in April and May,) when the Rubinstein Quintette for Piano and Strings and the Dvorak string sextette, would be rendered for the first time in this city.

Any one favoring the proposition is requested to subscribe before March 13th, at Matthias Gray Co., 206 Post Street.

Price $1.50 for the two concerts.

IRVING HALL

. . THIRD SEASON . .

Saturday Pop Concert

FEB. 13, 1892, - AT 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

. . PROGRAMME . .

1. Sonate for Piano and Violin, Op. 12, No. 2 . *Ludw. Beethoven*
   Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel
2. Recit, "For Behold" . . . . *Handel*
   Mr. Carlisle N. Greig
3. Duo for two Violins . . . . *L. Spohr*
   Messrs. Peel and Landsberger

ADMISSION, 50c. RESERVED SEATS, $1.00

Reserved Seats can be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

NICHEVO.

"It is not possible that there can be *au monde* a worse-paved city than New York," said Charlie Vanderbayle to me as we got out of a hansom at the Broadway door of Delmonico's, after having most of our smaller bones broken and our larger ones dislocated by an hour's drive down town.

Yes, there is one city at least, and that is Moscow. As your drosky rattles you over the immense boulders of that city, and you hold on like grim death, wishing you were an octopus with eight arms and no anatomy, you find your knees rattling your back teeth and your internal arrangements invading your brain until you would quintuple the sum you have bid for your vehicle to get out and walk.

And then you are in a Russian drosky, which, after all, is padded and cushioned in a way to mitigate in some measure the shocks of a shaking up. But I was once rattled over the stones between three specimens of Moscow Politseiskoi in a tumbril; and if I am now in an armchair at the Union Club, instead of in a Siberian mine, it is owing to an English foreign office passport, backed by a bale of red tape.

The favorite Russian excuse for everything that does or does not go wrong in that still barbarous country, the popular *Nichevo*, will do well for a title for my story; for the active Moscovites in its *dénouement*, from the Minister of the Interior to the policeman, used the words in connection with my fate, as it really signified to them nothing whatever what became of me then or thereafter. That was the nearest sight of instant death (or what is worse, banishment to the mines of Siberia) that I ever had, and it gives me the cold shivers still.

Of course, there was a woman at the bottom of it. *Dieu de dieux!* What a woman she was, surely! You will see on Broadway, when the closing of the stores is sending scores of girls home, dozens and dozens of pretty women. In Russia you may look for such a long time and not find one. But when among the best-bred daughters or wives of the million princes of all Russia you do find a beauty, then *gare à vous!* Your heart will go and your brain follow.

It was at the *Strelka* of Yelagin Island where all the rank and fashion of St. Petersburg meet just before sunset, and watch the spectacular apotheosis of the orb of day as he sinks over Cronstadt and lights up the Neva with his colored fires, that I was first introduced to the Duchess Olga Nicolaevna as she reclined in her double victoria, the latest Parisian gift of her absent husband.

In Russia husbands, especially if they have beautiful wives, invariably *are* absent, either in Paris or the Caucasus.

If the Duchess Olga's husband was besotting himself with Caucasus vòdka, there was no lack of admirers who posed as substitutes for the absentee; but only one was accredited with any chances of success by the local Grundyka of society.

He, of course, was the inevitable lieutenant of the *Chevalier-garde*, and was talking to the Duchess with an offensive air of appropriation that struck me at once when I was being put through my introduction by an attaché of the English Embassy.

French became the language spoken, though the young officer, I know, was talking Russian as we came up; but nothing could have been more encouraging to me or enticing than the words and manner of the superb Duchess Olga after a few *banales* phrases had led up to conversation.

The Duchess Olga in her furs was a cherub in a cloud of blue fox-down. Her eyes sparkled like icicles; her pink and white complexion became ruddier in the cold, but picturesque as she was, she scarcely suggested the Duchess Olga who, when divested of her warmer wraps, shone like Clytie in the lotos flowers, a marvel of dress and *décolletage*.

Olga was black-haired; which fact, in spite of the transparent porcelain look of her skin, gave some foundation for the report that her mother had been a Tsygane from the gipsy quarters in Moscow. At the same time, there was more of a red-bronze tint visible when the light fell on her coils of hair than the blue-black of the gipsy raven.

If her features were wonderful—and there were the rounded oval, the straight but thin-winged nose, the bow-shaped lips of the Greek Aphrodite—her figure was simply faultless. Olga was perfectly aware of the fact, and though wearing, after the Russian fashion, her corsage cut straight and low over the shoulders, the undulations were so pronounced that it did not take an artist's eye to complete the magnificent bosom that was so liberally suggested. She spoke English as well as she did French, and seemed to be familiar with all the slang of the Boulevard and of Piccadilly.

It was this facility in speaking English that made me hover round the brilliant flame that seemed to sparkle all the more when surrounded by those of her moths who were unacquainted with the language used.

Whether in furs or in laces, in feathers or in silks, dressed or undressed, she was a thing of the rarest beauty, so softly seductive, so perfectly harmonized; never saying the wrong thing, always inventing something new in look, phrase or pose, and, at the same time, giving me under her eyelashes to understand that it was for me, and me only, she allowed her brain to coruscate and her beauty to magnetize. Was it to be wondered at if I flew too near her brilliancy and risked burning any wings I possessed? We were the best of friends through the winter of '87, whether we met in the ballrooms of the Russian nobility, at the dinners given by the Embassies, or on the ice-bound Neva.

But, though I had left my card a dozen times, she never was at home, and many a time I fancied I had seen Dimitry Kasgaroff, the hated lieutenant, admitted through a side door of the ducal palace.

But then, one Russian officer is so like another, and there are so many individuals in a rich Russian's household, that I may have been mistaken.

But, in the following spring, when summer comes almost at a bound, I found myself talking to my friend the Duchess Olga at the Zoological Gardens—or, more strictly speaking, the Acclimatization Society's Gardens—in Moscow, where, while the band played, we chatted in English, to mine, if not her, heart's content, for her cordiality was entrancing.

To my delighted astonishment, Olga—who was looking more lovely than ever in a maize *crepe de chine*, which set off her black hair and eyes *à ravir*—seemed by tone and looked to extinguish any memory of coldness or disappointment, and not only fixed an hour for my call, but made me promise to come to her villa, which she had taken for the season in the Sokolniky, or People's Park, outside the city.

As I drove across the atrocious stones of the city and at last came out near the terminus of the St. Petersburg Railway on to the dusty roads which led to the Duchess' cottage, I could not help wondering why, with her wealth, a Parisian hotel and a home in the Caucacus, she should choose an out-of-the-way retreat in the Sokolniky of all places. If you can imagine the prettiest wooden cottages of Lenox and Newport set down at intervals in the wilder woods of Long Island, and will fill the deep-rutted sandy roads with droskies and troikas instead of buggies and buckboards, you will get a fair idea of this beautiful park.

You will miss the mosquitoes, but you will have the moujik who, if he does not bite, is offensively smellsome and a terrible drunkard.

The cottage I had some difficulty in finding was made entirely of wood but ornamented in the purest Russian style through carved roofs, lintels, and eaves with those fascinating arabesques, so nearly allied to Persian art, in which horses and peacocks, gazelles, and roosters twist in every combination and contortion, while dashes of primitive color add wonderful brilliancy to the natural wood. The Duchess came out on to the veranda herself, and after the most hospitable reception gave some order to my *Ivostchik* in Russian that I did not understand.

Within, nothing could have surpassed the extravagant luxury of the rooms. The hangings were of the richest Chinese silks embroidered in cashmere with the most profuse Oriental ornamentation. The wood that could be seen was of cedar, and carved screens of Jacoby-rococo made alcoves and retreats where least expected. In the centre of the inner room was an exquisite Hebe in pink marble carrying an amphora made out of a single topaz from which trickled scented waters into a malachite basin. On the wall was a Psyche by Bouguereau reflected in a large mirror opposite, the frame of which was in silver *niello* from the best Tartar smiths of Tula.

There was the usual sacred picture in the entrance, but everything in this boudoir was the luxury of the east treated with the taste of Paris; and had it not been for the samovar in one corner and the jar of cooking Lompopo, we might have been thousands of miles away from Czars and Nihilists.

Not that the shrine or the goddess made me think of Nihilist or Czar, but the fact is I had been warned by the military attaché in St. Petersburg to be wary of ladies in Russia who were attached to young men who had been students in Warsaw or Kief, as it was just as well for a foreigner to be ignorant of the universities where Nihilism was fostered. Dimitry Kasgoroff, some kind friends said, was tainted with Nihilism; but I could not see how that, if it were a fact, could interfere with my flirtation with the beautiful Olga.

Anyway the flame was too dazzling for the moth to see the danger; and *ma foi*, if I had known there was dynamite under the floor I should not have hesitated to brave an explosion before the fascinating picture presented to me.

The Duchess Olga was wearing a long white crape robe, which fell in voluminous folds round her feet and was confined round the hips by an enamelled Circassian belt, from the centre of which hung a miniature yataghan. By the way the crape clung to the salient points of her form, and by the faint blush of pink that permeated the material where it clung, there could have been little or no other dress worn beneath. Her hair was fastened in a coil with Tartar pins, while one long braid, in which gold threads were intertwined, hung over one shoulder. An infinity of light Oran lace, which looked like snowflakes mixed with cobwebs, wandered over the edges and seams of the magic robe, but ever and anon as she threw herself on the couch of white fox skins or stretched her arm to take a cigarette, there was a momentary vision of a *torso* Houdon might have envied as model for his *Diane*, the curves of which were as firm and round as the far-vaunted charms of his Madame du Barri.

Bidding me sit at her feet, while she stretched her supple arms above her head, and made the Persian bangles tinkle merrily as they slid from her wrists to her round forearm: "There is not a soul in the villa but ourselves," she said; "you can avenge yourself for all my fancied coldness by saying the prettiest things about me that imagination can inspire."

That I said everything that could charm a woman with any vanity both in French and English goes without saying, and instead of sitting at her feet I was soon kneeling by the low divan pleading for her sympathy, while my whole soul inhaled the jasmine and iris that seemed to impregnate her being. There were moments when this delicious creature seemed absorbed in me and my adulation, but at others when I fancied her lips were about to dissolve on mine, some *arrière-pensée* seemed to reproach her, and her eye would flash as if her ear were listening, not to me but to some far-off echo.

In one of these intervals, Olga, looking me in the eyes with a winning laugh, said:

"An Englishman cold? What a fiction! You could not be more lover-like if you came from the shores of the Mediterranean instead of from the banks of the Thames."

As I seized her in my arms, and, taking the jeweled pins out of her hair, allowed the coils to fall on one side, while my lips feverishly wandered over the polished column of her neck, Olga, suddenly pushing me from her, burst into tears, and wound the long tresses of her bronze hair convulsively round her face and arms. Her tears only made her more beautiful, and as I nursed her like a baby on my breast, and tried to make her speak, all she said was in Russian at first, and I only caught *Nichevo*, "It does not signify," and *Nelzia*, "It cannot, must not be done."

But when the big sob was dispelled, and she came back to French and English, she sat up, and, taking me by both hands, spoke in a sweet, remorseful voice, that seemed to repent and ask pardon in the same tone.

"*Ah! Que je suis méchante!*" were her first words. "I have been so wicked! The fact is, I did not know I should like you. But I do like you!" and she kissed my hands like a serf, "and I have sold you—not for money, that you know well—but for I *must* tell you—for Dimitry. I was bound to him by creed, by oath, and at one time by inclination. The police discovered in rooms he occupied in St. Petersburg papers which would have compromised him and many others had they been certain whence they emanated. Little by little the meshes which were closing around him became so tightly raveled that only a *coup* could save him. He has money and a disguise, with a forged passport to facilitate his escape, but the police of Moscow have secret notice that he is here in this villa, and before sundown the agents will come to arrest him as a Nihilist."

"And they will arrest *me* instead? Is that the programme?"

"I deserve it!" she gasped. "But believe me, I would give my fortune now to save you! How could I know?"

"Save me! To save me from your fascinations, beautiful Duchess!" I answered, determined to swagger, though I well knew the danger that was hanging

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AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

over us. "As an Englishman I have faith in that institution, the British Consul, and as my papers are all *en regle*, I simply murmur *Nichevo!* and thank fate for giving me one such hour of felicity."

"You are too good for me, too generous!" and throwing her arm round my neck, she pressed my willing head on to her bare shoulders, from which crape and Oran lace had slipped, filling my half-closed eyes with a reverie of camelia petals in translucent white and pink, enhanced by the seductive fragrance of her caresses.

"Siberia," I whispered, "would never make me regret this meeting;" and as her lips expressed their gratitude and the clasp of her Circassian belt trembled in my fingers, a thundering noise came at the wooden door of the villa, and the rough voice of a Russian gorodovoi told us an entry had been made by the authorities.

When the police stepped into the boudoir, the Duchess Olga was standing haughtily before the mirror, her hair in smooth coils round her beautiful head, with her blue-fox mantle over her shoulders. She looked like a Tartar queen waiting for her court.

I had withdrawn to one side and seized the only book within reach upon a small gilt table. The agents seized the volume and laughed. As I learned afterwards, it was a Polish story of rebellion and revolt, and therefore calculated to incriminate me to the utmost.

"Speak only English, and do not understand a word of any other language!" said the Duchess Olga; and with that tyrannical arrogance that the Russian can use to inferiors she spoke to the men and told them they must be mistaken. There could be no Nihilists in her house. The intrusion was scandalous; and no punishment could be too vile for these dogs of Police!

As they were about to hurry me away, I burst from them and whispered to her that I did not mind their insults, for one look from her eyes would haunt me through life to heaven or elsewhere. Telling the police that her guest would come out to them immediately, she took from the wall where it fastened up the draperies a gold pin to which was attached a small egg-shaped beryl, such as the Russians give it each other at Easter, only of greater value, and putting it in my scarf turned away with a convulsive sob that she tried to stifle. I had only time to kiss her hand and tear myself away.

There was no drosky, but a common cart, a rough *telega*, into which I was hustled without ceremony, and escorted by three stalwart policemen was soon being shaken to a jelly over the ill-paved streets of Moscow. I need not trouble my readers with the difficulties I encountered e'er I was freed. The British Consul at last proved his value as an institution for preserving the lives of his countrymen; but I had to leave the country sooner than was convenient.

Dimitry Kasgaroff got away to America, but the lovely Olga, I have since heard with the saddest of heart-wrenches, was exiled to Irkutsk. The police may still say *Nichevo*, but I would love to see her again.—*Town Topics*.

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MUSIC.

Charity concerts, where the interest is principally social, do good for the cause of music in more than an indirect way. As the audience is gathered usually from the class of people to whom the concert is a novelty in the way of entertainment, at least in San Francisco, that august body has perforce to come in contact with music better than its usual musical diet of farce-comedy variety—Baldwin-orchestra *entr'actes*. Two kinds of people make up a large contingent at the charity concert—those who are piteously wondering why they should be there, and those who could only tell very particularly next day the quality, cost, and advantages of their seats.

Last Wednesday's concert for the benefit of the Fabiola Hospital had none of the faults of the charity concert and had a great many virtues that institution usually scorns. The unpaid professional nuisance was minimized, the form which the numbers of the programme took was somewhat novel, and the general spirit of vitality was above the average. Mandolins, bandurrias, and guitars may not be the most serious musical instruments, but skillful and effective playing of them is a labor of some magnitude. The sight of one hundred and fifty players giving respectable performances is a sign of musical taste which could be brought to ripen into more serious efforts. The elements of adequate performances of simple compositions are to be learned in this way, and this playing also helps to form correct standards of rhythm and shading.

Ambitious numbers only were given by the Mandolinata Club, led by Senors Sancho and Lombardero, which were extremely effective despite the size of the Grand Opera House auditorium. The quintette of three young ladies and the two clever professionals gave Thomas' Raymond Overture with uncommon spirit and taste. The same ability was happily shown in popular selections from "Rigoletto." Our players of instrumental quartettes and quintettes would do well to catch the enthusiasm, unity of sentiment, and precision of these clever people. Los Bandurristas and Sketch Clubs made nice effects in the Bizet number, and with increased tone quality. The strength of the full complement of clubs and players united in the finale, held sufficiently well together under the able leadership of Senor Sancho. The musical interest in the last pieces was decidedly eclipsed by the profusion of damsels in every style of belleship. Huge joy filled the beaux, commingled with a desire to applaud and use opera glasses at the same time.

Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams sang with the same charm of voice, personality, and manner, which won her such unqualified success in "Girofle-Girofla" last season; Dr. A. F. Regansberger playing a tasteful 'cello obligato to "Once," the popular ballad. "Rosa," Tosti's extremely effectively-written song for a baritone, was given by Mr. C. A. Howland in his best voice and in good expression.

LESLEY MARTIN.

MUMM'S CHAMPAGNE.

The most notable event of the year in New York society was the marriage of Mrs. Marshal O. Roberts, one of the leaders of Gotham's Four Hundred, to Colonel Ralph Vivian, of the Scots Guards, Queen Victoria's household troop. The ceremony took place at Calvary Church, New York City, on January 6th. At the magnificent breakfast subsequently served, the fellow-officers of Colonel Vivian, who attended the wedding, appreciated very highly the thoughtful compliment shown to their taste as connoisseurs, by the use of that famous brand of G. A. Mumm & Co's Extra Dry Champagne, so well known as the only wine used by that crack regiment when it gave its celebrated dinner to the Prince and the Emperor of Germany, on the latter's recent visit to England. This is the same wine used at the recent receptions given by the local Press Club to the distinguished visitors from the East who were our guests. The popularity of Mumm Champagne in the United States is well shown by this record of the importations of champagne into the United States from July 1 to December 31, 1891:

G. H. Mumm & Co.	36,685 cases
Moet & Chandon	18,420 "
Perrier Jouet	18,384 "
Pommery	10,382 "
Veuve Clicquot	9,702 "
Dry Monopole	7,535 "
L. Roederer	5,703 "

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A MAN'S WOMAN

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LAWN TENNIS.

The California Tennis Club's reputation for producing champions was gallantly upheld on Saturday last, when W. H. Taylor, Jr. and Joe Tobin succeeded in capturing the final set of their match with Bates and Neel of the East Oakland Tennis Club—thus gaining possession of the elegant silken pennant emblematic of the League championship. The contest brought out one of the largest crowds ever assembled at the courts and surprised a great many because of the threatening aspect of the weather. As it was, the teams were hardly through with their match when the rain came down in torrents, disappointing a large crowd of players who were on hand to practice.

The contest was a clever exhibition of tennis, particularly so on the California team's side. Both Taylor and Tobin were at their best; the champion played with all his well-known coolness and skill. His placing of volleys down the centre of the court was productive of many points and made matters very uneasy for the pony team. Tobin played wonderfully well, and smashed with an accuracy that was surprising. He also did well from the back courts, and showed excellent judgment in allowing balls to go out, some of which landed quite close to the line.

The Oakland team was the favorite before the match, and their friends were confident of their ability to "do" the California team in a one set match. The California team is looked upon as a slow starter, but the way they commenced Saturday showed plainly that they were not idle during the week. It must be admitted that Bates and Neel did not play as good a game as in their former matches; their lobbing was very short throughout the set. While they might have played better, still it is doubtful whether they would come much closer than they did to the champions who gave a very scientific game.

The score of the match shows the California team to be the winners by 2-6, 6-4, 6-1, 1-6, 6-3, thus beating the East Oakland by three sets to two, and winning in the aggregate twenty-one games to Oakland twenty, a very close score.

A very pleasant feature of the contest was the fairness shown by the spectators in applauding the strokes made by either side. Only one young man attempted to applaud a misplay of Taylor's. That was as far as he got, however, as Taylor very properly admonished him to use his lungs at the proper stage of the game, and only when a good play deserved it. The idea of applauding a poor play, even when the player tries his best to return the ball, is altogether uncalled for, and shows very poor taste.

The League series has been a great boon to local tennis players. It has brought the clubs surrounding the bay into closer intimacy, and there are very few players now that are not well acquainted with the different strokes used by the men which gives them excellent ideas toward improving their own play.

The next series will no doubt prove more exciting than the one just concluded, as the Madison Club, which has many clever players, will send in a strong team, and a number of other teams will also be seen.

The finals in the Lakeside Club Class Tournament for the handsome Hammersmith & Field trophy that was to have taken place on Saturday last, but which was postponed, owing to the softness of the courts from the previous night's rain, will take place this afternoon (weather permitting) at the Lakeside Club's courts. The courts are in excellent condition for this event, which promises to be exciting. The first match will be between Code, of the California Club, and Driscoll. The latter concedes odds of half fifteen to the California Club man. This should be a close match, as Code has shown great improvement in his play. Driscoll is looked upon as a winner in this match, and, should he win, will play Harry Haight in the final, receiving half fifteen. This match would create a great deal of interest, and would bring out Driscoll's good points to great advantage. By many Driscoll is considered to be equally as good as Haight. If such is the case, then he should win with the odds he receives. The winner to-day and the two previous winners of the Hammersmith & Field series, Hubbard and Sanborn, will meet on March 5th next, to decide the ownership of the trophy.

February 22d is to be a day of tournaments. First, the California Club class tournament on the 20th, 21st, finals on the 22d, and the Madison Club singles event, also the East Oakland Club's class tournament, open to members of both Lakeside and East Oakland Clubs. This should keep the boys on the move, and should prove of interest to lovers of the game on both sides of the bay.

One of the most absurd articles ever put in print appeared in an Oakland paper the other evening in which Geo. Mason, the President of the East Oakland Club, was mentioned as having few friends and intimidating that his resignation was to be asked for by the members of that organization. A more popular man cannot be found on the earth, and it is owing to his untiring efforts that the Club has attained its present high standing.

Mr. Mason finds more time in advancing the Club's interests than he can devote to practice, and it is evidently owing to the fact of his not practicing that the writer says he is unpopular. He is as popular in his club as Colonel Linderman is at the California Club.

Daily, the professional tennis player, has been negotiating with a Northern gentleman in regard to a visit North next summer. The Professor will play the best men in Victoria and the surrounding country; he will leave here about the latter part of June and be away until August or thereabuot.

THE SCORER.

FRESNO'S PRIDE.

THE BARTON OPERA HOUSE.

The Barton Opera House, Fresno, is one of the finest buildings devoted to theatrical purposes in the State of California. Erected about two years ago with the most lavish display compatible with good taste, it is really a marvel to all stage people who visit the Pacific Coast. It is on the main street, opposite the Postoffice, with the City Hall in the same block, and the Court House only half a block away. The theatre has a seating capacity of 1600, is lighted with electricity, and has every modern appliance for the convenience and comfort of patrons and mummers. No play has ever come to California that could not be staged at the Barton Opera House; and at one performance Bernhardt took in $3250. The building, which is three stories, cost $175,000, is of brick, and is fire-proof. The auditorium proper is entered by a spacious archway and has two galleries. There are some 800 opera chairs of the most approved pattern on the parquet floor, which is heavily carpeted and contains an unusually fine and spacious foyer. There are four lower boxes very handsomely furnished. The decoration of the walls and proscenium is in low tones relieved by gold effects, which, while soothing to the senses, is at the same time artistic in the extreme. The proscenium opening is formed by three arches sunken one within the other, producing another unusual effect, but one of which the eye never tires. The scenery, as yet, scarce shows the touch of the hand of time, and everything "behind the lamps" is wonderfully bright, fresh, and inviting. There are sixteen dressing-rooms fitted with Brussels carpets and large plate mirrors. Six exits make the emptying of the entire auditorium a matter of a few seconds.

Besides the theatre, the building contains Armory Hall, where all the social affairs take place, it is admirably adapted to its purpose; a splendid suite of clubrooms, which are among the best in the State. It is possible they will be taken by the Union Club, which is being formed. The stores beneath rent for $8000 a year, and this, with the dramatic entertainments and other rents, pays a handsome interest on the money invested. The construction of this theatre has attracted people to Fresno; it shows the life, spirit, and public enterprise of the citizens. Mr. Barton was one who believed in home industry, home improvements. He made his money in Fresno, and he built this splendid theatre without hope of immediate reward, for the benefit of Fresno. Had the same amount of money been put into stores or offices, the return would have been much greater, but he chose to do something that would be a monument as much to the city of his adoption as to himself. His widow has carried on his undertakings with great success.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, February 8th. DEAR WAVE:—For the last two weeks we have had numerous quarrels to break the dull monotony, and I have at last discovered what we need to make Oakland a success. As you know, dear, a lot of old fossils run the place, and we cannot be as other places until the death or retirement of these various sycophants and office-holders, and it then will take two or three generations to refine us, and round off all the rough corners. Of course, you have heard of the disgraceful ignorance displayed by the Board of Education. They absolutely dethroned Madame Ferrier (the teacher from whom all we girls have learned our French,) because she read selections of Hugo's "Hernani." A puritanical maiden (poor little innocent) named Emma Englehardt, said that her modesty was shocked by some of the passages, and H. T. le gros Smith championed her cause. He is renowned as a disturber of the peace (it was he who created such a racket when the Grand Army was here), and is an ex-police, president of an insurance company, and now, as a member of the Board, takes upon himself the difficult task of criticising the French classics, which is too ludicrous for anything, as he does not know a word of French, nor, so far as I can learn, are any of the other members capable of reading "Hernani" in the original. Tom says that it would not hurt them to take a few lessons in the rudiments of English. Dr. Coyle, the leader of our swell Presbyterians, is too saintly for this wicked, *wicked* world. He objects to "Hernani," as well as theatre-going, but, since he has never attended the theatre, how does he know of the dreadful results that follow? We have one broad-minded public man, who is a safe model for the innumerable bigots who try to run Oakland, and that is Dr. Wendte, of the Unitarian Church, whose views on all such subjects are those of a perfect man of the world, who has read, traveled, attended the theatre, and thus speaks from experience.

A choice little morsel of gossip is that about Charlie Hubbard and Wallie Hackett. The former says that Wallie shall no longer be a member of the Tennis Club, nor shall he ever again adorn a social gathering. The number of McAllisters is becoming alarming, but think of Hubbard aspiring to such a position. Any way, they both are "broilers." Wonder if Charlie has taken a course in bookkeeping since he was Secretary of the Tennis Club?

Speaking of "broilers" reminds me that peach-cheeked Sammy Breck is engaged to a pretty little girl, who but recently returned from a six months' tour of Europe.

"A Night Off," for the benefit of Father McSweeney's Church, was a great success. In the audience I saw Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Driscoll, and Tommy, also the Rosboroughs and other devoted Catholics whose names escape me at present. Father McSweeney was as genial and handsome as ever, while the Alameda amateurs did as well as amateurs always do—no better, no worse. Am still racked with curiosity as to the identity of E. W. H. Wish he would make himself known to me. There is to be a surfeit of merry-making this week. Tuesday the A. A. Moores gave a party for their daughter, Ethel. What a delightful family they are—one always has the best of times at their home, but what a mistake for them to introduce Ethel on this side. They could shine just as well in San Francisco Society.

Wednesday evening the grand charity concert for the Fabiola took place at the Grand Opera House. There was present a perfect galaxy of youth and beauty from this side. After the Fabiola, Colonel and Mrs. L. L. Bromwell gave a very pleasant little supper party at their residence. They are very hospitable and any number of agreeable entertainments take place under their roof every week. On Thursday the Campbells gave a reception in honor of their son, who was recently wedded. You remember, dear, Mrs. C—— is the mother of Carrie Campbell, who married a gay officer, and went East to live. Friday evening is to be the event of the season, when the last cotillion is to be danced. It is to be a *bal poudre* and Leap Year party as well. My partner is to be one of the married beaux as I don't intend that one of the "broilers" shall be flattered by my attentions, and, unfortunately, all the eligibles were snatched up the moment the suggestion was made. My gown is to be heavy blue brocade made in the style of the sixteenth century. Ta-ta, FROU-FROU.

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

DEAR WAVE:—The past week actually furnished us some amusement—nearly every taste could have been gratified. Those who relish very *broad* fun found it at the masquerade. Some of the characters were *well* taken—very few, however. The mask would have been more effectual in some cases if no disguise had been attempted, and they had appeared in their *true* characters. That *devoted husband*, for instance, if he had appeared as he does in the bosom of his family when the bills come in—it would have been a treat.

Was it laziness or sheer want of taste that made pretty Mrs. Hill wear artist's materials for her costume? She is a bright little lady, and would have appeared well in a better line—then, when out in Society one should "sink the shop."

Everyone wonders at the retirement from Society of Milton L——. He used to be a great card, and when he was not "playing the harp of a thousand strings" in Georgia's ear, or strumming the banjo for Maude, he was playing the fiddle for some one else. Now he is socially unheard of. If you'll promise never to tell I will give you the reason.

The widow is the cause. That woman's appetite for candy is something abnormal, and times are dull. Archie is too fat and lazy to take any trouble or he would be a favorite.

We have some new people making a desperate effort to enter our best Society, but, judging from what I saw the other night at a party given by one of these *nouveaux riche*, she will hardly enter. To invite a lady and then give her the cut direct is hardly a passport to good Society.

"Foronice," the gifted, is silent. She has ceased to inflict a long suffering public. It is rumored that she died of indigestion caused by eating some of the messes made from her marvelous recipes. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, which, being freely translated, means "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

There is a huge fight on at the Normal, or, rather, with the Trustees. Little French stands well to his guns, and, though I am not of his opinion, I glory in his spunk.

It was too bad that Archer lost his temper, but being a proselyte, he is naturally very zealous. The clergy have all put their oars in, and there was a rare circus in Bro. Jewell's tent, the other night, and some pretty fair side shows at other places.

My papa says the Bible is non-sectarian, but I guess if Ralph Lowe thinks it ought not to be read in the Normal, it won't be. Ralph, you know, is a self-made man, and awful proud of the job, though I have met people who could not understand what he was so proud about. He takes pretty good care of the old maids, anyway, and if he has set out to protect their morals, he'll do it.

The Art Institute is dying. I write it sadly. The case is hopeless, the wisest say. The truth is, our rich men are not of the kind who buy good pictures or build up art schools, and those who go in for such things are poor as church mice.

The O'Connors have some good pictures; fine copies of celebrated works; and the Breyfogles brought some meritorious works home with them. The Moore's artist son-in-law has given them some of his works, but that covers the ground.

In the greater number of parlors you will see about the same subjects. The frames may differ, but usually you will find some colicy mountains very bilious on one side; a buttermilk sky and a placid pool of skim-milk below. It is too bad the honest efforts to cultivate taste cannot succeed.

The other night, at a quiet little affair where only the best friends were present, some pretty strong side-lights were thrown on the lives of our intimates. A girl who couldn't sew a button on her own gown thought it "too silly of Cora —— to try to keep it secret that she sold her embroidery." You see the girl "does good by stealth," and then is angry to find it fame. Why, we all knew that Mattie made piles of money with her beautiful button-holes, and who thought the less of her?

I can't see that fine needle-work is any poorer trade than school teaching. One thing I know, in future I shall be the very last to leave a place, and then they'll not have a chance at me.

Please, dear WAVE, don't let your printers spoil my French any more. Dr. Miller says he had a hard time guessing what I meant, and you know he speaks pure Parisian and so does BABBLER.

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—The entertainments and theatres of last week were so nicely distributed that our Society people had opportunities of resting between times. Theatres early in the week were followed by a few parties later on, the most pretentious being the Terry's "at home." Between sixty and seventy invitations were issued to those "in the swim," and, needless to say, the "Cotton Club" was well represented. Ferns and dainty flowers decorated the rooms, and the elegant costumes of the ladies made a picture fair to look upon. Mrs. Terry never looked so charming before, her gown of black brocaded grenadine being the most becoming the little lady ever wore. Dancing was the feature of the evening, the entire lower floor being given to the lovers of "the light fantastic," while the upstairs apartments were converted into cosy and muchly-sought cardrooms. Salads, sandwiches, cakes, wines, ices, etc., were served at midnight and were duly appreciated by the enthusiastic card players and heated dancers.

Many admiring glances were cast in the direction of Mrs. Terry's pretty sister, Mrs. Wilhoit, who, with her husband came down from Stockton for the occasion. Mrs. W—— wore a very handsome gown of white silk, draped with elegant lace. Mrs. Phillips in white, Mrs. Reichman in red were among the successful disciples of Hoyle. I was delighted to see Mrs. Woodworth out again, looking like a sweet rosebud itself. We did full justice to the delicious punch made by Reel's skillful hands, and many were the toasts drunk to the staff, host, hostess, and guests. Imp bade good night with a wish in her heart that she would soon again be able to chronicle another such an event.

Numerous "party callers" have been graciously received at the Egger's mansion, and I am delighted to hear that after Mr. Egger's "low beer" we will be treated to another bowling party, which means a wide and enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Brown have issued cards for a progressive euchre party Wednesday evening of this week. Other amusements will be offered for those not caring for the game. It will be a small gathering, as the Brown residence is not large enough to accommodate a great many. Friday evening the '89-'90 Club again entertain and from the number of strangers now visiting here and guests of the Club, I can safely predict an elegant time for all the participants.

Well, to continue, next Saturday evening James O'Neill will present "Monte Cristo" to a Fresno audience, and on the twenty-second of this month Miss Gale's Company will occupy the Barton stage. Both of these events will be well patronized by our 400. I hear General Muller's staff and their ladies will have a theatre party on the evening of Miss Gale's appearance. Jack tells me of other affairs in sight but I've no time to chronicle more at present.

Yours, IMP.

WORTHY OF EXAMINATION.

The interest that centered about Belvedere last year seems to be increasing, and this charming peninsula has fulfilled the promise made of it: that it would be the most popular resort in the State. The number of people who go thither on week days and Sundays is very large, and many lots have been sold within the past month. The company has shown a disposition to treat all comers with equal politeness, and every effort is made for their comfort and convenience in examining the land. It is not necessary to speak of the natural advantages of Belvedere, in whose praise poets have sung. Every train is met by 'busses, which convey intending purchasers all over the island, from whose pleasant driveways views of the most beautiful scenery on the Coast are gained. The large number of new houses in course of erection are sufficient evidence of the fact that Belvedere has found favor in the eyes of the moneyed classes. A first-class hotel, operated under the patronage of the company, is the latest addition to the comforts, and already a number of San Franciscans have taken up their residence under its hospitable roof.

The Fresno *Republican* mistakes the uses of the bar of public opinion; that where drinks are served. It remarks: "Some people who escaped the Grand Jury will still have to answer at the bar of public opinion."

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LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 6, 1891.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	†8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.05 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 2:00, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 29, 1891.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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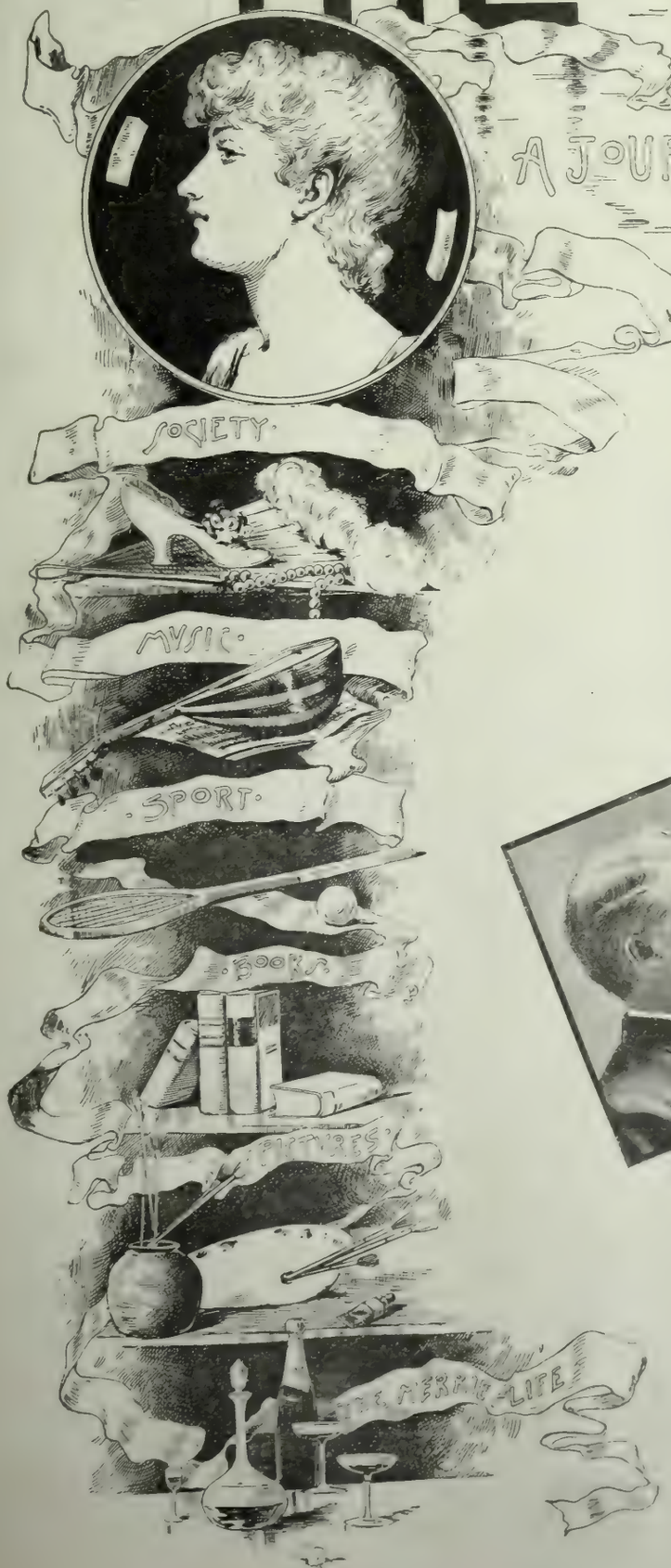
THE WAVE

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA



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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 8. San Francisco, February 20, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The trial of Actor Curtis for the murder of Officer Grant has been one of the most interesting causes in recent years, and has brought prominently before the public the gentlemen whose pictures adorn the cover this week. It is unnecessary to say much of any of them. Judge Troutt has the honor to be Presiding Judge. W. W. Foote is almost unrivaled as a criminal lawyer, but does not make that a specialty; he was associate counsel in the Blythe case, and has been in many noted suits in the past ten years; he is spoken of as a candidate for the United States Senate. George Knight is a splendid lawyer and a Republican orator; he has the reputation of being in more cases and winning more than half the attorneys in town. Incidentally, Curtis will be acquitted.

SPLASHES.

INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM the city editor of a daily is no more omniscient than any other mortal. It is customary to regard him as Argus-eyed, to believe that nothing occurs but what gets into the papers. The fact is, alas, that most interesting episodes go unrecorded. A community is as much in process of fermentation as a vat of grape juice. Events are continually maturing, but it is only in isolated instances one is allowed to witness a climax. Here is a forgery story that is known to fifty people: The Bank of California was the victim; the signatures presented were of men whose names are familiar, the conduct of the criminal was singularly bold, the detection of the crime was an accident, yet not a whisper of the episode has appeared in print.

* * *

The check was for $960. It bore the signature of Dr. Jewell, of the Home of Inebriates, and was drawn in favor of Charles Clark. It was presented at the desk of the paying teller of the Bank of California by a young man. That official, not knowing Clark's signature nor the bearer, asked that the former be identified. There was no demur. The same day the check was offered—Clark's endorsement being "O. K-ed." by no less a personage than Daniel Meyer, whose autograph is not unfamiliar in the Bank of California. There could be no further question. Asked if he wanted cash, the holder replied he merely desired to have the check certified. On the following morning it was presented to the other teller and paid in gold. Who the young man was, his whereabouts, and that of the money are a mystery.

* * *

The forgery was discovered by one of the clerk. Examining the checks presented that day, his eye was caught by Daniel Meyer's signature. At a glance it was the ordinary autograph of the millionaire, but two dots which he never fail to mark under the Meyer were missing. A closer examination revealed dissimilarities. He appealed to Mr. Meyer who pronounced the identification a forgery. Dr. Jewell declared he had drawn no such check, and instantly the police were notified. The results of the investigations of fully half a score of detectives Cashier Thomas Brown knows all about. No effort has been spared to hunt down the perpetrator of this multiplex forgery. As there have been no arrests it might be safe to assume the young man is yet at large.

* * *

Among the curious circumstances of the case one must place the apparent familiarity of the forger with Dr. Jewell's affairs. The Doctor is interested in several loan and building societies, and is accustomed every month to draw a check in favor of C. K. Clark, who is secretary of so many of these institutions. The amount of his deposit at the bank, his dealings with Clark, and similar facts the criminal must have been well aware of. I suppose it will not be long before the mystery is cleared up. Forgeries of this character are not so common that it is easy to keep them secret.

* * *

IF YOU WISH to realize the denunciatory possibilities of English, as she is spoken at the Pacific Union Club, just ask an habitué about the restaurant. Time was when the best dollar dinner in the world was served there, and it was really interesting to see the members streaming into their accustomed places every evening. But it was such a very good dinner that the restaurant ran behind every month—so much so, indeed, that the Board of Directors decided to make a radical change. They did away with it, and substituted the *a la carte* system, which is not only more expensive but infinitely more troublesome. Now there is none of the sweet mystery about the evening meal that made half the charm of dining at the club. Each man composes his own *menu*. There is no punctuality about assembling at 6.30, and, worst of all, a number of the jolliest table friends have taken to dining at home.

* * *

There is no doubt that the Directors acted for what they thought the best, but in disestablishing an institution so sanctified by tradition as this dollar dinner, it is evident they made a mistake. There is not a great deal outside its fine rooms to render the Pacific-Union attractive. There are no "jinks," no Bluff King Hals, no Rose Leaves to furnish topics of conversation. That someone has blundered is generally recognized, and at the next election the surviving members of the present directorate will be few, if any. In fact there will doubtless be a complete reorganization, and the obnoxious rule will surely be done away with.

* * *

On the subject of club elections I am reminded that the two most prominent candidates for President of the Bohemian just now are W. Greer Harrison and Ned Hamilton. I presume Ed. Townsend will loom up as soon as he returns from the East. Who Mr. Harrison is everyone knows, and Mr. Hamilton is by no means an unknown quantity, particularly to those who live in Oakland. If a new building is wanted the institution could not find anyone better than the present presiding officer of the Olympic to carry it through. Besides, he is amply gifted with executive ability and can make a good speech. Hamilton is clever and witty, is one of the best toastmasters in town, and is, moreover, acceptable to the Bohemian element besides being admired by the Borehemians. He will be a hard man to beat.

* * *

IF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB does not look out for its laurels, the Concordia Club's "jinks" will become the most noted in town. Saturday night's entertainment was pronounced a greater success than even the New Year's ball. It is rather encouraging that the new departure should have proved so satisfactory. In the olden days, before the magnificent clubhouse was erected on Van Ness Avenue, this organization made no efforts at sociability, save in the way of a few balls given at long intervals. Now, however there is a change. That it is for the better no one can doubt.

* * *

The younger element is largely responsible

for this leaven of vitality and energy. All that is necessary now is to keep up the pace, and I don't apprehend any setbacks. Milton Eisner, as "sire," got off a score of clever things. His introductory speeches were especially neat and his hits very happy. The talent was both native and imported. Fred Levy played the "Concordia Waltzes," which he had composed for the occasion. Leo Cooper recited. Messrs. Armer and Dinkelspeil gave the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" in a German dialect. This was an irresistibly funny performance. Charles Ackerman contributed a serio-comic oration on the new order of things in the Club, and Mr. Mitchell gave his very clever Chinese imitations. Lucius Solomons read an original poem which excited much laughter. The programme embraced a score of other performances. Beer, clay pipes, and sandwiches were the staple refreshments.

* * *

THE THEMIS CLUB is experiencing a decided boom. The members had an important meeting the other evening and adopted a new constitution. So far as it goes the institution is now as well equipped as any of its older rivals. The constitution leaves nothing to be desired. Among the by-laws are some regulations of a vigorous character aimed at the influx of visitors, which so many members have complained of. It is provided that no single individual may come there more than twice every three months. It must not be imagined that the Themis rooms are more than ordinarily magnificent. They are not even uniquely luxurious, but apparently there is a fascination about them that must be counteracted. Parents of the members will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that gambling is strictly prohibited.

* * *

Herein it seems to me the Themis Club sets an admirable example to older institutions. It not only disapproves the vice, but legislates against it. Undoubtedly this vigorous stand against the insidious temptation of cards will discourage the tendency in after life. The Club is also equipped with a new Board of Directors, of which George Mannheim is President. It is to be hoped the Themis will always preserve its present saintly standard.

* * *

SURPRISE PARTIES have come into vogue again these past few weeks. For years this method of entertaining one's friends fell into disuse— I presume because it was rather easier to effect the same purpose in other ways. The revival is owing to the activity of Society in general, and the desire, in particular, for something novel. Of the perpetual round of teas and luncheons, even of balls, the gayest even get weary. A successful affair of this kind was given at the residence of Mrs. Owen on California Street, Monday evening last. It was Miss Owen's birthday, and her mother wished to make its celebration a surprise.

* * *

The preparations were all made, invitations sent out, and Miss Owen was asked to dinner at a friend's house. In her absence final arrangements were consummated, and when she returned home nearly all the guests had arrived. What is called a progressive cotillion was then danced. Following the plan in vogue at euchre parties, every man, when called out by a girl, was awarded a star—the girls, when taken out, were similarly adorned. After the final figure had been danced, these decorations were counted, and prizes bestowed accordingly. Mr. E. Y. Judd, among the men, received the largest number, and was given a large green bow as the beau of the evening. Miss Kate Voorhies was most fortunate among the girls, and was awarded a small gold bell as the belle. Altogether, the affair was thoroughly enjoyable, and afforded much amusement. An excellent supper was served.

* * *

There is nothing quite so pleasant as a girls' tea, unless it is a tea where men are. Neither belong to the sensational type of gayety but no one ever misses attending them. Miss Helen Walker gathered a number of her friends at her pretty residence, Fulton Street, Wednesday afternoon. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Bert Morrow, Miss Maud Morrow, and Mrs. Jardim, all of whom wore pretty light costumes.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Severance, the pretty daughter of the American Consular representative at Honolulu, is visiting the Misses Dimond at their residence, 2224 Washington Street. Miss Severance is well-known in local Society. Her father for many years was the resident Consul for the Hawaiian Islands, prior to the advent of Consul McKinley. Miss Severance had an opportunity of meeting many of her old acquaintances at the Cotillion last night.

* * *

Miss Kittle's valentine party on Saturday night must be numbered among the most enjoyable of the season's dances. It was a pretty affair; the decorations were simple and appropriate—blood-red hearts and fern fronds. The programmes were heart-shaped and every detail suggested the occasion. For the most part the guests were members of the younger set, and everyone danced. The pleasure of the evening was rather marred by an accident to Miss Marie Voorhies. The floor was not in very good condition, and while dancing a waltz her foot slipped and she sprained her ankle. She was carried up stairs, and the injury was attended to. She expects complete recovery before Lent, however.

* * *

The girls looked their best. Miss Maggie Kittle wore white brocade, and never appeared to better advantage. She made an excellent hostess. Miss Beth Sperry in pink, Miss Finlay in yellow, and Miss Ames in white were the prettiest maidens in the room.

* * *

Mrs. Alphonso A. Wigmore gave a tea and musicale on Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Carpenter and Miss Clemon, who are visiting the city. The affair was very pleasant, and notwithstanding the unfortunate condition of the weather, there were a number of very pretty girls present.

* * *

The first of the series of entertainments for the benefit of the Polyclinic was given at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Wilshire on Saturday evening. It took the form of a tea, musicale, and hop, and was a most profitable and enjoyable affair. The pace set by Mrs. Wilshire in this function was a very happy one, and those who follow in the series will be required to do something exceedingly neat or fall by comparison. The hostess was assisted by a large number of very pretty girls, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Julia Bissell, and others. Among the matrons who did much to make the affair a success were Mrs. Smith, Mrs. De Young, Mrs. Fred Smith, and Mrs. De Greayer. This evening Mrs. Ansley G. Davis entertains the Polyclinic's friends with a charming programme, on which are a one-act comedy, musical charades, tableaux, and dancing.

* * *

The Concordia Club reception, last evening, took the form of a promenade concert. A short but interesting programme was presented. There was a trio by J. B. Levison, flute, J. B. Willard, violin, and Henry Mannheim, piano. Miss Martha Gross, Dr. Julius Kahn, and Miss Tillie Brandenstein recited, Miss Adler and Miss Julia Newman sang. Mr. Mitchell, the artistic Chinese mimic, succeeded in making the audience laugh very heartily by his exceedingly clever rendering of the Mongolian dialect.

* * *

The Friday Night Bowling Club converted itself into a theatre party to the Tivoli, on Tuesday evening last. Just after New Year, it will be remembered, the girls invited the men to to a theatre party at the Baldwin, called for them, paid their car fare, presented the tickets, and entertained them afterward at a swell supper. This time the men were in charge. After the performance a delightful supper was enjoyed at the Concordia Club.

* * *

Owing to departures for Monterey, and for other reasons, the attendance at the Cotillion last night was hardly as large as might have been expected. As usual, the decorations were pretty, though there was no attempt at elaboration, and at supper the accustomed *menu* was presented. In the figures, which were quite pretty, about sixty couples took part. Mr. Greenway led with Miss Marguerite Wallace. He was assisted by Vernon Gray and Miss Simpkins, Herbert Carolan and Miss Bessie Hooker, and Milton Latham and Miss McNutt. For the Army and Navy Cotillion, which Lieutenant Coffin is to lead, great preparations are being made. It will be the last of the "Friday Nights" for this season, and if for this reason alone it should

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

bring out the entire strength of the Club. Besides, however, the officers will all be in full uniform, and the decorations will be almost as elaborate as for the Leap Year Cotillion.

* * *

I am told that Lieutenant Coffin purposes presenting a number of new and very pretty figures. Those that Lieutenant Gibbon led at the *bal poudre* last year will be remembered as very effective. The Presidio band may possibly assist on the occasion by playing *entr'acte* music.

* * *

Coming events in the shape of balls, receptions, and teas veritably cast a shadow over next week. There are events for every day, something for each night. "Bluff King Hal" will surely collect Society as a whole at the Grand Opera House, while Society selected will be present in the most festive array at Mrs. Parrott's ball on the preceding evening. Miss Fanny Crocker gives a girls' lunch on Wednesday. Mrs. W. W. Morrow has sent out invitations for a tea on Thursday from four to eight. The Army and Navy german on Friday night will also be an event of the first magnitude, while on Saturday there are teas given by Mrs. R. D. Fry and by Mrs. Will Tevis.

* * *

That San Francisco should suddenly get so gay as all this, is surprising. One has to look far back into other years to find a parallel for a series of events so formidable. It is true that Ash Wednesday is but a few days removed now, but its proximity did not have near so bracing an effect in 1891.

* * *

A number of well-known people purpose spending Washington's birthday and the days preceding it at Del Monte. At least 100 people will leave for the most delightful of resorts this afternoon, and the Sunday morning train is sure to take down there a score of clubmen. The gardens are looking very lovely now, and, until the rains fell, Pacific Grove wore an aspect of early summer. There will be music, and, on Monday evening, a capital dinner in Host Schonewald's best style. Among those who have indicated the intention of being there are Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Scott, Miss Cunningham, Miss Florence Lockwood, Miss Kate Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis and Miss Hager, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Small, Mr. Judd, Mr. McMurtrie, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Jeremiah Lynch.

* * *

Many others who are anxious to get out of town for a rest, prior to plunging into the gayeties of the last week of the season, will surely be found at Monterey. There is, in the calm, soft air of the peninsula a quality that sustains, renews, and braces up to fresh exertions the devotees of pleasure. After the fatigue of the past few weeks, a few hours of relaxation will prove most welcome.

* * *

I am assured that the Leap Year Cotillion, which took place in Oakland on Friday evening of last week, was one of the prettiest dances ever given on the Coast. That this would be saying a good deal I admit, but those who were there will agree to no verdict less pronounced. The hosts of Oakland beauties were re-enforced by a delegation of pretty girls from this side of the bay, and it must be admitted, even at the risk of raising against me a host of enemies in Alameda County, that the visitors held their own in point of looks. Miss Amy McKee looked very lovely in her powdered coiffure, so did Miss Grimes, Miss Shepherd, and the other belles, but Miss Hoffman and Miss Kate Voorhies, whose costumes were very handsome and who were certainly at their best, had as many admirers.

* * *

Miss Pierce led. The figures she selected were, like those Miss Hager chose, easily executed. She proved most dextrous, and certainly she looked after the visitors. In fact, the committee, Mr. Folger and Mr. Houghton especially, could not do enough for the "Friday Night" Club representatives. This cotillion was the last of the season. Reviewing the series, it seems to me that each one was a little more delightful than its predecessor. There is no question that the Club has done well, and the committee is deserving of congratulation.

* * *

Another of those pleasant affairs which the Union League Club has made so popular, "the Ladies' Nights," was given on Thursday evening. The rooms of the Club were thronged until a late hour, and every one was loud in the praise of the work of the Committee on arrangements.

* * *

The programme for the Saturday Pop on February 27th, promises a rare treat. Among the performers is Miss Otillie Leidelt, who has just returned from Berlin, where her wonderful voice created quite a sensation. She is said to be a very clever exponent of the songs of Schubert and Schuman.

* * *

The social event of the week was the Saturday Morning Orchestra's Concert at Metropolitan Temple. Never in the palmiest days of Mayor Kalloch's virile oratory has the edifice held an audience so fair and so fashionable. Not only was the entire "Friday Night" Club there, but a dozen other social organizations of less moment but more members. From the first row of chairs below the footlights to the line of benches backed high against the Fifth Street front not a vacant seat was there. As most of the girls wore evening dress, and the men were in full dress, the brilliancy of the audience can be realized. But the concert was well worth attending, not, perhaps, from a strictly musical point of view, but because of the interest attaching to the performance of so many pretty and clever maidens.

* * *

A girls' orchestra is almost an anomaly. Playing on wind instruments has hitherto been regarded as specially the sphere of men. History is silent regarding the attainments of female bass violin players, of trombonists, flutists. Indeed, forty years ago such enterprise would be considered unmaidenly. Professor Rosewald is certainly deserving of congratulation, for the attainments of the orchestra are the results of his perseverance. Many of the girls are his own pupils. The violins were excellent. Of course, there were errors and failures, but most of the selections were given with a swing that bespoke understanding and appreciation.

* * *

In an orchestra it is difficult to criticise individual work unless one has attended the rehearsals. I was struck, however, by the harp playing of Miss Marie Dillon, and by the piano accompaniments of Mrs. Dr. Younger. In the vocal solos they were very effective—indeed, I would have listened to either in preference to the singers whose efforts I did not appreciate. Miss Worth's organ is good, and I presume nervousness might account for some of her departures from the key.

* * *

The marriage of Mr. J. B. Nevin and Miss May Norton will be celebrated March 1st, at the residence of Miss H. A. Hobbs, 1708 Geary Street. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, Colonel L. A. Norton, at Healdsburg, it will be a very quiet affair. Only the relatives of the contracting parties will be present.

* * *

Miss Nuttall gave a girls' tea on Monday afternoon, which some of the girls who have rigorously attended all the others say was the prettiest this season. The decorations were artistic; refreshments delicious; there was good music and the young hostess was charmingly hospitable. The rain, on Thursday afternoon hardly kept away any of Miss Louise Moulder's guests. Her tea was very successful. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Hillyer, Miss McNutt, Miss Sanderson, and the Misses Hamilton.

* * *

This afternoon Mrs. Volney Spaulding gives a tea in her parlors at the Bella Vista. Quite a large number of invitations have been sent out for it. The Misses Smith also gives a tea at their residence this afternoon. Among coming events is an informal dance to be given on the evening of Tuesday, March 1st, by the Misses Dimond at 2224 Washington Street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, gave a musicale at their residence, 916 Sutter Street, last Saturday night. Mrs. Hager gave a ladies' luncheon on Wednesday. A number of small dinners were given during the week.

* * *

JUDGING from the large number of hard citizens who are daily enrolling themselves under the standard of Colonel Dan Burns and Senator Wilson, those two gentlemen purpose, in the coming campaign, to fight

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

General Kelly and Major Crimmins on their own ground. There is an old saying that the Devil is never whipped except when he is assaulted with profanity and brimstone, and it is evident to me that Burns and Wilson are mobilizing their forces, so that if the two Third Street wire-pullers desire a knock-down and drag-out battle, they can have it. To my conservative and perhaps *dilettante* instincts, this sort of business is quite repugnant.

* * *

I do not believe that any political boss ever permanently established himself by stuffing ballot boxes and barricading primary polling places, but there are many things to be said in favor of playing this sort of a game on Martin Kelly and his man Phil. It is their method, pure and simple. Neither one of them ever attempted any greater intellectual feat than mixing a cocktail. They know nothing of governmental principles, human nature, or the laws from which spring the motives of men. Their only way of carrying an election is to assail those who oppose them with clubs and brickbats. There is nothing statesmanlike about clubs and brickbats, but I am willing to admit that, when properly used, they are quite convincing. Consequently, I am also willing to admit that there is poetic justice in meeting Kelly and Crimmins with their own arguments.

* * *

There are some features of such a fight, however, which Colonel Burns and Mr. Wilson should not overlook. The last time the Republicans had a knock-down primary, it resulted rather disastrously for the party. That was in 1888. The late William Higgins was then in command, and Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins were his lieutenants. Higgins controlled the County Committee, and called an open primary, but in selecting the polling-places and appointing the election officers he introduced into the business what is known among politicians as a "lead-pipe cinch." The polling-places were barricaded and the boxes filled with the tickets of the Higgins' delegates before ever they were opened for voting. Every adverse ticket that came in afterward was thrown on the floor.

* * *

"Billy" Harrington was then a deputy in the License Collector's Office, which position he held under a contract between Boss Buckley and the late M. C. Conroy, by which the latter had secured the office from a Democratic appointing power. He led the dissatisfied faction of the Republican party, which had been suppressed in the County Committee by Kelly's tools and denied representation in the election booths. The day of the primary was bright and pleasant, but it ended with a dark and bloody tragedy. Harrington collected a few choice spirits, among whom were "Big Byrnes," "Split-Lip Collins," "Tom" McCormick, and "Denny" Gallagher, and started out early in the morning to storm the barricaded polling-places. At every booth they attempted to vote, and, on being refused, kicked in the doors and windows and destroyed the ballot-box. At eventide, Harrington and his men, filled with rum, wound up at the rooms of the County Committee.

* * *

There Harrington and Kelly met and glared down the barrels of each other's revolvers. Kelly was in the rooms when Harrington entered, and, in response to a torrent of abuse, arose to defend himself. Whether he drew his pistol and shot Harrington, or whether some one else began the fusillade, never could be ascertained. At least a dozen shots were fired. One man was taken out dead, another was found under the table mortally wounded, and Kelly was carried home with two bullet-holes in his skin. Harrington was shot in the neck. The news of this affray spread consternation in the Republican ranks everywhere. The publication of the details in the public press showed the people, in glaring colors, the sinister figures of their political rulers. The result was the overwhelming defeat of the ticket in November.

* * *

Plainly, there are lessons to be drawn from this event which, as I have already remarked, should not be lost on Burns and Wilson. In the first place, it has been demonstrated again and again that, no matter how tamely the Democrats may submit to the methods of bossism, the Republican voters will not support a ticket that emerges from a dirty primary fight. A disgraceful contest preceding the election, in other words, results in apathy and disgust, if not actual hostility. Higgins' plans never promised better than in 1888. The Republicans had a strong State ticket, and all the influences, including the railroad, had been placated and were harmonious. But he lost everything because Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins adopted Buckley's tactics at the primary.

* * *

However, I suppose Colonel Burns is old enough to know his own business, and perhaps he will not thank me for interfering. But, really, the manner in which he is gathering the "tough" element into camp might be more secret. For instance, it was not necessary for Mr. Wilson to appear in Court as the defender of Deputy Superintendent of Streets Corcoran, in his shooting scrape, and then immediately afterward announce that the Street Department has renounced Kelly and Crimmins. Naturally a thing like this brings out the other fact that Mr. Wilson has promised Superintendent Gilleran the nomination for Sheriff provided he "stands in" with his office, and it is bad policy to promise the Shrievalty so early in the fight. Besides, the attempt of Mr. Wilson to break into Kelly's camp by defending District Engineer McCarthy before the Fire Commission is a sign of weakness that might just as well be kept dark. If it had resulted in success, that is, in the retention of McCarthy, the case might have been different; but, as it is, failure has served merely to publicly expose the game. Wilson will never flank the Fire Department by flying to the rescue of those whom Kelly, Ames, and Schmidt have determined to dismiss. That sordid mass of corruption can only be obliterated with the knife and guillotine. The Republican State Central Committee will not order the State Convention for a month, and there is plenty of time for the factions to skirmish for position. I hope the ultimate combat will demonstrate that Colonel Burns' hard citizens can thrash Kelly's Fire Department rock-rollers.

* * *

POLITICS develop false friends, for the quality of selfishness is often appealed to in the affairs of State, which, in these modern days, are conducted less on the principle of patriotism than of greed. The latest victim of political ingratitude is that well-known hero of a thousand ward club battles and perennial employee of the city government, Marion Wilson. For the first time in many years he is not on the pay-roll that is monthly scanned by the watch-dog of the municipal treasury, and yet he was not one of those unfortunates who were swept aside by the big Republican broom in the last campaign.

* * *

It was shortly after that clean sweep that Wilson had resort to a clever scheme, which, he believed, would enable him to draw a monthly stipend from the city during the two years of the Republican rule. It will be a surprise to all but a few of his political friends to learn that his plan miscarried, owing, as he asserts, to the treachery of his pseudo friend, Daniel Gordon, a prominent member of the local Democracy, and at present Chief Clerk of the Justices' Court.

* * *

It will be remembered that, shortly after the last election, Marion Wilson resigned his position as Clerk of the Justices' Court, and that the "solid nine" promptly appointed Dan Gordon Chief Deputy in the office, to fill the vacancy. Now, it happens that the law is such that the Justices' Clerk cannot be appointed to fill an unexpired term, but must serve for two years. If Wilson had not resigned, his term would have expired shortly after the present Board of Supervisors assumed office, and a Republican would have obtained the position. It was in order to preclude such a change that Wilson resigned. It was currently reported at that time that Wilson had taken this course after an agreement with Gordon by which the latter promised to appoint his predecessor's son to a position in the office, pool the salaries, and make an equal division with Wilson *pere*.

* * *

This agreement has never been carried out, and Wilson is now off the reservation, and chewing the cud of bitter regret in the railroad offices.

The matter has been kept very quiet,

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because it was believed that Gordon would relent, and regret his unfaithfulness. The ex-Clerk was forced to take a not very lucrative position, and managed to keep his indignation within bounds until a few days ago when he began to give wide circulation to the story of Gordon's treachery. He has denounced his wily successor in a most vituperative manner, and vowed vengeance of a political character. People who are well acquainted with Wilson are surprised at the temerity of Gordon in daring to affront him. Although a genial fellow and extremely popular, he has always been regarded as a dangerous man, and has on more than one occasion given evidence of a belligerent and dare-devil nature.

* * *

Wilson attributes the duplicity of Gordon to the influence of ex-Sheriff Mann, who is one of the sureties on the Clerk's bond, and who has secured for a friend the position in the office which was promised to the ex-Clerk's son. The deceived gentleman says that he feels particularly chagrined to think that he should be thus treated by a man whom he befriended by making him his Chief Deputy. He gave him the position at the earnest solicitation of J. J. Flynn, who, by the way, had a taste of political treachery himself, several years ago, when he was promised the position of License Collector by both Chris Buckley and Bill Higgins. They had agreed upon Flynn, and Auditor Bill Edgar who had promised his vote changed front at the last moment, helping to elect John T. Fogarty. "King Chris" promised to punish Edgar for this treachery, and the language used by the boss on that occasion has gone into the political history of the city, and is now believed to be preserved in the archives of the Democratic County Committee.

* * *

He said, "I will see the day when that fellow will be walking on his uppers without money enough in his trousers to pay his laundry bill."

If he had recovered his eyesight he would have long since witnessed the fulfillment of the prediction.

* * *

THE APPOINTMENT of Joseph A. McKenna to the Circuit Judgeship was a wise one. Education, experience, years have fitted the Congressman for the position, and while he may never be a magnificent star in the judicial firmament of the Pacific Coast, he will always be an honest judge. It is hard to name that quality that gives men prominence in politics; that makes their fellows labor and sweat for their success; that stirs enthusiasm to its depths, and wins to their side all manner of persons. Whatever it is, McKenna has it, and from the day he was elected District Attorney at Solano, through his legislative experiences, and in his four terms in Congress, he has shown an ability to hold men, a power to make friends, and a capacity for satisfying them that is somewhat unique. The new judge is a cold, scholarly, dignified man; an interesting talker, a bright, logical thinker; but not one whom you would call a "charming fellow." I believe he lacks sympathy.

* * *

Not long ago McKenna feared he had made a mistake in going into politics. He was getting old, and the strength of his political opponents was growing; the sweets of office had palled on him, and he saw defeat in the future, and the renewal of the hard, tiring struggle for a competency that he had never grasped in politics. A friend asked if he might not be Senator McKenna some day; and probably that is why he is Judge. Perhaps some of the gentlemen who are in power now thought McKenna might graduate from the House to the Senate, and, fearing this, they put him on a shelf, where, indeed, there is much cheese for life.

* * *

The fight for his place in Congress goes bravely on, with a new candidate in sight every day. Where people find time to make so many losing fights, I am quite unable to say, but some there are after this position who have been switched off on almost every vacant office in the past ten years. S. G. Hilburn is a candidate. He was United States District Attorney, and is not likely to be Congressman. Ex-State Senator George E. Whitney is another aspirant; he is a cold, quiet man, nephew of Stephen J. Field, and for that reason may be considered ineligible. Judge Waymire, too, is chasing the shadow; he always has had an itch for the place. The man who should get it is ex-Governor Perkins. I believe he does not think his political career is rounded off yet, and he has been urged to enter active politics to put him in training for the next big fight that comes up. I should like to see Perkins get the place. In the meantime M. M. Estee has been mentioned.

* * *

District Attorney Barnes is certainly to be congratulated on the capacity he has shown in the Bell and the Curtis cases. In the latter he made the best of the meager evidence against the accused, and certainly presented the side of the prosecution as well as any lawyer in town could. In the Bell case it was his adroit handling of the evidence that secured the original verdict against the footpad. But Mr. Barnes has done more. He has raised the office in the estimation of the profession as well as in the eyes of the community. During recent administrations the District Attorney was the merest figurehead—a species of toy for able lawyers to play with, to flout. Before great men he cringed, and over the younger men he crowed. Courtesy was not the characteristic of the officer or his deputies. Now all is different.

* * *

The change is noticeable in the manner the prosecution presents its cases. There is an evident desire to be fair and just. No one can impute a shadow of malice to Mr. Barnes' cross-examinations. He and his deputies are uniformly considerate in their treatment of witnesses. Of course, this is as it ought to be, but it strikes one as extraordinary after the administrations of Stonehill and Page. Another characteristic of Mr. Barnes' administration is the active part he has taken personally in all the big cases. His preparation has, in every instance, been ample, and his arguments have challenged high legal commendation. I am told on all sides that Mr. Barnes has made a model District Attorney.

* * *

IN THE OFFICE of the Clinton Consolidated, wherein Charley Wieland presides so gracefully, was a chair—a large, deep, springy, leather arm-chair—luxurious enough to reduce to repose the most pronounced case of insomnia. To look at it, even, made one long to lie in it. I forget just how much this chair cost Mr. Wieland, but certainly it was an ornament to the office, and he was proud of it Among his friends is Judge Noble Hamilton. Whenever he entered the office he made it a rule to sit in the chair, and, in fact, he fell almost as deeply in love with it as its owner. One day the Judge came in, and, as usual, gazed longingly at the object of his admiration in which Mr. Wieland was sitting.

* * *

His attitude of delicious comfort so struck the visitor that he said:

"Charley, I'll 'shake' you for that chair. Razzle dazzle."

Mr. Wieland is not afraid of anything, and when an idea that is good is presented to him, he never fails to grasp it.

"All right," said he.

They adjourned down stairs, and, to make a long story short, that especial arm-chair is now the prominent feature in Judge Hamilton's law office. The late owner does his reclining on a very ordinary stool, but vows that, sooner or later, he will win the beloved chair back.

* * *

NOVEL READERS have a lively remembrance of Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray," which afforded the critics a splendid opportunity of flaying the æsthetic author. I do not at this late date purpose re-opening an argument for or against the book, but merely desire to announce that we will soon have a visit from the young man who is popularly believed to be the original of the handsome hero. He is John Gray, a brilliant young poet, whose muse thrums the lyre abandoned by Francis Saltus; a youth of remarkable beauty of face, a sweetly modulated voice, and a charming personality. He is Mr. Wilde's shadow, and follows the apostle of the Modern with faithful persistency.

* * *

Mr. Gray is the model on which "Dorian" was built, but whether the author looked into the future with prophetic eye or killed his hero to sell his book time only will declare. At present, the youthful poet is as far from

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

the suicide's knife as a poet can be, and enjoys a popularity that is not often the property of a follower of the muse. He is one of the most interesting and charming men in the younger set of London writers, and has received many evidences of attention from his fellows. Among his most-prized treasures is an author's copy of the "Picture of Dorian Gray," on the fly leaf of which is written the following:

> To the inspiration of Dorian Gray,
> In the likeness of Dorian Gray,
> From the author of Dorian Gray.

Mr. Gray will shortly leave London for Japan, and the people of California will have an opportunity of judging how near "The Picture" comes to the original. Mr. Wilde may accompany him.

* * *

ONE DAY LAST WEEK, Judge Sconchin Maloney, who holds a license not from the Supreme Court but from the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, to practice with his jaw upon the entire human race, stood at the southern exposure of the City Hall complacently picking his teeth with a wooden toothpick. It was evident that the distinguished gentleman had recently lunched. But he was in a contemplative mood and his maxillary apparatus, recovering from the exercise of his midday meal—strange to say—was at rest. The mighty machine which emits the ponderous and eloquent sentences that have made Mr. Maloney the deadliest orator of his age, was evidently expending itself upon a mental diagnosis of the solar spots. He stood where the rays of the noonday sun fell full upon his ample figure, and was looking the resplendent orb of day straight in the eye. But for the fact that Mr. Maloney's high sense of honor prevents him from striking anything beneath his size, I should have thought, from the steady sternness of his gaze, that he was about to lunge with his vicious left at Old Sol's sore spot.

* * *

Observing that he treated those who approached him with unwonted austerity, it was some moments ere I screwed up sufficient courage to say:

"Good day, Mr. Maloney; taking a sun bath?"

"Sor, are you blind? Don't ye see I'm sawing wood?"

This took me completely off my feet. I was appalled at my own stupidity, and it was a minute before I managed to laugh. Evidently pleased to think that his witticism was appreciated, he quickly unloosened the vials of his eloquence.

* * *

"For half an hour, sor, I have been picturing to meself the different degrees of ignorance and imbecility wid which this edifice is crowded. I am placing on the market at the small sum of one dollar, that immortal work of Mr. Bierce's called 'Tales of Soldiers and Civilians' In me 'umble opinion it is the greatest book since Shakespeare gave to the worruld his Heaven-born lays. But I find, sor, that it is beyond the comprehension of the masses. In all this vast building but two men bought it. Wan was a journalist, the other a gentleman from San Jose who is here on business. Bierce's great work, sor, has no interest for bandy-legged dudes with erotic maggots in their brains, and the boodlers are afraid to read it. Not alone do the boodlers he has roasted refuse to subscribe. Those that look down the long vista of time and know that the day is coming when they, too, will feel the sharp spear wid which, dipped in blood, he writes, jump wid fright at the mere mintion of his name."

* * *

Mr. Maloney took from his pocket a copy of the book and for a moment descanted on its merits. He declared that its introduction into the City Hall had produced an effect similar to that which followed a meeting of Barclay Henley's Grand Jury.

"But, Mr. Maloney;" I said, "you can certainly sell one of those books to Mr. Gilleran. Go in and tackle him. He is an æsthetic and highly intellectual fellow and will appreciate Bierce's fine English. Besides he is from Skibbereen, your native place."

"Skibbereen be——; Gillyran be——," said Mr. Maloney, with increasing heat. "Be the holy smoke, if I had come from the same place as that spalpeen, I would apply to the Pope for a dispensation. Bad luck to 'im."

* * *

"You seem to have some feeling with reference to Mr. Gilleran?" I suggested.

"Be jabers, I hev. Didn't I just thry to sell him a book, and what do yez think the potato-eating relic of the Irish clodocracy said to me? 'Sconchin,' he says, 'how do you stand with Phil?' 'Phil who?' says I. 'Phil be——. Bad luck to Phil. Mr. Gillyran, sor,' says I, 'the rale question is not how I stands wid Phil, but how does Phil stand wid me? An' furthermore, Mr. Gillyran,' says I, 'I wud have yez know that you cudn't buy wan of these books—no, sor, not even if Phil, whose badge of servitude ye wear, gave his consent. I wud not contamynate me honest palms wid anny of the money ye have in your pockets.'"

As Mr. Maloney's brogue and excitement were increasing in geometrical ratio, I hastily passed on.

* * *

OAKLAND, in relation to its own sons and daughters, is rather peculiar; somewhat cold, niggardly, and austere. The young Athenian leaves his home for the East, and at the end of months or years returns to reap the harvest of applause or fame that worthy effort rightly expects from friends, and finds a stranger's welcome. I was not a little impressed by this on Monday night, when I saw the surly disposition of the Oakland people toward Miss Keith Wakeman, who is supporting Miss Gale. Miss Wakeman is an Oakland girl, born, educated, and bred there; yet there was nothing to show that her old friends were impressed by the fact, or that they possessed any of that local pride or patriotism that would have seized the occasion as a fitting one for an ovation to the young lady.

* * *

There was only the scant welcome of desultory applause to inform Miss Wakeman that she was among friends; and the shower of floral offerings that was expected proved less than the April rain; but one bouquet fell. I had some curiosity to know who had sent it; and later I learned it came from Frank Moffitt, the editor of the *Times*. I sincerely hope the audience felt ashamed of itself; flowers are not hard to get in Oakland, for although they do not bloom in the parks, they are plentiful elsewhere, and it would not have been expensive to show the young actress that her splendid abilities were appreciated, and that Oakland was somewhat proud of her. Senator Moffitt rarely lets an opportunity pass of booming Oakland and her citizens, but good taste, judgment, and a local patriotism have rarely been more delicately shown as on this occasion. Had I the space I would read Oakland a lecture on its lack of local pride that would make curly the lank, long locks behind its ears.

* * *

WILL of the late Moses Hopkins was the most gentlemanly testament that ever California millionaire subscribed signature to. During the lifetime of the old man, lots of people who ought to have known better thought he was a fair mark for sarcasm. Over his breach of promise suit they made much merriment, and his bucolic appearance was the subject of much wit. Perhaps he knew all this, but if so, it did not affect him the least bit. He was exceedingly charitable, but actually unostentatious. I am told he only made his will a few days before his death. Feeling his end near, he told his wife what he desired, and together they made out the instrument. It was then sent to Mr. Jarboe, who put it in legal form.

* * *

Among the bequests will be noticed one of $10,000 to Miss Maud Hopkins. She, it appears, is the daughter of one of Mark's nephews, for whom he made no provision. This nephew took sides against him in the litigation over his brother's will, and made uncomplimentary remarks which old Mark never could forget. But he was too just to visit the sins of the father on his children, and to this daughter he left the same amount as to the children of his other nephews. I believe Mrs. Hopkins will devote a portion of her large fortune to the erection of a fitting memorial to her dead husband.

* * *

BOHEMIA has been very kind to Fred Somers since his return to the Coast, and has cast itself at his feet in a dozen different ways. He has been dined, wined, and will shortly be "jinksed," if I may be permitted to utter a word that hasn't passed through the late Mr. Murray's mint. Mr. Phelan gave a dinner in

his honor. Frank Pixley showed him some marked attention, and luncheons and breakfasts have come to him with gout-compelling rapidity. Mr. Somers is quite a handsome man—big, stout, and impressive, with original ideas on a variety of topics, an intimate knowledge of the literary fellows of this and other countries, and an unmistakable air of success.

* * *

He purposes going to Japan in the interest of his health, and has secured his berth on the "Belgic." It is not likely that he will return to this country within six months, and he may spend more time than that in Chrysanthemum Land. His publications, *Current Literature* and *Short Stories*, are in good hands, and will not suffer by his absence. It is likely that when he returns the Republic of Letters will be enriched by the appearance of some Japanese work of rare ability.

* * *

I understand that Sir Edwin Arnold will be a passenger with Mr. Somers on the "Belgic." It was understood that the distinguished author of the "Light of Asia" would continue on his tour of observation with Andrew Carnegie and party, but we hear that he has tired of the combination, and purposes putting the Pacific between it and himself at the earliest moment. Sir Edwin is enamored of Japan; and, when he made his arrangement to go to Mexico with the millionaire Scotchman, he did not know the hold it had on his affections. He will come to San Francisco quietly, remain here *incog.*, and hie himself to Japan without any unnecessary bleating of trumpets. He has already engaged his stateroom on the "Belgic."

* * *

Dan Murphy, of San Jose, is in town for a few days prior to departing for Mexico. He has just disposed of his magnificent ranch in the Santa Clara Valley to John C. Wright, President of the San Luis Obispo Land Company. The railroad runs through five miles of it a little on this side of Gilroy—veritably an estate of 8500 acres, 5000 level land covered with a splendid growth of spread oak, the rest foothills. The price, I believe, was something over $400,000. Splendid as this property is, it is really a trivial affair in comparison with Mr. Murphy's Mexican possessions situated in the State of Durango. Here he has a concession of nearly a million acres of the most fertile land in the sister republic. He purposes now to spend some time in the City of Mexico and subsequently to go to England, where he will doubtless dispose of the land to British investors.

* * *

Murphy is one of the finest specimens of California manhood I have ever met. He is tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested. He has the dark hair, the complexion, and the jet black mustache of a Spaniard, but his eyes are of a grayish blue, and express an infinity of shrewdness and good nature. He owns a great deal of property in San Jose and in the Santa Clara Valley, besides his share in several of the largest cattle ranges in Nevada, which his brother-in-law, Morgan Hill, manages. In manner Mr. Murphy is as courteous as the most courtly of his Spanish ancestors, and he inherits the shrewdness and business ability of his father. He is a capital *raconteur*, his repertoire including an unrivaled collection of stories of cowboy life in Nevada and in Arizona. A combination of Hugh Tevis, Lan Kellogg, and Dan Murphy invariably brings out a series of wild west adventures in comparison with which Dan de Quille, Sam Davis and other less veracious chroniclers are tame.

* * *

From a private letter I learn that the American artists are doing well in Paris; at the exhibitions they win the medals, gain the honorable mentions, and secure the favorable notices. And yet they are not satisfied; the reason is, probably, that they have all been compelled to register their names with the Prefect of Police. Jack Stanton is doing well, and everyone speaks highly of his work. Otto Emerson goes to Holland shortly, and after a few months' sketching will return to San Francisco. Miss Evans will soon return to this city. Of Miss Lotz I have heard absolutely nothing, beyond the fact that she went to Algeria some months ago. Her intention was to study lions and tigers.

* * *

The Press Club's Late Watch on last Saturday evening was a very enjoyable affair, at which nearly all the members and a few visitors were present. Ross Jackson was "on the desk," and contributed largely to the success of the gathering. The programme was a long one, and included instrumental and vocal music, dramatic and lyrical recitations, specialties, and the presentation of a portrait by Lee Lash, to Harry Tod. Mr. Gaynor of the Tivoli, Mr. Swan, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Bonnett, Mr. Moran, "Sam" Davis, and others assisted in the festivities. Mr. Phillips presided at the low jinks.

* * *

I am sorry Jupiter Pluvius has been so in the ascendant these last few days, as I looked for a big crowd at the football match on Saturday. However, if it does not rain after eleven o'clock this morning, the long looked for encounter between the University of California and the teams of the Olympic Club, will take place at Central Park. If the downpour continues, however, the contest stands postponed until the following Saturday. The local eleven do not anticipate a walkover in any sense of the word. The graduates have been sedulous in their practice and are now in good trim. Their game, too, has materially improved. Tobin's team, however, will not fail to prove equal to the occasion.

* * *

The lady managers of the Children's Hospital have secured the celebrated novelist, Geo. W. Cable, for a series of readings to be given in this city at the First Congregational Church, on the evenings of March 1st, 3d, and 5th. These readings promise to be the most interesting entertainments of the kind ever given here.

* * *

The Second Regiment, N. G. C., is determined to enter the social arena as entertainers, and the members have arranged for a bazaar, beginning next Monday night at their Armory. Each battery, as well as the Field, Staff, and Brigade Signal Corps will have a booth, and the novelty of the soldiers presiding at the lemonade, bon-bon, and flower stands should attract large numbers of people. A programme of much merit has been prepared, and the week should be an enjoyable and profitable one for the regiment and its friends.

* * *

Mrs. Clara Folz, the well-known lady lawyer, is about to organize a women's club in San Francisco, the objects of which are to secure a better representation of the sex in all public affairs, and the championship of certain reforms in the interest of women. It is to be entirely a business affair, and only women of brains, time, and influence are to be invited to membership.

* * *

Here is rather a neat story from London *Truth*. I commend it to lovers of stained window photography in San Francisco:

A member of the Free Kirk in a certain Scotch town lately presented a stained-glass window, with representations of the four evangelists round the outside, and a blank space in the middle, to be filled at the discretion of "the Session." While the Elders were pursuing their deliberations, one of them was interrogated as to the probable result. "We've settled," he replied, "tae pit in somebody, an' it's jist a toss-up atween Dawvit Simpson an' Our Saviour." "Dawvit Simpson," it appears, had been a meeinster of the Kirk. I am pleased to be able to record that in the result Dawvit did not win the toss.

* * *

Whoever is desirous of assisting the starving poor in famine-stricken Russia, has an opportunity of doing so through Madame Olga Novikoff, a charitable Russian lady who has deeply interested herself in this cause. This lady has given up half her estates for the purpose of alleviating the terrible necessities of her starving country people and she now appeals to the world to second her efforts. In San Francisco Mr. F. W. Ludovici, of the Matthias Gray Company, has undertaken the responsibility of collecting funds and forwarding them to Russia. He met Madame Novikoff in London some years ago and she wrote asking his assistance. Circulars setting forth the sad state of affairs have been sent out, together with a stamped envelope and a card, to people throughout the city and State. Contributions are being received at the Matthias Gray Company, 206 Post Street, not at the Nevada Bank. The coin is sent to Madame Novikoff's agent in London every week.

The Witness.

MAN'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The first impression is that this head-line suggests a distinction without a difference, but every woman knows better, and if a woman's mother-in-law is ever slighted or ill used it is done in retaliation for the slights and snubs which her husband puts upon her own mother. Next to the love of the great God-head, mother love is the greatest and best gift to humanity, and no man's love ever compared with it. It is not in the nature of things that it should. The best of husbands are bundles of selfishness and egotism, and his opposition to his mother-in-law has rise in his unbounded antagonism toward any and every thing which tends to interfere with his absolute control of body and soul of the woman he loves.

Love to a man means possession, and possession is the acme of selfishness, because he does not woo with the idea of rounding out and perfecting the life he seeks to ingraft upon his own. Quite to the contrary. He fully expects to absorb his wife's life, and he is very apt to behave like a savage to any body or any thing which stands in his way. He marries for his own benefit, and if children come to him, his egotism is flattered, but he has no notion that his life shall run in any different channel because of marriage. Some one's individuality must be sacrificed, but it will not be his.

In too many cases he attempts to establish this total isolation by being exacting and inconsiderate, if not harsh, and then a girl for the first time learns the difference between a love that carefully nurtured and strengthened every attribute of mind and body, and one that drains and taxes her to the utmost, and before the first anniversary comes around she is tired to the bottom of her soul, and in nine cases out of ten, if she were not too proud to admit it, she would give any thing in the world to nestle up in mother's arms and be as free from care as she was before love came into her life.

Slowly but surely she learns that a husband's love is the antithesis of the mother's—that one builds up and the other destroys—that one gives all, while the other takes all, and, if besides all this, she has been deprived of her mother's sympathy and assistance, her lot has been made unnecessarily hard. It is a law of human nature that we resent and revenge ourselves for every injustice, and as the husband or wife exacts from his or her companion in just so far as it was an unwilling sacrifice, in just so far will he or she quietly revenge themselves when the spell is broken and the opposite tide has set in.

Love, like everything else, has its reflex action, and if I were a man I should feel dreadfully accused if I found my wife in tears at her girl friend's wedding. Tears of that kind are not foolish—that are full of terrible meaning, and are oftentimes the only outlet of a heart that feels crushed and broken. At the very best marriage means the awakening to all the stern realities in life, and a wise husband needs the hearty co-operation of his mother-in-law. She can do more to reconcile the daughter to the new order of things than any body living, and he ought to know that his wife will need all the encouragement she can get.

Marriage has meant a complete sacrifice on her part, even to her name, and I do not believe there is a woman living who does not remember the heartache which accompanied her surrender of her dear father's name. If she dared betray her feelings she is liable to be accused of not loving her husband. He cannot be made to understand that a girl has pride in her father's name, and that she loves her father and mother next to himself. His egotism prevents him from feeling resentment towards the father. He simply considers himself the stronger attraction, therefore, the more successful man, but to the mother, who has watched over and guarded his newly-found treasure from infancy to womanhood, he is very liable to show and feel an unreasoning resentment.

What is it that he resents? The love that he knows his wife feels for her mother, and the influence of obedience which cannot be shaken off in a moment. He is so selfish that he will not allow his wife to defer to her mother's wishes in any thing. Not because this difference would disparage him in the least, but because his wife must not love any thing in the world but himself. He cannot understand why she should not hate all her relatives if he wishes her to do so. Of his own family the conditions are quite different. His mother is as much entitled to consideration and respect from him as she ever was. Marriage has not made any change in his feelings toward his own family. Certainly not, but his wife has no right to think about her family at all.

All of the abuse, public and private, heaped upon the head of the devoted mother-in-law emanates in a misguided notion of a man's rights. No one denies him the right to govern his own household according to his own judgment, and when he acts from conviction and not prejudice his opinions are worthy of respect, and that kind of a man has no trouble with his mother-in-law. He keeps a check-rein upon himself and he finds that his surest hold upon the lasting affection of his wife is in his justice and consideration. After she becomes accustomed to her changed and prescribed conditions, she is fortunate if she can console herself with the reflection that her husband has made life as easy and pleasant as he could, and if disappointment and sorrow have come to her, it has not been of his willful making.

Every woman needs the staid and practical hand of her mother in all her trials, but a mother should not forget that the Bible commands her daughter to forsake all and cleave to her husband. She should not allow herself to be any thing but second in her daughter's affection, and there are but few women who do not feel grateful to the man who is a good husband to her loved child.

A woman's mother-in-law can be sure of affection, unless she is determined to be hostile and antagonistic, because every thing that interests the husband is dear to the wife, his family, his friends, his occupation, even his pets and fancies. She seldom looks upon his world as her sworn enemy, but there are few young husbands who do not begin a war of extermination upon every thing and every body who claimed any share in his wife's regard. The worst feature of it is that he imagines that he is prompted solely by love, when in reality it is selfishness, pure and simple. Such a man's mother-in-law is to be pitied profoundly. She has many heartaches in seeing her daughter's life narrowed down to an appendage to an inconsiderate and unappreciative husband, and it would not be human for her to submit without protest and resentment. It would not be consistent with mother love, and, like the much-derided old maid, she is a jewel in a properly regulated family.

The man who treats his mother-in-law as his deadliest enemy makes the mistake of his life, and probably sows the first seeds of discord which in after years overwhelms and wrecks his domestic happiness.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Taylor-Tobin, Bates-Neel match, in which the former were victorious, still continues to be discussed by the local tennis cranks, and the California Club men are anxiously awaiting to see the League pennant presented to their crack team. The ceremony may take place on Monday, when all the members will be in attendance to witness the final matches in the class tournament. The class tournament will commence this afternoon, and will surely be a grand success, as the committee in charge have spared no pains to make it as interesting as possible. The classification of the different players has been carefully attended to by an experienced committee, selected from among the best players in the Club, and no doubt some very close matches will result. The young players have been practicing diligently for the event, and among them are some very promising fellows, such as Stetson, R. Eyre, Hutchinson, Walter Magee, Drown, Hobart, and O'Connor, whose performances in to-day's contest is looked forward to with interest. C. P. Hubbard is entered and is looked upon as a sure winner in the first class. Gates, Gray, Tobin, A. Taylor, and O. Hoffman are his companions, but are not apt to defeat the Oaklander, although any one of them are capable of making the favorite stir himself.

The Lakeside Club courts were in excellent fix for last Saturday's contests, the deciding matches for the Hammersmith and Field trophy. As predicted in these columns, Driscoll, the promising left-handed player, won rather handily from both his opponents, Code and H. Haight. Odds of half fifteen were conceded Code, but with this advantage he was unable to make it interesting for the left-handed cyclone, who won by a score of 6-1; 6 1; 6-2. The classification committee were all of the same opinion at the conclusion of the Haight-Driscoll match, namely, that a great mistake was made when Driscoll was put in the second class. Haight gave odds of half fifteen to Driscoll, but was unable to do any thing at all with the clever drives of his opponent, and in the opinion of many Harry would have fared as badly if the contest was from scratch, as Driscoll won in three straight sets, 6-2; 6-1; 6-3. The latter played a dashing game, the accuracy of his drives and clever smashing being a surprise to his friends. Should Driscoll meet Hubbard in the finals on March 5th, which is considered as very likely, a close contest is anticipated. The winners of the three previous tournaments, Hubbard, Sanborn, and Driscoll, will meet on March 5th to decide the ownership of the elegant trophy presented by Messrs. Hammersmith and Field.

On Monday the Madison Club will hold a single tournament at their grounds in Oakland. Nearly all the members have entered and a grand day of tennis will be had. B. Marx is at his best, judging from his lately displayed form, and his chances of winning are not disputed. He may be surprised, however, by some of the young bloods who are rapidly coming to the front. East Oakland will also hold a class handicap tournament, and as the entries are open to members of the Lakeside Club a large entry and exciting contest is expected. The new clubhouse of the Lakeside-East Oakland consolidation will have a sitting-room similar to that of the California Club and will have a space 30x18 feet.

This Club will make a strong bid for a place in the championship games on the Fourth of July next. Carr Neel, Driscoll, Sam Neel, Sanborn, Bates and two or three other players are an aggregation to be proud of, and one that will make a number of players tired if they are fortunate in drawing opponents outside their own club. Carr Neel is a top notcher, and in practice sets with Daily, the professional has had all he can do to hold his own. All the above players are sure entries. Bates and S. Neel and Driscoll and Carr Neel are worthy of the best teams and will enter in the double events, while Miss Ethel Bates is considered as a very likely winner in the ladies' singles. Miss Crouch, the present champion, also a member of the East Oakland Club, practices regularly and will retain her title so easily won last year, or will convince the lady defeating her, that she has been playing tennis.

Miss Alice Roberts, the young lady who so unfortunately sprained her ankle in her match with Miss Kimble, and was thus deprived of what seemed a sure victory, has improved wonderfully during the past year and promises to uphold the colors of the Oriole Club in gallant style at the next championship games.

A great many are of the opinion that Taylor will not hold the championship this year, and Hubbard is mentioned as a very likely winner. It must be remembered, however, last year's contest was the first time that Taylor met Hubbard in a match, and that the Oaklander played a game that was new to the champion, which necessitated a careful game on his part; since that occasion, however, they have met often in practice, and should they meet again on the coming Fourth of July, Taylor will not only be in good practice, but will also put the knowledge that he has obtained during the year through practice with Hubbard to practical use, and as he has as clever a head as any player in the country, it is my foregone conclusion that the champion for five years past will again demonstrate his superiority, and that the beautiful challenge cup, the finest and most costly trophy ever offered in this or any other country for a similar event, will be carried off by him. Mr. Taylor has won the cup twice, and a third victory would make it his personal property.

Hubbard and O. Hoffman are anxious for a match with either Taylor and Tobin, or Bates and Neel. Sam Neel is taking a much-needed rest, but it is probable that such a match could be arranged between Bates and Carr Neel and the California team.

THE SCORER.

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THE MUMMERS.

STUART ROBSON AT THE BALDWIN.

So much had been expected of Mr. Robson's company in "She Stoops to Conquer" that the performance was, on the whole, somewhat of a disappointment. That Mr. Robson should choose a part as barren of bright comedy as is Tony Lumpkin is surprising, and one can only feel compensated at the subordination of the clever star, by the even performance given by the entire company. It is gratifying occasionally to see a play put before the public for the play's sake. Forced as we are to depend upon the traveling star combinations for our theatrical entertainment, we are obliged to forego the pleasure (particularly in standard plays) of seeing each mummer working conscientiously for the glory of his own part, instead of, as is an almost universal custom, of cutting, and subordinating all detail characters to the glory of one or two.

Mr. Robson has evidently endeavored to give an even production of "She Stoops to Conquer" without making of that revered old comedy a one-part play, and though one can but feel that Mr. Robson is not seen at his best as Tony, the entire performance is a most pleasing and refreshing one.

Why is it that pretty actresses, and as is too often the case, handsome actors, will mar the charm of their otherwise graceful performances by persisting in eying the audience from orchestra to gallery, from box to box, during their most important scenes? Mrs. Robson's pretty face would be seen to far greater advantage if she would refrain from this unpleasant mannerism. Her Miss Hardcastle was a bright, graceful, pleasing piece of work, and in the disguise in which she wins her lover, she was seen to the best advantage.

The Miss Neville of Miss Amy Rusby, was most picturesque and engaging. Her quaint make-up suggested the utmost care of detail, and led the audience to expect much in the interpretation of her part; in this, it was not disappointed. Mr. George S. Woodward gave a finished portrayal of the good-tempered old Hardcastle, and the scene in which he drills his awkward servants is one of the best in the performance. The remainder of the company are painstaking and far above the average. The costumes are most picturesque, and the stage setting excellent. It was a surprise and pleasure to see that the little notice on the programme requesting the audience to remain seated during the epilogue had the desired effect, and that old bit revived was a most agreeable feature of the performance. It is a pity, however, that the theatre-going public has at any time to be reminded of the courtesy due the mummers.

To speak of this performance without referring to past productions of "She Stoops to Conquer" seems impossible, and the only manner in which some critics have sought to make themselves interesting has been by reminding their readers how good some one else was in this or that part, and how different the present mummers act from those old-timers. I am quite sure I do not regret the fact that my tender years and lack of experience make me a useless witness on behalf of dead actors who probably do not desire now the praise that was lacking when they strode the boards. I can but speak in the present, and can only say that this production was as pleasing as any we have had at the Baldwin for some time. Expectation was pitched too high, however, and I looked for something that did not appear. As a matter of fact, the lines of Tony Lumpkin would never win a comedian fame; he does not win the auditor's sympathy, and is neither bad enough nor good enough to be a favorite. The humor of the play is of other days; it is not of the sort that Americans like, and were it not that one reads in Goldsmith's lines the story of other days with their quaint mannerisms, their charms of costumes, and their prodigality of profanity we would give but slight encouragement to the mummers who seek to revive "She Stoops to Conquer." The play will be presented until Wednesday evening of next week, when Buckstone's old comedy, "Married Life," will be put on, to be followed by "The Henrietta."——

The Hanlon Brothers in their pantomime "Superba," will follow Roland Reed at the California. It is sometime since we had a taste of this form of entertainment, and theatre-goers may prepare for a treat on next Monday night——

James O'Neill has done a good business with "Monte Cristo" at the Bush. Conried's Opera Company, favorably known in this city by performances of the "The Gypsy Baron" and "The King's Fool" in past seasons will present "Poor Jonathan" at this theatre on Monday. This opera had a long and successful run at the New York Casino last year. The play is said to be intensely humorous, depicting as it does the tribulations of an American millionaire and his cook. The music of "Poor Jonathan" is by Carl Milloecker, the famous composer of the "Beggar Student."——

Joseph Jefferson and his admirable comedy company follow Stuart Robson at the Baldwin. They will present for the greater part of the engagement the sterling old comedy, "The Rivals." The ever-popular "Bostonians" in English Opera are soon to commence an extended engagement at the Baldwin. The popularity of this organization is as solid as it is deserved. They will open in their favorite production of "Robin Hood." Their new prima donna, "Camille D'Arville," has met with great success, and is said to be a singer of exquisite method and finish.

HASTE

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday Evenings, and Saturday Matinee } MARRIED LIFE

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, February 20, 1892.

THE BIBLE AND "HERNANI."

Emulous of the distinction won by the School Board of Oakland when it promulgated its famous embargo against "Hernani," the Trustees of the Normal School at San Jose have thrown the Bible into the street, and seem determined to lead a new life without its assistance. The use of the French work was vetoed on the ground that it might make some of the pupils worse than they are; the Bible study was discontinued because it was just possible some of the students might be improved morally by it. Two better reasons than these have never been put forward as excuse for more idiotic acts, and we could afford to laugh as much at the dense stupidity of people who veto the use of "Hernani" as at the sectarian prejudices of those who prohibit the use of the Bible, were it not that there is something behind all this.

With the moral and intellectual dunces of Oakland I am done; their ignorance is too sacred to be spoken of in public; but there is something to be said of the distinguished company of educators whose resolutions and orders have so much weight at the Normal School. They are a different class, and may justly be held responsible for their actions. Whether they are ready to admit that the exclusion of the Bible from the Normal School has any religious significance, I do not know, but inasmuch as there is now afoot a well-organized effort to have the Book excluded from educational institutions in all parts of the country, their admission or denial would scarcely affect the question. There does not seem to have been sufficient thought given to the matter of excluding the Bible, and on the arguments submitted the majority was not warranted in its action. However, as the Trustees, while discussing the subject, referred to each other as liars, I have no doubt that continued debate might have resulted seriously. Few people will believe that gentlemen who dismiss arguments with the incontrovertible statement that their opponents are liars, are fit to judge of the necessity for Bible study. No doubt the polite and polished Trustees have done without it for years, and they can point with pride to the fact that it has not injured them in business; they are all honorable men, and I believe what they say of themselves and each other; but they were hasty in vetoing the use of the Bible. If they will think a moment they will remember that this great State contains people of many religions; that the study of the Bible is not forced on any one; and they should have sense enough to see that it is not within their province to rob any one of the enjoyment that may be found in its consideration. Let me return to the Oakland Board long enough to say that while it is the most humorous body in Alameda, it is not the least dignified or intelligent in the State, and that it cannot hope to occupy the first place in the public contempt as long as the present Board of Trustees of the Normal School is in existence.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.

It is a matter for regret that there should attach to anyone connected with the World's Fair the suspicion that he is trying to "job" the public; and it is most unfortunate that the actions of some of those who are highest in place in this splendid enterprise should totally and completely exclude the sentiment of patriotism from its conduct. The Wave deprecates the fact that Americans are everywhere regarded as money-grubbers, bounty-jumpers, and patriots for pensions, and does not admit that these are National characteristics. It has, however, happened so often that men of slight capacity and small public spirit have been called to high positions where their contemptible traits have displayed themselves that the charge cannot be readily refuted. Already our sincere friends on the London press are pointing out that the Columbian Exposition is primarily a grand scheme for looting the public treasury; and incidentally a World's Fair. I cannot but admit the truth of this.

With all deference to the appointing power that brought to the front the men who are now in charge of the Exposition, my personal knowledge of some of them leads me to believe, and impels me to say, that they are by education, surroundings, affiliations, and ability wholly unfitted for their responsibilities. Of few of these who are at the head of the enterprise it can be said: "He is no man's man." The proof of this has been shown in a most humiliating way. The gentlemen have got together, voted themselves large salaries, created offices for needy friends, fought over the places, and conducted themselves generally as if the Columbian Exposition were the spoils of a ward fight. The salary list is an exhibition of temerity that has not been equalled in this country; men who are regarded as third-rate politicians have voted themselves salaries ranging from $5000 to $12,000 a year; in any legitimate enterprise they would spend a life-time in getting such sums together. With a reckless indifference to public opinion they are appointing hangers-on, henchmen, and dive-frequenters to positions that should go to men of some worth. Politics enter into everything that is done, and the management of the World's Fair will be part and parcel of the machine in the campaign that is approaching.

This is depressing, to say the least, and will go some length to encourage America's detractors in the expression of the estimate they have formed of the National characteristics.

There has been no more effective illustration of the heartless cruelty of Crimmins and Kelly, their utter disregard of good taste and consideration of the feelings of others than the appointment of Fire Commissioner Parsons to a deputyship in the License Collector's office. No sooner had the Supreme Court pronounced his lease of office perpetual than these brutal manipulators, just to show how completely they owned him, Democrat though he is, created a vacancy and filled it with him. Might they not have waited a day or two? Had they the slightest regard for Mr. Parsons or appearances they would have been less precipitate.

* * *

The Police Commissioners are becoming too severe. Because an officer fired at a vagrant who attempted to escape arrest he is dismissed from the force. Policeman Starbird was given a warrant to be served on an old enemy of his, a vagrant because of this dislike. This fellow actually had the audacity to flee when he saw the officer, who, in order to bring him to time, simply fired a bullet after him, and for this he has been cashiered. I wonder what penalty would have been meted out to Officer Starbird had the bullet found its billet in the vagrant's heart? What a privilege it is to be a guardian of the peace with a pistol, a club, a few enemies, and a sense of the importance of one's position.

* * *

The Keeley "cure" is receiving more free advertising these days than ever, and it is quite probable that some Eastern States will pass laws prohibiting its use. It has been shown that it is a kill, cure, or fail plan, and as everything else in life is on the same plan I do not see how it can be interfered with. Some one should start an hospital for the lying habit; it might do some good during the campaign.

* * *

The price of iron has advanced again. probably because my Democratic friends are preparing to nail the campaign lies of their political adversaries.

* * *

Alvinza Hayward, in the role of a railroad philanthropist at this stage of the Hale & Norcross trial, cuts a ludicrous figure. When there is a prospect of realizing fifty per cent in the construction of competing lines Mr. Hayward will invest $100,000. In the meantime, he will attend to tailings and the California Electric Light Co.

Who wants to go to Alameda? Here's a chance. The Oakland *Tribune* says: "Now that we have bridges enough to reach Alameda, let's make it possible to reach the bridges in some kind of comfort and reasonable safety."

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—If I say a good conscience is a terrible burden, you will doubtless regard me as the incarnation of scepticism. I know of nothing more harassing than scruples, few things more distressing than fixed beliefs. If men and women would not entertain inconvenient convictions on trivial subjects, their passage through the world would be infinitely smoother. You ask what is the use of having impressions and sentiments if one does not express them? You forget the delicious satisfaction of concealing them and appearing superior. Why expose one's own opinions which may be correct, to the contradiction of Philistines in general who are certainly wrong. He who has learned not to argue—the futility of controversy—has not lived in vain. So if you are cherishing just now any grandiloquent aspirations, any magnificent schemes of self-abnegation, first be silent and then abandon them.

These reflections, my dear Miss Matilda, are among the results of reading "Gabriel's Vocation," by Camille Debans, and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy. In both, inconvenient convictions are the occasion of an infinity of trouble. Gabriel, the son of an atheist chemist, yearns to be a priest. His ambition is to go to Africa and preach the Gospel to savages, and, perhaps, receive as the reward of his exertion the glorious crown of martyrdom. But his papa, an obstinate old fellow, desires him to be a chemist, refuses his consent, throws in his way Francette, who has deep, lustrous eyes, masses of dark waving hair, and an incomparable mouth—a mouth that revealed the intoxicating promise of a siren. Instead of doing as his parent ordained, this foolish young fellow preferred to be an ascetic, refused the siren promise of the damsel's lips, and finally drives papa to fury, in the course of which he has apoplexy and dies. The manner in which this good Gabriel treats the tender Francette, whom he marries finally, is outrageous. She commits suicide, he becomes a priest at last, and during the ceremony of ordination loses his reason. And it all could have been avoided if he had but been rational.

And "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—there is a book. One must avoid flippancy in writing of a beautiful work of art. No one has forgotten the softness and dextrous skill of "A Group of Noble Dames"—stories so charming that they will bear repeated readings. Not Sunday School literature by any means, but how delicate the suggestiveness was. "Tess" deals with a moral problem, in regard to which there are serious differences of opinion. It is the question of feminine purity. She is a country girl, a fine handsome maiden, with soft peony cheeks and large innocent eyes. Under circumstances in which she is utterly blameless, she is ruined by a young ruffian. Another man, a gentleman of superior education and refinement, falls in love with her. It is an exquisite idyl their love-making. They were married. On the wedding night she tells him all. He leaves her. The book is infinitely pathetic. Than the life of the lovely woman, a victim of cruel fate, of time, the archsatirist, there could be nothing sadder—sadness relieved by deep joy, great happiness, then darkened by the cruelest trials a being could bear. I cannot describe to you the inimitable art with which this story is set forth, how human it all is. There is no worshiping of the young girl bugbear. The situations are of a character that is most difficult to treat. But Hardy has produced a book that anyone may read—there is suggestiveness, but it is most charming. It is a long tragedy this book—too long like most English novels, but there is little moralizing done that one cannot read. The frame for the idyl is Froom Vale, Tess is a milkmaid, the most beautiful in fiction, Angel Clare, her lover, the son of a clergyman, is learning dairy work. In the household of Farmer Crick are three other maids who also lose then hearts to this young man. It sounds prosaic enough thus stated, but read how the young man carried the four girls across the water, and the manner in which the twain came together. "Amid the oozing fatness and warm forments of Froom Vale, at a season when the rush of juices could almost be heard below the hiss of fertilization, it was impossible the most fanciful love should not grow passionate." I have read few letters more touching, more simple, more truly expressive of that deep, self-sacrificing love, which, after all, is the only true love, than the one which Tess sends to her Angel Clare in Brazil. She is exposed to temptation as cruel as ever mortal suffered, and she is only mortal with her lovely mournful eyes, her exquisite mouth, and that soft, round form of hers. "Only come back to me. I am so desolate without you, my darling; oh, so desolate. But Angel, please, please, not to be just—only a little kind to me, if I do not deserve it, and come to me. If you would come I could die in your arms."

Alas, he comes, but too late. Fate keeps them apart. The end is too sad. But Hardy has written a book that is worth reading, and compels one to think.

"Improbable Tales" contains at least one story of decided merit. "The Pretender" tells of "the sentimental adventures of a personage." He is Henry Philip Lazére, Duke of Vaucluse.

His love making with the Princess of Este and his bold attempt to restore the monarchy in Sturania form the plot. There is a delicate modesty and simplicity in the tale and the writer has succeeded in that very rare achievement, he has painted without analysis and in his own narrative—a gentleman. The scene in the fortress where the Princess Kate declares her love before the officers of the President is clever.

ORAGLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Gabriel's Vocation," by Camille Debans. The Cassell Publishing Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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WAS IT A CRIME?

"You'd better be careful, Lionel; you've already been in lots of scrapes about women, and some day you'll really get into serious trouble unless you look out."

I was the speaker. The individual to whom I was giving this very sensible and wholesome advice was one of my oldest and dearest friends, Lionel Ashton. The place was Paris—a corner of one of the *salons* of the Cercle de l'Union—and the time midnight, four years ago. I was my friend's senior by three years, and had come to look upon him almost as a younger brother; for he had no near relative living, and was, indeed, when I first made his acquaintance —when he, as boy of the house, came in answer to my prolonged call of "B-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-y!" at the Rev. Robert Middlemist's house at Harrow, one whole holiday three-and-twenty years ago—a ward in Chancery. But although he was a new-comer and only in the First Fourth, while I was in the Sixth and on the point of leaving and going to an Army crammer at Farnborough, he and I became at once fast friends, for his father and mine had been close allies in former days, and, as a matter of fact, I had been told to look after little Ashton when he should make his *debut* in the school-world of Harrow, a detail which I had quite forgotten until the little sportsman himself brought it to my recollection, when, in reply to my gruff query, "What's your name?" he said, with a smile, "Ashton; I think your people know mine at home."

Poor little chap! The sole surviving representative at that time of what he called his "people" was an old maiden aunt with whom he lived in Leicestershire, and who died a few years later—in fact, just after Lionel left for Rio as unpaid attaché. He was clever as a boy and clever as a man; but perhaps the most striking thing about him, apart from his good looks and extraordinary grace in waltzing, was his equanimity, good humor, and contented spirit. Nothing ever put him out. He had but a small fortune, and, I am sorry to say, was rather extravagant in his mode of living; but no duns or writs could for one moment ruffle the sweet serenity of his temper, and the ominous blue paper of the Bankruptcy Court (for he never took the trouble to settle his debts until just in time to avoid publicity and ruin) was greeted by him with the same pleasant smile with which he read the impassioned epistolary efforts of his innumerable fair victims. He had been jilted by an heiress, and had published a volume of poems which had been severely dealt with by the reviewers; but the fickle lady and the ruthless critics were frankly forgiven by the philosophic and light-hearted young diplomatist, who would seem to have adopted the cheerful view taken by Sir Thomas Browne, that "to wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favors of Fortune—let Providence provide for fools."

In his early youth, when the poetic fever was quickening the current of his blood, he had, indeed, endeavored to persuade himself that this contented spirit was a snare, a pitfall, an obstacle to be overcome; and had, to my infinite amusement, done his best to cultivate what elderly maiden ladies delight in describing to their good-looking unmarried medical advisers as "indefinite yearnings," exerting himself to the utmost to make himself miserable, envying poets their tears, and, indeed, as his effusions proved, feebly following their wailings in the vain hope that their "endless desolation" might perchance awaken some responsive echo of lyric anguish in his own heart, very much as the little boy in the *Mill on the Floss* followed the peacock in hopes that he would drop a feather from his tail. His vanity perhaps told him that, but for his fatal happiness and contented spirit, he, too, might become immortal; that he might in time develop into a Keats, if he could but become possessed of the fatal cough which racked the author of *Endymion:* and so at this period of his career Lionel Ashton was to be found day after day, hanging, like Prometheus, at his club window; day by day, however, becoming more and more painfully conscious that his frock-coat was *not* buttoned over the longed-for vulture. During this time—two whole seasons—he was, as I learnt afterwards, preparing his verses for publication, and was, it must be confessed, an insufferable bore to all his friends; nor was it, indeed, until his rhymes had been published and damned—until he had found that his aspirations to become immortal by some great mental effort, lacking the spur which he fondly hoped the longed-for but invoked-in-vain misery would provide, "fell," as Jeremy Taylor says, "into the portion of weeds and outworn faces;" until he saw that the stretching out of his hands towards Parnassus ended in his merely employing them in taking a hand at écarté at the Marlborough; until he recognized to his dismay that his stumbles towards Olympus invariably only resulted in his finding himself one of the very latest callers-in at Pratt's—that he, once more clothed and in his right mind, became again an agreeable companion.

I have said that Lionel Ashton was good-looking, good-natured, and a good—nay, an extraordinarily good—dancer, and it was doubtless owing to the fact of these three rare and most desirable advantages being united in one person that my friend was, from his earliest youth, the most arrant flirt, the most ruthless breaker of hearts, the most wanton destroyer of marital felicity, to be met with outside the pages of a French novel. Even a summary catalogue of his *affaires de cœur* would most assuredly fill a good-sized volume, and a detailed description of the scrapes he had got into in the course of his short life of thirty, by endeavoring to prove to pretty women that he appreciated their charms, would, in itself, form a most respectable folio.

Now, at length, on the evening when I introduce him to my readers, he is engaged to be married to an heiress, Miss Edina Burrel, only daughter of the Rev. Elihu Depew Burrel, the millionaire evangelist of Possumawottommie, U. S.; but even the near approach of his nuptials (he was to be married in a fortnight) did not seem to have inspired him with a spirit of prudence, or have induced him to refrain from indulging in his favorite pastime—*la chasse aux belles*—a deplorable fact which the admonitory words addressed by me to him at the beginning of this story may perhaps have led my readers to suspect. The father of Lionel Ashton's *fiancée* was certainly deserving, if ever man was, of the title of "one of the most *re*markable men" of his country—one of the "*Imeniylie liovdi*," to use the appellation so dear to the Stroganoffs; and the origin of his great wealth was curious enough. "Doctor" Burrel had not only made a large fortune by the audacity of his pulpit utterances, but had shrewdly invested with immense profit large sums of money in commercial speculations in the Holy Land, or, in other words; had begun to "run" Palestine as a paying concern. He had gone to the Holy Land first of all to "prospect," as it were, the country; had himself put on bathing drawers and baptized a banker from Chicago in the Jordan (much to the astonishment of the natives, who could not imagine what these two elderly American gentlemen with spectacles could be doing), thus, as it were, formerly taking possession of that ancient river in the name of the Great Republic of the West; and he, very shortly after his return, published the prospectus of a company he intended forming, in which startling *brochure* he announced that railways throughout the length and breadth of Palestine were to be constructed; immense American hotels to be erected at Jerusalem, Damascus, and elsewhere; cottages and summer residences to be built at Nazareth, Bethlehem, and the like, where "hops," garden-parties, and so on would be given during the season; and in conclusion it was hinted that negotiations were in progress with a view of obtaining a concession from the Turkish Government to establish at Jericho a casino after the fashion of the one at Monte Carlo.

The idea, like all great ideas, was a simple one; and hardly had the Rev. Elihu D. published it to the world (which he did not do until he had thoroughly protected his own interests therein, *bien entendu*) than every speculator in the States asked himself in blank bewilderment why he had never thought of that very thing before, just as all thinking men groaned aloud when Sir Isaac Newton turned that fallen apple to such good account, and as a shudder of acute envy convulsed the world of science when Watt noticed the the agitation of the tea-kettle lid. It was the old story of audacity and enterprise winning the day, and but another instance of the immense advantage enjoyed by the fool who rushes in, over the angel, who fears to tread.

Dr. Vernon, the inventor of a popular *bon-bon*, the sale of which made him a millionaire, has himself told us his method of procedure. What, he asked himself, is the most common and universal of all human ailments? Surely a cold. Taking the average duration of human life to be about thirty years, it may be calculated—roughly speaking of course—that a man sneezes three of them away, and coughs his way through quite eight, and this astonishing, but simple fact having once been realized by Dr. Vernon, he very naturally told himself that if he could only succeed in leading his suffering brothers and sisters (by the nose as it were) to the purchasing of some pleasant and harmless confection which might be represented as likely to afford them relief, he might well hope to be able to waltz on to endless wealth, with Coryza for a partner, while Humbug led the band.

So much for our physical weaknesses. Elihu D. turned his attention to our spiritual, and decided so to handle our hopes, aspirations, and fears that they might be converted into dollars and cents at his bidding, for, as he told himself, not only the Holy Land, but the lessons taught by Holy Writ itself might from the very beginning have been greatly improved if they had only been invigorated and enlightened here and there by American enterprise. Were the days of miracles past? No, certainly not, Elihu D. decided (indeed the success of his company proved that they were not); not while the boughs laden with wooden nutmegs still swayed before the vernal breezes, or while "the clocks that wouldn't figger," immortalized by Bon Gaultier, could still be proudly pointed to as glorious proofs that Procrastination would not stand alone in the dock were Time to prosecute for larceny. The young lady my friend was about to marry—I had not seen her—was the only child of this long-sighted evangelist, and all the money amassed by the pulpit eloquence of her father, all the shekels gained by the Jerusalem hotels, the Nazareth dances, and the Jericho casino, were to be hers—a not unpleasant fact which may possibly have had some weight in inducing my friend to definitely and finally resign the joys of single life and decide to light the hymeneal torch. He was, when I introduce him to my readers, attached to our Embassy in Paris. I was just passing through the French capital on my way home from Vienna; we had both been dining at the Hotel Borghèse that night, and Ashton had volunteered to see me as far back to the Hotel de Hollande as the club, in order that we might thus have a more confidential chat together than we could hope to enjoy even in the cosy little den on the ground-floor of our *ambassade*, whither the smokers and imbibers of mineral waters not undiluted with spirits were allowed to retire by our genial and popular Ambassador, who, himself, neither smoked nor drank. Ashton laughed at my words of caution, and shook his head.

"There is no danger here," he said. "Her husband isn't the least jealous, although he is an Italian, and she does with him as she likes. Besides, the game is more than worth the candle. I don't think I have seen such marvelous eyes since I left Rio."

"Who and what are they?"

"He is a professor, a *savant*, a doctor, one of the most learned men in Italy, they tell me. He's here on some scientific mission, I believe. I know the *Times* had a leader on him the other day, but I didn't read it. He's a member of all the learned societies of the world, I believe; but that hardly makes him a more agreeable companion for his wife, does it? She is young enough to be his daughter."

"Where did you meet them?"

"They are friends of D'Hervey de St. Denis; and then I met them afterwards in the Rue St. Florentin, at the Rothschilds."

"How long has this been going on, Lionel?" I asked, after a pause.

"What?"

"This flirtation—this intrigue."

He laughed. "Oh, not long—ten days."

"Do you correspond?"

"Well, we have; but I shan't write any more—it's too absurdly compromising."

"Are you certain the husband suspects nothing? These old Italian *savants* are not always so sleepy as you may imagine."

"Oh, I think it's all right; but you'd better come and see for yourself—you pride yourself, I remember, on reading people's thoughts and characters. Come with me to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?"

"Yes, I am breakfasting there. One of his hobbies is taking photographs, which he does by some new process of his own, and he is to take me to-morrow by appointment after breakfast. He's taken a lot of people's, and they're extraordinary likenesses and quite works of art, and really things to keep, for he does you in a fancy dress—in character."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he sees your style of face, dresses you accordingly, and photographs you in that dress. He did De la Fraigneraye as Dante, the other day, and De Birac as a mousquetaire; Madame de Birac he did

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AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

Marie de Neubourg. You've no idea how pretty hese photographs are; every one's wild about them."

"And in what character is he going to photograph ou?" I inquired.

"I don't know yet," replied Ashton. "Come with ne to-morrow and see. I know them quite well enough o bring a friend without asking them beforehand, so ou must come. You can see *la bella donna del mio enziero*, and let me know what you think of her eyes, nd then you will see the photographing afterwards."

So it was agreed that I was to accompany Lionel shton, the following morning, to the house of his talian friends, there to breakfast and become acquainted with those marvelous eyes which were doing o much mischief, and then to see the handsome face f the ardent young diplomatist photographed by the husband of the lady for whom he sighed.

Just as I was saying good night to this young Loveace, he exclaimed, "Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell ou a rather disagreeable thing that the husband of ny *inamorata* told me the other day."

"What was it?"

"He told me that I had heart-disease—that he ould see it by my eyes and by my color,"

"What folly, Lionel! You couldn't sail over the ences the way you do, if you had anything the matter with your heart."

"Well, I suppose not," replied Ashton, laughing; "but this chap ought to know, oughtn't he, for he is consulted by all the leading doctors and *savants* of Paris?" Then, after a moment's pause, he inquired rather gravely, "People fall down dead suddenly with heart disease, don't they?"

"Don't bother yourself about that, my dear boy," I replied, smiling. "So long as this Italian does not read what is passing in your heart, what he says about its soundness need not trouble you."

And so we parted for the night.

The following morning I was destined to be doubly disappointed. In the first place, I could not see the marvelous eyes that had bewitched my friend, for the lady who owned them was—or so, at least, her husband assured us—confined to her bed with a sick headache; then, secondly, I found it impossible to exercise that rare and precious gift with which I am really endowed — of being able to read character from the face — in this special instance, where I was most particularly anxious to make use of it, for the very simple reason that the old Italian *savant* (he looked about sixty-five) wore blue spectacles with double glasses, which completely concealed his eyes, and so prevented me not only from forming a general estimate of his character and disposition, but also from detecting whether he looked upon my friend with suspicion and distrust, or with friendly kindness and amiable *bonhomie*. His manners, at all events, were perfect—frankly and gracefully cordial, without any of that most offensive exaggeration so often to be met with in Italians; and he averred, in a very pretty little speech, that he was delighted that Ashton had brought me with him, and that my visit would give his wife still another reason to regret her untimely indisposition. The three guests he had to meet us were a professor from the Collège de France, a Swedish financier—Baron Isaac Laurenius, whose horses and *amours* were the talk of Paris—and Follembray, the famous sculptor. During breakfast the conversation was general—although most of it was absorbed by the man of art and the man of money —and it was not till the coffee, liqueurs, and cigars had been brought that I found an opportunity of asking our host how he intended photographing my friend.

"It is somewhat of an Italian face," he replied in a low, soft voice, turning his spectacle-hidden eyes slowly to gaze upon Lionel Ashton. "What do you think of the head—merely the head—as that of a young lover of the Renaissance time—say, Ugo, the lover of Parisina; or Paolo, the lover of Francesca?"

Knowing all the circumstances of the case as I did, this suggestion struck me as wholly unacceptable, and I was just about to express my dissatisfaction when Follembray broke in with his strident voice:

"*A la bonne heure! Parbleu!* the very thing! Ashton has exactly the face of a Paolo!"

The Swedish banker nodded and grunted, and sighed as was his wont when the conversation ceased to turn on horses and women, and our host—whom, for reasons of my own, I will not even call by a fictitious name—resumed:

"What do you say, M. Ashton? I have an exquisite little Renaissance cap copied from one which belonged to a Bentivoglio, and which will be most becoming to you. Shall I take your head—merely your head—as Paolo, or Ugo, or even Romeo?"

"*Bien volontiers,*" assented Ashton. And so it was arranged.

When we all adjourned to the photographic studio (the French professor, by the way, left after breakfast), Lionel, at the request of our host, seated himself on a queer, artistic-looking little chair, made of prettily-chased iron, the rollers of which, as I noticed at the time with surprise, were of crystal, and put both feet upon a small china box which the old Italian brought to him for that purpose.

"I have no foot stool," he explained, "and for the pose of the head which I require, the body must be absolutely at rest."

Then the Bentivoglio cap was brought, and proved to be most becoming to Lionel (whose sense of humor made him, as I could see, revel in the grotesque irony of the situation), and then a light cloak was thrown over his shoulders and properly arranged around the throat, so that the vignette photograph of this romantic-looking youth might not reveal anything indicative of our prosaic nineteenth century.

"Put on a passionate look!" bellowed Follembray, who never spoke under a roar.

"Imagine you are making love to the prettiest woman you know," lisped the asthmatic Sweed.

Ashton cast his head slightly back, and riveted his eyes with an expression of adoration upon the portrait in oils of a remarkably beautiful woman which hung upon the wall opposite to him.

"*C'est parfait!*" thundered Follembray, and then added, with a coarse laugh, "'Tis a pity the signora is not here to see the passion she inspires."

But our host seemed not to heed this stupid remark.

"Keep that expression, M. Ashton," he exclaimed in his soft, gentle undertone, which contrasted strangely with the roaring of the sculptor; "and keep that pose of the head. Wait, I will give you the rest," and so saying he drew up to the back of Lionel's head one of those semi-circular iron rests such as are used in most photographic studios, and fixed it so that my friend could continue gazing upward without fatigue.

"*Bene, bene,*" murmured the Italian. "Thank you. I will not keep you waiting long; it will be all over now in a minute!" and then he retreated and hid his head beneath the black cloth which covered the camera, Follembray, Laurenius, and myself standing by his side and looking at Ashton's handsome face upturned to the portrait in passionate and loving appeal, as that of Romeo in the sweet sorrow of bidding farewell to Juliet's balcony.

Suddenly, instantaneously, as we stood watching it, the expression of the face changed, a horrible swift transformation took place in the twinkling of an eye, and, as if by magic, the look of adoration and tender love was withdrawn as the slide in a magic lantern is withdrawn, only with the speed of lightning, giving place to a most terrible and agonizing look of astonishment and wonder, and the eyes opened wider as if filled with some sudden and great surprise, an astonishment almost more hideous than terror.

"Lionel! Lionel!" I called out, and stepped forward; but before I could reach my friend the Italian had sprung to his side and caught him in his arms, upsetting, as he did so, the head-rest, and sending it rolling on to the floor.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, his voice hoarse with emotion. "This is terrible! It's the heart! He is dead!"

* * * * * * * * *

All this took place four years ago. Last year, happening to be at Homburg, I met there my old friend Leopold Maryx, the famous Viennese physician, and one day, as we were taking a long walk together, I told him the story of Lionel Ashton's death.

"But, my good friend," exclaimed Maryx, "do you mean to tell me you did not insist upon a post-mortem examination being made?"

"No; it was useless. He had no family, you know, and the Italian certified that the cause of death was disease of the heart."

"Did he, indeed? How very kind of him!" sneered Maryx. "Now kindly answer me two questions: First of all, did you notice anything peculiar about his head-rest?"

"Nothing. It looked to me like the sort of thing you always see in photographers' studios—only perhaps a little more bulky."

"Exactly; a little more bulky. But you noticed nothing else—nothing abnormal in the part that touched your friend's head."

"Nothing—that is—yes, now I think of it, I remember remarking two little brass knobs, like nail-heads, on either side, and on the inside——"

"So that your friend's head rested on these brass knobs?" interrupted Maryx.

"Yes—why?"

Maryx threw up his arms, greatly excited; but then, controlling his emotion by a strong effort, proceeded:

"Wait, wait!" he exclaimed. "Now answer me the second question: this man, this Italian *savant*—I knew him well—had a remarkably beautiful wife; had your friend paid her any marked attention—had he made love to her—had he given this man any cause to be jealous?"

I turned my head aside and was silent.

"Ah! I thought so!" burst out the great specialist, stopping short in the lonely country road, and in his excitement, waving his arms about like windmills, "Well, then, let me tell you that your friend was murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, murdered—killed by electricity. This man, this Italian, was wildly jealous of his wife; and there were terrible stories whispered about his ferocity in Naples last year. He simply killed your friend whom he had reason to be jealous of, by means of an electric current. In the iron chair with the glass rollers, and his feet on the china box, your friend was insulated, and the current passed through his head from one knob to the other. How this Italian worked the battery, or where the battery was concealed, I know not, but that your friend was murdered by electricity I feel certain."

"Good God! Then I'll have this villain arrested at once."

"You can't, *mon ami!*" replied Maryx, throwing his stick up in the air and catching it as it fell; "he died of paralysis last July at Pisa."

SOMETHING TO SEE.

One of the most attractive buildings in San Francisco to-day is that occupied by the well-known art supply firm of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue; its handsome architecture, coloring, and artistic gilding draws the attention of all. If one have time, a half hour could not be more profitably spent than in a visit to this magnificent store, where are to be found the best examples of painters, etchers, and engravers; all that is needful in the studio: palettes, brushes, paints, studies, easels; with an immense stock of art goods, stationery, vases, looking glasses, albums, and whatever else comes under the head of fancy wares. Each of the four great floors in the building is a store by itself, and the manner in which Sanborn, Vail & Co., have fitted them shows an artistic taste and a splendid care for the comfort and convenience of customers that may not be noted everywhere. The removal from the old quarters—a feat accomplished in an incredibly short time when the size of the stock is considered—was the signal for many improvements; the force of clerks has been enlarged, the opportunity for viewing goods increased, and 300 customers may be in the store at any moment without causing the slightest confusion. Visitors to San Francisco could not spend an hour more profitably than in going through this immense store.

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MUSIC.

LOCAL CONCERTS.

An epidemic of concert giving broke out within the past week, the result was a blending of interest, professional, social, and financial, and perhaps a trifle of musical experience thrown in. With the Eighteenth Saturday Popular Concert postponed from January 30th, the Fifth Musical Sunday Afternoon and the Philharmonic Society's concert, our regular musical life was duly punctuated. A Soirée Musicale given by the blind pupils of the institution for the deaf, dumb, and blind, and the debut concert of the Ladies' Saturday Morning Orchestra, attracted attention, the former for the curiosity of a musical kind, the latter for its proportions and notoriety as a social event.

The exhibition of talent in the pupils of the Blind Institute, independent of the touching incidents accompanying it, had unusual musical interest. As the ear must have the entire responsibility of committing music to memory with the blind, their efforts, granted a ready talent, should be usually more successful than those of the average musician. As the sense of touch, in those who have been denied the gift of sight, can be developed so that the form of an object can be detected by them through half a dozen wrappings, it is reasonable to suppose the same *finesse* in distinguishing and producing purity of tone could be realized. In point of fact, this was not demonstrated to entire satisfaction, though in one instance the intonation of one of the pupils in singing was perfectly true throughout. Remarkable talent was exhibited by Miss Mast, in the organ-playing, whose use of the stops, pedalling, and changing from the manuals, was as deft and as confident as the work of skillful organists possessed of every faculty. Intelligence and musical taste were not wanting in any of the debutantes.

A duo for two violins played by Messrs. Beel and Landsberger at the Saturday Popular Concert failed to be as interesting as was expected. Though having the charm of melody of the faintly colored type peculiar to violin composers of the greatest schools, and being rich in show passages for technical display, its lengthy developments created no lasting impression. The variations, in the second movement, agreeable as they were, were scarcely distinguished. The performance met with appreciation. Of Mendelssohn's compositions for piano and strings, the Sonata for piano and 'cello given is perhaps the highest flight of vigor and enthusiasm the composer has sustained. Purity itself, as to composition, there is a romantic suggestion of the seeing of signs and wonders not often given utterance to by "the greatest of landscape painters." While Mrs. Carr caught the movement and emotional quality of the work, Mr. Heine did nothing further than give the 'cello part with the scientific correctness of pitch and fluent technique he is admirably master of. It is to be hoped this artist will not fulfill his promise of becoming a scrupulously business-like, artistic machine without emotion, enthusiasm, or personality. Mr. Carlisle N. Grieg made a debut as vocalist, singing ballads and an oratorio number to sufficient applause, and exhibiting a certain schooling and ability.

No more delightfully melodious work than Schubert's String Quintette, *Op. 163*, can be found, and though in length it is as great as the Schubertian works always are, its beauty, vitality, and genius compel unabated interest. Its intrinsic charm shone through an intelligent performance not free from defects, however, but acceptable enough to permit of an appreciation of the work itself. The Hermann Brandt String Quartette, with Mr. Van der Mehden, Jr., brought this work at forward at the last Musical Sunday Afternoon Steinway Hall. A piano quintette of Raff's was repeated with Miss Madga Bugge as pianiste. The works did not create any deeper impression; the discursive emotionality overbalanced form and development; the performance had a somewhat qualified success. *Il trillo del Diavolo*, Tartini's famous composition, was given by Mr. Brandt, with some of his old-time vigor and neatness of execution, Miss Ada Weigel accompanying. "Adelaieda," sung by Mr. Alfred Wilkie in Italian, was smoothly vocalized, the heroic quality, however, being omitted entirely. Two ballads sung effectively in the same high style pleased for their quiescence.

Bizet's "L'Arlesienne Suite and Marche Funebre" from Schumann's *Op. 44*, Quintette, orchestrated by Godard, were the most interesting works given by the Philharmonic Society. The Suite has a value of its own and contains much of a similar spirit which Daudet has caught in the inimitable "Tales of Provence." Operatic in style there is in this work a breadth of color unusual in works of the suite form. The dainty minuet is well-known through the pianoforte transcriptions. Schumann's Marche Funebre has been faithfully and impressively transcribed, though its length is apt to oppress. The band was more fully reinforced than usual and in general the performances were somewhat above the amateur standard we have grown reconciled to. The popular "Cavalleria Rusticana Intermezzo" roused a persistent encore. "Vieuxtemps Fantasie Caprice," for violin, played by Mr. Jos. M. Willard created enthusiasm. Mr. Willard has ability not expected of amateurs, both technical and musical. The lyrical quality of the number was given with *finesse*, and also delicacy of tone. Miss May Worth, a *debutante*, has a soprano voice of fair quality and range. In the high voice her efforts are successful. Distinct registers and a glottis stroke, bidding fair to ruin the quality and pitch of the organ, are the traits of the use this vocalist puts her voice to. A clever trill and general lightness of movement are the best points in the favor of this *debutante*. Noticeable improvement was made in the orchestral accompanying, the soloists being given more than their usual chance to be heard.

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Aside from the paintings, oils and water colors, that the firm carries, there are to be found at Gump's the very latest things in art goods. Some of the most artistic vases ever seen in San Francisco have been imported by the Gumps, and their galleries are the rendezvous for the art-lovers of the city, who are always sure of making a discovery in the way of a vase, a lamp, a table, or some other article of vertu that cannot be found elsewhere.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

I have seldom had the pleasure of listening to brighter papers than those read before the Underwriters' Association at its annual meeting. A "love feast" by members of any technical association is usually a bore, and their papers either a collection of uninteresting statistics, listened to with semi-somnolence, or a collection of mawkish gush that makes one blush for the authors. The last meeting, however, was decidedly novel, as it avoided the conventional, and the papers as a whole, were clean-cut and quite above the average.

President Lowden, for whose opinion, by the way, I have a deal of respect, reviewed past progress and possible advance in an able paper; "Ed" Niles handled the threadbare subject of "Special Agents" in an exceedingly clever way; "Uncle Bill" Sexton, as a matter of course, had something quite out of the common to say regarding "Insurance as a Collateral," while Herbert Folger read what was probably the ablest paper ever presented to the F. U. A. P., a masterly consideration of "The Growth of Tariff Associations." Bernard Faymonville gave his views upon "Building Contracts and Insurance Liability," and, in passing, gave a receipt for a "prohibition cocktail" that did not seem to meet with unqualified endorsement. Much as I would like to comment upon each paper, it is entirely out of the question, but before passing to the banquet, I must commend the conciseness with which George D. Dornin discussed the suggestive topic of "After the Compact, What?" and the cleverness with which "Keep Steppin'" Grant had collected bright things in his "Knapsack."

* * *

So far as the banquet is concerned, the man who has attended one has attended all. The crowd is the same; a strong family resemblance may be noticed among the speeches; each speaker tells how great and good are his dear friends and co-laborers in the insurance vineyard, and how it will be the object of his life to make easy their paths.

* * *

The election of a non-resident to the presidency of the Association, impresses me as being rather peculiar, but H. M. Grant is a good man, and his "double" Steve Ives, as Vice-President, will, in his absence, act as presiding officer and doubtless infuse some of his impetuosity into the meetings.

Ex-President Lowden deserves the warmest thanks of the Association for his untiring exertions on its behalf during the past year. During his *regime* every effort has been made to enliven the meetings, and increase the value of organization to its members.

* * *

The objections of the P. I. U. to the agency appointment of the Stockton Investment Company will doubtless be entirely removed; it was a senseless tempest in a teapot at best. Companies represented by the Stockton Corporation will have their business intelligently and properly handled—they will also get their remittances on time, and the too prevalent evil at Stockton of "rebating" will be most effectually squelched! The Investment Company will launch out with the Companies of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., the California Insurance Company, and the Queen of America. If their busiusss will justify it, other agencies will be accepted in due course of things.

* * *

The Massachusetts Insurance Department has called upon the Lancashire for a further deposit in the U. S. of funds aggregating nearly $500,000. Messrs. Mann & Wilson, agents in this city, aver that the requirement will be promptly met with the necessary deposit.

* * *

General Manager DuVal, of the Pacific Union, Manager Geo. W. Spencer, of Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and Major Mercer Otey, of the California, were at Los Angeles, but were back for the Association meeting. Adjusters Sinclair and Chalmers are exercising their peculiar talents over a knoty (and some people say naughty as well) loss at Salt Lake. A. C. Donnell, of Messrs. Okell, Donnelly & Co., is looking after a family Indian-war claim at Washington, D. C. At least it is so reported, but his full-chested partner looks wise, and significantly remarked, a few days since, that he thought "Don" might bring back a scalp or two in his belt besides. Secretary Fowler, of the California is sealing in British Columbia and due at his office on 25th inst. O. N. Hall, of the Nippert agency, is doing the Northwest, making an extended tour of selection, inspection and *extension*. Edward Hall, Secretary of the Oregon F. and M., of Portland, Or., was in the city recently looking after the interests of his Company hereabout.

LOCAL.

HAVE YOU DINED?

When appetite waited on homely fare there was a dinner enjoyed, and a cook praised. But in these days the palate must be tickled; it is not the palate of other years that found food in everything. Here in San Francisco one need hardly lose weight because of an unsatisfied appetite, and since the California Hotel established its excellent dining hall we are on an equality with New York. The *Chef* is an artist, born to please a wide circle of clients, who have made him their boast. At every meal he provides, and the excellence of luncheon is but a prelude to the magnificence of the dinner. One may judge of the latter by the following *menu*, which was enjoyed by a large number of guests last evening:

TABLE D'HOTE.

POTAGES.—Consomme Printanier, Cream of Celery.

POISSONS.—Boiled Salmon, Sauce Anchovies, Filet de Sole au Gratin.

ENTREES.—Larded Tenderloin of Beef with Mushrooms. Cromesqui of Sweetbread, St. Germain.

LEGUMES.—Potatoes, Lima Beans, Stewed Tomatoes.

ROTIS.—Roast Mutton, Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

SALADE.—English Plum Pudding, Fromage, Café Noir, Fruits.

The sweet strains of an excellent band, which plays throughout the dinner hour, add to the pleasures of the table, which are made complete by the excellent service rendered. French table d'hote is served from 11:30 A. M. to 2:20 P. M. for the moderate charge of 75 cents, and dinner, also table d'hote, the charge for which is only $1, may be enjoyed from 5 to 8 P. M.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—The most beautiful party that ever took place on this side was the leap-year *bal poudre* of last week—it was a vision of youth, beauty, and loveliness. You remember I was to escort a Benedict, but the green-eyed monster took possession of his better half, and I was compelled to go with mamma and papa after all. The committee had quite a rumpus about the sending of invitations, and my best friend was treated shamefully. They need not have been so particular—she would not have attended anyway, as she prefers San Francisco Society. Such sweet girls led the first set, and they looked too pretty for anything in their Empire gowns, but, really, powdered hair isn't becoming to every type of beauty. Those in the first set were Miss Pierce (wouldn't dare call her by her first name), Nellie Chabot, Amy McKee and Bessie Wheaton—all professional beauties, but who would have ever dreamed that one of our back numbers would win the laurel wreath as a beauty, as happened at the Charity Concert? It only goes to show that to be appreciated one must go away from home. That Island trip first brought her before the public, and it is whispered that she is really and truly going to catch Andy—poor Mamie and Floy! But this is a digression. Do you know, dear, the Committee is not so vigorously inclined to exclusiveness as it used to be. Exclusiveness—they allowed some people to be invited who are not of the 400. (See by McAllister that the number is reduced to 150.) When we go to cutting and slashing I fear that our little coterie will be "out of sight."

Frou-Frou's opinion is that Ettie Chabot Knight, in a gown of white embroidered silk, was the most strikingly beautiful woman in the room—wish some of our heiresses would follow suit and purchase new driving rigs; hers is a stunner, but it seems I have seen the horse before—why don't she get a new one? Bessie Wall was stately in blue *crepe* and Miss Voorhies was beautiful in white, adorned with pearls, and it is needless to say that Harry Haight was supremely happy. We had the honor of having several city belles and beaux present, among the number being the Webster Jones, the Frank Powers, Mrs. W. H. Bowers, *née* Kittie Walters, the Voorhies and E. M. Greenway. Willie Pownng was devoted to May T. Wonder if his sweet nothings will count with her? Dr. Auger was in attendance. You know, dear, his engagement was announced to Ruth Dyer last week. The news fell like a bomb into the homes of the 400, for we all were convinced that she would never marry. She is a dear, sweet girl and I do hope that she will always be happy. The Doctor is fortunate to have won such a prize.

One word more about the cotillion parties. Since the last was a leap-year party, the girls made a mistake to be attentive to the boys—to have completely turned the tables we should have compelled the men to be wall-flowers, neglected to give them ices, and for once made them feel, as so many girls have often felt this winter, the effect of a cold stare, a colder "good evening," and the utter isolation of absolute indifference for a whole evening, for it has been the habit of these same men and "broilers" to accept our hospitality on all occasions, and allow us to attend the parties unchaperoned and unescorted, simply because they are too selfish to assume a little responsibility, or they might lose a chance of a jolly time with some one else. However, it was my time for revenge, and I only danced with those who had been kind to us girls during the winter and they were dear, old Harry Houghton, Harry East Miller, Harry Haight, Gus McDonald, Ed Vingent, Lester Herrick, and Sam Bell McKee.

A. A. Moore and wife had no "broilers" at their reception; with a few exceptions all the men were eligible. I had a glorious time with John McGillivray. Tom just returned from a duck-hunting trip with Judge Henshaw, Emil Nusbaumer, Billy Foote, A. A. Moore, and "Vic" Metcalf. Tom says that "Vic" isn't "in it" when all those brilliant men are around. Oh, dear WAVE, "Papa" Graves is so angry with me. He says that he never flirts with any one, not even the dashing wife of a D. D. S. To keep out of temptation he had better enter a cloister; the poor little chap cannot refrain from making love to such charming pieces of femininity as

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, February 18th. DEAR WAVE:—We have had a royal week, and I am so tired that my head is scarcely clear enough to do justice to all the good things we have enjoyed.

The Unitarians have taken the lead in the line of amusements, and we are their debtors. "The Country Store" proved a paying card from the first, and no wonder. With brains to conceive and talent to execute, their success was assured from the beginning. At first we all went to see Miss Hale, but our own attractions were as good. "The Mysteries of Udolpho," was not written for this age, but Miss Hale made a good deal of it. For my own part I do not like mysteries of any kind.

The hop given by the Young Ladies' Institute was rather a pretty affair. Will B—— helped matters on wonderfully. I heard a girl say she "hoped he never would marry, because it might spoil him as matrimony spoiled his brother." You must know Nick was a charming beau in his bachelor days, but the Madame holds such a tight rein he scarcely knows his relations now.

The effect of matrimony differs There's "little Polly" transformed into a regular slow coach, and he was one of "the boys" before.

Wasn't it a shame that a St. Louis man should carry off handsome Mollie Chopin? A widower at that! I should think Clarence and Astly and all that set would feel small. Rather risky on her part, too, but I hope it will not prove "married in haste, repented at leisure."

Ruth B—— is back again. The opening of the Wright's new establishment gives her another opportunity to enjoy the good things of this life with only the small penalty attached of being entertaining. She will have full swing at the W——'s, for Mary is too indolent to care to eclipse her.

They say Ward is a fine housekeeper—that shows the result of early training.

The Thornes like San Jose better than when it was their home. When Mrs. T—— presided over her beautiful home here, she never lost an opportunity to express her dislike of everybody and everything here, but she has recovered.

We had a delightful evening at the Rucker's. Howell and Sam were both belles. Grace S—— seems unable to decide whether she prefers Dan or Howell.

Dr. Jordan has thrown a bomb into the camp of our benevolent ladies. The learned gentleman does not seem to admire parasites, even on the tree of social life, and he just as good as told the ladies they were encouraging pauperism. He doesn't seem to understand the situation. We must do something to keep before the public, and, besides, it is delightful to be generous—of other people's money.

It is far more agreeable to spend a day out begging for some pet charity, than to stay at home and look after a household.

This is the age of clubs. Another has been formed; this one goes in for athletics. They go to the young men's gymnasium, and all declare "the Professor is splendid." They all expect to become Venuses in about two months. I pity the teacher who has to drill such a set of gawks.

The contest among the teachers waxes warm. Some of the wiseacres cannot understand how it is a young girl who has only been in the profession two or three months attained such popularity. It is evident these women have never been in politics, or they would understand. However, the coin pours into the treasury of the *Mercury* in a steady stream, and Charlie's face beams like a full moon.

Those lively youngsters, "The Ramonas," had another dance the other night. There is a dash and vigor about them a little alarming, and some of the mammas have taken the alarm. No prudes wanted there!

The Normal is now in the midst of another sensation. Scarcely had they run "No Bible" up, than the cry "No Corsets" was borne on the breeze. So the antiquated and the juvenile have laid aside their corsets just at the moment when the Rambler offered to find help to lace them. I know they regret it, but "*en avant mes enfants*" is the watchword, and sandals will be next in order. *Nous verrons*, BABBLER.

The most popular resort on the Coast is that of the Piedmont Baths. A new $10,000 filter has just been put in and this serves to make the water so clear that a coin at the bottom of the tank, 10 feet from the surface, can be seen. There are also electric and medicated baths of all kinds under the constant care of skilled attendants. The baths are located on Twenty-fourth Street, near Broadway, Oakland.

Sam Davis, who knows human nature, wrote the following in Tuesday's *Appeal:* Jack Prior, an *Appeal* compositor, had a birthday yesterday. He will probably be back on his case by Monday.

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—Imp tried to get "*Fatty*" to write the "Sassity" news for her this week, 'cause Fatty knows more 'bout what you call the 400 den any one else. See? He blacks the bluds' boots, sells 'em lotterry tickets, runs 'em errands, and every ting. Well, Fatty, he tells me 'bout it—says: "Why, Jimmy, ef I told jest half I knew 'bout folks here, de boys 'ud let me in fer de biggest trashing—not much! you kin write it, not me"—so here goes.

I peeked in the dining-room at the Hughes, Friday night, and saw all the ladies and fellows looking so sweet and fine in their swell togs, but I ain't so good at telling you 'bout what folks had on (unless it was a jag) as I am at what Imp tells me is "*side scenes.*" See? Well, the crowd Friday night wasn't as big as was there most dances; and some one was tellin' me that the '89-'90 was the club of *the swells* here. Now, *mebby I ain't jest right*, but seems to me there is *lots of folks* in that club what never goes anywhere else, and they might try mighty hard to get in on parties at our swells' houses, and *can't*—not much! If the club *is* the 400—then it has lots of ruffles on its skirt, and some folks is hanging on to 'em mighty hard, I tell yer! Well, one thing (to use my best language) that attracted my attention (hum!) was the way one click went up stairs for booze—golly, but I lost all count 'bout eleven o'clock. Then 'twas worth a "stack of blues" to see some of the married ladies with the bluds—one lady was nearly wild when ever (well, I won't tell his name *now*) left her side to sit by the pretty girl with the big, black eyes, what I'm stuck on. Then, that dude with his hands in his pockets, just thought nobody saw him when he made *pretty eyes* at the lady next him—not to say nothing of the handsome husband and the country wife, what's given, as Imp says, to "*ong bong Pa*"—you know French better en I do, so you will know what she means. I jes bet Imp would have scratched someone's eyes out if she had seen "her handsome Frank" tellin' "the girl with money" that "she was the only girl he ever luved." I'm jus' thinkin' the men are boss liars. 'Nuff of the club. I ran errends for Browns when they gave their party Tuesday and Wednesday nights, so I saw Sassity once more. They played cards all the evening and Reel (what's a friend of mine cause I'm a *Southern Democrat*) told me the prizes were the purtiest he ever saw, but card parties of *that* kind ain't to Reel's likin' any more un to mine or Fulton G.'s—nop—we 'ud rather have a game of draw or seven-up, but I digest—no, I mean digress—that's what Major Callihan says—so it's sure biz. Monday night of this week I went with Fatty to the teater and saw Bobby Gaylor, and sometimes the cituashuns (how's that?) on the stage looked mighty like some I seen in Sassity here. See?

Last Thursday night a few of the boys and girls serprised pretty Lizzie Bernard, 'cause it was her birthday, and Imp says if Tom's *bate a nwoir* could only see the pretty presant he gave L., her cup of happynes would be full. Talking of happynes, reminds me that my two good friends, Colonel Forsythe and Colonel Woodworth, have made up, and ain't mad at each other no more. Colonel told me that justice had been done him at last and people would soon know the truth about that poker game. My friend Marcus P., the billionair, is here once more, and I'm glad, 'cause he gives me more quarters (without holes or strings) then any of the other bluds. Imp says M. is inclined to be high-toned. Dear me, no; *not* when you know him.

I seen the queerest, and if the banker's wife could seen it, you bet somebody would be less hairy on the poll than he is now—but boys will be boys—jus' ask Charlie B. about it; he 'ul tell you, but I'm er fraid to, 'cause I rush the growler for Louie and Lee there, and if I gave it away none of the bobies would let me in again. See? Well, I have to take lots of stuff out to Helen's house now, 'cause the church gives a tea or somethin' to-night there and I'll get some pointers for Imp. Roland Reed is comin' here soon and you can bet I'll be in a orcrester seat, takin' itums. So, look for

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7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
*11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	†8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Nov. 29, 1891. DESTINATION	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa	10:40 a m	8:50 a m
3:30 p m	9:30 a m		6:05 p m	10:30 a m
5:00 p m	5:00 p m		7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale	7:25 p m	10:30 a m
3:30 p m				6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Guerneville	7:25 p m	10:30 a m
3:30 p m				6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen	10:40 a m	8:50 a m
5:00 p m	5:00 p m		6:05 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Sebastopol	10:40 a m	10:30 a m
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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 8. San Francisco, February 27, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL,

Is published every Saturday by the proprietors at 26 and 28 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

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THE WAVE is kept on file at THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 15 King William street, London, and 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris; BRENTANO'S, 5 Union Square, New York, and 206 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Nos. 26 and 28 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by

COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The Hale & Norcross suit has attracted so much attention that the readers of this journal are no doubt interested in the lawyers who are fighting for and against the mine-owners and in the Judge who is hearing the case. Judge Hebbard has won many encomiums because of this remarkable ability he has shown in the suit; he is a young man with a splendid future. Mr. Wood has attracted attention all over the State as a lawyer endowed with brilliant gifts of mentality. Mr. Baggett is one of the brightest men at the bar of California.

SPLASHES.

UNLIKE GAUL, San Francisco Society cannot be divided into three parts. On the score of simplicity, this is unfortunate. Nor does the Friday Night Club, which has at least 380 members, include all those "in the swim"—the composition of a list of 150, therefore, would be hazardous. As in other young cities, Society here is composed of the successful. In this State, there have been several waves of prosperity—in Society they are all represented by their individual strata. Each epoch in our history is responsible for the creation of a clique. The one formed earliest enjoys the prestige of longest prominence, and stands first—the last is still regarded with suspicion. To adduce the characteristics which distinguish our "swim" from others, is difficult. The prestige of one family, the insignificance of another, cannot always be credited to affluence and indigence.

* * *

I have always regarded as the simplest method of settling a question of precedence. the mercantile agency register. Because Mrs. Jones' father came here in '49, by an accident, purchased sandlots on Market Street and built up a fortune by lending his accumulations, that is no logical reason why she should go in to supper or dinner before Mrs. Smith. This lady, perhaps, is a scion of the railway invasion, and her husband's assets may far exceed those of her rival. Still, priority of prosperity is the recognized basis, and it is on the standing of a few who were in the gay set in the early '50's that the claims of many who are merely ladies and gentlemen, are founded. If the interesting set whose credit is A1 on the register were to regard the B2's as the bottom of the social scale, they would have even a duller time than they now do, while the C's and the D's, who may be very polite, courteous, even intelligent in their way, would be consumed with envy.

* * *

Active Society, so called, in San Francisco, as in other cities, is made up of men who dance and girls who are fond of dancing. There are others who feel superior to Terpsichorean temptations, a few who believe themselves secure because of possessing accomplishments or capital to justify their existence. There is no better basis, indeed, for social pretension than matrimonial eligibility. However, given good manners, light heels, and a couple of letters of introduction, the social world, if not at your feet, is open to your exploitation. Those "in the swim," as Mr. Greenway puts it, are a good deal like people who have no ambition to be. They are courteous, or endeavor to be; they dress as well as possible; they entertain one another when the occasion and their financial resources justify it, and they have interesting conversations about recent or future festivities.

* * *

The San Francisco Society man is not distinguished by great intellectual ability any more than is his New York or Chicago prototype. He endeavors to do nothing his most captious girl friends will disapprove of. His evenings he devotes to dancing or to making calls. For his exertions he is rewarded with dinner invitations and the society of the pleasantest and prettiest and most charming women in town, not necessarily the brightest, the wittiest, the ablest, but certainly the ones whose training and experience have taught them the value of responsiveness and good style.

* * *

Mr. Greenway is to be congratulated on passing unscathed the fiery ordeal of a social interview. I suppose he is one of the best-abused and most misunderstood men in town. His functions as Manager of the Friday Night Club have given him the name of leading San Francisco Society. He makes no such pretension. He possesses unusual executive ability, which he chooses to exercise for the benefit of those "in the swim." His work is arduous and unceasing. Whoever has given a large party is aware of the labor, the skill and tact, the knowledge that are necessary. For his exertions Mr. Greenway receives no remuneration, often not even thanks. This is absolutely a fact. The subscriptions to the Club are exceedingly small, considering the splendor of the decorations, the music, the supper, and the wine. No one else could possibly achieve the results he produces for the money at his service. He has to lead most of the germans because no one else will take the responsibility.

* * *

THE PREVAILING FOG and leaden skies of Friday and Saturday kept many people away from Del Monte. In that favored region, however, the sun shone brilliantly and the thermometer registered over seventy degrees in the shade. Those who braved the elements were fully repaid for their temerity, as I have seldom passed two more enjoyable days in the queen of summer resorts than were Sunday and Monday. Recent rains have obliterated the burnt browns of the long, dry summer. Spring has begun to cast her verdant mantle over the foothills and meadows. The landscape is tinted a tender green, and many of the orchards are gorgeous with the early bloom of peach and plum. In the gardens are crocuses, in peerless variety, and hyacinths, besides camellias in pink and white splendor. In the Arizona Garden the air is laden with the sweet odor of acacia flowers.

* * *

The first contingent arrived on Friday evening, and on the Saturday afternoon train quite a number came in. The office and the corridors then presented quite a brilliant appearance for this time of year. In fact, the presence of so many people at the hotel in February is unprecedented. It was a very quiet crowd, however, and it formed itself into two parties—one for progressive euchre, and the other for bowling. There being no music, no one danced. Sunday was devoted to picnicking. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott took out a party of girls and men in a four-in-hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Miss Hager and Mr. Kellogg made another party. The air was delightful, and the surf out at Cypress Point, roaring in magnificent rollers, was alone worth the excursion. On Monday Mr. W. S. McMurtry gave to Mrs. Scott's party a picnic at the Point. The big four-in-hand conveyed his guests to the ocean shore. There, to the accompaniment of the surf roaring and boiling on the rocks, a delicious luncheon was partaken of.

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The baths are not yet opened, and Monterey Bay is still too cold to make surf swimming agreeable. Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Tevis alone braved the briny element. Stopping at Del Monte just now are many Eastern people. Their numbers was augmented by some 200 Raymond excursionists who are now "doing" the State. About these there was little in any way alluring, so far as appearances go. Most of them were venerable, and about the few girls there was a startling absence of romantic beauty. The winter habitués, including Mrs. Wagstaff, are now all represented. The summer prospects for Del Monte are better than ever before. If any one may judge by signs and omens there will be no lack of attendance there this year. Most of the people who might be expected to go here have now become tired of coquetting with other places and they will be found this July at Monterey.

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THE SOCIAL EVENT of the week was Mrs. Parrott's ball on Tuesday evening. It was really a very splendid affair. The decorations were magnificent. Violets were everywhere. There were banks of the most beautiful roses. The effect of such a superabundance of beautiful flowers was admirable. The suite of rooms on the first floor made a spacious ballroom, though the floor was rather heavy for dancing, and the ventilation was not all that it might have been. People arrived very late, and it was long after ten when dancing began. The guests were for the most part of the married set. There were very few representatives of the younger contingent. Indeed, there were not a dozen girls among the dancers, and of those several were engaged.

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The generation that shone in the days that are gone by was quite prominent. Indeed, there were present many people who, for years past, have lived in semi-seclusion. Mrs. Parrott, in an exceedingly rich costume, received the guests. She was assisted by her daughters, who wore very handsome gowns. Some very swell dresses were worn, especially by the dowagers. Among the girls, the most admired were Miss Marguerite Wallace, who wore yellow satin, trimmed with lilies of the valley, Miss Decker in white, Miss Cheesman, Miss Millie Ashe, in pale green, Miss Clare Ralston, and Miss McNutt in green, Miss Nuttall in a charming costume, and Miss Lucia Kittle in pale blue. Miss Gerald, a very handsome brunette who is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Bishop, received a great deal of attention. She is certainly one of the few beauties that the East has sent to this Coast. Miss Bertha Ralston, a sister of Mrs. Arthur Page, made her debut at this affair and looked very pretty in white.

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Among the married people, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Austin Tubbs, Mrs. Basil Heathcote, and Mrs. Belle Donahue were noticeable. They wore exceedingly handsome toilettes. Brandt supplied the music under the direction of Jack Parrott who composed a polka for the occasion. This was a great concession and partook of the nature of a *tour de force*, for Mr. Parrott rarely permits his genius to wander from the severer forms of preludes and fugues in the writing of which his lofty talent finds fitting scope. It is a fact, however, that there did appear in the polka a distinct strain of melody—attenuated it is true, but recognizable. Supper was not served until nearly one o'clock. Afterward dancing was resumed and kept up until past three.

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EVERYONE IN TOWN was at the opera, and I saw some magnificent cloaks there that have attracted deserved attention at every public affair within the past ten years. Really, the gathering was a credit to San Francisco, and while the people did not come to hear the opera, but to be seen, they conferred on the occasion a magnitude of glory that reflected generously on Dan O'Connell and H. J. Stewart. An apparent effort had been made to make the affair very "wide," and ladies who made any pretensions to social distinction appeared without the customary bonnet.

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The scene in the Grand Opera House was certainly as gay and enlivening as any this splendid barn has ever presented, and the usual comparisons with past Patti nights placed it ahead of them in gayety and brilliancy. Opera cloaks shed a lustre on galleries that were redolent of peanuts and past invasions of south of Market Street gods, and immaculate shirt-fronts gleamed in places where only the sure-footed newsboy has ever dared to stand before. The enthusiasm was universal, and heaven only knows how many pairs of gloves gave way under the strain of applause that their wearers put upon them. Some of the less enthusiastic paid as high as fifty dollars for a seat!

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It is safe to say that no amateurs ever had as fine an audience, and one can only hope that the librettist, composer, and singers will not accept as the sober judgment of competent persons the encomiums they received on the night of the production from those who permitted their opinions to be biased by their friendships. As a matter of fact "B. K. Hal," under all circumstances, might be a comely person. Presented by a company of amateurs the opera is splendid; produced by a troupe of professionals it would be a fizzle. It is unnecessary to speak here of the work of the singers. A criticism of opera and performance will be found in another column. The thanks of Society are due Mr. O'Connell Mr. Stewart, and the Art Association for the opportunity of rescuing wraps and cloaks from the remorseless maw of the moth.

* * *

AS I STATED LAST WEEK, the attendance at the fifth cotillion was below the average. Wherefore, no one seems able to explain. If there prevailed much of the severer types of dissipation it would, perhaps, be possible to comprehend why the affair was alluded to as an "off" one. The idea of a big cotillion being so spoken of in a city wherein there have been given but four private dances during the winter. It is this pretty superiority, this affectation of being *blasé* that reacts so to keep the season dull. Mr. Greenway led a series of very pretty and familiar figures which were quite dextrously executed. I was not alone in thinking some of the girls looked especially well. Miss Sperry was charming in white. Miss Scott, Miss Mae Dimond, and Miss Hope Ellis wore very pretty toilettes.

* * *

Miss Julia Bissell, whose first appearance it was this season, has lost none of the refined beauty which made her one of the belles of the winter before last. Oakland was not as plenteously represented as usual—evidently our friends overy the water are surfeited with Terpsichorean delights.

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There was a distinct military flavor about last night's cotillion. The decorations were howitzers, stands of arms, gatling guns; the officers who led and who were in attendance appeared in full dress uniform. During the intervals between the figures the Presidio orchestra discoursed sweet strains. Lieutenant Coffin led, assisted by Lieutenants Moulder, Stevens, Benson, and Nolan, Mr. Greenway and Nick Kittle whose partners were Mrs. A. E. Wood, Miss Sperry, Miss Hooker, Miss Dimond, Miss Holbrook, and Miss McNutt. The feature of the evening was the anchor figure which Lieutenant Gibbon introduced last year. There were a good many strangers present, Of the affair I will give further details next week.

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THERE HAVE BEEN TEAS in the wildest abundance this week. People who never gave them before have yielded to the infection. Light refreshments were at a premium, and there has been a tremendous demand for almost every class and condition of drinkables—save tea, of course. To differentiate between separate instances of this type of entertainment can, in a modified degree, be done by presenting a list of the guests at each. In other particulars, the smilarity is as marked as that said to exist between two peas. At the majority of mansions there is smilax on the chandeliers, a contingent of maidens in evening dress,

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

receiving a collection of callers in street costumes, talking of the next cotillion and looking bored, a dozen men, half of them gathered around one or two particular girls. In the dining-room, there are cakes, sandwiches, punch, ice cream, and chocolate. Sometimes the delicious monotony of all this is relieved by a trifle of vocalization.

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On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. A. J. Bowie gave a tea, at which the attendance was very large. Mrs. Jeremiah Clark's tea was also a very pleasant affair. Thursday afternoon Miss Lucia Kittle's friends attended a tea in her rooms at the Palace.

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Mrs. Spalding's tea at the Bella Vista on Saturday last, was a very pleasant function. Mrs. Benham, Miss Huntsman, Miss Belle Smith, and Miss Jolliffe assisted the hostess to receive her numerous callers. During the afternoon Mrs. Louis Breicheman sang several solos most artistically.

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Mrs. Judge Morrow gave a tea on Thursday at her residence on Leavenworth. There was quite a large gathering of men and girls, and good music. Miss Agnes Burgin sang several selections, and other vocalists contributed to the afternoon's enjoyment. The house was very prettily decorated, and delicious refreshments were served. Mrs. Morrow was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Hoffman, Miss Jolliffe, Miss Ruger, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Scott, Miss Harriet Brown, Miss Ransome, and Miss Castle.

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Mrs. Clement Bennett entertained the ladies of the Browning Club at a high tea recently. The home of the hostess, on California Street, was beautifully decorated, and the affair was a most successful and pleasant one.

* * *

Mrs. Hager gave a children's party last night. During the week, there have been given a number of ladies' and girls' lunches That of Miss Fanny Crocker, who entertained a very large number of girls, was the most elaborate.

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Invitations have been issued for the wedding of W. E. Bond and Miss Ruby Dore, which will take place on Thursday evening, March 10th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, 2007 Pacific Avenue. Mr. Bond is business manager of the Oakland *Tribune*, and is one of the most popular young men in the local Athens. Miss Dore is a charming young lady, who will be missed from her set in the Western Addition. The wedding will be private, only the near friends and relatives of the young couple having been invited. Dr. McKenzie will perform the ceremony.

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The hop at the Pleasanton brought to a close the series of many agreeable parties that Mrs. Pendleton has given there this season. It proved as enjoyable as any of its predecessors and dancing was kept up until after midnight.

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Society will suffer a serious loss in the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Tevis. I am told they have determined to go to Kern County, and indulge in the pleasures of ranch life. They will close up their splendid city home, and it is more than probable that they will take up their permanent residence at Bakersfield. Many of the well-known people of San Francisco will undoubtedly develop a great affection for ranch life, and it is not likely that Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis will have a chance to forget their friends.

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The " Saddle of Mutton " Club, an offshoot of the Pacific-Union, composed of good fellows who can discriminate between different brands of champagne and know how often any one good story will bear telling, met last Saturday evening for its monthly dinner. It was a very jolly affair. An excellent dinner was partaken of, including, of course, as its main feature, the saddle of mutton cooked as only M. Jack, the *chef*, knows how. The speeches were very short and were subjected to frequent interruptions *a la* the Philadelphia Clover Club, though the two presiding officers, J. Downey Harvey and W. E. Holloway, did their best to maintain silence.

* * *

The younger members of the Concordia Club might have made a better showing than they did on Friday evening. Though there was little else doing, only half the regular attendants appeared, and the result was that there were scores of girls without individual escorts. Of course, the invitations were strictly confined to members of the institution, but even for a small occasion this does not seem safe. The programme was given in good style, Miss Brandenstein's recitations especially being very clever. This young lady possesses a great deal of comedy talent, and her renderings of various dialects were amusingly accurate. The selections she gave were, I believe, of her own composition. Supper was a very informal meal, served in the cardrooms, and after it an impromptu hop was organized, in which nearly every one participated. Nearly all the pretty girls were there, and it seemed too bad they should waste their good looks in such an Adamless paradise.

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As I indicated some weeks ago, the next ball at the Concordia will be what is known as a rag party. For that occasion beaux and belles must eschew the glamor and glitter of evening dress. No one who is not in costume suggestive of a depleted wardrobe will be admitted to the floor. The affair will be a species of tramps' carnival. For silks and satins and tulles, gunny sacking, cotton batting and aged calicoes will be substituted. If the *tout ensemble* is not glorious, it, at least, should be interesting, which, after all, is the main desideratum. The S. F. Verein has given rag parties that proved genuinely successful, and there is no reason why the Concordia's should be regarded as an experiment.

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The Calliopean "at home" on Saturday night, promises to be a great success. Each member is to escort a girl to the clubrooms, which are very handsomely and artistically decorated in honor of the occasion. Ludwig will have the supper, and ample entertainment is promised. Apropos of the Calliopean Club, the President, Leon Weil, leaves for an extended visit to Paris, and it behooves the Club to elect a successor. His term has several months yet to run. Gossip is ripe among the members as to the selection of some one or other to replace him. Edgar Peixotto is spoken of, but as he is a candidate next election for the full term he will probable decline to serve.

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The Nouveau Clnb gives its initial party at Hinman's Hall on Thursday evening next. Of this organization Mrs. Fred Hatch is President and Miss Ada Young ahd Miss Nellie Luce, Vice-Presidents. Mr. Ben Sturdevant will be Floor Manager. It should prove a successful affair.

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As I said last week, Sir Edwin Arnold broke away from the Carnegie party and came on to take the "Belgic" for Japan. The distinguished author of the "Light of Asia" has a mind of his own, and when he decides that he wants anything he wants it so very much that nothing is permitted to stand in the way of his getting it. He will give a reading on next Monday at the Grand Opera House, and, as this will be his last appearance, he should have a large audience. The programme is one of the most varied he has ever given, and that he will have a hearty reception goes without saying.

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Until midnight Tuesday Society will continue intensely active. This afternoon there are two teas, one at Mrs. R. D. Fry's, the other at Mrs. Will Tevis's. This latter will be an elaborate affair. The hostess will be assisted in receiving by eighteen girls. A small dance will follow in the evening. On Monday night Miss Lottie Clark gives a german of sixteen couples at her residence on California Street. Tuesday night there is the Presidio hop, and the dance of the Diamonds, at which all the younger set will be present. After that Lent and Ash Wednesday.

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THE RECENT WORK of Mark Twain Clemens, placed before the public in the shape of what is known to the profession as "syndicate" letters, shows that the famous humorist is either going into decline or has employed a corps of scribblers, like Historian

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

Bancroft, to write for him. The hog-wash to which he is now treating his readers is like some of the recent farce comedies, hardly fit for the attention of intelligent men, and it pains me to trace through the insufferable drivel, the sprawling evidence of a once brilliant intellect. Many, many years ago Clemens was on the staff of the *Morning Call* in this city. I do not know that this has anything to do with his evident present mental density, but I mention it as an interesting, isolated fact.

* * *

The staff at that time consisted of one man, and Mark was the staff. In addition to being City Editor, Sporting Editor, Steamer Day Editor, Dramatic Editor, Commercial Editor, and Reporter, Clemens was also change editorial writer, that is, when the editorial writer was too full to write, Mark had to "sub" for him. In those days the great humorist was unknown to fame. His time was spent "covering" the water-front, playing cards, visiting the saloons, then the resort of the chivalry as well as shovelry, and talking politics. The *Call* printers, not having heard a word from Mark during the day, at midnight usually sallied forth to meet him. Generally he was rescued from a water-front saloon in a speechless condition. But, when thoroughly aroused, he always managed to write his column of news in time for the press.

* * *

Up in Nevada they tell a curious story about Clemens. Long before he drifted to San Francisco and became the staff of the *Call*, he prospected for silver in the sage-brush State. On one of his excursions up the Humboldt, about 1865, it is said, he had for a partner the most eccentric old fellow ever seen in the territory. His name was Watson, and he had but recently been wafted in on a Washoe zephyr from California. He was a natural humorist and, not having the power of expression which, unfortunately for the human race, usually accompanies the witty intellect, he had spent the greater part of his later days collecting funny stories from the newspapers. He had pasted these in scrap-books and classified them until he had accumulated a most rare and valuable collection of yarns. Some of them are said to have dated back forty years. He carried the assortment around with him in an old-fashioned hair trunk.

* * *

This trunk was the apple of his eye. He cherished it with the fondness of a mother for her first-born, and rarely suffered it to remain out of his sight for a moment. He had often said that if anything ever happened to that trunk he would die of grief. Mark conceived a great affection for the old fellow, being a humorist himself, and soon completely won his confidence. Miners who knew them on the Humboldt after they became partners, relate that their evenings were mainly consumed in reading, re-reading, and laughing over Watson's trunkful of stories.

* * *

One day, so the tradition goes, the partners made a "clean-up" and Watson, at the earnest solicitation of Mark, set out for Carson with the ingot they had melted down. During his absence the cabin of the partners mysteriously took fire and burned to the ground. On his return Watson was prostrated with grief. His hair trunk had gone up in the flames.

Old residents of Nevada declare to this day that Mark rescued the trunk from the burning cabin, and they affirm with equal decision that for the past twenty years he has drawn from Watson's collection the materials for the yarns with which he has convulsed the English-speaking world. Watson died of a broken heart soon after the fire, but he never ceased to affirm that Clemens had the trunk and refused to give it up.

* * *

Years ago it was declared in Nevada, when Mark appeared with a particularly poor story, that he had exhausted the jokes in that trunk, but every time he retrieved himself there was a suspension of public opinion for awhile. Since these "syndicate" letters have begun to appear, however, there is no longer any doubt about it. The hair trunk has, indeed, yielded up its last morsel of wit, and Mark Twain is dead. Were it not for this story, I should be compelled to believe that the mighty strain on his intellect while he composed the staff of the *Call* has begun to undermine his understanding. But the hair trunk disposes of any such theory.

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HIGHWAY ROBBERIES and gopher-fighting as pastimes are coming into fashion, and this reminds me that Santa Barbara—quiet, sleepy, staid Santa Barbara—has actually been aroused from its winter siesta. A number of San Franciscans pushed the electric button that awakened the old town. A gathering of choice spirits held the Arlington last week, and the Santa Barbarans are not done talking of their methods of entertainment yet. Willie Oothout, Senator and Mrs. Dargie, Mrs. Jack Wright, and young Hall had seats at one table, to which were shown some prim, stern, and austere Bostonians. The people from the effete East gazed through their eye-glasses at the "natives" in a very supercilious manner, and began "putting on style" in an exceedingly heart-breaking way.

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Thereupon the Californians took up the gage of battle, and table etiquette waged a deadly war with eat as you please. All kinds of mirthful barbarities were practiced to the intense surprise and astonishment of the Boston party. The fun ran the gamut of unheard-of proceedings: Eating peas with knives, drinking coffee out of saucers, and sipping the contents of finger bowls. The climax was reached when Mrs. Wright made a salad. She took the lettuce and celery and having thoroughly mixed these, seized the floral decorations on the tables, cut them up, and used them as ingredients in the most remarkable salad that was ever made. Fortunately for the party, before the merry-makers had eaten a great deal of the concoction, the Bostonians left the room.

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The same afternoon the strangers went out for a drive, after having been warned to be careful of highwaymen. When the information was given out that the drives about Santa Barbara were infested with road agents, the people from Boston raised their eyebrows in astonishment, and would hardly believe the story. However, they were thoroughly alarmed, and spoke of putting off their proposed jaunt. Some brave spirits in the party expressed contempt for the California article of highwayman, however, and the carriages were ordered. On the way home from the Mission, two masked men on horseback blocked the road, and firmly but politely bade the party throw up its hands, which it did with alacrity.

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Then the robbers proceeded to despoil the Egyptians; they took the watches, money, and jewelry of the Bostonians, at the same time begging the favor of the victims' cards, in order, as they said, that they might know to whom they were indebted for the alms. When the highwaymen left they were in possession of everything of value that the representatives of the East brought with them. The alarm was given as soon as the party reached the hotel; they wanted a posse of deputy sheriffs to start on the trail of the robbers at once; and each gave a minute description of the audacious villains. It is only necessary to add that each member of the party found in his or her key box, with a card attached, whatever had been taken by the highwaymen. With such sports as these do the choice spirits while away the time in sleepy, old Santa Barbara.

* * *

GOPHER-FIGHTING is a favorite time-killing pleasure at Santa Barbara. This sport, however, I am told, is enjoyed more by the citizens than by the denizens of the place. Emulating the lady who had a cock-pit constructed in her room at the Palace Hotel, and watched with glee the efforts of the game fowls to kill each other, the fair ladies of Santa Barbara have taken to gopher-fighting as a sport. They have, I am informed, pits made in their parlors, gayly decorated with ribbons and embroidery. The fierce little gophers are distinguished from each other by strips of blue or red or white ribbons, tied about their necks with graceful bows. Bets are made on the result of the contests, and then the animal gladiators are dropped into the pit. If they do not show a determination to fight at once they are "poked" in the ribs with parasols and canes until their warlike

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natures are aroused, when they go at each other with tooth and nail.

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I am inclined to believe that I am called on to condemn this form of amusement. I shall do it after the manner of the old Puritans, not because it gives pain to the gophers, but because it furnishes pleasure for the onlookers. Now that the *Examiner* has begun a crusade against dog-fighting, it would hardly be the proper thing to indorse gopher-fighting. Yet, would it not be wise to try to learn the feelings of the animals most interested in these combats? Take the bull-dog, for instance: He seems made only for fighting; he needs no urging, and attacks his fellows with an alacrity and fierceness that clearly proves how much his heart is in the battle. What difficulty the member of the Society for the Prevention of Enjoyment Among Animals has in pulling the dogs apart; and how bitterly the sundered fighters look at each other as they are carried off in opposite directions. When the gentle gopher is not burrowing traps for horses' feet he is fiercely battling with his companions, and so, while I condemn gopher-fighting, I do so because it gives enjoyment to the ladies of Santa Barbara, and is also, apparently, a source of pleasure to the other and smaller brutes.

* * *

THE MOST INTERESTING QUESTION of which I have at present any knowledge—a question which is certain to grow to immense proportions within the next few months—is this: What are the dimensions of the "sack" which Senator Felton purposes opening in the coming Senatorial fight? It has been reported that strenuous efforts are being made by the political bosses to compromise the differences of the Senatorial triumvirate, Felton, Estee, and De Young. One story is that Colonel Dan Burns does not want Felton, and so, not being able to make the "riffle" for Estee, has proposed to De Young to join forces with him, which, to use an inelegant but expressive word, means the "dumping" of Kelly and Crimmins. Another story is that Felton, De Young, and Estee have agreed to draw lots for the place, the winner to receive the support of the other two; and still another is that all three have consented to submit the matter to Senator Stanford, and abide by his decision.

* * *

But all these stories are mere rumors, and I am inclined to discredit them. At all events, they become utterly insignificant when placed alongside the question I have asked. Mr. Felton having repudiated his bargain with Mr. De Young, by which he agreed to support the latter this year, no doubt is left in my mind that he intends to make a campaign for Senator. Such being the case, the burning problem is, What is the size of his "sack"? Everybody wants to know; the question is in every man's mouth; and it is marvelous that some of the newspapers do not telegraph their Washington correspondents to wait on Mr. Felton and ask him point blank. As a bit of enterprise such an interview would sweep the journalistic field.

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Personally, I do not know how valuable Mr. Felton considers a six-year term in the Senate. To men who have use for it, such a term is sometimes worth a great deal. If the California Senator could get a renewal from the Government of the seal-killing lease of the Alaska Commercial Company, he could probably draw on that corporation for a campaign fund of a cool half a million. Mr. Felton proudly boasts that the short term he now holds cost him nothing. He has told that to the Marines so many times that he really thinks they believe it. However, it may be true. I have no information on the subject, but if Mr. Felton imagines for a moment that he is going to get the six-year term for nothing he is a much greener man than he looks. I will bet him a fine silk hat that, if he is successful, he will have to pay roundly for it.

* * *

If Mr. Felton should ask my opinion, which he probably will not, I should say, at a rough estimate, that the fight could be made in fair California style for about a quarter of a million. It cost Senator Hearst less than that, but he is a Democrat, and Democrats do not come as high as Republicans. There are twenty Senators and eighty Assemblymen to be elected. There are fourteen hold-over Republican Senators, and, supposing that Felton can get them all, to win he needs only to elect six Senators and forty-one Assemblymen. A quarter of a million, then, would give him about $5,000 for each district. That sum, distributed judiciously, would make a very pretty campaign.

* * *

Probably Senator Felton would scarcely miss the money. He is worth close upon two millions, a million of which is in United States bonds. But it might be hard to make him feel that he would not miss it. It is said that he is fond of playing poker, but as soon as he captures a moderately-sized jack-pot he is taken with a pain in the lower part of his diaphragm, and has to go home. There is no mistaking this symptom. A man who manifests it, no matter whether he is rich or poor, can never be made to think that he will not miss anything. Although I have no idea how big a "sack" Mr. Felton will open, I desire to now put on record a guess that it will be much smaller than most people anticipate. That is, it will be advertised to contain a vast amount of coin, but when its depths are fathomed it will be found to consist mainly of wind.

* * *

A WOMAN'S YES and an old man's prophecy usually mean about the same thing; but I have in mind the prediction of a graybeard that proved true, and W. V. Huntington, of whom it was made, has a lively remembrance of it. Some years ago, on the Huntington farm near Oneonta, N. Y., there was an old laborer who spent his nights in laying plans for the morrow, and spent the morrow in waiting for the night to think up new schemes. He was aided and abetted in this gentle course by young Huntington, who, as a schoolboy, enjoyed everything more than work, and did not confine his antagonism to it to himself. The old man and the boy were quite friendly, and passed the time in a very pleasant way.

* * *

"Nick"—I believe that was the ancient person's name—promised great things for young Huntington. "You'll be rich some day," he was in the habit of saying; "you'll be worth hundreds of dollars—thousands of dollars; aye, I wouldn't wonder if you had a fortune sometime of a hundred thousand." The old man dropped his voice at this end of his sentence, as if the sum he named should not be spoken of except with respect and awe. Young Huntington laughed at him. A hundred thousand dollars was nearly as large to him as it was to Nick; and the "some time" in which he was to get it was beyond his ken. "You're joking, Nick," he said; "few people get that amount, and I'm not one of them." The old man insisted his prediction would come true. "Will you give me a thousand dollars," he asked, "when you have a hundred thousand?" The boy said he would. Whereupon the Nick laid aside all care; spent his nights making plans for the morrow, and the morrow waiting for the night.

* * *

The years went on; young Huntington prospered; his ability was recognized; he proved himself worthy in small things, and got the management of great things; his uncle assisted him, and finally he became a Director in the Southern Pacific Company. He was getting near the notch in the financial tree indicated by the sum that Nick spoke of with such reverential awe; fortune was very kind to him, and some time ago he took a trip East to visit the old farm and see the people who still lived on it. Nick had gone, gone to lay plans and wait, but he heard that W. V. was in the neighborhood, and, putting aside his schemes for the moment, started out to find him. "Have you got the hundred thousand yet?" he asked, and the awe and reverence had left his voice. "Tush! but a small sum for us—very small, we'll have—we'll have double that (the reverential awe crept back) some day." Then W. V. took Nick to one side, and the thousand dollars was paid over, and with such interest that the old man may plan all day and sleep all night, but with never a care for the morrow. As the two talked Nick lost his reverence for quarter millions, for half millions, and, indeed, for whole millions.

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ANOTHER CHANGE has been made in the Postoffice, the Secretaryship of which goes to C. Anthony Doyle, a young newspaperman, who has been connected with the *Chronicle*. Mr. Kinne, who filled the position

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

for some time, has gone into the insurance business with his father. Mr. Doyle has written some clever verses, and was poet of the day at one of the National celebrations last year. For some time he has contributed sketches to the *Wasp*, and has done work for some of the magazines.

* * *

Speaking of this, reminds me that the *Wasp* has again changed owners, and is now the property of a corporation of politicians, who will see to it that the public is faithfully served every week with the latest and best inside information that is of advantage to the proprietors. More money has been put into the journal, an excellent man has been selected to edit it, indeed, none other than Tom Flynn—Tom Flynn of the *Chronicle*, and there is just one reason why the *Wasp* should not succeed. The reason is: The paper is owned by a number of politicians who are not in power, but who purpose using the columns of the paper to reach the place; nothing will be printed that will help their opponents, and but one faction in the Republican party will have representation. All this may sound like a variety of reasons; well, add that the *Wasp* has had a long line of failures already, and try to recall how many papers have failed, and failed, and failed, and then succeeded. But I sincerely hope the weekly cartoonist may be resuscitated; there is room for it here.

* * *

SOME PSEUDO WIT, after listening to a dissertation on local human curiosities, remarked that San Francisco had more characters and less character than any city he had ever been in. Like other statements epigrammatically twisted, it may be held to contain a little fact. Stevenson has consigned Emperor Norton to immortality in "The Wrecker," and Helen Gumpel will live in the memory of several generations of small children. The Sharon case may not be the type of monument one would erect in honor of a friend, but its vast bulk and strange complications will effectively embalm the history of Mammy Pleasance. I have not the faintest intention of tracing the interesting career of this wealthy colored personage from the cradle or elsewhere. The story would read like a chapter from the New York *Ledger*.

* * *

She would, doubtless, refuse to admit where her birthplace was, and were she indeed to tell, the edification would not be commensurate with the length and vehemence of her phrases. Mammy Pleasance came to California years ago. In the early days she nursed the scions of several wealthy families She possesses a strong physique and a larger allowance of brain than most of her sex—irrespective of color. Her intuition is remarkable, her impulses and her temper quick. She has become historical because at the outset of the Sharon case the sum of $150,000 was in her possesssion. Because of the madness of Mrs. Terry she has again become prominent. It was she who supplied the funds for Sarah Althea's fight, against her better judgment, it is true. In it her accumulations were sacrificed, and it would be curious to learn how much that family now owe her.

* * *

She is a curious combination of prodigality and parsimony. By attorneys, by witnesses, by people posing as her friends, she has been bled unmercifully. Yet, to collect the amount of a just debt from her is tremendously difficult. She insists on being addressed as Mrs. Pleasant, and, I believe, she has again accumulated a great deal of property. It is in real estate, and is involved and encumbered, for she is no business woman, and keeps no accounts. From Thomas Bell, whose housekeeper she is, she receives about $2,000 per month. Her estate, I should think, must again be worth over $100,000. In spite of this aged colored lady's great natural shrewdness, she is more imposed upon in the name of charity than any one would credit. She responds most liberally to demands on her purse—indeed, in doing good deeds she is tireless. A good Roman Catholic, she gives most frequently and generously—far more so, indeed, than the sanctified high lights who occupy front seats at the Cathedral.

* * *

I suppose Mammy Pleasance knows more about the early history of prominent Californians than any one in town. In the wild, gay days when the aristocracy was in process of formation she was behind the scenes. To hear her discuss the pretensions of some people is amusing. Her stories are as full of incident as a melodrama at Morosco's. They lose nothing in the telling, either. Speaking of Mrs. Terry the other day, she said:

"Pore t'ing, she is nearly mad. Pity she did not do as I told her. Then she would now have her head and her pore husband."

"What did you tell her, Mammy?" was asked.

"Why, I told her to wait until after ole man Sharon died before bringing her suit. Den she'd have got all the money she wanted. Pore t'ing."

The majority of people who know Mrs. Terry believe her derangement is simply nervous prostration. For years her faculties were strained to the highest pitch. She is now suffering the collapse.

* * *

I AM ASKED to direct County Clerk "Billy" Blattner's attention to the discourtesy of some of his deputies. Perhaps it is an impertinence to suggest even to this personage that he is in receipt of a large salary for devoting his time to the conduct of this office. That he is sometimes there must be admitted, but often when he is *en evidence* it would be better were he elsewhere. However, that is another story. The law provides that the papers, complaints, summonses, etc., in all cases shall be filed in the County Clerk's office, and that whoever requires can obtain them. During the trial of a cause the documents pertaining thereto are kept in the courtroom. They are presumed to be in the Judge's custody. But after adjournment it is understood they are to be returned to the Clerk's office, where whoever desires may see them each day. This is not done until the trial is ended, the complaints, etc., are not to be seen, and whoever asks for them is accorded scant courtesy by Mr. Blattner's subordinates.

* * *

The least agreeable of this gentleman's deputies is known as Johnny Grieff. This fellow is so penetrated with a sense of his magnificent importance that he is only courteous to representatives of large Republican law firms. They can have what they want. Small lawyers, young attorneys, reporters, even, have to await his leisure before preferring requests. If it were possible to appeal to Mr. Blattner there might be some remedy. However, he may be persuaded now to correct this little abuse.

* * *

ANOTHER CHAPTER in the love affairs of Charley Fredericks has been closed—only last week the wedding took place at which he appeared in the role of groom, and the affair was a brilliant success. Few of the many acquaintances of said Charley Fredericks are unfamiliar with the amatory episodes in a career that proved so disastrous and earned for him so much heartfelt commiseration. As he is not a public character it may be well to inform those who do not know him, and have never heard of him, that Charley Fredericks is the son of the well-known and opulent Market Street carpet dealer; that he is a prominent N. S. G. W., is a graceful dancer, and a very good-looking young man.

* * *

In view of the fact that the possession of these qualities has made him a sort of a prize in the eyes of mothers with eligible daughters, it was difficult for many to understand why he should encounter obstacles while rushing eagerly along the road to matrimony. He, however, had the unique experience of being jilted twice by the same woman, who twice accepted his suit, pretended to requite his love, and twice rejected him to accept the hand of a single individual. Many of the Society novels of the day have less interesting plots than that in which Charley Fredericks figured.

* * *

The romance of his career is fringed with a bitterness that would have impelled a more sensitive man to deeds that would have aroused a whole community, or at least would have embittered their lives and destroyed all hope of future happiness. Not so with California's native son. The more-fish-in-the-sea proverb suited his prosaic nature too well to indulge long in vain regrets. So when he met Anna Pearl Doyle he was keenly moved by her charms, courted her

with eagerness, and made her his wife in the most approved modern fashion.

* * *

Charley Fredericks' first love was a Miss Bessie Perrault, daughter of Dr. Perrault. He wooed her several years ago, and touched what seemed to be a responsive chord in her bosom. She promised to become his wife. The joyful day was set, the trousseau prepared, and everything was in readiness for the event, when the prospective bride changed her mind and went to the altar with a young lawyer named James Mee. The jilted youth bore with equanimity the disappointment, returned to the monotonous routine of his duties in the carpet store, and appeared to be oblivious of the fact that he had ever been swayed by the tender passion.

* * *

Years rolled by and Dame Rumor told of trials and tribulations that fell to the lot of Mrs. Mee. The marriage proved an unhappy one, for the ruling passion in her husband was a love of convivial pleasures. The sequel was a divorce, and the young grass widow was again on the matrimonial turf. Then the old love again revived in the breast of the young carpet dealer, and a second time did he become a suitor for Bessie's hand.

* * *

Lovers again for the second time she promised to become his wife. But, unfortunately, for young Fredericks a spark of affection for her late liege lord still lingered in the breast of Mrs. Mee, and it only required a little judicious fanning to start an internal blaze. One day, not far removed from the date for which the nuptials were set, the fickle female met her former husband, listened to his prayer for forgiveness and his promises of reform. They hied themselves to a neighboring church, and on the following day Charley Fredericks was heard to exclaim, "Great heavens! jilted again!"

* * *

And this was not the end. About one year after the second marriage James Mee "joined the innumerable caravan," and Mrs. Mee entered the second stage of widowhood. It was then rumored that as soon as she would put aside her weeds Charley Fredericks would venture again. She probably entertained some such hope, but, if so, she was treated to a dose of grievous disappointment. In the language of the low comedian, "He was no hog."

* * *

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION has at least one virtue. It washes most of its dirty linen in the seclusion of its operating rooms. Unless Dr. Soandso is a quack, that term not meaning a lack of ability, but of a diploma from some recognized college, there is no attempt on the part of Dr. Thisortheother, to display his weaknesses in public print. On the contrary, he is allowed to wreak the total sum of his inability on the mass of his patients. There is good reason for the secretiveness of doctors, for the best of them make as glaring errors as the worst—the only difference between one and another being that the ablest kill less frequently than their colleagues. Were this generally realized, the public would undoubtedly trust themselves to nature. I merely desire it understood that the reason prompting this loftiness of action does not proceed from high-mindedness, but from the coldest of the virtues—discretion.

* * *

An interesting story about a rupture between certain physicians composing the staff of the City and County Hospital and the select coterie of medicos that devote their services to the Polyclinic has reached me. In the ordinary course of events the rumpus would not get further than certain commodious drug stores, but this one threatens to assume larger proportions. It seems the Polyclinic has had rather more advertising than patronage. It was started by certain doctors for charity, I believe, and they were so fortunate as to secure the co-operation of Mrs. De Young. Through her efforts funds were not lacking, but for some reason or other patients were. Changes made in the staff did not increase the patronage. Young doctors were substituted for old ones. There was plenty of talent to select from.

* * *

In the course of events a new plan was thought of, and arrangements were initiated for endowing in the County Hospital a ward to be known as the Polyclinic ward. Patients of that institution were to be treated there free of charge by Polyclinic doctors. Special nurses should minister to their needs and no politician doctors should tamper with their diseases. Again, through the kindly energy of Mrs. De Young, funds for the endowment of this ward were raised, and then the Polyclinic began to loom up. Filling it was comparatively easy; without any effort another could have been supplied from the first batch of applicants. Polyclinic surgeons and physicians found it most interesting to drive out to the City and County Hospital. They had the most interesting consultations over difficult cases, and the house surgeon or the visiting doctors were not even invited to participate.

* * *

Naturally all this begot jealousy. The green-eyed monster has invaded the sacred precincts of the hospital. Polyclinic doctors are regarded with disfavor, and the skill of its surgeons is contemptuously questioned. Now, however, there is a proposition to endow one ward more, and it has driven the city and county doctors and a great many M. D's who are not and who are not likely to be on the Polyclinic staff into open revolt. If you really want to learn how little some great lights of the profession know, how many patients they have killed, how frequently wrong their diagnosis is, just run out there and ask. The apparent plan is to drive the Polyclinics out entirely, and I am told a proposition has been made by the disaffected to the Board of Health not only demanding the dispersion of the rising organization, but asking that no Polyclinic surgeon be allowed to attend patients in the City and County Hospital, no matter what the ward happens to be. Rather an interesting little professional fracas is imminent.

* * *

Colonel F. S. Chadbourne left for New York on Thursday night, and will spend a month in the metropolis. He was accompanied as far as Salt Lake City by Colonel Sanborn, W. H. Snedacker, D. J. Medbury, of New York, and World's Fair Commissioner Bullock. The party left in a private car, kindly placed at Colonel Chadbourne's disposal by Vice-President Harris, of the C. B. and Q. and Colonel Sanborn. What stories that vehicle could tell of the trip to Utah!

* * *

Just before the party left Major Horace G. Platt met Colonel Chadbourne, who informed him of his intended journey.

"Ah," said the Major, "and when do you purpose leaving?"

"Sometime soon," was the reply, "in the very near future."

"Ah, probably before Lent?" queried Major Platt.

"Yes, likely, if it isn't too far off. By the way, when is Lent?"

Major Platt looked wise, and thought. "Really," said he, "the date has quite escaped my memory—but, ah, I'll write to father, and let you know. He always hears of those things, you know."

* * *

TO CATCH THIEVES it is not necessary to write English. Indeed, I incline to the opinion that a trap for bunco-steerers and confidence-men baited with grammar would utterly fail of its purpose; at any rate, there can be no efficacy in it, as it has never been tried, and one can readily believe that no plan has been overlooked by our thief-takers and criminal-catchers that promised success. One who has not seen the "WARNING" posted by the police in the hotels of the city can have no clear opinion of what a wonderful affair the English language is. Having read the editorials in the *Argonaut* for some years, as a penance, I was prepared to believe that the contempt shown there for the different parts of speech was the result of a splendid malignity and unapproachable malice against a creation that is only dangerous to those who do not know how to humor it. The "WARNING" is the only thing that has ever approached the *Argonaut* editorial.

* * *

If I am not in error, the writer of the Pixleyan editorial is a close student of the compiler of the "WARNING," which urges people "to be careful of a man who says he knows you, and being a stranger, you are glad to find that you are from the same place, and then leads you into the back door of a saloon." If that is not Pixleyan in its con-

struction and meaning I will dye no more. In the "WARNING'S" illucid periods the idea is somewhat haltingly set forth that the town is in the hands of "bunco-steerers and tinhorn gamblers," and while I do not enjoy the confidence of the police, I lean to the belief that this implies the delegates to the National Association of Democratic Clubs. If my belief has foundation in fact, I must express my disapprobation of the means that Chief Crowley takes to bring the organization into disrepute, and cast slurs on the gentle, peaceful men who compose it.

* * *

THE MARRIAGE at Sacramento on the eighth inst. of ex-United States Senator Newton Booth to Mrs. Joseph T. Glover, the widow of his former partner, serves to bring up some interesting reflections on the strange fate of one great man. Booth must be now past sixty years of age. Twenty years ago he not only illuminated the political horizon of California but even his enemies did not dispute that he was destined to become a National character. From the counting-room of Booth & Co's wholesale liquor store, which was then, as now, located on Front Street in Sacramento, he shot suddenly like a meteor across the political firmament.

* * *

It seems incredible, when Booth's abilities are considered, that he could have disappeared almost as suddenly as he had come. But the fact remains that since the expiration of his term in the Senate he has been absolutely dead—not merely politically defunct—but socially, as well. And yet, he was one of the most brilliant of our later Western orators—a statesman of the best school, and a courageous and successful politician. Twenty years ago he was talked of by the Eastern press as a Presidential possibility, and to this day many of them wonder why California did not continue returning him to the Senate. To them, he is still a Western prodigy.

* * *

Booth was once aptly described by an Eastern newspaper as resembling a squab; that is, he was biggest when first hatched. In 1871 the anti-railroad faction of the Republican party, led by the Sacramento *Union* and the San Francisco *Bulletin*, captured the State Convention and nominated him for Governor. At that time he was the most conspicuous Republican in the State. At the election he defeated Governor Haight, who had been re-nominated, and who is still regarded as one of our ablest Governors.

* * *

The Legislature that met in 1873 elected Booth United States Senator for a full term. These successes were won by the politicians and newspapers that supported him, mainly, with Booth's brilliant oratory and leadership. In the Senate he made several speeches on great public questions, and then, having apparently reached the limit of his meteoric splendor, gradually relapsed into a silent Senator of whom there were very few in his time. But he was always appreciated. His first oration had packed the Senate chamber, and so did his last. He was probably in his day one of the most striking orators of California, and yet, since his term expired, there is not an agricultural fair or a church donation party that is so poor as to invite him to address it.

* * *

For nearly fifteen years he has lived above his store on Front Street in Sacramento, wrapped up in his books and himself—dead to the world. Those who know him intimately say the secret of his obscurity is an abhorrence of the arts of demagogy and a horror of public applause. His marriage, if this is the case, may revive his interest in mankind. Bachelor cynics, I understand, never survive the matrimonial relation.

The Witness.

WORLD'S FAIR SALARIES.

BY COMMISSIONER M. H. DE YOUNG.

EDITOR OF THE WAVE:—I have read some of the criticisms on the salaries paid to World's Fair officers, and the writers are evidently laboring under a misapprehension. They fail to keep in view the fact that the Columbian Exposition is practically run by two bodies, distinct in character, one known as the National Commission, a body appointed by the President to take charge and run the Exposition in the interests of the Government; the other known as the Chicago Board of Directors of the Columbian Exposition Company. The latter corporation represents the City of Chicago in carrying out its promises to the Government of furnishing the site and the money necessary to erect all the buildings and pay the general expenses. The error in the articles is in attributing to the National Commission the employment of men on high salaries and picturing a scramble amongst them for office. The facts are that the only salaried officers of the National Commission who are paid out of the Treasury of the United States are the President of the Commission, the Hon. P. M. Palmer, who receives $5000 a year, the Hon. J. W. McKensie, who holds the position designated as Vice-President of the Executive Committee, but who is expected to give his whole time to the office work for which he receives a salary only of $5000 a year, and the Secretary of the National Commission, the Hon. John Dickinson, who devotes the whole of his time, and I may say the whole of his salary, to the work for the small remuneration of $5000 a year. The only apparently large salary is that of Director-General George R. Davis, who is receiving $15,000 a year. This gentleman is the executive officer of the whole exposition, and upon his shoulders the responsibility of everything rests. The salary paid him is considered by everybody very moderate for the amount of work that is demanded of him. The gentlemen holding similar positions at the Paris Exposition received $25,000 a year. Now, with the addition of one clerk for the Director-General of $3000 a year, the above makes up the total and complete salary list of the National Commission. That is all that the great Government of the United States is paying out toward having the name of holding a grand National Exposition. In addition to this salary list, the National Commissioners are not allowed any salary, but when actually engaged in holding meetings or transacting other business for the exposition, they are allowed six dollars a day for subsistence and their actual railroad traveling expenses. All the other salaries such as the chiefs of the various bureaus, *i. e.*, Horticurture, Agriculture, Mines and Mining, Electricity, etc., with all their clerks, are paid out of the funds of the Chicago Corporation, and the Government has nothing in the world to do with it. There have been at various times criticisms upon the large amounts of money appropriated by Congress for the Exposition, but the largest portion of this has been appropriated and used for what is known as the Government Board. This Board is entrusted with the work of erecting buildings for the exhibits of different branches of the National Government and for housing them, such as the Naval Exhibit, the Fishery Display, the Smithsonian Institute, Postoffice Department, Life Saving Service, and Light-House Bureau. This Board is erecting the fac-simile of a battle ship and a very large Government building. You will see by the above statement that the criticisms on the National Commission are unjust and uncalled for. The amount of the appropriation last year was not enough to pay our ordinary running expenses, and the Chicago Board offered to give the National Commission $20,000 and take its chance of the Government ever reimbursing it, but the Commission refused to accept charity, no matter how kindly and generously offered, and declined the loan.

If our Nation is desirous of holding a great World's Exposition; do you not think that the Nation as a whole ought to contribute largely and liberally toward obtaining that end? While the City of Chicago has taxed itself and raised $11,000,000 toward paying for the honor of having it held in their city, this does not relieve the Government or the people of the United States of the responsibility of meeting some of the great outlay necessary to promote and hold the greatest exposition the world has ever seen.

M. H. DE YOUNG.

EYES OF NIGHT.

O, eyes of night,
And yet of light,
All-glorious orbs are they,
That so delight
My gladdened sight,
I'd bask in them alway!

O, wondrous eyes
That tempt the wise,
And bid mankind be gay!
In their light lies
A paradise,
A sun-bequeathing ray.

When suns arise
To bright the skies,
They fail to bring the day.
They find there lies
Within thine eyes
The only light of day.

—Edward Freiberger, in Chicago Figaro

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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—No quality is at such a discount among us as heroism. At this end of the century it is impossible for a man to make a reputation by the mere risk of his life. In days gone by—even now in other countries—he who rescues another from death, be it on land or by water, is esteemed, congratulated, made much of. Here he is lucky if he receives thanks, and is to be congratulated if he escapes branding as a fool. I think this proceeds from a general recognition of the most direful of foundation facts—that the one precious possession of any being is his life. To hazard it for another may be noble, but is not wise. Vitality is a tangible certainty; its sacrifice involves the renunciation of all else.

There are other ways in which heroism may be exhibited, and here are two novels—one "An Honest Lawyer," by Alvah Milton Kerr; the other, "Women Must Weep," by Edgar Fawcett. The first tells of a high-spirited youth, gifted with a conscience, who aspires to preserve his integrity and yet practice law. The second is the history of a New York family, its vicissitudes, its marriages and sorrows. Of the one, the hero, Allen Farr, belongs to the type precious in the minds of Christian Association librarians—a thin, tall, high-spirited young personage, thrilling with lofty sentiments, innocent of the liquor habit, who is averse to tobacco and loves his Master. Because of his ideals he refuses a bequest of $200,000, and deeds part of an estate he incidentally inherits back to the municipality wherein it was situated. In fact he is so intensely virtuous, so truculently out of touch with the cold, hard, work-a-day world, that he becomes the most pronounced of bores. There is no hero in the other book, but it tells of a man, a saloon-keeper, a political boss, who exhibits a degree of heroism that leaves one with a longing to shake his hand. He is Andy Heffernan; he has four saloons; he is Alderman of his ward; his associates are the degraded men who have made politics in New York disreputable; yet at a critical moment he decides to do right, he closes his saloons, he gives up the greater portion of his fortune, and as he is on the verge of his new life he is shot by the man who has asked him to knife the candidate he was pledged to. Though the most striking scene in a strong though terribly somber book, it is but an episode in the history of three women who marry unhappily. It is one of those hopeless books that breathe rather than phrase pessimism. In the character drawing there is a certainty of touch that betrays the student of real humanity. The Trask family belongs to a class one hardly cares to go among; they are third-rate; the women are dowdies, the men, except this Andy Heffernan, are either weak or wicked. But how admirably differentiated these husbands are, and how compressed, vivid, and admirably maintained is the scene between Ammidoen, the proud, polished editor, and the rough, big, uncouth politician. In the other novel you will find some material and a suggestion of possibilities in the way of character study, but the author has not yet learned how to draw. His perspective is wretched, and he does not know how to infuse local color, that most valuable of qualities, into his sketches. The town of Wedgeford might be anywhere. Artistic differentiation and realistic description can alone give a book more than a passing value. The best thing in "An Honest Lawyer," a description of a cyclone, is spoiled by the introduction of the hero, who is a bore.

You will be interested in some clever tales of life in British India, written by "An Idle Exile." As stories they are excellent—short, crisp, interesting, but, as the preface suggests, the tendency to compare them with Kipling's is irresistible. But by reading these one can obtain an impression of the virility and literary power of the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills." There are plots as good as his, but with the sweep, the poetry, the pathos, the color omitted. The current of incident is the same, but what matters the beauty of the instrument if the touch is not that of the master? Still "Indian Idylls" is well worth reading, and is distinctly entertaining.

Years ago, of course, you read "Dr. Claudins" and "Mr. Isaacs," the initial efforts of the author of "The Witch of Prague.' What capital stories they are. How the narrative carries one along. It possesses an intense interest. It has a buoyancy, a fine flavor; the men are high types and the women magnificent. I must confess I have just re-read both, induced by their appearance in a new edition. However, you can possibly be persuaded to forgive me, and I am sure of pardon if you but follow my example.

I cannot advise you to read "The Merry Bachelor" by A. R. Le Sage. However good it is from the point of view of literature it is hardly the type of work one leaves round for the perusal of sisters and mothers. Still, it is deliciously clever, wickedly wise—indeed, as you may guess.

After Le Sage, the deluge—no, but Clark Russell's latest, "A Strange Elopement." Besides his capacity as a marine scape artist, this writer possesses a strong story-telling faculty. As a delineator of character, one cannot consider him seriously, but his skill at plot compounding no one will gainsay. It is, indeed, a strange elopement he tells of. The usual three-master sails out of the dock, encounters the familiar marine episodes, such as breezes and rough weather in the Bay of Biscay, sunsets and calms in the tropics. The passengers include the lovely daughter of General Primrose who is being taken away from England to break up an attachment between her and a Mr. Cunningham. By a curious coincidence he happens on board the same vessel. They carry on a correspondence through their port-holes, and in mid-ocean they steal off in an open boat and are picked up in the last chapter by a passing schooner. Now as General Primrose is an especially irate and a particularly disagreeable personage, and as his daughter is a beauty, and as Mr. Cunningham is a very Adonis among men, one can easily get up considerable interest in their love affairs.

Have you anything more than a first-night interest in the stage? If you have you should read Percy Fitzgerald's little book "The Art of Acting." Serious, modern works, pertaining directly to the dramatic art are so rare, and of such infinite importance to the student, that one with as much merit as this should not be overlooked. The author does not attempt to treat the subject profoundly, but has arranged, in the form of interesting notes and suggestions, the best methods of the old and new schools—inclining more toward the art of the former than the realism that is so characteristic of our own. The advocate of naturalism, or Zolaism, as Mr. Fitzgerald terms it, may resent this, but there is much to be urged in the cause for more illusion behind the footlights and less reality—but read the book for yourself; you will be repaid.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Honest Lawyer," by Alvah Milton Kerr. F. J. Schulte & Co., publishers. For sale by S. F. News Company.

"Women Must Weep," by Edgar Fawcett. Laird & Lee publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Indian Idylls," by an Idle Exile. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Dr. Claudins" and "Mr. Isaacs," by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Merry Bachelor;" by A. R. Le Sage. Worthington & Co., publishers. For sale by all booksellers.

"The Art of Acting," by Percy Fitzgerald. Published by MacMullan & Co., New York. For sale by William Doxey.

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San Francisco, February 27, 1892.

OUR JURY SYSTEM.

It is time the jury system was abandoned. At the conclusion of every trial irrefutable evidence is given of the fact that it is the most conspicuous failure of the decade. It exists as a constant menace to justice, as the embodiment of some evil spirit that is at all times thwarting the right. As the only resort in a desperate case it offers an easy means for the unscrupulous attorney to secure, after a time and money-wasting trial, the acquittal of a plainly guilty defendant; in its composition of necessarily ignorant, avowedly illiterate, and presumably interested members it is rarely the case that there is not one who will sell himself and his opinion for a price offered either before the beginning of a case or while it is in progress. One need not hesitate in saying that of the hundreds of causes tried by jury in the various Courts of the City and County of San Francisco during the year of our Lord, 1891, not a dozen verdicts were honestly and righteously rendered.

If anyone doubts that this number is too low, let him go to the Courts and watch the trials that proceed to an infamous conclusion there every week. If he does not come away with a knowledge, however imperfect, of the debauchery of justice practiced there, he is fit for but one position—that of juryman. There has been no secret made of the fact that some of the greatest causes ever tried in California were before juries known to be "packed;" and it has been the open boast of the lawyers engaged in them that their side could by no possibility lose, as the jurymen were "fixed." Nor is this state of affairs peculiar to California, there is no city in the Union where twelve men may be found disinterested and honest enough to hear a cause and render a verdict in the spirit in which the jury system was first established.

The jury as it exists to-day is an expensive luxury enjoyed by the few, and for which all pay. Were its decisions final, or did it render verdicts that Supreme Courts do not overrule, there might be some excuse for its continued existence. But as it merely affords the Upper Bench an opportunity of reversing it, or fails to do aught but prove itself thoroughly depraved—as in a very recent case—it should be discontinued now and forever.

In its place? Jury judges, a certain number as honest and upright as early education and their trade of politics would permit, appointed by the President to try causes in each circuit, who would constitute the Court of first and last resort. Then abolish the trial by jury in the Police Courts. The innocent rarely asks for a jury, and why should the entire people be taxed to pay for an instrument that will acquit the guilty.

RESCUE THE SUPERVISORS.

It is quite probable that the people of San Francisco will grow tired in time of the expensive impertinence of that body of legalized free-booters, the Board of Supervisors. Why its members are permitted to continue like highwaymen at the gates of progress and reform, demanding blackmail from all who would do aught to improve the city, is something that no one but the bosses can answer. There seems to be no "job" too small for them to seek a "draw down" from; and there is certainly no scheme to rob the taxpayers that is too apparent for them to refuse to take part in.

The Water Committee of this delectable body has again gone through the farce of adjusting rates with the Spring Valley Company, and has given it as its opinion that it is quite impossible to improve on the figures which, in its inscrutable wisdom, it agreed on last year. In two instances reductions have been made, but of such a character that one need have no fear of becoming rich on the saving.

The Wave desires to make a suggestion to the people of the City and County of San Francisco, and does so seriously and with good intent. It is this: Let the Supervisors inform us of what they think they can make out of the office, aside from their salaries; it will not be necessary to make itemized bills; a lump estimate will do. Then let us, by popular subscription, make up the amount and hand it to the members of the Board, taking therefor their receipt and a guarantee that they will not seek to "raise the wind" by any other means, and that they will try to administer the affairs of their office honestly. Of course, The Wave admits that this will be expensive, but the people will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that public improvements are not being delayed because some Solon has not been "seen," and they will receive more than their subscription from the reduction of water rates and a decrease in taxes generally. If the people take the the payment of the Supervisors out of the hands of Spring Valley that corporation may be able to afford to reduce its rates. If this plan is not considered practicable, we can only hope that the Supervisors may experience a defeat for renomination, or die of fatty degeneration of the conscience.

What a remarkable exhibition that must have been in Judge Troutt's Court on Wednesday when the jury having been "instructed" and led away, the men in the Hall of Justice gathered around the very throne itself, and offered bets on what the verdict would be in the Curtis case. I am not informed if any of the officers of the Court took part in the betting, nor do I know that any of them were appointed stakeholders, with a percentage on the winnings, but I do know that, with a suddenness that would be appalling and a shock that would unseat some other secret incompetents in the building, a number of vacancies should be declared in Judge Troutt's Court.

* * *

The riot in Berlin on Thursday was certainly more serious than even the *Examiner's* double-leaded special would have us believe. Immediately, the uprising of a few thousand starving people, led on by some hair-brained Socialists, is not dangerous, and may be easily quelled by the clubs of the Berlin Butchers, as the citizens call the police. But beyond the uprising and its speedy extinction, there is the cause; and it is not likely that the German Government will do anything to remove that. Hunger and a desire for revenge will incite to new outrages, and the Emperor is by no means safe. A Parisian riot has been father to a French revolution, and a Berlin street fight may lead to something more serious. The attitude of the Emperor is not calculated to inspire his Nation with confidence; he is apparently enamored of himself, and talks like a little girl among her dolls. "I go my way, which is the right way, and those who will not help me may depart." Truly, one would think the young man had conquered Europe; he goes to sleep, and thinks he is his own grandfather. In the meantime that riot is ominous.

* * *

The fight for the secretaryship of the National Association of Democratic Clubs was a bitter one, and it is hardly a matter for regret that the chief contestants did not get it. They and their friends recognize the importance of the place, and were anxious to secure it as pasturage for some time to come. The National Association of Democratic Clubs is a part of the splendid machine put in operation by Mr. Hill of New York; and if he secures the nomination for President, and should be elected, there will be considerable patronage at the disposal of the organization. The officers will handle the sinews of war, and will play a most important part in the election. It is, therefore, small wonder that the fight for the secretaryship was so bitter.

* * *

It is generally believed that Dan O'Connell is triplets, as since his success with "B. K. Hal," three Irish centres of literature have claimed him as a favorite son.

The San Jose *Mercury* is right, aside from the political aspect of the matter. It says: "It is becoming more evident every day that the supreme political issue in this country at the present time is the currency question."

MUSIC.

"BLUFF KING HAL."

So far the ideal period for the romantic opera appears to be in the time of the English outlaws. These gentlemen lived a life of brigandage, which has grown in the popular imagination to be synonymous with courage, generosity, fidelity, and a compendium of all the sins of cunning duplicity and high-handed roguery. Their might was right, and no further excuses were needed for any bold deed. Vitality and generosity clothe them with a magic the moral instincts fail to destroy. Their abiding places, the forest glades, so uncompromisingly comfortless in real life, haunt the imagination in pictures impressive, delicate, and brilliant. Mr. O'Connell has paraphrased the Robin Hood tale in his own way, and drawn situations very suitable for musical impression, perhaps the main thing in this style of work. He has not permitted himself a needless expense of wit, it is true, but the events come according to the only kind of nature opera takes cognizance of. The story is sufficiently plain, and, though none of it is highly original, the introduction of the King as so large a figure makes a corresponding breadth throughout the piece. Little trouble has been expended on the realism of the language; old and modern English run together without surprise. Love lyrics are as plentiful as need be, and some of them run prettily. Besides this, the sentiment of the period has been caught sufficiently to make the task of expressing it musically an easy one.

Mr. Stewart's music gives the impression of having come in a variety of moods. The merits of the writing is by no means even; there are dips into comic opera of the ordinary style. Still, everywhere smooth and singable, the music has, for this kind of work, the good effect of simplicity without weakness. Variety of rhythm there is plenty, and touches of melody which are piquant relieve the dramatic climaxes. The finale of the second act is sustained with the most dramatic ability of any portion of the opera, though after the spirited trio sung by Phyllis, Leonard, and Ralph, the final chorus is a dip into the commonplace to say the least of it. Remarkable originality or power would not be expected in any composer of a work of this calibre; Mr. Stewart has not displayed either of these talents, however. His efforts have achieved something of the success attained by De Koven in "Robin Hood," though he has not that composer's flow of melody. Reminiscences may be traced in the work of composers of genius, much though they disown the impeachment; these, however, are scarcely derogatory now a days when so much musical literature is absolutely common stock. When a phrase bursts unexpectedly upon the ear in undisguised familiarity, the effect is not encouraging. The most noticeable example of this occurred in the overture and third act of "Bluff King Hal." Vogels' commonplace waltz for male quartette is more than the foundation upon which a chorus is built. Phrases from Tosti and Hervey ballads suggest themselves with slight changes. Elsie Maynard's opening song from the "Yeoman of the Guard," itself a sea change of a Beethoven theme, served very palpably as a model for a solo in the second act. These are reminiscences which come without search.

A direct expression, not familiar, was given in a clever duet for Robert and Dorothy in the first act, accompanied simply and effectively. Preceding this the Constable's song came nearest to broad, ringing melody of the simple kind. Quaint phrases give an English turn to the chorus of this scene. Phyllis' address to the King, too, is musically effective Leonard's solo in the second act, though not unfamiliar, is a number sure to be well received by an audience when capably sung. Dorothy's music has more characteristics than the other solo parts; some of it is piquant and natural. Few of the choruses after the first act rose above mediocrity, while the final second act chorus reached the bounce of a Baldwin *entr'acte*. Phyllis has a share of hard work, little of it grateful, the solos least of all. The orchestra plays the part of interested spectator to a large extent, and its moments of independence are not numerous. Some taste and happy touches brighten the score. Repetition of a wearying form of agitato become too noticeable, however.

For the maiden effort of a musician whose time is not devoted to composition exclusively, the success and quality of the opera is, perhaps, more than is to have been expected. Should Mr. Stewart devote his abilities to this kind of work his reputation should become more than local. Played by the Bostonians, as "Robin Hood" was, "Bluff King Hal" should be interesting to the average light opera goer elsewhere.

Success from an amateur standard is what could have been hardly more than hoped. The result of the performance justified this quite fully. Numerically the chorus was large, vocally it was scarcely robust enough; its work was fairly well done and most successfully in the finales. Mr. Stewart held both orchestra and chorus together more vigorously than is usual with him.

Of the solo parts Mrs. Williams had the least suitable music to sing, high soprano tones not expected of a mezzo soprano made her work difficult. Her solos, received with enthusiasm, were not equal to her efforts in the concerted numbers where the quality of her charming voice was valuable. Mr. Graham never exhibits so much verve in his concert singing as in his performance of the music of Leonard. His capabilities rose to the occasion. With the only fault of a slight muscular tension his solo in the second act went excellently. His acting, too, was painstaking and of good intent. Miss Alvina Heuer played her part of Dorothy with a vivacity and dainty spirit, unusual in trained actresses. Her music was not suited to her voice. Being amateurs the vocalism of the rest of the cast was excusable. Mrs. Dickman, Mr. Redding, Mr. Depew, Mr. Dickman, and Mr. Joullin failed nowhere for want of intelligence or enthusiasm. Mr. Louis Sloss developed individual humor and did his best with the music. The costumes of the principals were both graceful and tasteful, and the chorus itself was agreeably clad. A good word was earned by the charming scenery.

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THE MUMMERS.

"SUPERBA" AT THE CALIFORNIA.

There may be something new under the sun, but there is nothing original in the spectacular play. I am quite unable to explain this to myself, excepting on the hypothesis that I have been unfortunate enough to see nearly all of these extravaganzas, pantomimes, and mechanical productions that have shed their glory on the American stage in the last decade. The latest of the spectacular pieces that holds up its hand to claim public attention is called "Superba," invented, arranged and produced under the immediate supervision of the Hanlon Brothers. I am quite positive that a score of patents have been infringed in this invention, which comes as near being any one of a score of other spectacular plays as a good translation does to the original.

"Superba" is good in spots, but these, like the blotches on the face of Sol, are pretty far apart. All through it a rather good-looking young woman is beloved by a passably fair actor; but their matrimonial efforts are thwarted by one Wallalia, an exceedingly pretty but very naughty Queen, who has been foolish enough to fall in love with the youth; her antithesis is "Superba," a gay young goddess, who believes that "true happiness, if understood, consists alone in doing good." In carrying out this praiseworthy sentiment Queen Superba's time is employed entirely in saving the youth with the matrimonial intentions from various deaths, in the enumeration of which the pen would grow very weary. Wallalia's chief pleasure seems to be gained from evil-doing, and, poor girl, she has the unhappy knack of never accomplishing anything; she is completely overthrown at last, much to the disgust of the people, who regard a fair field and no favors as the highest evidence of an advanced civilization.

It is unnecessary to say the lovers marry in the end; they are stupid enough to merit some punishment, but, really, matrimony seems a severe sentence, especially as I am inclined to think their simplicity is inherited.

If I am not in error, the time is past when people regard marriage as the ultimate happiness, the reward of suffering, and the wages of virtue. The plays of the past have dealt with matrimony as the crown of joy for the hero and heroine, and writers, who should have known better, have, in the last chapters of innumerable books, joined the hands of hordes of Lord Montmorencys and Lady Angelinas. Dear reader, you will agree with me, I hope, that this is a relic of an old order of things; that modern Society demands modern rewards, and you will, I know, regard as good my suggestion that the hero and heroines, who have toiled and suffered through weary chapters of books and dreary acts of plays, should have a reward "as is a reward," and that it should come in the form of an absolute divorce! I make no restrictions as to alimony, of course; that would have to be a part of the plot, nor would I say to whom the children should go; these are for the author to consider. Were I pushed for an opinion, I would say that the State should pay the alimony, and that the offspring should go to a foundling asylum. Probably some people will differ with me on some of these points, but in the main, I will have the support of the thinking people who have arrived at the conclusion that the villain in the play should be sentenced to wed the lady of his choice, and that the good young man should get his decree, as prayed.

These thoughts have been suggested by "the unique, comic, mechanical, and spectacular play of 'Superba,'" and if they lead my reader to a better life I will be more than pleased. Pausing long enough to remark that Pierrot, played by Mr. William Schrode, is a good clown, I will say that the piece is drawing large crowds to the California, and if you miss seeing it, you will lose a chance for a good, healthy laugh. "Superba" will be continued for another week; Frederick Warde follows with "The Lion's Mouth," Henry Guy Carleton's romantic drama. This play is certainly worth seeing.——

"Poor Johnathan" has done an excellent business at the Bush, and will be continued for another week.——

At the Baldwin Theatre, Monday evening, Stuart Robson begins the third and last week of his engagement, and will revive that most excellent of comedies "The Henrietta." This effort of Mr. Bronson Howard is really one of the greatest *fin de siecle* comedies, and its success, from the first night of its production to the present day, has been as marked as it was deserved. Mr. Robson will appear, of course, in the character of Bertie, the Lamb. The following week, Joseph Jefferson and his admirable company of comedians open at the Baldwin Theatre in "The Rivals." Those genuine favorites, "The Bostonians," are on their way westward, and will soon commence an engagement at this theatre, presenting "Robin Hood," and also a new opera by the same authors, entitled "The Knickerbockers."

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BRISSAC'S LITTLE DEBT.

EMMA WOLF.

The *Cercle Français*, with its unfailing patriotic courtesy, had been entertaining the officers of the French man-of-war with a *Punch D'honneur*. The usual flowery speeches had been made and responses given with all the sparkle that radiates from wine-wet wit. Bacchus winked without favoritism upon all.

A movement was made toward the card-tables, and the usual cronies gathered together at their several games as if by natural selection. Amid the confusion and hilarity a little group of four quietly separated themselves and repaired to the small anteroom adjoining the parlor. It was the habit of Dubois, Chalmont, Latron, and Feuilly to have their rubber as far removed from noise and interruption as was compatible with Gallic blood.

The silent game proceeded with the adroitness of experienced scientists. Feuilly held his usual post-mortem examinations after each deal, and little Chalmont bristled with excited epithets over the playing of his partner, Dubois. Dubois rarely answered him—little Chalmont was known to boil as easily over a lighted match as over hot coals.

"A massacre!" he cried, pushing back his chair and standing up to be more forcible. "Do you play by yourself, *imbecile?* Can you not understand the nature of a signal?"

"Cards!" called Latron, impatiently

Little Chalmont sat down and began savagely shuffling. As he deftly dealt, the door opened and a tall, languid-looking man came quietly in.

"Brissac!" cried Feuilly in pleased surprise. The four chairs were pushed back, and the new-comer's hands shaken with a cordiality that approached his muscles painfully.

"You were not at the *punch?*" questioned Dubois, when his quiet voice could be heard above Chalmont's reiterated welcome.

"No. The train was late. A light, please, Feuilly." The glow of Feuilly's cigar flashed over Brissac's face. Little Chalmont gave vent to an exclamation.

"*Nom de Dieu*, Josef, are you ill or only tired?"

"Either, little one," answered the other, smiling. "Go on with your game."

"No, no," said Latron, throwing his chips into the centre of the table. "Tell us of your trip. Anything new that the newspapers have carelessly overlooked?"

A crash of chords from the piano in the next room delayed Brissac's answer. A charming tenor voice, slightly the worse for wine, commenced singing "Garibaldi." As the song died away in vociferous applause, Brissac looked curiously around at the little group that comprised his most intimate friends. They were all smoking but Chalmont, who sat on the edge of the table, his short legs dangling, the thumb of either hand pushing back his coat lapels under his arm-sizes.

"Well," answered Brissac, finally, in a slow, drawling tone, "I have a little adventure to relate not down in print yet, I think. I am somewhat curious to have your verdict of the means I took of discharging a certain debt. If you think I was justified, I shall no doubt hear from you—if otherwise, I beg that no word, now or hereafter, be spoken concerning it. The circumstances are rather peculiar. They began about twenty years ago, and ended last week. You remember the war?"

No need to ask what war. Little Chalmont dashed a handful of chips upon the floor

"Do we eat?" he asked fiercely. The others smiled. Little Chalmont could afford to answer. Had he not rushed back to "*La Patrie*" at the first war-cry and offered himself like a red-hot bullet for the extinction of the hated enemy? "You will come back," his friends had laughed at parting with him. "Muskets are not aimed at the ground." But little Chalmont had drawn himself up with dignity—he came back, of course, a sadder and a wiser Frenchman.

"You know I am an Alsatian?" continued Brissac. Another unnecessary question, as those who knew him well were aware of the confusion of his "d's" and "t's" and "p's" and "b's," in moments of excitement.

"I was seventeen then," he proceeded, "home from college on sick-leave. I had the happiness one day of rushing into the street with a little tricolor and shouting "*Vive la France!*" in the face of a handful of Prussians. I was gently answered by being taken prisoner. As we sallied down the street, myself pinioned between two stalwart guards, a woman sprang like a deer across the pathway of the Captain. She was what we call "*belle femme*." The German Captain recognized this immediately. I do not think he was drunk. He caught at her skirts, flung his arm about her—and kissed her. The soldiers laughed—the woman had dealt him a blow between the eyes. At the same moment a furious voice cried, 'Hands off! thou brute of a German!' A white-haired man stood a couple yards off with leveled pistol. 'Fire,' commanded the Captain passionately. What matter if a woman stood paralyzed in the pathway? Bah! There was scarcely a pause. The woman fell like a log—dead. *Mes amis*, that woman was my mother."

He had told it so quietly that his audience gazed at him dumbly. As the last words left his lips he smiled at them in cold restraint. In the next room the voices were raised in song. The familiar words fell strangely on the silence of the little anteroom—

"Nous avez pris l'Alsace et la Lorraine,
Mais notre cœur—vous ne l'aurez jamais!"

"*Jamais!*" thundered little Chalmont, waving his hand in the air.

"And you?" questioned Dubois, bending forward to catch Brissac's answer.

"I? I prayed."

"Prayed?"

"Yes," pronouncing the words slowly, with the grating sound that issues from set teeth, "I prayed—that once—before I died—one glorious second might be given me—when, by the movement of a finger, I, and only I, might save a German from destruction."

Dubois moved his chair a little back. The ugly, sinister smile deepened upon Brissac's pale face.

"Life is long, but you will perhaps understand that in all these twenty years, unlike Darius, I needed no page to daily shout within my hearing, Sir, remember the Athenians! A mother's murdered form is no light memento. Well," with a change of voice, "last week, you know, I was in Arizona. I was riding alone across the plain. The heat was scorching. No vestige of vegitation offered a suggestion of shade. The air was sullen and deadly still. Suddenly I heard three pistol shots fired in rapid succession. I drew rein and listened. The dying echo of flying hoofs was all I heard. 'Somebody is hurt,' I thought and galloped off in the direction of the firing. I paused before a man stretched face upward upon the ground. The yellow sand beside him was crimson. I dismounted, detached my full canteen and drew nearer. He was not dead. His eyes, blue eyes they were, almost started from his head as they fell upon the canteen. I bent lower. 'Water,' he pleaded, '*liebe Gott*, water!' I had thought so at sight, now I knew he was German. I did not move. I held the water within an inch of his swollen lips. 'One drop,' he groaned, 'one drop, or I die.' I laughed, laughed gayly, as slowly, very slowly, I poured the water, drop by drop, upon the blistering sand. Then I quietly turned and rode away."

In the little anteroom four men gazed with blanched faces upon the quiet, deathlike face of Josef Brissac. No word was spoken.

"I confess," he added wearily, as he drew his hand across his brow, "my sleep has not been perfect of late. Yes, little Chalmont, I think I am tired."

There was an instant's pause. Then there came a sound not often heard in the gatherings of men.

Little Chalmont was crying.

PERFECT IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

The signs of success and prosperity are unmistakable in every department of the splendid building to which Sanborn, Vail & Co. have recently moved. The push, enterprise, and business sagacity that have made this firm the leading one in its line, have had an excellent exposition at this time, not only in the removal to immensely superior quarters, involving the expenditure of a huge sum for rent, but in the magnificent manner in which the new store has been fitted up, the adoption of the latest methods of displaying an immense stock of goods, and the addition to an already great number of departments, of another and certainly very necessary one: copper plate wedding invitations, tea cards, and visiting cards. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have made a feature of this, and the best work in the city will be done by them on the shortest notice and at the lowest rates. If one would get an idea of the latest styles in stationery one should visit the store of this firm; the designs are new and unique, and fashion's fancies are seen here earlier than elsewhere. An effort will be made in this department to cater to the ladies; purses, pocketbooks, card cases, shopping, and visiting lists are here in every style. A novelty is the latest new thing, the "duplicate whist set." A walk through this splendidly appointed store will be a revelation to all.

The Barton Café in the Barton Opera House Block is the favorite place of resort after the theatre. Indeed, it is Society's headquarters when there is no social function "on."

The most popular champagne is Delbeck, in whose praise every one speaks. At almost every prominent Society event of the season Delbeck was served to the exclusion of all other wines. The splendid testimonials that the agents have received from connoisseurs show in what high esteem it is held by those who enjoy a delicious champagne.

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO
AGENTS
SAN FRANCISCO

MEN OF THE TIME

BIOGRAPHIES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Each week hereafter THE WAVE will present the portraits, with short biographical sketches, of men well-known in the social, commercial, and professional life of California. This feature has been added in response to many requests; pleasure is, therefore, taken in introducing Dr. Washington Dodge, A. H. Ricketts, and Dr. S. E. Goe.

WASHINGTON DODGE, M. D.

Without the aid of adventitious circumstances Washington Dodge has, by the inherent force of character, won for himself an assured position in the very forefront of the medical profession of California, and, at the age of thirty-four, has built up a practice that would do credit to the labor of twice that period. Dr. Dodge is undoubtedly indebted to the law of heredity for much of his remarkable aptitude for his profession, his father and grandfather having been distinguished physicians; but his rapid rise in the profession is mainly due to tireless endeavor and systematic economy of time and energy. Dr. Dodge was born in Tuolumne County, California, in 1859, and graduated from the San Francisco High School in 1877. His father having died when our subject was but six years old, the young student was thrown entirely upon his own resources, and, in order to realize the dream of his life by becoming a physician, he found it necessary to teach night school while attending lectures in the medical department of the State University. In 1884 he graduated from this institution with the distinguished honor of having attained the highest standing for proficiency in the curriculum of the medical department of the California University ever reached by a student in that school. Dr. Dodge served one year as the house physician of the City and County Hospital, and has been visiting physician of St. Luke's Hospital since 1888. For the past three years he has been Professor of Therapeutics at the medical department of the State University. Dr. Dodge has had the benefit of a wide dispensary practice, which has afforded him a clinical experience seldom obtained by so young a man. He is, of course, a member of the State Medical Society and of the County Medical Society of San Francisco.

A. H. RICKETTS.

The able attorney whose portrait is herewith presented narrowly escaped being an argonaut, as he came to California with his widowed mother in 1854, when he was but five years of age. His father, Judge Ricketts, was an eminent English counselor and a Judge of the Common Pleas in the West Indies and British Guiana. Mr. Ricketts was educated in the public schools of San Francisco and in the Union and St. Ignatius Colleges. Upon leaving college he went to Virginia City, Nevada, where he entered the office of Hon. B. C. Whitman, ex-Chief Justice of that State. While pursuing his legal studies, Mr. Ricketts was for six months acting United States Marshal. While still in Virginia City he was appointed Chief of Staff to Brigadier-General J. H. Mathewson. Mr. Ricketts remained in Nevada eleven years, was admitted to the bar in that State and resided there all through the Bonanza excitement. He tried and won his first case in the United States Circuit Court at Carson City, Nevada. In 1884 Mr. Ricketts came to San Francisco and for one year was associated with Judge Whitman in the practice of the law. He subsequently formed a partnership with R. B. Mitchell, but a dissolution soon followed, and Mr. Ricketts has since been alone in his practice. He is regarded as one of the best "mining lawyers" in the State, and in questions of mining law involving technical points of title, etc., he is an acknowledged authority. He devotes great attention to details, and is noted in the profession for the careful preparation of his cases. His practice in the Federal Courts and before the departments in Washington is very large.

S. E. GOE, D. D. S.

Doctor S. E. Goe, one of San Francisco's most prominent and skillful dentists, was born at Zenia, Green County, Ohio, in 1849, and received his first scholastic training in the public schools of his native town. At the age of fifteen he demonstrated his love of country by enlisting in the Eighth Ohio Cavalry with which organization he served until the close of the rebellion. Upon returning to his home he engaged in various mechanical pursuits, and finally found his true vocation in the study of the profession to which he has since devoted his time and talents. In 1871 he entered the Ohio Dental College, at that time one of the best dental schools in the country, and, after completing two full courses, graduated in 1873. He immediately began practice in Cincinnati, where he became associated with Dr. J. Taft, one of the most accomplished dentists in Ohio. Dr. Goe was successful from the start and was made Secretary of the Cincinnati Dental Society. In the summer of 1873, in response to a most flattering offer, Dr. Goe came to San Francisco and became associated with Dr. Dutch, a connection which was of immense practical benefit to the young practitioner, and which he maintained for twelve years. Dr. Goe was for two years Corresponding Secretary of the California State Dental Association, and for seven years Recording Secretary. For one year Dr. Goe was connected with the Dental Department of the University of California, first as teacher of Clinical Dentistry and later on as teacher of Mechanical Dentistry. He is a close student and keeps himself well up in the periodical publications of his profession. Dr. Goe is a member of the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, February 24th. DEAR WAVE:—Thank goodness Los Angeles does not boast a McAllister. If mortal man were to cut into our 400. why, there would be "only a few of us left."

Frank Shumacher does not intend to die a bachelor—that is, if he can help himself.

Miss Schwarzschild, of San Francisco, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Morris S. Hellman.

Dame Rumor connects the name of Miss Ellis with Harry W. Lathrop. Both are prominently connected with our Upper Ten.

The Cotillion Club entertains again on the night of the twenty-ninth inst. It will be a Leap Year affair, the ladies holding full sway. Miss Emma Childs will lead.

The Southern California Tennis Association is "wielding the racquet" at Riverside. Good playing and fine times are reported.

San Diego's burst bank is giving us plenty of food for gossip. The latest report says President Collins appropriated $200,000 of the bank's funds. I am personally acquainted with all the officers of said institution and disbelieve the charges, as far as criminal liability is concerned.

Baron and Baroness Rogniat will leave here shortly for a long visit to France. They will remain away several years.

Captain and Mrs. Thorn gave a dancing party last Monday evening. Amongst those invited were Baron and Baroness Rogniot, Misses Workman, Miss Northam, Misses Embody, Misses Rose, Miss Maud Sullivan, Miss O'Melveny, Miss Kurtz, Miss Heinsch, Miss Dunn, and Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Owens. Messrs. Boyle Workman, Captain Banning, Adams, Chadwick, the Griffiths, Shumacher, Lacy, Montgomery, Forrest Hance, and H. B. Baldwin.

A six-in-hand coaching party spent Monday driving through Pasadena, Rose's ranch, Baldwin's and dining at Sierra Madra. The merry-makers were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Veazie, Miss Alice Baker, Miss Crawford, Miss Little, Miss Lena Forrester, Miss Lyle Hynes, Jeanette Haverman, Miss Sara Innes, Miss Betts, Messrs. L. Sale, Frank Suffle, H. G. Bundsern, Fred Blake, Frank Forrester, Theo Coulter, W. R. Teale, and Gill S. Hall.

The Concordia Club, the only Jewish social club here, gave a "Domino Party" at the rooms of the society Monday night. The clubhouse was effectively decorated with all the colors imaginable. A most enjoyable time was had, and the dancers were loath to leave. Amongst the many I noticed, Mesdames M. S. Hellman, Goldsmith, L. Harris, Abe Haas, Kingsbaker, Chas. Jacoby, N. Jacoby, S. Hellman, H. C. Wiener, N. and H. Siegel, Ben Stern, Shiff, Hirschfeld, Lowenthal, Barrett, Misses Lazard, Harris, Laventhal, Sheideman, Roth, Schwarzschild, Cohn, Grant, Meyer, Kallischer, Weil, Messrs. Ad. Fleischman, Solomon, Adler, Altshol, Kahn, Frank, Jacoby, Edelman, Goldsmith, Weil, Moss, Lewis, Walters, Strausse, Barnett, and Nordlinger.

A queer story has come to my ears. Two of our social swells, business men, too, wishing to kill time one afternoon this week decided to call upon a certain young lady living on Pearl Street. The two fellows whom we shall call Mr. Figueroa and Mr. Temple, bent on fun, ("everything goes here") upon arriving at the home of the lady, proposed to play cards together for a first prize and booby prize. The first was the fair hostess, the booby prize a red pillow. Mr. Figueroa won the "adored" while Mr. Temple carried to his *store that red pillow.* Beau No. 1 (not Mr. Fegueroa) saw the pillow and recognized it. Soon after reaching the store, a pretty brunette steps in, sees the pillow, asks for it, gets it, departs with it. Now Miss Pearl Street wants the pillow. Beau No. 1 insists upon its return. The pretty brunette says "Possession is nine points of the law." Mr. Temple wants to get out of the dilemma. But how? Yours,

A. N. ANGEL.

The Liebes divorce suit has been compromised on a basis, I am told, that is exceedingly creditable to the eminent furrier's business sagacity. Mrs. Liebes is given the divorce and something over $100,000. Besides, she takes the custody of all the children but one. It is evident, therefore, that the newspaper statements that the wife had received one-third of a $2,000,000 estate were a trifle off. The $100,000 is in the form of a fund and is placed in the hands of trustees for proper investment, and the income will be paid the lady. I suppose if everyone is satisfied, there is no reason for repining.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, February 24th. DEAR WAVE:—Are you superstitious? Do you believe in omens? No. Then I'll tell you some strange coincidences that have occurred here. One of our real 400 families, noted for entertaining, has been pursued by a singular fatality as far as their eldest daughter is concerned.

Every time some function in her honor or for her pleasure has been announced, a death has occurred. When her wedding bells pealed, Society fairly gasped in its eagerness for details, and stood on tip toe to witness the appearance of the bride and groom on their return from the wedding trip. They were to grace the "Charity Ball" at the Vendome, so we all invested in tickets. His brother died, so we who had spent our money went home sadder if not wiser.

In this happy valley no one mourns long, and soon another opportunity offered. "Now we shall see the wedding finery," said all the envious, but we didn't. Another death occurred; this time in the bride's family, and so it has gone on. This week was to have seen the debut of a younger sister, the affair to be celebrated in the elegant home of the bride, but again the pall has flung its black shadow where roses should have twined, and a continual "*memento more*" is inscribed over the door. Strange, to say the least.

The party in honor of Miss Lizzie M—— is deferred until Easter. It was to have been a leap year affair, and I hear that some startling leaps were taken by the cards, as many of "the brave" who were invited were youths "to fortune and to fame unknown," also to the family.

We do some queer things here, after all. The "Monday Night Club" had a re-union at the Bruce's Tuesday night. It was a gorgeous affair. Nearly every girl had a new gown. The Mays were there in their usual severity. "There's nothing in a name," so no one is surprised at the chill these Mays impart.

The Millers mingled with ordinary mortals and condescended to dance in the same sets with bread-and-buttery school girls as if it were the natural order of things.

The Pratt home is opened. We had a great flourish of trumpets. Various motives took us there, so by reason of one thing and another, there was a crowd. I went to hear Mrs. Singleton sing. She is an old favorite and her voice too seldom heard. Mrs. Hillman-Smith sang in her most artistic style. Pauline Syer—a girl in her teens—enchanted everybody. She is a magnificent girl, and her voice is rich and pure. When she is a little older, how she will sing passionate music—but apropos of the Home.

A good many people here have not yet been able to see that it was needed. To us and to our fathers, it seems an unnecessary call for money. Women absolutely have no conscience where money is concerned. Just start them to begging and they waylay every man they meet, call on people they never know at other times, beg, coax, wheedle, hold fairs, do everything—but they get the money.

Taxes, matrons, servants, all call for expenditures, and the means to meet these must be dug out of the pockets of reluctant givers; but then it has furnished an outlet for the superfluous energy of some who had nothing to do, and it has proven a stepping-stone by the aid of which a few others who have hard work to look over the enclosure that bounds our sacred pastures, can enter the precincts and enjoy the reputation of being very benevolent.

Oh charity! charity! "How many crimes are committed in thy name."

It will be strange if jealousies, discontents, and strifes do not arise, and, sooner or later, we may expect a dose compared to which the disclosures of the Home at Evergreen will sink into insignificance—"wait awhile."

Mattie George entertained a number of us the other night, but her gatherings are such a mixture of all ranks and ages, they are to be dreaded. We older girls do not like to dance with the broilers. Mattie must feel ridiculous herself when she reflects that many of her present admirers smiled on her from their cradles. "Rock a-bye-Baby" would be a good tune for her singers. One must dance, however.

Soon we expect to dance to merrier music, for a political campaign is at hand. Mabel hopes Sam will succeed himself, though my pa says he is out of the race.

Strange how fond Sam and Jim are getting of young L——g. Money is a key that opens all locks, and some hearts are accessible by money only.

Our friend, the banker druggist, has a decided failing that way, but, unlike young L——g's lovers, his heart turns fondly to the feminine part of the Hyman millions, but woe betide the being one James should captivate. Be she Jew or Gentile the union would be for her social disaster. BABBLER.

UNITED STATES COURT.

AN EDITOR ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGE OF PRINTING A LOTTERY ADVERTISEMENT.

Joseph Mueller who was charged with having published a lottery advertisement in the *Dodge County Pioneer*, at Mayville, was acquitted in the United States Court yesterday. The case is an important victory for the Louisiana State Lottery. It was charged that a certain notice that appeared in the paper, which is a German weekly, was an advertisement under the new law forbidding the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisements. The card read as follows:

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

While it is true that I have been elected President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. Dauphin, deceased, I am still President of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, and all orders for material, machinery, etc., as well as all other business letters should be addressed to me as before.

PAUL CONRAD, box 1358, New Orleans.

General E. S. Bragg, of Fond du Lac, defended Mueller, arguing that the advertisement did not come within the scope of the statute. The jury was out but a few minutes.—*Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel, February 4th.*

MASSAGE

Ladies desiring the services of a trained masseuse at their homes, please write to MRS. A. LOFTING, care WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION, **427 Sutter Street.**

Face, neck, bust and abdominal massage a specialty. PHYSICIAN'S orders scrupulously followed.

Medical Department

—UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—

The preliminary COURSE OF LECTURES in the medical department of the University of California will begin Monday, February 29th, at 9 A. M., at the College Building, Stockton St., near Chestnut.

R. A. McLEAN, M. D., Dean,
603 Merchant St, cor. Montgomery.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

TO BE HAD AT THE

IXL—STORE—IXL

924-930 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO

CLOSING OUT SALE

The Stock Diminishing Rapidly. Therefore, those who have not already supplied themselves at the low prices asked should do so at once. The goods have actually been marked down to 50 cents on the dollar of the original cost.

WE QUOTE A FEW OF THE PRICES THAT GOODS ARE SOLD AT:

Boys' Overcoats	$1.35	Boys' Lace and Button Shoes, former price $2.00, sold for	$1.00
Star Waists	.50	Men's Business Suits, former price $12.50, will be sold for	5.50
Mothers' Friend Waists	.50	Working Suits, former price $9.00, will be sold at	4.00
Boys' Percale Collars	.05	Gentlemen's Dress Suits, former price $27.00, sold at	13.50
Boys' All-Wool Cassimere School Suits	1.50		

Fisk, Clark & Flag, Driving, Walking and Coaching, Kid and Dogskin Gloves.
A Large Variety of Earl & Wilson Collars and Cuffs.
Also a Complete Line of Coon Brand Collars and Cuffs.

Selling at a sacrifice: about 75 yards of Good Carpet will be sold very cheap, and so on to the end of the catalogue. Store Fixtures for Sale. Office Furniture for Sale. A Large Safe, Burglar-Proof Vault for Sale. The Trustee has personally seen that prices are marked on the goods as stated. He has adopted the above method of disposing of this stock of merchandise rather than throw it into the auction room.

J. C. MAYNARD, TRUSTEE

EDUCATIONAL.

MR. & MRS. JAMES CARDEN'S

School of Oratory & Dramatic Art

2345 HOWARD ST., bet. 19th and 20th.

☞Ladies and Gentlemen Practically Instructed for the Stage, with public appearance when proficient.
☞Political and After-dinner Speeches a Specialty.

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Teacher of Piano and Singing
Residence, 1954 Howard Street.
Terms moderate. Send me a postal.

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Lessons Given 428 SUTTER STREET

MR. LESLEY MARTIN

Pianist.
Has resumed Instruction,
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Teacher of Physical Culture and Dancing.
Private Lessons given in Schools or Residences in San Francisco or Oakland.
For further particulars address
Mrs. Dora Gray Duncan, Pianiste
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M. AND MME. ROECKEL

Have resumed their Private Lessons and classes at their new Vocal Rooms,
1170 Market Street. Above The Maze (Elevator)

MME. ALICE WALTZ GREY

Pupil of Signor Errani, New York, Dr. Leopold Damrosch and George James Webb, New York.

SOPRANO

Will receive pupils for Voice Culture at Kohler & Chase's 28-30 O'Farrell St., and is prepared to accept engagements for Concert and Oratorio.
For Terms, Etc., Call or Address
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MADAME J. DRIVON'S

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FASHIONABLE DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER

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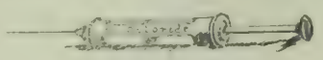
ROBERT SAMISH PORCELAIN DECORATIVE ART SCHOOL Instruction in the Art of ODD SHAPED FRENCH CHINA.
214 Post Street, San Francisco.
Burning Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.

THE KEELEY "KURE."

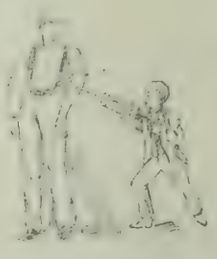
This is the Institute that Keeley built.



Here is the "gun" that caused the fun, in applying the cure, simple and sure, that Keeley gave.

Here is the man, pale and wan, haggard and queer, full of wine and beer, who was "shot" with the gun that caused the fun, in applying the cure, simple and sure, that Keeley gave.

This is the whisky, that makes folks frisky, that downed the man, pale and wan, haggard and queer, full of wine and beer, who was "shot" with the gun, that caused the fun, in applying the cure, simple and sure, that Keeley gave.



This is the way, lively and gay, they "shot" the man, pale and wan, haggard and queer, full of wine and beer (downed by the whisky that makes people frisky), who came for the cure, simple and sure that Keeley gave.

And here's the tomb, filled with gloom, that got the man, pale and wan, haggard and queer, full of wine and beer, who was downed by the whisky that makes folks frisky, who was "shot" by the "gun," that caused the fun, in taking the cure, simple and sure, that Keeley gave.

138 GEARY STREET . .

Between Stockton and Grant Avenu

IS THE NEW ADDRESS OF

MRS. M. DAVIS

Fashionable Dress & Suit House

(Formerly of 232-234 Taylor St.)

☞Ready-made suits of all descriptions, from $15 upwards.
☞Mourning orders filled in four hours.
☞Gowns and wrappers, imported and domestic.
☞Suits made to order in twelve hours and perfect fit guaranteed. Children's Dresses.
☞Country orders made from measurement.
☞Hats furnished to match suits.
☞Correspondence solicited.

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Tailor Cutting Taught in 8 Weeks

AT SAN FRANCISCO CUTTING SCHOOL
26 O'FARRELL STREET, S. F.

Situations procured for pupils when competent. First-class cutters get from $30 to $60 per week. Day course from 9 to 12 and 1:30 to 4. Night course from 7 to 10. Only expert teachers employed. Write or call for terms. To learn Cutting it is not necessary to be a tailor.

Gold and Silver
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These plates are made by an entirely new process and are absolutely "perfect," and of "purest metals," and "overcoming" all "disadvantages" of "rubber" and all former metal plates. The "leading dentists" throughout the East are using them with the most "gratifying" results.

DIFFICULT CASES SOLICITED.

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DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. DR. T. C. EASTON.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your request for an expression of my opinion regarding the expulsion of "The Bible" from the "State Normal School" at hand. Allow me to say that while I deeply regret this action on the part of the authorities, yet I must recognize, as well as they, the laws governing our State institutions, and which laws decide that no sectarian religious bias shall be exercised therein.

It is evident that the Jews might hold the New Testament to be sectarian and objectionable to them; the Roman Catholics oppose our version, and others seek for its expulsion upon the ground that their rights of conscience are infringed upon. It is also evident that while we have our State Constitution so worded as to warrant such a demand, viz., the expulsion of the Bible from our State institutions of education, it would be folly to contest the question. We must remodel our State Constitution and charters of our educational institutions, before we can hope to successfully maintain the right to imperatively demand its being retained in these schools.

However, I give it as my own opinion that it is no honor to a so-called Christian State nor to a land professedly Christian to expel the Bible from our institutions of learning. Its teachings are not inculcated by any line of sectarian or dogmatic lessons, but simply read as an opening exercise and recognition of God, its author, and the Nation's benefactor—nothing more.

If it means to exclude any and all recognition of God from the State, then why not exclude it from our courts of justice. Yet here both Jew and Roman Catholic—Rationalist and Agnostic solemnly take oath upon it as God's word and make no contention.

If this action on the part of the State Board to expel the Bible from our State Normal School was done at the dictation of Rationalists then it was unseemly and inconsistent; Rationalists are the professed advocates of free thought, free speech, free opinion. Rationalists are the professed friends of mental liberty and free toleration. How with these grand mottoes on the banners of Rationalism is it either seemly or consistent to wage war against a book which is the grand proclamation of mental freedom, the great *Magna Charta* of human rights, I leave them to decide. Let them look back to the influence of "The Bible" on Western Europe 200 or 300 years ago, and they will see whether or not it deserves to be treated as an unholy intruder and driven out of our schools, colleges, and universities with a whip of cords. "The Bible," however, is not in jeopardy. It will live and sway its potent power in the future as in the past, for God's life is the germ of His truth. If cast out of every State institution in the land it cannot be annihilated. "The word of God endureth forever," but nations rise and fall. It may accelerate the downfall of our Republic to heap such dishonor upon God's Word, but to crush out "The Bible" is an utter impossibility. When Garibaldi, that noble hero with free soul, was engaged in a struggle which hurled a royal and an ecclesiastical tyrant from his throne and made Italy united and free, this wonderful man paid a high compliment to the Bible. Holding up the Book he said, "This is the cannon that will liberate Italy." He knew that the sword might crush tyranny on the battlefield, but he knew also that something more than the sword was necessary to make and preserve a nation of free men. This something in his opinion was the Bible, and we hold that he was right. The Bible is the best educator of man in the principles of human rights. It commands an independence of thought that will call no man master. While it teaches an outward submission to civil power and rule, it frees the mind from the sway of tyrants, and places it under the laws of the Almighty Sovereign of love and light, whose service is the purest liberty and the best life.

Neither the individual, nor the State, nor the nation, as responsible creatures of God, can afford to heap indignity upon this Book which is the bulwark of all our liberties, civil and religious.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 23, 1892.

THOMAS CHALMERS EASTON.

The most popular resort on the Coast is that of the Piedmont Baths. A new $10,000 filter has just been put in and this serves to make the water so clear that a coin at the bottom of the tank, 10 feet from the surface, can be seen. There are also electric and medicated baths of all kinds under the constant care of skilled attendants. The baths are located on Twenty-fourth Street, near Broadway, Oakland.

St. Peter (*to new arrival*).—Where are you from, sir?

Colorado Man.—Denver. Now tell me, how high is this above Pike's Peak?—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Its Agents are found throughout America, and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established.

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LAWN TENNIS.

The class tournament of the California Tennis Club was played off on Monday and everything finished with the exception of the finals among the winners of their respective classes, Yates, Harron, Detrick, and the Rev. J. Mason. This afternoon at two o'clock the winners will be called upon to play off, and a large crowd is sure to attend as the games on Monday were highly exciting and those of this afternoon promise to be equally so.

In the first class McGavin and Hubbard gave a very fine exhibition of tennis, and to the surprise of every one present the "old man," as McGavin is generally called, walked off with the match, winning the first and third sets by scores of 6-2, 6-3, the second set being taken by Hubbard by 6-1. Mr. McGavin is not an old man by any means, but the sobriquet of "old man" has been given him by his tennis friends on account of his having played the game longer than any of the players now before the public on the Pacific Coast. His playing has always been noted for steadiness, and it was owing to his clever playing that he, with Tobin as a partner, succeeded in winning the doubles championship twice in succession, once at Monterey where they defeated Yates and W. N. Taylor, Jr., and again at San Rafael. Last year they succumbed to the clever playing of Haight and Hubbard, the present champions.

McGavin has not taken part in a singles tournament in three years, but has practiced quite often with the best men in the club. His victory over such a clever player as Hubbard places him well up in the championship class, and the promising young players who were loath to believe that McGavin was a back number have now got the greatest respect for him.

Gray and Tobin played quite a dashing game; the former played steadily throughout, but gave his opponent too many opportunities to smash the ball, which is equivalent to a point whenever Tobin swings his powerful right arm.

The first and third sets were won by Tobin, 6-3, 6-0. Gray getting the second by 6 games to 1. Wilberforce, from whom great things were expected, practiced hard previous to this tournament, and showed quite an improvement in his play, but when he met Ogden Hoffman, the left handed player of the California Club, he was unable to use his drives to much advantage as South-paw was here, there, and everywhere on the court, and his clever cross-court shots, coupled with his fine volleying at the net, enabled him to dispose of the Englishman two sets to one, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3.

O. Hoffman and Yates then faced each other in what proved to be an exciting match; the fact that the winner of this set was to meet Tobin in the final match of the first class for the trophy presented by the club, a beautiful silver mounted umbrella, urged both players on to their best efforts. Hoffman still continued to play as in his match with Wilberforce, but Yates was not to be denied, and came out on top in most of the many clever rallies after six all had been called. Yates' superior staying qualities were brought into play, and he suceeeded in pulling out the two consecutive games and winning the set by 8-6.

The second set was captured quite handily by Yates, score 6-3, Hoffman not being able to cover ground quick enough to reach the clever back line places of the Oakland cashier.

The final match between Yates and Tobin resulted in a victory for Yates in straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1. Although Tobin had the advantage of a long rest through McGavin's defaulting to him he could not hold his own against such a clever player as Yates

Young Harron, the winner of the second-class, displayed an unusual amount of cleverness and has a promising future as a tennis player before him; he defeated some of the crack members of his class in capital style, and is sure to make his mark in future tournaments.

Charlie Detrick won the third class prize, which shows him to be a player of no mean ability.

And last, but not least, the Rev. J. Mason won the fourth class prize from a field of promising players, some of whom had a great deal more experience. The next tournament will probably find the reverend gentleman in a class higher.

The second class winner, Howard Harron, received a pair of silver suspender buckles, and Detrick and the Rev. J. Mason, winners of third and fourth classes respectively, received in recognition of their victories a chased silver brush and a pocketbook, mounted with the same material, respectively.

The winner of to-day's competition between Yates, Harron, Detrick, and Mason, will be the recipient of a handsome silver cup.

The East Oakland Club held a tournament on Monday similar to that of the California Club, and a surprise was experienced during its progress, somewhat on the same style of the McGavin, Hubbard match. In the preliminary round of the first class, S. Sanborn was drawn against Carr Neel, and the easy manner in which the latter disposed of Sanborn in the first set by 6-2, caused the spectators, of whom there were quite a gathering, to look forward to an easy victory for Neel. They were bitterly disappointed, however, as in the next set their prophecy was completely turned about by Sanborn winning an uneventful set by a score of 6-3. In justice to Mr. Neel, however, it must be said that he did not play his usual good game in his set.

The third set was stubbornly contested throughout; the clever placing of Neel and the terrific serves of Sanborn were numerous, the left-handed player played wonderfully well in this set, serving like a fiend. At one time the score stood six games to five with Sanborn on the short end, but the left-handed player would come on with a rush and win the next game, evening up matters. Seven all was called before Sanborn, by some very well directed serves, which were absolutely unplayable, won the next game and eventually the set by 9-7.

Bates and Driscoll met next and played in their usual clever fashion. Driscoll was handicapped some what by a stiffness of the neck, but, notwithstanding he made Charlie Bates extend himself to win; Driscoll played some clever strokes, but he did not play as steadily as his opponent who won in straight sets 6-3, 6-2.

The second class was won by Alec Steward of the Lakeside Club. The third class by Wheaton of the same club, and the fourth class by Miller, of the East Oakland Club.

Bates will meet Sanborn this afternoon in the final match of the first class, and a stubbornly contested match it will be to be sure.

The winners of the other classes will also play off the first class, starting at scratch with a difference of half fifteen between each class.

S. Belden, Sam Hardy, Sumner Hardy, William and H. Fine, and Dwight Hutchinson played well, and are looked upon as dark horses.

Previous to the July tournament Driscoll will go to China for a short stay; he will return in time to take part in the championship event, and if reports are true, he will select a partner while in the Orient help him win the double's event in September next.

The California Club has now a number of expert lady members, and a tournament would do a great deal toward improving their play, and would no doubt bring the California Club closer to the ladies' championship next year, an event which they have never yet captured, although they have captured almost everything else.

THE SCORER.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The Stockton Investment Company will have to sink its ambition to act as an insurance agency. The attempted perversion of the rules of the Compact has been prevented and now the companies that had secured representation in the new concern will have to go back to their old agents. In fact most of them have been re-appointed and circumstances must stand as before. As the offices that had obtained location with this Investment Company are not of the type that surrenders an advantage of this character without a bigger struggle than has been made, it is safe to conclude that the Investment Company's business has been well taken care of.

* * *

About the resignation of Kramer, Campbell & Co., of Los Angeles, from all their agencies, save that of the Commercial Union there is considerable talk on the street. This firm represented besides that corporation, the California, the Scottish Union and National, the Insurance Company of North America, and the Sun, of London—quite a strong team—and they divided premiums of between $40,000 or $50,000 per annum among them. In fact they have an excellent business and the risks they place are worth having. Receiving 20 per cent on the total they have derived a fair income for their efforts. An agency backed by a string of companies as strong as these is naturally more independent than one with but a single representation. In the latter case, the General Agent completely controls the local, whereas in the former, in case of a disagreement, the business can be shifted at pleasure. Quite recently Messers. Kramer, Campbell & Co., announced their intention of assuming the sole agency of the Commercial Union and threw out all the others. They claim to hold the single agency on exactly the same basis as regards percentage as they had the rest—an assertion that seems to be received with considerable incredulity. There is a rule in the constitution of the Compact that forbids any one company placing on a salary basis an agent who is representing other companies on commission. Of course there is no proof that the Commercial Union has made any such arrangement with Kramer, Campbell & Co., but the appointment of any member of the firm as a "special" by Mr. Mullius will undoubtedly arouse considerable indignation.

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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—Friday, March 18th, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, March 12, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Tuesday, April 5, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.

Excursion trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, February 23d. DEAR WAVE:—If you wanter get mighty popular all of er suddin jest get into writin' news for some Sassity paper, By Golly! I've started a account wid Mr. Phillips' bank since Saturday night, and there can't any body in town touch me wid a telegraf pole. See? Talk 'bout the pen being mightier than the sword, well, I *should smile* she was. Here the Sassity boys have been knocking Jimmy around, givin' him pluged money, and promises for years, and now, since Saturday night showed up my letter in THE WAVE—why, by jingo, you'd think Jimmy was a prince or—Pollasky even—the way the fellows is after me. Nothing succeeds like what you call success, you bet, and there ain't nothing too good for me now. See? And the fun I'm having with it all, too. Why, Sunday mornin' the bald-headed deacon of the Fresno Street Church come to me and sez, "Say, Jim, you'se a fine boy and I likes you, here's a dollar fer you." I took the dollar and just as soon as his back was turned you bet I run like a prize sprinter. I was afraid he'd take it back again, but I'm parulized ever since he guv it to me, the most he ever paid me fer errands was five cents and tears ud come to his eyes when he let go of that. Well, I'm thinking a guilty conshuns ul do more toard coaxing the eagles out of a man's pocket un anything else. When Tom goes by me now he "winks de udder eye," and "Banker Tom" sorter turns red un white and gets by my corner mighty quick. Lee told Louie that "that dem Kid Jim oughter be hung," but I can name five of our swell matrons what pat Jimmy on the head and say he's doing jest about right. I heard one telling her wicked husband that retribushion had overtook him at last and he 'ud know better than to sneak out to dances again when he told her he had a bizness meeting. Mrs. H—— said, "Well, I'm just as glad as I can be that some of those giddie married women have been exposed and the 'booze crowd' pulled up." Ha! Ha! Well, I did intend telling you 'bout the poker players, but my friend Mdle. Arsenic done it for me in last Sunday's *Republican*. One thing that I hear talked of 'mong the boys is that ef a person is steeped in sin to their eyes some folks ul forgive and take them up jest for the influence poker or maybe champagne or money or anything they can gain out of the person. See? I dunno what they is referring to, mebby you do. Well, the best thing in Sassity last week was Miss Gale's Company what played here two nights. I ordered a elegant basket of flowers and took um to the opera house fer "Count Pollasky" and I thought I would have a fine chance to see Miss Gale and the other players when I took the basket to her, but me hopes was blasted when the Count jest handed the flowers right over the box to the orchestra to pass. Charley told me that the Count's "persistency" (good word) was as great over the flowers as it is over all the enterprises he is in. Saturday night after the theatre I waited on the table at a little poker game in the hotel, and my pocket was the "kitty" from eleven until three A. M.

Yesterday being George Washington's birthday, the gards and General Muller's staff turned out on parade. Well, now, I'm tellin' you that a prettier set of men you never seen than them officers on horseback. General Muller looked mighty handsome, only he was so big he made his horse look small. Major Hay had the finest horse in the proschess, and he sat on him fine, too. Herman Eggers never came so near ter being handsome in all his life. Reel Terry and Dr. Pedlar looked like soldiers, but sorter tired near the saddle. Major Count Pollasky had a poultice on his right hip, and held his hand over it to keep it in place. Majors Judge Creighton and Hughes smiled at the ladies when they went by, but Austin—Lieu Austin—well, even if he wasn't on horseback, was *the observed* by all the ladies. Golly, but he was handsome. Well, in the evening the staff officers and their ladies went in their boxes to the theatre, and they all (I mean the ladies) looked sweet enough to kiss. Aftir the theatre they had a supper in the swell Barton Caffey, but I ul write you notes on that later, cause I've no time here. Wednesday night I'ul go to the '89-'90 party for notes. Thursday and Friday nights to see Ward, and look out for private parties in the meen time.

I see Lou Hayes, what was here last year with Maud B——, is at the Grand Central Hotel visiting. Pretty Mrs. Pressley is up from Sanger for a few days. Imp told me to write you 'bout the girl and young man what's going to be spliced soon, but I'm er fraid to so soon after last week's break. Mebby I will later.

JIMMY.

The Barton Café in the Barton Opera House Block is the favorite place of resort after the theatre. Indeed, it is Society's headquarters when there is no social function "on."

BELVEDERE THE BEAUTIFUL.

Now that the disagreeable winds and fogs are beginning to sweep across San Francisco, one should not fail to visit beautiful Belvedere, and note the contrast between the climate. Only a half hour's delightful sail across the bay, and one can breathe the balmy air of California's fairest garden. Belvedere never looked more charming than now, the hillsides are bright with wildflowers, birds sing on every tree, and on every hand are evidences of a summer that is eternal.

During the past week a number of artistic homes have been commenced, and others will follow within the next few days. A large force of men is at work extending the walks and drives, planting thousands of rare palms, shrubs, and flowers, and daily adding new beauties where nature has already been so generous. See Belvedere for yourself and you will be convinced that it is possible to have a home within thirty minutes of the city, where you can have a balmy climate during the entire twelve months, absolutely free from fogs, harsh winds, and biting air. The company's carriages meet all the Tiburon boats.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—What have we poor suffering mortals done that we should have such an absolute inundation of "teas?" For a week they have been the only topic of conversation. First was the Wall tea, where all the Southerners and "broilers" were found, then Adele Hyde gave one where we met all the artistic personages of Society, after which Alice Grimes treated us to a cup of the mild beverage and where the most select coterie of our 400 congregated. Amy McKee, May Tubbs, Nellie Chabot, Effie Brown, Emma Farrier, and Josie Wathinson vied with the fair hostess in beauty. The same afternoon Mrs. Costigan inflicted one upon us, and there her happy, good-natured daughter made he début. All the belles and beaux of the numerous cliques found their way there at some time during the afternoon or evening. Pretty Mrs. Costigan has surely partaken of the fountain of eternal youth—one can scarcely realize that great grown girl as belonging to her. Wonder when her step-daughter, Effie, is to wed the wheat merchant from Fresno? The house is a fine place for a wedding. Cards are out for a tea at Mrs. F. Marion Smith's on Friday afternoon, to be followed by a card party to a select few in the evening, and I'm going with Tom. Mrs. Smith is a delightful hostess. Wasn't it most fortunate that her $7000 necklace fell into the hands of honest men? It grieved me to think that her pretty neck was never again to be decked with those sparkling gems. We have the scene that is only known to the world, but wouldn't Frou-Frou have given her salary to have been back of the curtain when F. Marion disclosed to his fair one that he was the culprit who had lost her diamonds. Speaking of teas reminds me that our girls and and matrons are not *au courant* with the latest card etiquette. Jessie wrote me from Washington that one never left a card at an afternoon reception, as our swellest girls do here, so I took the little hint and left my pasteboard home. Mayme Phillips gave an informal euchre party last Friday morning—she didn't favor me with an invitation and all because she knows my ability as a card player, and Andy's devotion to me. She is just too mean for anything and I intend returning the compliment in the near future. Are you not sorry, dear, to hear that Gavin High, our new tenor, has gone to Washington, as special correspondent for the *Report*? He is an exceedingly bright young fellow and a charming friend to me.

At last we are to be admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of the Dunham mansion and have the rare privilege of seeing what the amateurs have been doing in the theatrical line. Dear, handsome Jack Wilson has the leading role, while the same old boys, who are always to be found in the clique, take the other parts, and the girls are Mamie Durham, Ella Goodall, Gertrude Baily, and Allan Babcock's pretty and vivacious wife. She is an Eastern importation, and displays a wonderful amount of dramatic talent She has created quite a sensation in our little social world, which is a compliment to her, as we rarely take to any one new.

We are becoming wonderful musical critics. Were it not for the concerts that cheer our lonely hours I know not what would become of us. At the last Ensemble, Alice Wellman, who has had the advantage of several years' study in Europe, carried all the honors as a pianiste, she has no rivial, but, to speak frankly, her playing seemed cold and unresponsive—perhaps it was the fault of my mood at that time.

Oh, dear WAVE, of what dreadful crime do you now thiuk they accuse me? It is really cruel, but every one has the audacity to say that it is my fault that Carrie Wadsworth's engagement is severed, and why? All because Mr. Turner, her learned adorer, was horrified at my statements about the late scandal—just as if it were her fault, poor girl. How fortunate she is to be so easily rid of such a weak man—it was then his chance to defend her by hastening the wedding. Now is the time for Ben Wyman, of minstrel fame, to come to the rescue, and a gallant rescue it might be made, too. Well, poor Carrie has the tenderest sympathy of all the back numbers and

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7:00 a m	Benicia, Ramsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7:30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
8:00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8:00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8:00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8:00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9:00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
1:00 p m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.45 p m
*4:00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3:00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4:00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4:00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4:30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4:30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6:00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	16.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	†8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10:37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.04 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 2:0', 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 29, 1891.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION	Sundays.	Week Days
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 a m	8.50 a m
3:30 p m	9:30 a m		6:05 p m	10:30 a m
5:00 p m	5:00 p m		7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m
3:30 p m				6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Guerneville	7:25 p m	10:30 a m
5:00 p m				6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen	10.40 a m	8.50 a m
5:00 p m	5:00 p m		6:05 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Schastopol	10.40 a m	8.50 a m
3:30 p m	5:00 p m		6:05 p m	6:10 p m

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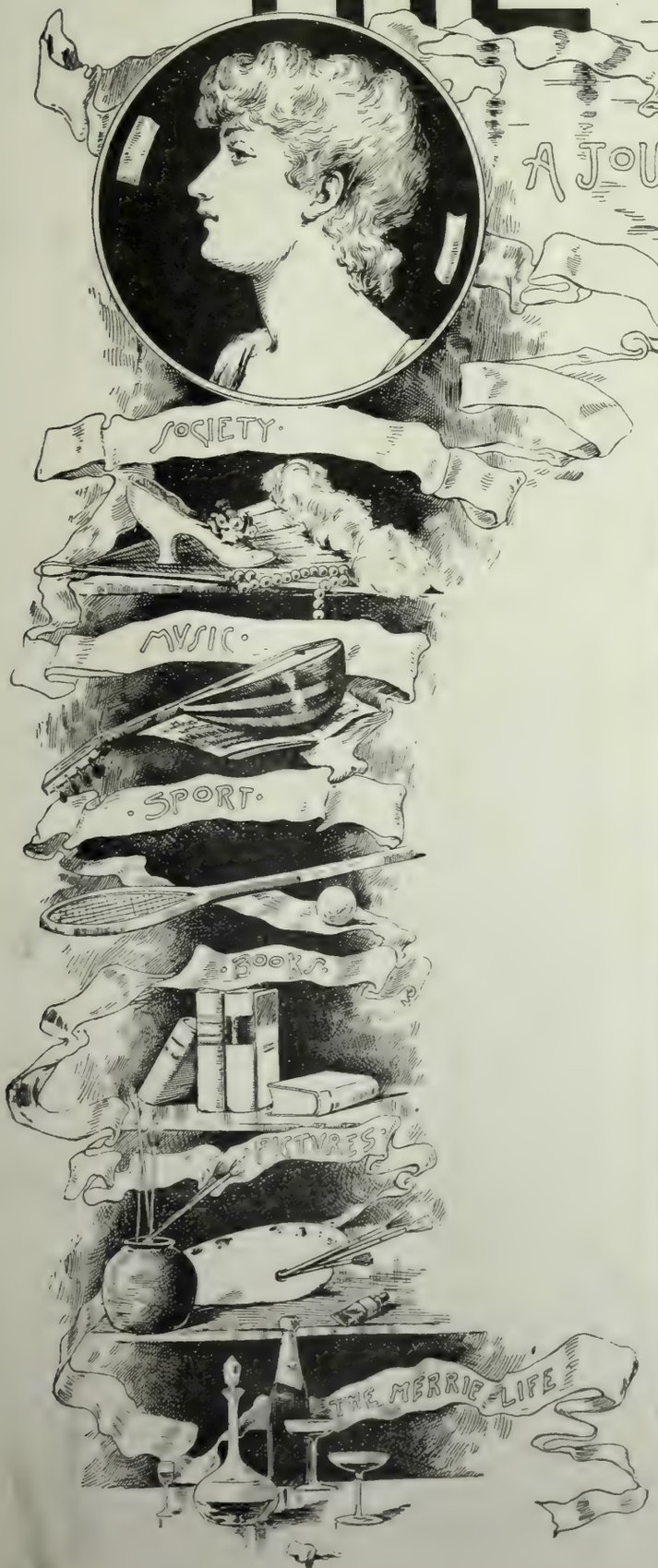

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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 8. San Francisco, March 5, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 5, 1892.

SPLASHES.

THE MOURNFUL TOLLING of the church bells, Wednesday morning, announced the advent of Lent. For forty days, and an equal number of nights, this somber season continues, and during that period penitence is in order, and gayety must be forgone. I imagine the early weeks of the season of fasts and prayers will be more strictly observed than usual. Not that the religious tendency of the populace is more marked this March than last year, but because the winter has been lively, and, for San Francisco, events have actually abounded. During the last fortnight there has been no rest for the 400. There has actually been a succession of dances, germans, teas, and dinner parties. The predictions of the mournfully inclined that the community suffered from social dry rot are all proven false. Now those "in the swim" are willing to rest.

* * *

Reviewing the season, it must be admitted that the great events were the cotillions of the "Friday Night" Club. This organization, now in its second year, has been the most active adjunct in promoting the winter's festivity. Those who are fond of dancing know how inadequate is the space at their disposal in the largest private mansions. It is a matter of twirling around in two or three small rooms, being crushed and jammed against a mob of men in dress clothes and girls in tulle. There is no opportunity for the full, free swing that alone lends the exercise exhilaration. Though the fourth or fifth cotillions were not so well attended as the rest, there is no doubt that the dancers enjoyed them more than all the others.

* * *

The crying necessity in San Francisco is a new hall—one that will not be as barn-like and unwieldy as Odd Fellows' Hall, nor so small and clumsy as that of B'nai Brith. I would suggest to some capitalist, as a lucrative investment, the erection of a hall building somewhere on Sutter Street. It should contain two or three assembly rooms of different dimensions, and ought to have one large hall, decorated in the very latest style, tinted and painted ceilings and frescoed walls. At present there is no place a hostess, who does not desire to entertain in her own house, can give a big dance in. No one cares to go to Union Square Hall, and Odd Fellows' is much too spacious. Pioneer Hall is cold, and it would be easier to adorn a mausoleum.

* * *

I am sure such an investment would prove profitable. The cotillions would certainly be given there, and, I believe, there would be no difficulty in persuading all the first-class musicians to hire it for their concerts. Here is a hint—take it who cares to.

* * *

The ruling interrogation at recent festivities was—What do you propose doing during Lent? In the majority of cases there was no satisfactory response. There has been so little leisure that the era of forthcoming leisure still remains undisposed of. One does not hear of the organization of any reading-clubs; not yet of lectures being instituted for the benefit of those "in the swim." There is the usual contingent of damsels with theological inclinations, who will put in time at church. A few may go so far as to teach Sunday School. These are desperately spiritual, however, and very rare. The season should prove a harvest for music teachers and professors of vocal art, for I am told of numerous intentions to exercise the four weeks' leisure in obtaining a degree, at least, of musical proficiency. So far no one has had the spirit to organize a single sewing class.

* * *

BRASS BUTTONS, BULLION CORD, and stripes, were certainly the features of the last cotillion. Mere civilians in dress suits were at a discount. As a frame for displaying masculine charms, there is nothing like a military uniform. Besides, it sets off so admirably the costumes of the girls, a consideration they are unlikely to lose sight of. It was a fine affair; the decorations suggested the brilliancy and none of the horrors of war. There were gatling guns in the corners, and howitzers amid the ferns and foliage on the stage. Draperies of red, white, and blue, and immense flags framed the snowy expanse of canvased floor. A military band discoursed favorite Presidian melodies between figures, and altogether, our defenders had things their own way.

* * *

It is but fair to state they took no unkind advantage of their garish popularity. The glory of their blue and brass buttondom they did not flaunt too vehemently. They were content to dance with the prettiest girls in the room and did not insist on the exclusion of mere dress coats. Lieutenant Coffin, Adjutant of the First, led, assisted, of course, by several superior Terpsichoreanists from the Infantry. Fully eighty-five couples participated, and, as it is no easy matter to manipulate so large a body of dancers, Mr. Coffin is to be congratulated on the measure of success he achieved. His figures were conventional, the anchor, which was rather well done, being the only one that every one was not familiar with—not that there is any complaint on that score.

* * *

The same girls who have graced preceding cotillions were present at this one. As they all appeared up to the average of admirable advantage, there is nothing new to be said of them. Among the strangers, Miss Gerald was much admired. Sir Edwin Arnold was also a guest, and was pleased, I believe, to approve the style in which the cotillion was given—for which we should be truly thankful. The supper, by Ludwig, the music, by Brandt, were as good as usual.

* * *

There is a question of the advisability of re-organizing the Friday Night Club next season. Numerous as the debutantes were this winter, they are as nothing to the crop that matures in November next. As it is, the membership is decidedly too large to be easily handled. At the third and last cotillions the second row of seats around Odd Fellows' Hall were all occupied, and heaven alone knows where accommodation could be discovered for more chaperons. It has been suggested that two clubs be formed out of the "Friday Night." Those who believe they could improve on the management of Mr. Greenway might take the opportunity of organizing a smaller and more

select institution. Perhaps the debutantes of the last two seasons could be persuaded to get up a dancing club—not necessarily as elaborate as that now in existence. It would ensure, during the season, a larger number of dances. These are all questions for future consideration, however.

* * *

Lieutenant Coffin who so dextrously manipulated the army and navy german, on Friday evening last, came here from Washington with more than a passing reputation for ability in this direction. In the National capital he figured in that capacity on several important occasions, and there was always the interesting certainty that when in command he would make no errors. But Lieutenant Coffin is famous for another reason. In his quarters at the Presidio is the largest divan on the Coast. It is of splendid proportions, and is furnished with no less than thirty-six cushions—all presents from his girl friends. Some of the cushions, indeed, are larger than the others, but the collection is one to be proud of. Collecting cushions is one of the latest fads of "those in the swim," and the man or maiden whose drawing-room does not boast a collection of them is evidently lacking in popularity—the deadliest of insinuations.

* * *

The dance at the Dimond's, on Tuesday evening, brought the season to an auspicious close. It was really one of the most agreeable affairs of the winter, and was the first the Misses Dimond have given in their charming new house on Washington Street. As at the previous private parties, dancing did not commence until after ten o'clock, it seemingly having become the fashion here to begin festivities very late—a procedure unreasonable in a community whose dinner hour is 6.30. The two parlors, the dining-room, and the hall, all canvased, offered ample room for dancing, and, for those who preferred not to, there were secluded corners provided with softly-cushioned divans and illumined by colored lamps.

* * *

Though the social exertions of the last few weeks have been trying, the girls all looked their best, and entered heartily into the evening's enjoyment. The Misses Dimond are accomplished hostesses, and did everything for the pleasure of their guests. They were assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Miss Severance, and Miss Hope Ellis. A delicious supper was served at midnight.

* * *

The tea given by Mrs. Will Tevis was so pronounced a success that it only intensifies the regret over the departure of that charming hostess for Bakersfield. The parlors of her residence on Jackson Street were prettily decorated, and all the afternoon she and her corps of pretty assistants were kept busy receiving and entertaining the hosts of visitors. At seven o'clock, when the tea proper was over, the rooms were cleared, and a party of about forty sat down to a delicious dinner at *tete-a-tete* tables. There were a great many courses, and it was quite late when the coffee was served. Afterwards there was a little dancing.

* * *

Saturday was a veritable tea carnival. Never in the history of the community were so many crowded into a single afternoon. The devotees of fashion were kept busy scurrying from mansion to mansion. Even then, only a very few succeeded in covering the complete list of attractions. The most unique was the tea given by Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, whose pretty parlors by the agency of gay lanterns, gorgeous umbrellas and silken draperies of brilliant hue, were transformed into a Japanese interior. A corps of lovely maidens all gowned in Kimonos served tea in the dainty cups and saucers of chrysanthemum land.

* * *

The effect of the decorations was delightful and the graceful costumes set off admirably the charms of the girls. Mrs. Sawyer was assisted by Mrs. W. H. Jardine, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Maud Morrow, and Miss Nash. Mrs. Barron and Mrs. Fry had no reason to complain of lack of callers at their teas. They passed off as agreeably as the others. At the former the guests were given the opportunity of listening to some excellent music.

* * *

The german danced at the Clark's on Monday evening was a pleasant affair. It was what is known as progressive—after each figure there was a change of partners. Lieutenant Lyman led in very good style and introduced some pretty movements. There were sixteen couples, and the favors were flowers; a supper followed and after it there was an informal dance.

* * *

Sir Edwin Arnold was very extensively entertained during his stay here. Among the several dinners given in his honor the most elaborate was that of W. H. McGee's, at the Palace. Mr. McGee met the poet in Japan, and there became very friendly with him. The dinner was given in the marble dining-room. Covers were laid for eighteen, Mr. McGee being assisted in entertaining his guests by Mrs. Mozley. After the *menu* was disposed of, Sir Edwin was prevailed on to read some of his poems and extracts from the "Light of Asia," which he did with very agreeable effect. After his lecture on Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall gave a supper in his honor at their residence on Jackson Street.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Younger led a party of musicians into the heart of Darkest California, a few evenings ago, and gave a concert for the benefit of some of the natives. Sacramento was the city visited, and among those who assisted, either with their voices or presence, were J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Downie Harvey, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Brechemin, and Donald Graham. The concert was a big success, and netted the charity a good many dollars.

* * *

One of the most charming of pre-Lenten festivities was the Splivalo Carnival at the family residence, Washington near Mason, on Sunday night. The King of Folly ruled a happy court, in which the courtiers and ladies appeared in fancy costumes. Many were unique, and not a few were brilliant.

* * *

Willie Oothout, whose presence here during pre-Lenten days did so much to make happy the lives of his freinds, has gone to Santa Barbara to prepare his house for a large influx of visitors. In the near future he will be host to many San Franciscans, who will be received at the "Parsonage;" "I shall not deny * * * what that name might imply."

* * *

The kettledrum given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young for the benefit of the Polyclinic, had probably the largest attendance of any entertainment at a private house this season. I believe there were nearly 1200 people to be received and entertained, and while one is expected to do something for charity, the hostess of this occasion is certaintly entitled to sympathy. The programme was exceedingly good, and to name all the performers would be to give a list of musicians first in the profession in the city. Mrs. De Young was assisted by some charming girls, and future affairs for the benefit of the Polyclinic will be dated from this red letter night in its history of entertainments.

* * *

The subject of "Tramps" comes up for discussion at the Bohemian Club Jinks to-night. Some of the organization's accomplished essayists have promised literary contributions on the subject, and the chances are that the origin and characteristics of this type of outcast humanity will be set forth in bold relief. W. Greer Harrison will sire the High Jinks, and Solly Walters will have charge of the Low Jinks. Joullin, Stafford, Dan O'Connell, Clay Green, and Fred Somers, have written papers for the occasion. For the Low Jinks, some amusing specialties are promised by Mr. Walters. The announcement of the affair takes, this time, the form of a picture presenting excellent caricatures of the participants. The likenesses of Harrison, Graham, Dan O'Connell, and Joullin, are very good, and the whole design is very clever. Ernest Peixotto is responsible.

* * *

IN THE BOHEMIAN CLUB they are really becoming excited over the coming election. To the list of candidates another has been added—Lansing Mizner. What chance he has I am not informed; doubtless, he believes he has a

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

claim on the position or he would not put himself forward. As far as I can learn, the race is between W. Greer Harrison and Ned Hamilton. E. L. G. Steel does not seem to be considered for a place, and Ed Townsend's absence from San Francisco militates against his chances. In the natural order of succession he should be President, being Vice-President of the present Board. However, either Mr. Hamilton or Mr. Harrison would admirably fill the place. Both are clever men; no one could be found who would more appropriately preside over a Bohemian organization than Mr. Hamilton, who is witty, clever, and whose living is made in journalism.

* * *

THE COSMOS CLUB is really to give a dance after Easter. Great bodies move slowly, and, though I do not wish to accuse this most respectable institution of ponderousness, it does seem as though the minds of its Directors require a great deal of making up. However, now that a conclusion has actually been come to and an entertainment committee appointed, it behooves the institution to make the event memorable. The Cosmos cannot afford to have identified with its reputation aught but a very first-class festivity, and I think the event will be a feature of the administration of President Claude Terry Hamilton. Mr. E. Y. Judd, who knows all about the methods and manners of conducting such affairs, is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and will have the ball in charge.

* * *

I take pleasure in announcing the engagement of Miss Constance E. Barry and John I. Husband. The young lady is a very pretty girl, the daughter of the late Captain Barry, and step-daughter of Judge Hent; the fortunate gentleman is in the insurance business.

* * *

Jack Follansbee and a party of friends went up to the State Capital, early in the week, to see some of his string perform. Before and after the exercises on the speed track, Sacramento wore a very brilliant color, due, no doubt, to the remarkable sunsets. Mr. Follansbee seems to have every reason for hoping that his horses will be heard from in the East.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman will leave for Europe shortly, and will be gone for about three months.

* * *

The engagement is announced of E. Avery McCarty and Miss Wagner. The young lady is the charming daughter of Joseph Wagner, President of the well-known manufacturing firm. Mr. McCarty is in the real estate business.

* * *

The Calliopean's "at home" on last Saturday night was one of the most enjoyable evenings in the history of the club. The gamut of plans for entertaining was run, and the programme was as satisfying as the most fastidious gourmet could desire. The rooms on Polk and Pine Streets were artistically decorated, and when the fifty or sixty young people arrived, the scene was a gay one. The *pièce de resistance* of the musical feast was the topical song composed and sung by Edgar Peixotto and Arthur Bachman, with which Miss Sutro's performance on the piano shared the applause. Miss Salz's recitation was a feature of the literary exercises. Games of various characters were indulged in, and prizes were awarded. The supper was a revelation in the culinary art, and it would require a column to tell of the encomiums heaped on the committee of arrangements. The success of this Ladies' night will render another necessary in the near future.

* * *

The tramp social, at the Concordia Club, on the Saturday evening after next, promises to be one of the most amusing and interesting dances ever given in town. No one will be allowed on the floor whose costume is in the slightest degree conventional. It will be a festival of old clothes, of burlap, of cotton cloth, of rags in various stages of dissipation. Parties are being made up by various organizations for the affair. One of the bowling clubs talks of going in gipsy's attire. There will be a band of Salvationists, bands of street singers. The literature of decay is being ransacked for examples of disreputableness in garments, and some strange sartorial combinations will be exhibited on the eventful evening. Whosoever appears in evening dress will be relegated to the gallery, and I hear of but few who are willing to be left out of the fun.

* * *

The Abbey-Cheney Amateurs is a club composed of about fifteen young ladies, Mrs. Cheney's advanced pupils. They are doing excellent work by devoting themselves to the history and literature of music, illustrating the works of the master who happens to be under consideration. They meet fortnightly at the residence of some member of the Club, and spend three hours in analyzing, reading essays and playing selections. The Club was organized in January, and the essays written on Bach, Handel, and Haydn, were remarkably bright and instructive. The next afternoon will be devoted to Mozart, at which time Mr. Harry Melvin will sing, and some of the members will play selections from the works of that great composer.

* * *

THERE IS A PROJECT under way to establish in San Francisco a new club. It is being agitated by certain members of the Pacific-Union Club who are under the impression that the character and methods of that institution leave a great deal to be desired. They claim it is imbued with the spirit of '49, that it is lacking in vitality and enterprise, and is ruled by a certain clique whose morals and manners are more interesting than edifying. What is proposed is the establishment, probably up town, of a club that will be a club from basement to attic. It will be governed by the rules of representative New York and London institutions; it will erect, at considerable cost, its own building. Indeed, I believe a prominent architect has been asked to prepare the plans.

* * *

Only one meeting has yet been held, but at that a plan of procedure was agreed upon. A list of names were submitted and a committee appointed to reverse it. It is proposed to ask 200 gentlemen to subscribe for bonds to the amount of $200,000, this sum to be applied to erecting and furnishing the clubhouse. The project is one of considerable dimensions; if it can be executed the Pacific-Union will suffer. The men who are interesting themselves are certainly among the leaders, socially. Their co-operation and that of their associates would make the new institution the swellest in a town that is exceptionaly well provided with clubs.

* * *

THE ARRIVAL of Charley Fair has set afloat all sorts of rumors about an effort to break his mother's will. I hardly think that any attempt will be made in that direction, nor do I believe it would pay Charley to try it. The story started, I suppose, in much the same fashion as did the one that reported the Senator cabling to London for his son to come on to San Francisco and take charge of his business while he was in Honolulu. The fact is that the Senator cabled Charley not to come home.

* * *

There have been so many things written and said about the Fairs that I am heartily tired of contradicting my enterprising contemporaries. There was a story of another will that ought to have been found, but which wasn't, and which won't be, for the good and sufficient reason that none other was written. This grew out of the fact that in the one that has been probated Mrs. Fair did not mention many who believed they should have been set down as beneficiaries. The Fairs have a spendid knack of keeping to themselves what they do not want made public, and from the number of things they have been reported to have been on the point of doing, and which they did not do, I am inclined to think they make confidants of—themselves.

* * *

The manner in which Jere Lynch's interview with Jim Flood has been misrepresented by some of the papers is very ludicrous, and is well calculated to make everyone who knows the ex-Senator laugh heartily. I enjoyed the humor of the effort to show that Lynch had tried to blackmail Flood, who is as invulnerable in that regard as Lynch himself. I will be pardoned for speaking of the matter at this late day, but, really, people are laughing at the joke yet.

* * *

IN REFERRING, last week, to the unmistakable clouds that are overspreading the literary faculties of Mark Twain Clemens, I have inadvertently raised a storm of reminiscences concerning the humorist. Some of them are worth re-telling, and I shall make no apology for this one, although it may have a

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

tendency to take from the moribund wit some of the glory of his early triumphs. Clemens, it may be premised, resided in this city and worked on the papers for many years. In fact, it was in the *Alta* now deceased, that his letters from Europe detailing the progress of the "Innocents Abroad," first appeared. Prior to this he wrote many funny letters from the Sandwich Islands for the Sacramento *Union*, also deceased, which afterward formed the basis of a considerable portion of "Roughing It." But I do not wish to be understood, in appending "deceased" after the names of the *Alta* and *Union*, to intimate that the publication of his contributions in those journals had anything to do with their early deaths. I am not, however, so clear on another point. Perhaps the publication of the letters would have killed them, at even earlier periods, had they been no more meritorious than the slush he is composing at present.

* * *

While Clemens was a reporter on one of the city papers he wrote the two stories which made him famous. One was the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," and the other was the "Great North American Pie Biter." Both these yarns, I believe, first appeared in the *Alta*, and were signed "Mark Twain." They were copied into almost every English newspaper in the world, and one of them was translated into French, long before its author became known outside of California. In this city there is a middle-aged gentleman who knew Clemens well. Speaking, the other day, about the story that the humorist draws his wit from the old trunk which contained the collected jokes of his dead partner, Watson, he astonished me by saying, "Mark will appreciate the humor of that story better than anyone else, but I can assure you that neither the 'Jumping Frog of Calaveras' nor the 'Great North American Pie Biter' were found in the trunk. He pilfered both those stories—one from the Stockton *Independent* and the other from the Calaveras *Chronicle*."

* * *

This was interesting, and I asked for the particulars. Here is what my friend said: "Both those yarns were originally written by Samuel Seabough, now dead, who for many years edited the Sacramento *Union*, and subsequently the *Bulletin* and *Chronicle* of this city. Some years ago Mr. Pixley published a statement in his paper that Clemens was not the original inventor of the stories. This was taken up by an old editor in Tulare County, who declared that Seabough was their author, and he called on him to publicly say so. At that time Mr. Seabough was the editor of the *Chronicle*, and, being well acquainted with him, I called his attention to the matter. He said it was true that he had originally written both stories for the papers I have named, but that Clemens had taken them and made them humorous and famous. He added that he did not propose to claim their authorship, for, as they then stood, they bore no resemblance to the originals, and, both being actual occurrences, he considered that Mark had a legitimate right to dress them up, and was now entitled to own them.

* * *

"I then asked Mr. Seabough how he came to write the originals of the stories. He said that in 1858 or 1859, he was editor of the Stockton *Independent*. A migratory miner who lived at Angels, in Calaveras County, with whom he was acquainted, came in one day, and among other items of current gossip told him about the jumping frog. You will remember that, as the story ran, the jumping frog was owned by a gambler of Angels, who frequently matched him to jump against other frogs, and always won considerable money on his agility. One day, before a contest upon which a vast amount of dust had been wagered, some smart fellow among the gamblers fed the frog a handful of shot, and when the match came off the great jumper was so heavy he could not jump at all. You know a frog will eat shot by the handful, if you project them at him. As they roll along he thinks they are flies, and grabs them up. In this case the loaded frog was defeated by an untrained, amphibious, four-footed reptile, which was caught by one of the boys in a neighboring swamp. Mr. Seabough said the story was no fancy sketch, but an actual occurrence. Indeed, the affair came near resulting in several shooting scrapes, as the backers of the jumping frog had lost large sums of money on the match, the stake-holders declining to consider the swindle a valid ground for declaring bets off.

* * *

"As for the other story, Mr. Seabough said he was an eye witness of the occurrence. He was then editor of the Calavaras *Chronicle*, and wrote the sketch of the Great North American Pie Biter as one of the local happenings of the town. One evening he was called into a saloon by a fun-loving friend, and found in the middle of the barroom a tall, lank individual, surrounded by a group of half-drunken miners. Seabough said that the stranger was the most grotesque human being he had ever seen. He was fully six and a half feet tall, thin as a rail, long-necked, lantern-jawed, crooked-legged and shock-headed. His front teeth were extraordinarily large and protruded from his thin, over-short lips to such a degree as to amount almost to a deformity. One of the largest ones was gone, and as Seabough entered he was explaining to the inebriated crowd, which had evidently been plying him with whisky, how he lost the tooth. He asserted that he was the Great North American Pie Biter, and that he had just arrived from Oregon, where he had been matched against the champion pie biter of the Northwest. He had wagered all his money on his ability to bite through seventeen Oregon apple pies, and would have won but for the fact that some person who was interested against him had smuggled a crockery plate into the pile of pies, upon which he had broken his tooth. There is no doubt that Clemens appropriated both these stories from the papers in which they originally appeared."

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

* * *

TO EXCEL, be it even in blasphemy, is a distinction. There is something a little out of the common about a man whose command of imprecations is superior to that of his fellows. Among recent visitors to town was Captain Messick, a gentleman of considerable force of character, who came here many, many years ago over the Santa Fé trail. He is much an older pioneer, is the Captain, than half the acrimonious gray-beards who dispute in the hall on Fourth Street. It was in the early 'Forties he arrived, and no man who survived the Santa Fé trail ever needed a doctor's certificate. He is still in excellent health is the Captain, how old I will not try guessing. He lives on his own ranch at Gilroy, a choice stretch of fertile acreage planted in vines and fruit trees. A few farm hands, a few horses, and a mule or two, furnish subjects for the exercise of a power of malediction that is almost unrivaled.

* * *

Such a picturesque power of execration has he—how he does swear. Would he dream of inflicting on anyone a sentence unrelieved by a strange oath or two? Not he. In the course of a checkered career, Captain Messick has been a cowboy; has chased Indians, has commanded a scow on the Sacramento River, has been Sergeant-at-arms of the Legislature. And none of these opportunities were lost upon him. To reproduce his dialogue is unsafe, for obvious reasons, but here is a little story of his own prowess I heard him tell. One could hardly speak of him as modest.

It appears a tribe of Indians up North had not been behaving themselves. The nature of their misconduct I forget—so did the Captain.

"One of those —— —— Government fellows sent for me, and says, 'Messick, get up there —— —— you, and arrest those —— —— and bring 'em to town.' 'All right,' sez I, and picking out ten good —— —— —— I could trust, went off. Yes, sir."

* * *

"How many Indians were there, Captain?" I ventured to inquire.

"Indians, oh, —— 'em, 'bout 310 of the —— —— I guess. Yes, sir."

"How could you arrest 310 Indians with only 10 men?"

"What —— the ——. Why, look here, young man, when Captain Messick goes off to arrest a set of —— —— —— Indians, he don't come home without them —— —— ——." The old man laughed contemptuously. He seemed to consider the question suggested a doubt of his prowess. "Why," he continued, "I'd 'a run the whole —— —— tribe of —— —— redskins in by meself, and wouldn't 'a minded. No, sir."

"And did you get them all safe into town, the 310?" I humbly interrogated.

"Well, —— —— —— get them down?

Of course, —— —— ——. Why, when I counted them at the ferry there were 311. Yes, sir; —— —— ——'em. One of the squaws had a piccaninny on the way down. Yes, sir; —— —— —— her."

* * *

A friend of mine who says he is an authority on swear words, tells me Messick is not comparable to a fellow who lives in San Diego. This man is the king blasphemer of the Coast. He has two dogs on whom he exhausts his expletive resources. They are hounds, highly trained, and whenever anyone is drowned off the beach, these dogs can locate unerringly the spot where he left the land. One day while he was giving his pets a run my friend encountered him. In some way or other they had misbehaved, and he was about opening out on them. Such exuberance, fertility, picturesqueness — oaths in English, French, Italian, in Hawaiian, Chinese, in living and dead languages—poured forth in a perfect stream.

"Heavens," said my friend when he had stopped for breath, "that beats anything I've ever heard."

"Don't mention it," modestly interrupted the blasphemer. "That is really nothing. You should hear me when I'm mad."

* * *

By way of furnishing President Harrison, while he was at Coronado, with a form of entertainment that at least would have the merit of novelty, some San Diegans persuaded this person to come to the hotel with his dogs and swear for the benefit of the Chief Executive. It was a private seance to which some of the newspapermen were admitted. He appeared, primed, and succeeded in surprising the President, who had to admit that never in his experience had he heard aught to compare with the new oaths that this Southern Californian gave vent to.

* * *

THE RESIGNATION of the Rev. J. Sanders Reed, as rector of Trinity Church, is by no means a surprise. Indeed, if my readers will refer back in these columns to the time the preacher left for the East, they will notice that I predicted that he would not return. There was matter for surprise in the manner in which the Vestry received the resignation; it was unanimously accepted, and, although the absent rector asked that it take effect when his successor was appointed, it was decided to accept it to take effect April 1st. The Rev. Mr. Reed has a leave of absence until that date, with half pay, and I suppose the Vestry did not care to extend the time beyond that date on such terms. Of course, what I may think regarding the action of the rector may not be taken as an excerpt from the statutes of the Medes and Persians, but I am in possession of some strong private opinions on the matter.

* * *

In the first place, while Mr. Reed was not enamored of California, he was yet sufficiently enough in love with the State to remain here a number of months in each year; and at this time his resignation was not entirely voluntary. As a matter of fact, one of the Vestrymen sent him a letter in which he stated plainly enough that this would be a good time to withdraw from Trinity. Mr. Reed saw the force of the arguments presented, and resigned. Again, his resignation, to take effect when his successor was appointed, while it seems to have been acted on hastily and with apparent discourtesy, was taken in much the same spirit as it was sent. Trinity is in no position just now to call a rector. For some time to come the congregation will meet in halls and borrowed edifices, and the Vestrymen were of the opinion that it would be bad policy to bring a rector to a peripatetic pulpit. Mr. Reed probably understood this, and his resignation to take effect when these circumstances were altered was not a little distressing.

* * *

However I may look at it, there is no question that the Vestry and the rector were by no means a unit on the church work; I stated this some time ago. No one can say that I have not the kindliest feeling toward Mr. Reed; I have pointed out that he was one of the foremost men in the Episcopal Church in California; he was a learned man, a profound thinker, a brilliant pulpit orator, a logical speaker on social problems, a fearless advocate of an ideal Christianity; and an illogical preacher: this last being necessary, as one who believes what he teaches in the pulpit, and who teaches often, must be illogical. In explanation of what I have known, and which I have thought best to keep from the public, I can only say that Mr. Reed had been very ill during the greater part of his ministry here, and this must account for the differences between himself and some of the Vestry. I understand that the Secretary will write a charming letter to the rector, filled with the warmest praise of his work; it is deserved, as Mr. Reed was an earnest worker for Trinity.

* * *

Within a month probably the contractors will begin on the foundation of the new edifice. Mr. Brown has the specifications and plans prepared, and the work will be given out at once. The construction will be pushed, and no time will be lost in pushing it to completion. At present no rector will be chosen, and while the Vestry will hear eligible men, nothing definite will be done in the matter of choosing a successor to Mr. Reed for some time to come.

* * *

IN "OLIVER TWIST" Dickens relates how, when Oliver fell into the hands of Fagin, the Jew, he was sent out one day with two young pickpockets to take his first lesson in crime. Strolling along the street they observed a well-dressed old gentleman from whose pockets a fine silk handkerchief protruded. One of the young pickpockets glided up and dexterously relieved him of the article. The old gentleman discovered his loss before the young scamp had proceeded twenty paces, and turning about took after the boys, shouting "Stop thief," at the top of his lungs. The pickpockets passed the handkerchief to Oliver and darted into a narrow alley, while Oliver, nearly frightened to death, flew down the main thoroughfare. A great crowd gathered and ran wildly after him. When it reached the alley the two young pickpockets joined in the chase and yelled "Stop thief" louder than anybody else. In fact, when Oliver was overhauled, more dead than alive with fright, they were among the first to declare that they had actually seen him steal the handkerchief.

* * *

A few days ago when I read in the papers that Foreman Le Count of the Grand Jury had appeared before the Finance Committee, and attempted to bulldoze Supervisor Ellert into paying some of his delayed stationery bills, and when, a few days later, I was told that the Grand Jury had "yanked" the Hospital Committee, of which Ellert is a member, up to explain how that institution is managed, it looked to me as though all the boodlers had taken to crying, "Stop thief," and that with them the Grand Jury was engaged in a wild pursuit of the wrong game. Several fireman have lately been caught stealing from the houses they are paid to save from fire; the crimes of the legislative "combine," several members of which were indicted by the last Grand Jury, are not yet outlawed; Martin Kelly's attempt to shoot Hackman Larkin has not yet been acted upon; the sale by Buckley and Rainey of the Metropolitan Railway franchise, for which they are indicted, is still a fresh topic for discussion; it is only about a year since Assemblyman Bruner smothered the scalper's bill, and less than a year since $20,000 was paid by a well-known gentleman of this city to pass the Glenn County bill.

* * *

And yet the Grand Jury and the boodlers, with shortened breath, are chasing the County Hospital, where probably not a single dollar has been stolen for thirty years, and shouting, "Stop thief." The humor of this situation is really overwhelming. In order to suppress the loud guffaw that is struggling in my bosom, I shall have to dismiss this subject.

* * *

THE UPHEAVAL in the *Call* office was almost as serious as a revolution in a South American republic. When the smoke of battle cleared away, and the dead and dying were carried out, it was found that Mr. Stock, who had been managing editor, had been made city editor in place of Louis Whitcomb, who becomes assistant city editor; W. A. Boyce takes his old position as managing editor; Harry Tod becomes political editor, and that minor changes had been made. Mr. Stock holds a letter from Mr. Pickering, in which he is assured that he was not discharged, but that the change was made at his solicitation.

* * *

Everyone interested in happenings in news-

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paperdom was waiting for the changes I have mentioned, so they are no surprise. Aside from the promotions and decapitations spoken of, there are to be other and more pronounced improvements made. I am informed that the *Call* will publish the news hereafter; that the proprietors of the paper will put more money into it, and that an effort will be made to boom it. Whatever may be said of the *Call*, and I suppose whatever is mean and disagreeable may be said of the journal, there is no gainsaying the fact that it has an immense influence in this city, and that no paper controls more votes than it does. With the *Call* and *Bulletin* arrayed against a measure, it is very hard to pass it, whether it is before the Supervisors or the people.

* * *

Should the *Call* make a fight for place again, it might make it interesting for its rivals, the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*. Mr. De Young, the editor of the former, is writing entertaining stuff for the *Cosmopolitan* on the World's Fair, and is, to some extent, neglecting editorial duties in the home office; and the well-known Republican proclivities of my Democratic contemporary are causing comment. In a short time we will not have a straight-out morning exponent of Jeffersonian principles, and the contest will be among the three papers to prove which is the best Republican organ. At the present writing I am unable to state which paper is likely to win; they are all very much alike. But wait until the Senatorial battle is on; then those who have ears to hear will hear the barking of the dogs of war. I doubt that there will be a Republican party in California after that.

* * *

Speaking of newspapermen, reminds me that Mr. Arthur McEwen, the well-known Nemesis of the undeservingly opulent, has shaved off his magnificent goatee and mustache. He beams on the journalistic world like the chaplain of a Mississippi steamer ready for Sunday services. Some of the boys in the *Examiner* office tried to have some fun with Sam Davis because of Mr. McEwen's changed appearance, the scheme being to introduce Mac to the Sage Brusher as a Mr. Parker of the Comstock. The two were brought together.

"Mr. Davis," said Mr. Williams, "this is Mr. Parker, of Virginia City."

"How de do," said Sam; "how de do, I'm sure. And I haven't a dime to spare."

"Pardon me," said Tom, as Mr. McEwen bowed, "Mr. Parker doesn't want money; he only wanted an introduction."

"Well, how de do," repeated Sam; "how de do."

Then the boys shouted that Sam had been sold; that he hadn't recognized his friend.

"Didn't recognize Arthur McEwen?" said Sam; "oh, I guess I did. Didn't I say I had no money to spare? I guess that's recognition."

* * *

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, whom someone has called the Poet of Philistinism, has come and gone. He has been lionized to his heart's content, and has gratefully roared for the edification of his hosts. Indeed, he has dropped into his own verse on several occasions without even a suggestion of encouragement. In so far as the sale of his books is concerned, I do not believe Sir Edwin Arnold's readings will aid them. About the metrical efforts of a man who produces so copiously as the author of "The Light of Asia" there is always curiosity enough to promote the disposal of a certain number of volumes. Monday night, I believe, will have been effective in banishing any such tender sentiment. Undoubtedly the man writes excellent editorials, and his morals are above reproach, but it is not poetry he writes.

* * *

Sir Edwin is an effusive word-monger, who has spent intervals in a busy and prosaic existence studying Oriental literature. Possessing a brain of considerable vigor and an appreciation of the theological tendencies of English Philistinism, he sprung on the public, in some week of controversy, "The Light of Asia." The work had an immense sale, and Arnold became famous. He is otherwise noted for an ability to produce more negative editorial in a given time than any one man in London—hence his position as chief of the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. His vogue as a poet is confined to that circle the main tenet of whose literary creed is "Lucille." They are the same set as that which went mad over "Robert Elsmere."

* * *

To my mind there is nothing quite so dull as reading "The Light of the World," unless it be writing it or hearing its author recite. He possesses a singular incapacity in this direction. His voice is deep and full enough and his gestures both sweeping and frequent, but he mouths so it was quite impossible to understand him—even if one had any curiosity in that direction. Certainly his audience was magnificent. The Opera House has seldom held a larger or more fashionable audience. The 400 filled even the boxes, and showered discriminating appreciation on the lecturer. I should imagine Sir Edwin made a good deal of money out of his venture, and would mildly suggest to other personages, with the lecturing ambition, that there is nothing like Society for giving one literary prestige and attracting audiences. Much of the money now expended in bill posting could more profitably be invested in letters of introduction.

* * *

Because the dailies so conscientiously linked together the names of Sir Edwin Arnold, Fred Somers, and Joe Grant, it must not be supposed the trio was in any way acquainted prior to departure. The poet and the editor of *Current Literature* were introduced on the day of sailing at the Bohemian Club, Sir Edwin and Mr. Grant shook hands at the instigation of a mutual friend on the gang plank. This is on a par with other subtly veracious paragraphs that find their way into the daily and the weekly journals. Doubtless they will be intimately acquainted before Yokohama is reached, for, though Joe Grant knows as little about poetry as Somers does about dry goods, they are good fellows, smoke fine cigars, and are not ignorant of values in wine. I am certain, too, Mr. Somers will not let the *Daily Telegraph* man have the conversation entirely his own way.

* * *

HOW FAR EAST Charley Baldwin is going, is information only his most intimate friends are possessed of. That he has departed is a deplorable fact. He spent the winter here, but has gone into Society only on a few occasions. He attended the Leap Year cotillion and one or two smaller affairs, but his address has been Mountain View, and to bucolic pleasures his attention has been confined. That so formidable a competitor for feminine favor has been out of the arena is, perhaps a subject for congratulation. There is no questioning Mr. Baldwin's fascinations. The magnetic power of those large, dark eyes of his is undeniable. He can look unutterable things, and say never a word. Besides, he is tall and strong-looking and is not burdened by financial cares. Under the circumstances is it any wonder he is irresistible?

* * *

Charley Baldwin has recently given his best efforts and the largest share of his time to impressing New York and Newport. At the coaching parade last year, he cut quite a figure in a turnout that was irreproachably English. I believe he imported it, coachman included. There he is considered quite a *parti*, and the list of his conquests seems as long as the decalogue. Naturally he has portraits of most of them, and it is quite a gallery of belles—foreign and domestic. But Mr. Baldwin is rather better than the ordinary Society personage. He is highly educated, has a passion for languages, and is never quite happy unless engaged in acquiring a new one. At his ranch he employs farm hands of a variety of nationalities—French, German, Spanish, Italian, and with each he has interesting monologues in the subject's particular dialect.

* * *

His valet is a Swiss, his cook is French, his foreman is German, his housekeeper is from New York. He is never without a copy of Horace or of the Odyssey—indeed, he has a coat pocket edition of the classics which he carries around and reads at odd moments. Recently he has been reading Kielland in the original Norwegian, and rumor has lately ascribed to him a desire to master Oriental tongues. However, he is wealthy enough to indulge any fad. His father, I believe left him something like $200,000, the income from which supports him in luxury. I believe the gentleman is sufficient of a sybarite to explain to his confidantes who ask the reason of his adhesion to single blessedness that his

income, while enough for one, is not adequate to the support of two. Everything is in point of view.

* * *

ANOTHER MATRIMONIAL TRIUMPH for California: The marriage of Miss Eila Haggin and the Count Festetics is an affair that reflects some glory on every daughter of the Golden State. The Count is a very rich man, as the daily papers have said; but as my morning contemporaries do not know everything, I will supply a few facts. The Count and Countess Festetics—when you meet the County, please call it Festetish, and save him the embarrassment of seeking to correct you—will arrive in California shortly on a grand tour of the world. In their suite will be a retinue of servants large enough to occupy the Palace Hotel. They will remain here but a short time, and depart for the Orient.

* * *

The mother-in-law, Mrs. Louis Haggin, will accompany them, but I am assured she will not give up her magnificent apartments in Paris. They are probably the most gorgeous of the sun-painted salons of the world's capital. For some time Mrs. Haggin has lived in a suite on one of the avenues leading to the Place d'Etoile, and thither have been conveyed some of the finest examples of embroidery and tapestry that the world affords. This is her fad—expensive and corruptible truly, but immensely fascinating.

* * *

One room is hung with church vestments, some of them hundreds of years old. Indeed, they form a sort of chronological table, and Mrs. Haggin, I am told, has the history of each alb, surplice, and robe at her tongue's end. She has a collection of 400 waistcoats, embroidered in a fashion that would make insane the workers of to-day; they are rich in gold and lace, and many of them have jeweled buttons of rare value. Her tapestries are almost priceless, and form a collection that is without a rival. Aside from her fad as a collector, Mrs. Haggin is somewhat eccentric, and has attracted considerable attention in Paris.

* * *

When the spendid edition of Persian poems that bears her name was issued, I was impelled to laughter by the flattery and adulation that were her portion. The volume appeared in vellum, was something magnificent in the way of typography, and was circulated among a few of Mrs. Haggin's friends. While it bore her name, the translations were indebted to Mrs. Haggin for no other favor that of giving them circulation. They were the work of a young Persian scholar, whose mind was rarely taken from his labor by contemplating the magnificence of his garret in the Latin quarter. Incidentally, I may say, that Louis Haggin has a spendid collection of books and pictures stored away in odd and dusty corners of San Francisco. Some day they will be revealed to the intense surprise of some of our bibliophiles and art connoisseurs, who have been in entire ignorace of the Haggin treasures.

* * *

THE OWL'S NEST is to have its foundation stone laid April 1st. Why this particular day should be chosen is hard to say. There is nothing suggestive in the membership of that anniversary. In fact, the charter roll presents the names of the brightest men in town. Work should have been commenced ere this, but for a delay in incorporating. It was necessary to protect the leases which Nat. Brittan, for the Club, obtained over some 20,000 acres of country marsh, moor, and meadow. This is done by forming an Owl's Nest Fishing and Hunting Company, 51 per cent of whose stock is to be turned over to the Club. The Company will issue bonds of $100 each, redeemable in four years, and the charter members will be invited to subscribe for them. Whoever desires will receive stock in the Company to represent his interest, and besides will be relieved of the payment of any initiation fee. The dues will be $30 per annum. Attorney Crittenden will apply for letters of incorporation for the Company, and then building operations will begin.

* * *

The ceremonial to celebrate the corner-stone laying will necessarily be elaborate. Now that "B. K. Hal" is off his mind, President O'Connell will give his attention to getting up something worthy the occasion. Doubtless there will be a procession of nimrods led by some mighty hunter; perhaps a parade of nymphs and satyrs, or a representation of the tutelary deities of San Mateo County, whom I take to be the Directors of the Spring Valley Water Company. To have them attended by a horde of Supervisors would give the pageant a legendary value. Altogether, there is prospect for something exceedingly picturesque. Mr. Willis Polk, who is the architect of the clubhouse and Secretary of the Company, tells me the building will be ready for occupancy at least by July 4th.

* * *

THE PENALTIES OF PROMINENCE are numerous. Because a man's abilities distinguish him from the common, he is made the mark of much satire and more gibes. It is always safe to turn an epigram on a personage, and I know of several fellows who have come in their immediate circle to be regarded quite as wits just because of a nice capacity for saying nasty things in a low voice. There is Joseph D. Redding, for instance, who is so versatile that it is much easier to tell what he cannot do than to enumerate his accomplishments. Some friends of his are saying he has spent a full hour every day at the Olympic Club, during the last two months acquiring calf for "Bluff King Hal." Supposing Mr. Redding did evince an interest in a certain branch of calfletics, surely it was not for his own benefit, but for that of his numberless admirers who are quite as enthusiastic over the contour of the masculine limb as men grow over the under proportions of the *corps de ballet*.

* * *

Whoever desires to verify this story can easily do so at the Olympic Club. I have long since grown tired investigating the numberless rumors sent me, and decline to take any part. I will say, however, there was none of the abnormal development exhibited by the extremities in question to lead one to believe special efforts at cultivating calf had been made. I am sure those who were present will acquit the accomplished Redding of any such charge. A man of his natural endowments has no need to add to his fascinations.

* * *

One should always be grateful for diversions, even if they do come in the shape of quarrels. For the rows succeeding the performance of "B. K. Hal," the Bohemian Club has much to thank Mr. Redding, Mr. Zeile, and Composer Stewart. That institution has done nothing since the performance but talk about the Art Association and its meagre ten per cent offer, then about the secession of the King, the Constable, and the Outlaw Chief. It cannot be said sympathy is divided, because most of it goes to Dan O'Connell and the Musician, who, in my humble opinion, were rather scurvily treated. Mr. Redding's interview in the *Post* was the last straw—the interview in which he said Society was done with Stewart, who was looking out only for himself with a view of obtaining funds to spend in London years hence. It is but just to state Mr. Redding denies ever having said a word of this. He declares he never had such sentiments—much less expressed them.

* * *

This would leave the interview a question of veracity between Mr. Redding and the reporter.

* * *

The quarterly meeting of the Concordia Club occurred Tuesday evening week, and a committee of seven was elected to make up a ticket for the election of officers. This topic is now agitating the members. There seems to be a decided movement to have the next Board of Directors largely composed of the young men of the club. They will endeavor to make the social enterprises of the institution a success and provide a good class of entertainment.

* * *

Charls L. Ackerman is spoken of for President, and meets with enthusiastic approbation from the younger element as an excellent and fitting chief. There is a murmur among the merchants, and there are a large number, that the professional men have had quite a chance and the honor and office should go to one of their number. I hardly think the tide in favor of Ackerman will be stayed, though.

* * *

THE SKIRMISH that took place in the rooms of the Republican County Committee a few evenings ago, between the forces of Martin Kelly and Colonel Dan Burns, demon-

strates quite clearly that neither of these politicians can justly claim to control the machinery of the local party. From one standpoint it was a victory for Burns. As originally constituted, the Committee belonged, bag and baggage, to Kelly and his partner. This must have been so, for they created it. Its members were their property, not only because they first discovered them, but because they have, during the past year, fed and lodged them. The advantage gained by Burns in this contest, therefore, consists in the fact that he has, to all intents and purposes, committed burglary on Kelly's camp. Entering the fight with nothing, he has come out with half, if not more than half, the laurels. To this extent and this only I am willing to concede that the preliminary battle was, as claimed by his organs, the *Examiner, Call, and Post*, a victory for Burns. That he has control of the machinery of the Committee, however, seems to me quite doubtful. Certainly none of the divisions had at the meeting on Friday showed it.

* * *

The real man in the saddle, from all the accounts, seemed to be Mr. A. Reuf. I do not know Mr. Reuf's first name, or I should speak of him more familiarly, as he appears to be a party worth some attention at the present time. When he was a student at the Berkeley University the boys used to affectionately call him "Piggy," but I understand he has barred that appellation since he became a lawyer and a politician. That Mr. Reuf now is the key to the Republican situation, however, there seems to be no doubt. On Friday night he held the proxy of a man named O'Brien, who was too sick to be present. It is against the rules to permit the use of proxies at meetings of the Republican County Committee, but when Mr. Reuf proposed to give himself two votes, neither faction dared to offend him, and the rules were set aside. Then, by means of the two votes thus acquired he forced upon the Committee independent men for two of the vacancies, and when Bacigalupi, candidate for the third vacancy, came up, he voted him in. If there is anything in the logic of appearances all this means that Mr. Reuf now has five votes in the Committee, instead of the two with which he started out.

* * *

The divisions show conclusively that neither faction has a majority without Reuf and his five adherents; and as Reuf still maintains an attitude of defiant independence, it looks to me as though he was master of the situation. Whatever his terms are—I do not know that he has any terms, but most politicians have—they must be conceded ere either faction can run the County Committee. I have been informed that last year Mr. Reuf desired to be Chairman of the Municipal Convention, but his hopes were frustrated by Martin Kelly, who chose for the place Marcus Aurelius Dorn, Sheriff Laumeister's attorney. Reuf kicked quite vigorously, and made some remarks concerning political hogs which were not exactly complimentary to Kelly and his partner, Crimmins.

* * *

Thus it does not surprise me to see Mr. Reuf occupying a position of independence in this contest, and quietly poking the knife into Martin's ribs as it comes his way to do so. Reuf is a young man with some means, and is in no way dependent on politics for a living. He pretends to do what he does for the fun of it. This kind of a man is hard for any boss to handle. He will not accept a bribe, and cannot be cajoled or frightened. Therefore, Colonel Burns will be obliged to conciliate the young man if he gets him. In order to triumph, it is perfectly plain that he must have him and his five votes.

* * *

There is one thing, however, concerning which I should be pleased to obtain more information. A few days before that meeting of the County Committee all the men employed in the offices at the City Hall controlled by Kelly and Crimmins paid a heavy assessment. In some cases it amounted to as much as twenty-five dollars. The money was collected ostensibly to start in motion a political club, which has opened rooms at 115 Kearny Street, known as the "County Organization." There has been dark hints, however, that some of it was used to brace up wavering members of the County Committee. It has been slanderously stated that as high as $800 a vote was paid to keep some of the Tar Flat members from "polling down" on the Kelly-Crimmins machine. How much was offered by the other side to pull them away from their allegiance can only be guessed. Kelly says it is pretty rough when a man is compelled to resort to the "sack" in order to hold his own possessions in the traces. Most people will agree with him that it is a sad commentary on the character of the men he selected last year to do the work of the respectable Republican party. I hardly think Martin ought to complain because he has been hoisted with his own petard.

The Witness.

A NOTEWORTHY PRINTING OFFICE.

To establish a business in a city the size of San Francisco, where competition is so close, and have it pay a fair interest on the capital invested, is not a matter of a few days or months; it takes years, and sometimes establishment never comes, no matter how economically the plan of conduct, how good the management. Economy will not put a business on a paying basis, if the work done, is not better or as good as it is elsewhere; and competition in prices is really not so much a matter of importance as competition in the quality of the work. The Hicks-Judd Company has established one of the best-paying printing, publishing, and book-binding houses in the city, and has made a record for good work that is of inestimable value. This firm is among the youngest in its line, but the excellent management has put it in the front rank, and it does a greater volume of business in one month than many rivals do in a year. The output of its job room is probably larger than that of any other house in the city, and in the other departments it has a splendid business.

The Hicks-Judd Company employs over 150 people, whose work is carefully supervised by competent heads of departments, nearly all of whom have more than the ordinary interest in the excellence of their work and the success of the company. Every character of printing is done, and especial attention is paid to catalogue and commercial work, in which lines the Hicks-Judd Company excels. The bindery is the best equipped in the city, and the largest jobs are turned out without confusion and in the very best possible condition. All classes of binding are done, and special attention is given tree-calf and levant.

Within the past month the firm has been compelled to enlarge its working space, certainly a very healthy sign, and indicative of increased orders. Among the excellent additions that have been made to the plant is the Hoffmann flat opening blank-book patent, which the Hicks-Judd Company has purchased; this is an admirable improvement, and is worthy the attention of business men; a Huber four-roller revolution press was just put in, making six large cylinder presses. The presswork done at this house is said to be the best in the city.

The leading resort for those who want fine wines and liquors is the Grand Central Wine Rooms at 16 and 18 Third Street. All the leading brands of both domestic and imported beverages are kept in stock and a visit to this place would, no doubt, satisfy the most exacting.

"Senator," asked his secretary. "if Mr. Watterson should call here, how shall we treat him?"

"Oh, in the usual fashion," said Mr. Hill, "whiskey and water."—*New York Truth*

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.
205 KEARNY STREET.
R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

The Central Milling Co.,

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully recommend your "Drifted Snow Flour" as being the whitest and best family flour we have ever used.

Yours,

R. BECK & CO.,
Vienna Model Bakery.

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, March 5, 1892.

SURGERY OF THE BRAIN.

The splendid achievements that have been accomplished in that most difficult department of medical science, brain surgery, give us every reason to hope that before long this will be a Nation of wise men, whose wisdom will rival that of the gentlemen who came from the East. Fools need despair no longer, and with what minds they have idiots may rejoice. Not many years ago cutting into a man's skull and removing portions of the brain would have been sufficient cause for the arrest of the operator, and, in case the patient died, the surgeon would have stood in the shadow of the gallows. To-day, brain surgery is recognized, and the grand work the doctors are doing makes it the most prominent department of the science. Half a dozen cases of idiocy have already been cured, and insanity has been successfully dealt with.

The record of the achievements is an interesting one, and will interest the student of morals as much as the student of mental diseases. It is not my purpose to speak here of the methods employed in curing the idiot, but rather to point out what may be done by trephining as a remedy for the ills to which some of my unfortunate fellow-citizens have become heirs. THE WAVE has no desire, of course, to lead in the van of medical work, but it is the duty of this journal to suggest to the brain surgeons a line of labor that has been neglected, and which they might undertake with profit to themselves and benefit to the State. One of the most prevalent of mental diseases, at present, is known as the Anti-Seventh and Mission Streets malady. This is confined almost entirely to great editors; it attacks the victim much like paresis, which it resembles. When the unfortunate editor desires to write that the proposed site was a sand hill, his pen makes him say it was a quagmire. Other symptoms are a constant drooling, an incessant slavering of unformed sentences and half-expressed denunciations. By merely opening the skull, and adding a trifle of calves' brains, well done, the patient would be able to see that his course was inimical to the best interests of the city, and he might die of self-consciousness.

Trephining for the disease known as Boodling in Politics would offer difficulties to the operator, as the patient rarely desires to be cured. This malady usually starts with symptoms of petty larceny, and its growth is marked by grand larceny, robbery, burglary, an election to the Board of Supervisors, or to the Legislature, the sale of votes, and the betrayal of the public. It is not thought to be dangerous in this State, but elsewhere the patient has been considered a menace to Society, and has been incarcerated in the penitentiary. The proper cure for this is cutting into the skull at the base of the brain, severing at the same time the windpipe. The more humane plan, and the one the brain surgeons would adopt, would be to borrow some of Mr. Pickering's honest brains and transfer them to the head of the victim.

In the case of unfortunate people attacked by political prognostication, trephining would be a sure remedy. The poor idiots—as sad spectacles as any we have—have the hallucination that Mr. Ben. Harrison will be re-elected, and it is really pitiable to listen to their maunderings on this subject. The disease is almost confined to Republican office-holders, and as the summer months approach will become very noticeable. In the fall the malady will give way to the proper treatment.

There are, of course, other diseases that might be successfully treated by brain-surgery, but enough are specified here to show what a tremendous field is opened for the practitioners in this useful science. THE WAVE will be pleased to name a number of patients who might be successfully treated.

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE.

It is certainly a matter of grave regret that the time between elections is so short that the State and National Governments can devote no moment to the public welfare. The gentlemen engaged in ruling the Nation have never been able to do more in the terms they have had than prepare to win another, and our State officers are unlucky in forgetting that their first duty is to the people who elected them, and their next to their political ambitions. In the last few years there have been started in this country orders of the New Life, of the Latter House of Israel, and a host of communities and colonies whose faith is free love, and whose creed is sensuality. While it is true that these sects are small, and that their influence is meagre, it is yet a fact that they are growing every day, uniting here, getting converts there, and strengthening themselves on every side, as did the Mormons before them. The same tactics that permitted the growth of the Latter Day Saints are followed by the Government now in the cases of these new orders, and when the administrative department awakens to the necessity for action it will require hundreds of thousands of dollars to crush them out, precisely as millions have been spent to break the power of the Mormons.

It has been shown time and again that these orders and communities are a menace to the morals of the people. They practice all the vices of the Mormons, and have none of their virtues; they have broken up families, and led young girls to lives of shame; the offspring of their unnatural unions are allowed to grow up in ignorance and vice; they are depraved, ignorant, lecherous wretches, who have not the excuse of fanaticism for their sins, nor the palliation of youth for their crimes.

California has a sore spot that is as foul as any in the country; the attention of Governor Markham has been called to it, and it is hoped that he will find some remedy for the evil. Now that the East has been awakened to the unclean lives of free-lovers, orders of the New Life, and Saints, Princes, and Veiled Prophets, it is time the officers of the Golden State aroused themselves.

THE jury system is a failure. The men whom the *Examiner* charges with assisting at a dog fight are clearly guilty. Bundle them into a cell, tie their hands and feet, and set the dogs to worrying them.

* * *

THIS being Lent, the joke about borrowing will be dug up, cleaned, and sent forth in many forms.

* * *

THE *Wasp*, I am told, is still in existence. I will keep my readers informed as to the fate of that journal.

* * *

A NUMBER of my contemporaries have changed their opinions regarding the efficacy of the Keeley "Cure." The argument used was gold, but it did not come in a bichloride form.

* * *

THE campaign lie is preparing for the fray. It has already been heard to remark that Mr. Harrison is not a candidate.

* * *

To the *Report*: Where is Mr. Leeds? What has become of the Traffic Association? Why is Mr. Stubbs still a member of the Western Association? And have you heard the latest story about the competing railroad? R.S.V.P.

* * *

WHILE everyone has something disagreeable to say about the Art Association, it would be well to remember that dues for the current year are payable now.

Smith.—That man Brown is an insolent whelp.
Jones.—How so?
Smith.—I was telling him that I had been drawn on the jury and he said that I was just the man for the place.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

The Alameda *News* has suspended, and in announcing the fact, says: "Monday is a legal holiday. No paper will be issued from this office."

A SPLENDID VINEYARD.

Malter Vineyard, owned by George H. Malter, is claimed to be one of the most productive vineyards in this State, if not the most productive. It comprises 300 acres in 4 detached pieces, 240 acres of which are planted to vines, partly raisin and partly wine grapes.

RESIDENCE.

The home place of 160 acres was planted in 1880, contains mostly wine grapes.

An 80-acre tract was planted in 1887 to raisins and table grapes. The entire vineyard is divided into squares containing from 1 to 5 acres each. The levees surrounding the squares are used as roads. By means of these squares every foot of vineyard can be irrigated and submerged if necessary, any time of the year. A complete system of drain ditches carries away the surplus water. Every one of the 140,000 vines in this vineyard is provided with a 4 to 6 feet long stake. The system of pruning differs from that of any other vineyard in this State. The vines are pruned in form of trees, each vine having 3 or 4 prominent limbs which are securely tied to the stake. Owing to this system of pruning and thorough irrigation, drainage and fertilization the yield of this vineyard has exceeded 10 tons of grapes to the acre for several years past, some varieties of grapes bearing annually upwards of 15 tons of grapes to the acre. The winery and distillery belonging to the vineyard, which rank among the largest and best equipped in the State are leased to Charles Stein & Sons, who paid a rental of $33,000 for them and the output of the vineyard for the season of 1891.

ENTRANCE TO VINEYARD.

WINERY.

The distillery contains four stills; a large, continuous still, having a daily capacity of 25,000 gallons of wine; two pomace stills, and a cognac still. The full capacity of these four stills is 55,000 gallons of wine every twenty-four hours. The appearance of everything about this vineyard bespeaks prosperity; there is no indication here to verify the common cry that grape-growing and wine-making is not a paying business at present.

On every hand are the indubitable evidences of a well-managed, good paying business. The residence is one of the largest in the county, containing eighteen rooms, and is furnished with a care that shows Mr. Malter's desire for comfort, and with an eye to the luxurious that betrays his appreciation of the good things of life. Mr. Malter is a bachelor, but one would hardly guess the fact, as there is an artistic refinement in the commodious home that is rarely met with in the absence of a wife.

A VINEYARDIST'S SUCCESS.

One of the most successful vineyardists in the State is Mr. F. Locan, whose splendid property is certainly a feature in Fresno's suburban attractions. It is the most highly cultivated vineyard in the valley, and there the best raisins and grapes are raised. The vineyard is almost a mile square, and is a very valuable piece of land. Mr. Locan is building a splendid residence, in which the old California type of architecture is preserved; and, with the owner's well-known hospitality, will be the scene of many social gatherings. Much artistic taste has been shown in the construction of the residence, which will be built of material to resemble adobe, and it is probable that not many houses in the State will compare with it in beauty of design or interior decoration when it is finished.

A pioneer of '51, Mr. Locan has seen many changes in the State, and has done much to assist in the progress and advancement of Fresno County. For some years he devoted himself to hydraulic mining, and was regarded as quite successful. For six years he was President of the Eureka Consolidated, and even now, as a representative vineyrdist, is aa warm advocate of the resumption of hydraulic mining. Indeed, Mr. Locan has taken a broad interest in everything that has been for the benefit of California, and has never counted the cost of any enterprise that would redound to the credit of Fresno. He is a man of means, and stands high in the public regard. As one of the early settlers, his opinions on any matter have considerable weight. He enjoys the confidence of the best people in Fresno County, and is consulted on many of the enterprises that his neighbors purpose undertaking. He is a very popular man, and in San Francisco has a large number of warm friends.

HER LETTER.

HERMES.

Whenever I receive a note
Some fair one's hand has penned,
With care I scan each word she wrote,
And with most care the end.

"Yours truly" is a "No" with force;
"Sincerely yours" is better—
But best of all, I think, of course,
If "with love" ends her letter.

MARCUS POLLASKY.

In this Western country, a young man may be a great man; the events that develop talent come with greater frequency than they do elsewhere, and in the constant changes that mark the progress of the section, the man with ability and energy comes to the top, and stays there. Experience shows that in the battle for fame and wealth, the contestant with youth on his side will win against those who are handicapped by years, no matter how equally they may be provided for the warfare in other respects. A striking example of this is found in the case of Marcus Pollasky, whose splendid achievements at thirty have been the crown of many a useful life and honorable old age. Few men of his years have had a busier life, and very few have accomplished more; a few pages from his biography read like the summary of the work done by one who has reached the "three score and ten."

Mr. Pollasky was first brought into public notice in California at Fresno, where he talked of building a railroad. Before he began it, those who did not know him spoke of the plan as visionary and impracticable; the men who said so were the first to applaud the work, and eulogize the builder, when they saw the Mountain Railroad an accomplished fact. Fresno County has been immeasurably improved by this undertaking; hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in the undertaking, the greatest portion of which has flowed into the pockets of Fresnoites; the magnificent vineyards, orchards, and grain fields have been tapped, and their value increased tenfold by the enterprise, shrewdness, and sagacity of Mr. Pollasky, and Central California has been brought to the centre of commerce, and is at the very door of the market-place of the State. The efforts to build a railroad is not often attended with success, and even under the most advantageous circumstances the projector gives up the attempt, discouraged, enfeebled, and broken. Mr. Pollasky was a stranger in Fresno when he undertook the construction of the Mountain Railroad; that he succeeded is proof of an indomitable will, a marvelous capacity for work, splendid confidence in himself that sees no failure in the future, and a perseverance that can have but one end—success. From the foregoing, one may readily see that Mr. Pollasky is of that stuff of which big men are made.

A long line of successes is behind Marcus Pollasky, and his short history is as interesting as any that could be written. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1861, but went to school in Alma, and at seventeen was the traveling representative of one of the largest wholesale houses in his natal city. He saved sufficient money to attend the college at Ann Arbor, where he read law, a study he kept up while traveling; his finances ran low; he returned to business, saved, went back to college, and graduated in 1883. Then he went to Alma and engaged in the banking business, and was the youngest bank president in Michigan, if not in the country. His services to that town have been of great benefit to it; from a hamlet it grew to be one of the most prosperous communities in the State. He was one of the chief promoters of the Lansing, Alma, and Mt. Pleasant Railroad, afterward merged into the Toledo, Ann Arbor, and North Michigan Railroad. The Alma College is another institution which in part owes its existence to Mr. Pollasky; he was one of the founders, and endowed it with one of the best law libraries in Michigan. For a time Mr. Pollasky practiced law in Chicago with Leonard Swett, Abraham Lincoln's old partner, and he was the youngest man ever admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, taking the oath with Proctor Knott, on motion of Attorney-General Garland. For his valuable services to the Republican party in Michigan, he was made a member of the State Board of Corrections and Charities, a position unsolicited.

It was in the search of health that Mr. Pollasky came to California, and shortly after reaching Fresno he projected the Mountain Railroad. He raised $2,000,000 and started the work, the valley section of which is completed and in successful operation. Mr. Pollasky will not let it end there; he is too far-seeing, too shrewd, and will push it on. It is hardly possible that any better advertisement could have been given Fresno County than by means of this road, which has been talked of and written about all over the East. A hundred benefits to the people of Fresno might be mentioned as having flowed from the construction of the line, but they are too well understood to require notice.

Mr Pollasky is the promoter and organizer of the Fresno Land and Improvement Company, a corporation recently formed for the purpose of buying, selling, and improving properties, and engaging in a general business of that nature. The capital stock is $1,000,000, and its directors are among the most prominent men in Fresno County. As President of the new Fresno Electric Street Railway Company, a million-dollar corporation, he has made many improvements; having bought the three existing lines, a new system for rapid transit throughout the city and suburbs will at once be inaugurated. Other companies for the advancement of Fresno County are being formed, and Mr. Pollasky's name will be forever associated with the progress and material improvement of Central California.

THE SCEPTIC.

If "Ignorance is bliss" sceptics ought to be the happiest people in the world. They base their ideas and arguments on the weak foundation of theory, and are totally oblivious of the stronger support of facts. Being inordinately vain, their "superior" minds will only cling to the shadow of inanity and not allow them to grasp the substance of common sense. The thorough-going sceptics believe in nothing except themselves; they are as obstinate as mules on all subjects, and so self-opinionated that they do not stop to think that scepticism is often the outcome of the most violent type of pig-headed obstinacy. They form a sort of "Mutual Admiration Society," and are very much in love with their own opinions, based on a strong feeling of overweening vanity. Ergo, scepticism is vain vanity.

In my experience with sceptics, which certainly has not been small, I am compelled to depart from the generally accepted definition of Webster, and draw a line between the obstinate sceptic and the honest investigator.

The former I have found is not the careful, thoughtful, inquirer that Webster would have us believe, and for that reason I have always avoided argument with him. But the patient searcher for truth has always found my attention at his command, five minutes with him is worth more to the issue in question, than the argument of a week with the sceptic, who not only refuses to believe what he actually sees, but will endeavor to disturb the relations of truth itself, thereby in many cases making it quite difficult to demonstrate and explain that which is plausible and reasonable to rational surroundings. His constant fear is that he will be a witness to a trick which he is unable to detect. He will, by his frequent assumptions of superior knowledge, harass those around him whose minds are intently fixed upon the subject under consideration. Whether right or wrong, he will insist upon argument, feeling, no doubt, that to admit the truth of an opponent's position would be a severe reflection upon his knowledge of things in general.

The sceptic is not at all a happy individual, but is thoroughly dependent. He is supported by the crutch of self conceit, and when this prop is pushed from under him by a sharp, wordy thrust, he is non-plused, bewildered, and helpless. Instead of the bold and fearless skeptic, we find a most pitiful spectacle of battered aggressiveness. Like the dog that is down, none but a brute would deign to kick him.

But he soon rallies when he finds a comforting word or gesture. He will then endeavor to explain his position to those who, for pity's sake, will tolerate him. Still, on the whole, he is harmless and suffers alone, and when in the obscurity of his chamber, he will admit, half aloud, his close relationship to that long-eared quadruped, famous for his bray. He also realizes that most of whom witnessed his discomfiture, share his opinion of himself, and his conclusion is that he will be more careful in future and not be caught again. But these good resolves are short-lived; only a little time elapses before we again find him assuming a curious know-all about that which he knows but little. Another characteristic which belongs to him is that he imagines his perceptive faculties are so well developed that he is sure to know the point of a story before it is half told, and in order to exhibit his good nature, will annoy the reciter with various promptings with what he supposes to be the correct way of telling the same. In many instances his family and friends are in deadly fear that he will disturb the harmony of some pleasant occasion by his wide-of-the-mark conclusions. In view of all, I find, Mr. Sceptic, that you are a being of fads, and not a practical thinker. J. FRANKLIN BROWN.

A COMING ART SALE.

A representative of this journal, passing down Market Street, had his attention attracted by a crowd of people gathered about the splendid show windows of S. & G. Gump, where some excellent examples of the best European painters are displayed. Anxious to learn something of the exhibition and art sale that this enterprising firm purposes giving in the near future, he stepped inside, where there is quite a good display of pictures, although the magnificent gallery is on the upper floor.

"When do you hold your exhibition and art sale?" Mr. Gump was asked.

"The exhibition will begin at Irving Hall, Monday evening, March 13th, and continue until the following Wednesday evening," was the reply; "when the sale commences. This will be one of the finest displays of pictures of the best-known artists ever seen here, and you know how many fine paintings we have brought to the Coast. We will offer from 200 to 250 canvases, representing the masters of every country, and we will bring an art auctioneer from one of the New York galleries to auction them. This gentleman, Mr. B. Scott, knows a good picture when he sees it, and is familiar with the best works of the painters. He devotes his entire time to conducting sales of fine pictures."

The Gumps have, indeed, a splendid collection of pictures in their gallery, and art-lovers should not miss the opportunity of seeing them. Their sale will be an event in this city, and will be attended by large numbers of people who were fortunate in securing pictures from them in the past. The paintings to be offered for sale will reach the value of from $125,000 to $160,000. Splendid catalogues will be issued illustrated with some of the most pretentious pictures in the collection. Every painting that will be offered was purchased by Mr. Solomon Gump, who is, perhaps the best-known American who visits the ateliers of Europe.

A CHARMING HOME.

A NOTED ADDITION TO FRESNO'S PICTURESQUE HOMES.

One of the most charming of the many beautiful residences of Fresno is that of Mrs. Colonel Marceau. It is an ideal home, artistic in its decorations, luxuriously furnished, full of statuary, fine vases, and costly *objets de vertu*. It is only a little over twelve months ago that the house, from being rather an ordinary structure, was transformed into the *bijou* dwelling that now adorns M Street. Interior and exterior were remodeled after designs which Mrs. Marceau prepared. Of the interior it is difficult to speak without enthusiasm. From the hall, the walls of which are of snowy Italian marble, relieved by panels of cherry, one enters the dining-room, decorated in terra cotta tones. This is a spacious room, most harmonious in tone, dadoed in Lincrusta Walton, and illuminated by a large, stained-glass window. On the polished floor are handsome Turkish rugs. It is in the drawing-room, however, that the exquisite taste of the charming *chatelaine* is best exhibited. The tones are white, gold, and blue, and the furniture, which is of the most graceful character, is in keeping.

One must not forget the boudoir which Mrs. Marceau speaks of as her "den." This is, indeed, a lovely little room, paneled in polished woods, the mantel-piece, inlaid with silver, enshrining an old-fashioned fire-place with massive brass andirons. A divan conceals a porcelain bath with silver fittings and another ingenious contrivance hides a washstand, itself an *objet d'art*. There is also the library, decorated in ebony and gold, the billiard-room, a spacious apartment, admirably lighted and provided with French windows which open on to a balcony. From here one obtains a magnificent view of the vineyards and orchards of Fresno.

Altogether a charming home, it is surprising that Mrs. Marceau can tear herself away from it, even for the delights of foreign travel. She and her lovely children, who are, indeed, the very image of their mother, with soft, golden hair and pure coloring, find here an environment that sets off admirably their dainty grace of manner and appearance. It is not astonishing, too, that Colonel Marceau has spent so much of his time in Fresno since his marriage. In her boudoir, which is also her office, Mrs. Marceau manages the extensive business interests and properties left her by her late husband. She is, perhaps, the cleverest harpist on the Coast, has an undeniable artistic talent and is one of the brightest, most sensible, and most agreeable of conversationalists. Colonel and Mrs. Marceau leave early this month for Paris.

FRESNO RESIDENCE OF COL. AND MRS. MARCEAU.

JAY ALLEN FISKE.

MRS. AMANDA J. MARCEAU.

MERCIE JEAN FISKE.

THAT HAUNCH OF VENISON.

Father Decano was a Roman Catholic priest, who lived in the large town of W——, in the Midlands, and was one of the officiating clergy at the cathedral in that place. A most worthy man was the reverend gentleman, good-tempered, kind-hearted, and generous to a fault; but he had rather a weakness for good living, as was pretty well apparent in his obese person, his sleek visage, and the mild suggestion of port wine which streaked the tip of his nose.

The good father's income was a small one, and, like a wise man, he did not waste any of it in superfluous house rent, but contented himself with one bedroom and sitting-room upon the top floor of a modest mansion in a back street near the cathedral. Here he lived in great comfort, if not in splendor, his temporal wants being well ministered to by his landlady, an elderly widow, who kept a small shop on the ground floor, and was herself a devout member of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

Being a cheery, amusing person, capital company, and also well-connected, his Reverence was "asked out" a great deal, and became a well-known figure in the town society. Many, too, were the presents of fish, poultry, and game which were sent to his lodgings by his wealthy friends, who liked the good father as well as they knew his little weaknesses. So that in spite, or perhaps almost *because*, of his limited income, he was able abundantly to satisfy his *penchant* for good living, and to grow sleeker, more portly, and more jollily rubicund every day.

Some time about the middle of last September one of his friends sent him what, as it chanced, he had never received for a present before—namely, a magnificent haunch of red-deer venison. Now, the priest was devoted to venison above all things, and especially to the highly-flavored meat of the red deer. And when he received the haunch, his little eyes sparkled with harmless glee, and he laid his hands involuntarily upon the lower portion of his expansive silken vest.

"Ah!" he thought to himself, "the venison will last me more than a week, cut in half, and each half roasted. And afterwards, I don't know how many hashes off the cold joints! By Jupiter! I think it is almost as good hashed, with port wine gravy, as it is roasted the first day. If I had my way, I'd always eat venison instead of that everlasting beef and mutton."

When the haunch arrived, it was quite fresh—fresh, that is, for venison, not having been killed more than about a week; and at its early stage, it would, of course, never do for a connoisseur like Father Decano. So, after a lengthy confabulation with his landlady, during which he gave her careful instructions about cayenne-peppering and otherwise dressing the joint, it was decided to let it hang for another eight days, by which time maggots would just have begun to form on the outside, and then to have it cooked for his Sunday dinner.

Every day during that week the worthy priest went down to the larder to inspect the haunch; and every day, as the meat's effluvia met his nostrils with a heightened force, he came away again better pleased.

"By Sunday," he said to himself, on the preceding Thursday, as he rubbed his hands gleefully, "it will be just right—*just* right—tasty to a T!"

On Friday morning, however, his pleasant expectations of the toothsome Sunday dinner were ruthlessly knocked on the head. For by the post he received a letter on an urgent matter of business, which made it necessary for him to leave W—— early next day, and to be absent at least a week—his only sister's husband having suddenly gone out of his mind, and rendering his (Father Decano's) presence on the spot absolutely essential.

At Litany that morning the good father was more in keeping with the gloomy character of the service than he had been for years. Not only did the bad news, which he had been practically expecting for some time past, weigh upon his spirits, but also (must we confess it?) the thought of losing that haunch of venison.

"If only," he had reflected sadly to himself as he walked down to the cathedral, "if only it were not Friday, I would have had it for dinner to-night. But *that* is impossible. And by the time I get back it will be hopelessly bad. I suppose," with a deep sigh, "I shall have to—to—give it away!"

This thought on top of the morning's ill-news made him unfeignedly lugubrious, and when, in the vestry after service, he requested the Bishop for leave of absence, and stated his reason, it was very much with the air of one who has gained a shilling and lost eighteenpence. His chief granted him leave without demur and spoke to him a few kindly words of sympathy on his trouble, for which Father Decano expressed himself, and, no doubt, *was* very grateful. But he could not get rid of the thought of the haunch of venison, and the cruelty of being deprived of that treat to which he had been looking forward so long.

After partaking of his frugal Friday's luncheon—a salt herring and a small pancake—washed down with a glass of the mildest table ale, his Reverence lit his pipe, and threw himself into his arm-chair, by no means at peace with himself or with things in general. On the contrary, his usually good-humored face was clouded with a shadow of gloom and discontent. Never in his life had he felt so thoroughly in trim for enjoying venison as he did that afternoon. His appetite, rather assisted than checked by his light lunch, was amazingly keen; his palate, unalloyed by any highly-flavored dishes that day, was in splendid tasting order, and, altogether, he was in fine condition for deriving the fullest satisfaction from the pleasures of the table.

As he thought of that haunch hanging in the larder, not, perhaps, at the absolutely perfect stage of decay, but still "gone" quite enough to be highly toothsome, and reflected that he could not eat it to-day, and that it would be impossible to keep it until after his return, he almost writhed in his chair. The thought *did* occur to him to take it with him. But he soon had to dismiss that proposition as practically impossible, if, for no other reason, at any rate because the odor of meat in such an elevated condition would be intolerably offensive to his fellow passengers.

The more he dwelt over the savory meat his soul loved, the keener grew his longing for it. And soon there began to steal over him an awful, insidious temptation. At first he repulsed it boldly, as a thing too dreadful to be considered. But it returned to the charge more strongly after each repulse, until it bade fair to overcome him altogether. The spirit, perhaps, was willing, but the flesh was most certainly weak; and at length, after a protracted resistance, it gave way. Principles or no principles—laws of the Church or no laws—he *would* have the haunch of venison cooked for dinner that night!

Having made up his mind to this highly reprehensible course, and having considered how he should excuse himself to his landlady for such conduct, he rang the bell, and waited, a little nervously, for that worthy woman's arrival.

"Hem!" he began, clearing his throat, as she appeared in answer to the summons. "Hem! Mrs. MacWhindie, I'm sorry to say I've had bad news this morning, which will make it necessary for me to leave here by an early train to-morrow, and to be absent for about a week."

"Shure, and I'm sorry to hear that, your Riverence," answered the old woman.

"The news has upset me altogether," Father Decano continued. "Made me feel quite done up and exhausted. In fact, in consequence of the shock it has caused my system, and in view of the fatiguing day which lies before me to-morrow, I think, Mrs. MacWhindie, that I *must* have something—er—more—er—sustaining for dinner than my usual Friday fare!"

As he threw out this feeler, the reverend gentleman darted a hasty, furtive glance at his landlady, to see how she would take it. He was soon reassured on that head. For, without hesitation, and in sympathetic tones, the kindly old thing replied:—

"Faith, your Riverence, you shall have whatever you like for your dinner. When a body's ill and overwrought 'tis no sin to him to break the fast, shure. What could you fancy now? A bit of chicken, maybe, or a partridge, if I can get one."

"It seems a pity," rejoined Father Decano, with an assumption of economy, "to buy anything extra. Perhaps there is something in the larder that would do. Let me see, what is there?"

"Only the haunch of venison," his landlady answered. "Nothing else whativer. But if your Riverence could fancy a slice out of that—"

"I don't think I could *fancy* anything," the priest interposed, with languid indifference. "Venison—hem—hem" (reflectively). "It's very digestible and nutritious. Yes, yes! I suppose it will do as well as anything else. But" (without much apparent interest), "will there be time to cook the haunch?"

"If your Riverence will just dine at nine, instead of eight, there'll be plenty," she replied glancing at the clock.

"Very well," he said, carelessly, "I will do that then. By the way, Mrs. MacWhindie" (as the latter turned to go)—

"Yes, your Riverence."

"Why—hem—hem—you see I am hem—only breaking the fast for my—hem—health's sake, which the saints will, doubtless, pardon me for doing. But there are enemies of our Church on every side, Mrs. MacWhindie, who are always on the look-out for something in our conduct to give them a handle against us. And—hem—hem—on that account (for there is no saying how they will distort facts) I should prefer that—hem—nothing was—hem—said about this to—hem—any one."

"Faith, you may trust me, your Riverence," answered the old woman. As she descended the stairs, she indulged in a quiet chuckle to herself, for she saw through her master and his somewhat transparent pretenses. But she liked the kind-hearted old fellow well enough to humor his little weaknesses, even though they might not be entirely consistent with the ordinances of the Church.

Having thus satisfactorily settled the matter of the venison, the reverend gentleman returned to a much more amiable state of mind, and his restored good humor was far from weakened by certain savory odors which, as the afternoon went on, were wafted from the kitchen.

By-and-by, after reposing for some time in the ease of his arm-chair, and thinking, with placid satisfaction, of the toothsome dinner in store, he roused himself, and sallied out for a constitutional, from which he returned with a keener appetite and still more lively palate—in the very acme of condition to enjoy the venison. It then wanted but twenty minutes of nine o'clock, so Father Decano swallowed a sherry and bitters, and waited for that brief period to elapse, the amiable smile on his jolly face increasing with every minute that sped.

At last the supreme moment came. Mrs. MacWhindie, staggering under the weight, brought up the reeking haunch on a mammoth pewter dish, and set it on the table, while the reverend gentleman took his seat thereat, and said grace before meat with a fervor that was unmistakably genuine. As he took up his knife and fork to carve it, he bent forward and sniffed the joint with his ruddy nose. Its odor, at so near a distance, might have knocked a novice down; but, seasoned connoisseur that he was, Father Decano drank it in with ineffable satisfaction.

"Excellent! prime!" he murmured to himself, unctuously, as he began to carve it. "Quite as it should be. Perhaps, if it had waited until Sunday it might have got just over the balance, after all."

From the scent with which the haunch pervaded the room, it seemed that the good father had reason for this latter opinion; and, indeed, many might have thought that the meat had "got over the balance" already.

"There is nothing in this world," he went on, as he helped himself to currant jelly, "which I am so fond of as red-deer venison. There is a ripeness, a richness of flavor, about it which is absolutely unequaled. Now that this haunch is cooked it will keep till after my return. Aha!" (smacking his lips) "what a series of hashes I shall be able to enjoy off it!"

He had eaten a few mouthfuls with infinite relish, a radiant smile of satisfaction lighting up his jolly countenance the while, when he was disturbed by a hasty knock at the door, and Mrs. MacWhindie hurried in.

"Och, your Riverence," she exclaimed, in an agitated whisper, "who but the Lord Bishop himself has called to see you!"

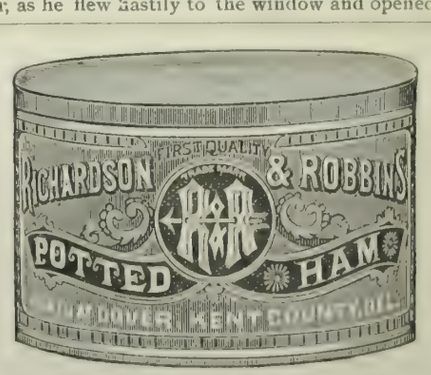
"The Bishop!" ejaculated Father Decano, as he jumped up from his seat in evident dismay, and the radiant look vanished from his face with remarkable suddenness. "The d-i-v——I mean, the saints in heaven! Where is he? W—w—what have ye done with him, Mrs. MacWhindie?"

"Shure, and I asked him to wait down-stairs in the passage while I just ran up to see if you were engaged," she replied, in a tremulous whisper. "But, for the love of heaven, your Riverence, what is to be done with that venison?"

"It must be got out of the room before the Bishop comes up, at any cost," rejoined Father Decano, excitedly. "I could not have him see me eating this on a Friday."

"Faith!" exclaimed the landlady, with a hopeless shake of her head. "The room—not to say the whole house—smells so mighty strong of it, that his Lordship must know it's about, whether he sees it or not."

"That can't be helped," said the reverend gentleman, as he flew hastily to the window and opened it



THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

wide, and then proceeded, with equal haste, to light a large cigar. "If he only *smells* it, he won't know it's not your other lodger that's having it. Carry it away quickly, Mrs. MacWhindie—quickly!"

"But shure," she retorted, helplessly, "if I carry it down-stairs, I shall have to pass him with it in the passage."

"So you will—so you will," assented Father Decano, almost tearing his tonsured hair in his agitation. "Where *can* we put it? I tell you what" (desperately) "we must stow it away *there!*" (pointing to the open door of his bedroom, which led out of his sitting-room). "Quick—quick!"

In almost less time than it takes to relate, the huge dish of venison was carried into the good father's sleeping apartment and deposited on his bed, while the other table accessories were also transferred to the same place; and, when a moment or two later, the Bishop was ushered in, he found Father Decano standing on the hearth-rug, with a cigar between his lips, trying to look free from agitation and guilelessly innocent of harm.

Our worthy friend's superior sniffed almost involuntarily as he entered the room, in which, despite the open window and Father Decano's Havanna, an odor of venison was still obtrusively predominant. But whatever suspicions he may have entertained, he kept them discreetly to himself, and confined his remarks to the matter of ecclesiastical business on which he had come.

It appeared that a certain sick man in Father Decano's district, whom the latter had been regularly visiting for some time, had grown seriously worse, and sent an urgent summons for his spiritual adviser. The message had been taken to headquarters, viz., the episcopal residence, and as the Bishop had himself one or two calls to make that evening in his lieutenant's vicinity, he had brought on the summons *in propria persona*.

Of course, the good father had to say that he would go; intending, all the same, to have his snack off the haunch before he started. But in this design the Bishop unconsciously baffled him.

"I am walking myself for a little way in your direction," he observed, "so I may as well keep you company as far as I go."

Our reverend friend, as may be imagined, was by no means delighted at the proposal, but he did not venture upon an excuse, lest the Bishop, who could not have failed to notice the strong effluvium of the venison, might have his suspicions still further aroused. And he (the priest) was already conscious that his superior's gaze was uncomfortably shrewd and penetrating.

So with much inward fuming, and many suppressed expletives, he donned his overcoat and hat, and sallied forth in the Bishop's company. One morsel of comfort, indeed, he received, as he went out, Mrs. MacWhindie, who opened the street door for them, whispering in his ear, "Shure, your Riverence, I'm hoping ye won't be long. I'll do my best to keep it hot for you." But this was only a feeble consolation: for the sick man lived a good distance away, and Father Decano could not be back under about an hour and a half. And every one knows that meat which has been kept that length of time is bound to be seriously spoiled.

The Bishop did not accompany his subordinate far—wishing him "good night" at the end of the street. And poor Father Decano trudged on alone, in a decidedly ill-humor, through the labyrinth of slums which led to his destination. When he reached it, he forgot his own disappointment for awhile in the religious rites which he had to administer to the dying man. But on his return journey it was forcibly recalled to him by the sense of emptiness which now possessed him. It was already half-past eleven, and he had not tasted food since luncheon, so that even though the haunch might be spoilt a bit by waiting, the sauce of extra hunger would serve as some compensation.

The cathedral clocks were chiming a quarter to twelve as he reached his lodgings. He let himself in with his latchkey, and went straight up to his room, where he found Mrs. MacWhindie engaged in laying the cloth and getting the table ready.

"Lor, your Riverence," she exclaimed, turning round at the sound of the opening door, "here you are at last, then!"

"Yes," answered the father. "Here I am at last, and just about ready for my food. H—h—h—ave you" (anxiously) "managed to keep the haunch hot, Mrs. MacWhindie?"

She shook her head, and looked rather mysterious.

"No, sor," she replied. "The Bishop said I'd better not!"

"The Bishop?" ejaculated Father Decano, in amazement. "Why—why—what—what——"

"Shure, I'm very sorry, your Riverence," she interposed. "But you hadn't been gone five minutes before the Bishop came back, and the servant girl let him in without my knowing it. He walked straight up here, he did, never saying, With your leave, or, By your leave; and came in at that door just as I was carrying the haunch out of your bedroom."

"W—w—hat! He saw it, then?" stammered the priest, greatly perturbed.

"Yes, sor, he did; and not only that, but he *tasted* it, too. For he made me put down the dish on the table, and he took your chair, there, and helped hisself to it pretty freely, I can tell you."

"Helped himself to it?—the Bishop?—on Friday?" he cried, incredulously. "You're joking, Mrs. MacWhindie.

"It's the gospel truth, your Riverence," she asserted. "He said he'd a dispensation, but you hadn't; so you mustn't eat meat on Friday, and I was on no account to serve you any. Which, sor, he's the Bishop, and I dared not disobey him."

"Well," exclaimed poor Father Decano, almost crying with vexation and disappointment—for he had counted so on that venison—"even though he is my Bishop, I call his conduct real mean, that I do."

"Wait a bit, your Riverence," said the old woman, with a twinkle in her eye. "The Bishop told me to cut off some prime slices, and hash them nicely, not forgetting the currant jelly, and to serve them up to you at one minute past twelve on Saturday morning! It only wants a very little of that now, sor! I'd better go down and begin to dish up."

As he grasped the state of affairs, Father Decano's lugubrious expression quickly melted into a complacent smile.

"I spoke hastily of the Bishop," he murmured, magnanimously. "He is a good fellow after all—knows how to combine his duty to his God with his duty to his neighbor, and," he added, while his smile broadened into an expansive grin, "to himself, too."
—*London Truth.*

MUSIC.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

Mozart, Schumann, Grieg, and Max Bruch were drawn upon for the numbers of the Saturday Afternoon Concert. Programmes and perfection are wedded, perhaps, once a year; in this one there was interest, variety, and a profession of things beautiful, but a trifle ill-mated. Grieg and Max Bruch aim in parallels, Mozart and Schumann symbolize the Buddhist pair of opposites. Kol Nidrei of Max Bruch, betwixt a Mozart aria and a Schumann ballad, points the comparison, a triple-sided affair of mixed advantages and disadvantages. The 'cello solo ponderous, prayerful, and distorted by the weakness of extremes, cast the flexible, graceful intensity of the Figaro aria into finer relief. Schumann's passionate and soft-hearted Frauenliebe songs belong to a world, not even Mozart arias can spoil by contrast, though their form be made hazy by the comparison. Grieg's expression of himself interests more because he is true to himself and his own modern Norwegian ideals than for its art for art's sake. As Stern and Lamb throw the magic of human personality on their lightest works, so this musician does with whatever he touches. His quality, like theirs, is in comprehensible to those who see and hear only with intelligence, and without the blessing of sentiment.

All the numbers given are in the way of becoming familiar. Mr. Heine neither prayed nor brayed through the Max Bruch solo for 'cello, winning the applause of the house for his cool delivery of pure intonation and equally balanced dynamic. All the accentuated vigor of his style made itself felt in Mr. Beel's repetition of the Grieg Violin and Piano Sonata *in C Minor*, aided by a violin with viola-like qualities of tone. Miss Ottilie Liedelt settles the difference between Schumann and Mozart, by treating them to the same generous waste of effort and want of art. In the East there is a discussion afloat as to whether the reformed pugilist-clergyman, or clergyman-pugilist, lately returned to the ring, be of the church or the ring; the subtlety buried in the problem is only equaled by the difficulty of finding a dignified name for the singer, who is neither an artist nor a vocalist.

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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

Dear Miss Matilda:—In order to counteract the sad effects of frequent disappointment, the good critic must maintain an attitude of expecting nothing. It does not follow because by a coincidence a novelist happens also to be a genius, that he will maintain the average of his efforts. The chances of his sinking are so much better than the probability of his improvement that one may reasonably exhibit surprise on the occurrence of the latter contingency. When an artist has painted admirably a single landscape and a writer has told cleverly a certain story, the world erroneously presumes their future efforts will be equally meritorious. It requires almost a stronger struggle to be great the second time than the first necessitated. The majority of people who cannot appreciate the intractableness of the word medium—imagine fine phrases are dashed off. On the contrary, they are compiled by the exercise of an art so fine that Mosaic is mere masonry beside it.

This little homily is intended to soften the subduing influence of Pierre Loti's latest, "The Book of Pity and of Death." Certainly this late effort of the new Academician will add no new laurels to his chaplet. In it there is no trace of the author of "Madame Chrysanthime"—that charming idyl of Japan, nor of the brilliant coloring of "Lands of Exile" which contained the finest word pictures of Eastern landscapes I have ever found. It is very subtle, soft, morbid; it is full of long drawn-out descriptions of the sorrows of cats, the grief of an old convict who has lost a canary bird at sea—episodes in which no one, not even the author, should be expected to have an especial interest. Indeed, the book is so full of drearily extended dreams that it makes one sleepy. Of course I am not impugning the exquisite art of "Aunt Claire Leaves Us"—it is very touching, delicate, refined, but it puts one out of patience to find Loti so solemn, so cold, so spiritual, just as it did to have Stevenson statistical as he was in those South Sea letters. The translation, by T. P. O'Connor, is unsympathetic. It might be well for you to destroy no delusions by reading it.

That magnificent endowment of enthusiasm on which you draw for rapturous commendation of great men will not be tapped for "Rose and Ninette," Alphonse Daudet's latest. That it is interesting, readable, that the characters are admirably differentiated, and the book a marvel of artistic construction, goes for the saying. I mean, it is not great—it does not affect one as up to the level of "Sappho" or "Wives of Men of Genius." It is an episode—that merely. The hero, Régis de Fagan, is divorced from his wife. After being married for years he loses patience with her, and by mutual consent they are separated. His two daughters, from whom the book is named, are allowed to visit him on alternate Sundays. The development shows how the influence of the wife, a hard, capricious, vain woman, finally weans from their father the affection of the two girls he loves so tenderly. De Fagan, by profession a dramatist, is pictured as a sensitive man, possessed of the artistic temperment, of domestic inclinations. He marries in hope of obtaining a home; he finds his wife infatuated with gaiety, yearning for the homage, the glare and the glamor of his world. With what wonderful subtilty of insight Daudet reveals her character and analyzes with pitiless keenness his feelings. The tendency is desperately pessimistic, but one does not read Daudet for optimistic theorizing.

Here are the realities of life. Let us change the scene to an imaginative California, peopled with personalities out of Bret Harte's fancy. There is your story writer pure and simple, who subordinates his facts to his fiction and his characters to his plots. In "A First Family of Tasajara" you will find a group whose prototypes it would be difficult to discover in or out of the literary world. There is a swan-necked beauty whose manner is absolutely refined, whose loveliness the perfection of aristocratic delicacy, who is yet a cold-hearted hoyden. Her brother is a journalistic genius who wins the heart of a patrician Philadelphian lady in the most romantic way imaginable. The story turns on the rise from indigence to affluence of Daniel Halkett way back in the early days of course. I regret to observe Bret Harte is becoming shaky in his local geography as he has Russian Hill, Lone Mountain, and the bay all mixed up in inextricable confusion. Indeed, he has also forgotten that Los Gatos is inland, and has located a lovely land-locked bay in that vicinity. However, there is more story and less attempt at a rendering of California in this volume than in the author's previous books, so there is less to forgive.

Turn, after that, to a translation from the Hungarian of Maurus Jokai—a fine romantic, stirring tale of life below the Carpathians, "Pretty Michal." It is a story of the days when the Turkish Sultan ruled a large portion of the territory Emperor Joseph now sways, when the German Kaiser and the Prince of Transylvania were fighting among themselves. Oh, they had a wild time of it, and poor, pretty Michal was given a very hard life between the robbers, and her husband, Henry Catsrider, the witch Barbara Pirka, and the good Valentine Kalondai. Incidentally one finds one's self among a strangely interesting people whose manners and customs have the charm of unfamiliarity. So thrilling is the current of events one does not stop *en route* to consider the art of the descriptions and the value of the pictures of wild mountain scenery that form the background against which the terrible Vihodar of Zeb, and the daring robbers Janks, Bajus, and Hafran stand out in such bold relief.

Or, if you care to read stories that are, indeed, stories, purvey "Tales of To-Day," a delightful series of translations from nine of the most eminent of French novelists. You will be especially delighted, as I was, by a charmingly witty tale of Alphonse Karr, "A Visit to the Arsenal." You will wonder, too, at the admirable art of "The Attack on the Mill," by Zola. It is full of graphic power; it startles one by its faithfulness, by the vivid beauty of the descriptions.

If you have never read "Pictures of Travel," by Heine, there is in store for you a delicious experience. By far the wittiest, the most subtle, the tenderest, most cynical, and yet the most poetic book about places ever written. I will not except "The Sentimental Journey." It will keep you in a delightful condition of uncertainty, hovering between tears and laughter, admiration and ecstasy. There is nothing in the world like it for wicked wit, for prose that is almost lyrical, for poetry that is spontaneity itself. Do not fear to find lengthy descriptions or dissertations. Heine's touch is the lightest in the world, yet so strong that he handles the most serious subjects as though they were snowflakes, and you laugh at their seriousness with him.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Book of Pity and of Death," by Pierre Loti. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers.

"Rose and Ninette," by Alphonse Daudet. The Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"A First Family of Tasajara," by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"Tales of To-Day," translated by E. P. Robbins. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by S. F. News Company.

"Pretty Michal," by Maurus Jokai. The Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Pictures of Travel," by Heinrich Heine. John W. Lovell Company, New York. For sale by all booksellers

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LAWN TENNIS.

With the exception of matches at the California and Lakeside Club courts on Saturday last, but very little has been done in the way of practice by the local players, owing to the inclement weather.

At the California Club courts the finals of the class tournament brought out quite a large concourse of spectators who were amply repaid for their visit, as the tennis displayed was far above the ordinary.

The first match, between Yates, winner of first class, and Howard Harron, winner of second class, in which the latter received odds of ½–15, was captured handily by Yates, who continued his clever placing game that characterized his play of two weeks previous. Harron played remarkably well against his more experienced opponent, and succeeded, to the astonishment of many, in winning the first set by six games to one. Yates cleverly duplicated this in the second set, and won the third also by 6–2. In the opinion of many present the handicap was too small. Even with fifteen it would be considered almost a miracle if Harron would win, and in handicapping the players the large gap between the first and second classes of California Club players was evidently overlooked by the commitee.

The Rev. Dr. Mason demonstrated his superiority over Charles Detrick by defeating his younger opponent by two sets to one. Score: 6–4, 3–6, 6–2. The reverend gentleman shows great improvement in his play, and will soon be able to play in a class higher.

Yates and the Rev. J. Mason came on the court after a few moments' rest to contest for the handsome silver cup presented by the Club, and although the score indicates anything but an exciting contest, nevertheless a great many clever shots were made, and the spectators were frequently called upon to applaud the clever strokes delivered from either side of the net. Notwithstanding a liberal handicap allowed, Yates succeeded in winning in straight sets, 6–2, 6–1, 6–0. The name of C. R. Yates now adorns the handsome silver cup.

The ladies of the California Club are taking great interest in the game, and are to be seen on the courts in the forenoons during pleasant weather. Some of the latest additions to the membership roll show a great proficiency in the game, and from present indications this Club will be more strongly represented in the ladies' single event this year than it has ever been in the past.

McGavin, since his defeat of Hubbard, has been quietly resting on his laurels. He will probably be induced to enter the singles in July for the purpose of worrying some of the promising colts from across the Bay.

Hubbard now resides in close proximity to the East Oakland courts, and from now on will do the bulk of his practicing with Joe Daily. Now that the consolidation scheme is assured, it is almost safe to say that he will represent Oakland in the championship games, thus making the Oakland aggregation still stronger.

The Lakeside tournament for the Club championship belt now held by Hubbard took place on Saturday last, and will be concluded (weather permitting) this afternoon. Driscoll defeated both Collier and Breck, and met Stewart in the finals. The latter defeated Sanborn, who was tipped as a likely winner, in capital style, and in his match with Driscoll he captured two sets to his opponent's one. In the fourth set the score stood two games, love, Stewart wins. Stewart has taken part in most every tournament that has taken place in this vicinity, not to say every championship contest for four or five years past, and has not, to my knowledge, ever won a first prize in any of his many matches. Should he win against Driscoll his stock will take a decided leap in Oakland. His success in this tournament is due to his clever volleying, in which he has improved much of late.

Sam Neel has not played since the match game in which he and Bates were defeated by Taylor and Tobin, and he will not take part in any matches for some time to come, but will take a much-needed rest. Carr Neel has taken his place in the team and, with Bates as partner, makes a very strong team. A match between O. Hoffman and Hubbard are among the possibilities of the near future.

A number of people were at the courts of the East Oakland Club to witness the final match of the late class tournament between Bates and Sanborn, but as the latter took part in the Lakeside tournament it was decided to postpone the contest until one week from to-day. Both players will practice hard for the event, and as they are very evenly matched a stubborn contest will surely be the outcome.

Ben Marx displayed remarkable form in practice with Joe Daily at the Madison courts during last week. Two sets were played and won by the Professor, not, however, until after games all were called in both sets.

In the final match of the Madison Club tournament William English, another left-handed wonder, carried off first honors after an exciting contest with young Allen by a score of three sets to two, the last set being 7–5.

The Madison Club will shortly erect an elegant clubhouse, something that it is sorely in need of, as the present one is totally unfit for anything less than a toolhouse, and is one of the drawbacks to an increase of membership.

The Haywards Tennis Club members are making every endeavor to have the Electric Improvement Company, now constructing an electric road to that town, to lay two bituminous rock tennis courts in place of the dirt courts which they have at present.

Miss Mattie Gibbs will return from the East in time to play in the ladies' event in September. It is hoped by her many friends that she will leave the nervousness (which characterized her play in past tourneys) with her Eastern acquaintances.

SCORER.

RELIGION.

What lofty fabrics of the human wise,
What pompous shows and ceremonial greeds,
Blot the calm beauty of thy simple creeds,
The perfect blue of thy transparent skies!

Thy gentle airs are jangled by the cries
Of those who hew the Bible to their needs;
And solemn jesters clamor in their screeds
Of the one road which leads to Paradise.

'Tis "God is this," and "God is that," and Christ
Saves souls by virtue of dogmatic plan,
And sweet is bitter and the bitter sweet.

Yet Thou art love, and love is still unpriced;
I hear but Thee, I hear not any man.
Deep in my heart I know *Thou* canst not cheat.

—*George Edgar Montgomery, in New York Truth.*

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THE "IE" WOMAN.

I am glad that the "ie" woman is dead. She was one of the first victims sacrificed on the altar of common sense, and was known far and wide as Sadie, Maudie, or Gracie. She was the lineal descendant of the lachrymose female of fiction and her prototype in real life who fainted upon the slightest provocation. There are those who are of opinion that her demise was hastened, if not occasioned, by the introduction of the tall, angular style of handwriting because there is something incongruous in bold, dashing lines, tall letters, and diminutive cognomens. If so, all hail to the mongrel chirography which has grown out of the imperfect blending of Spencerian copperplate and the illegible scrawl of the goose quill. The handwriting itself may be devoid of character, but somehow it has lifted us to the dignity of Harriet, Martha, and Jane, instead of Hattie, Mattie, and Jennie.

It is also claimed that contact with the world has changed women's ideals, and with it comes a demand for strength of character. History fails to furnish a single example of a brave and noble Minnie or Allie. Not that a woman with such a name might not have heroism of another order than that displayed in the wearing of her name in public, but the chances are, according to Bill Nye's theory, that she did not, and a heroine cannot afford to take that kind of chances. It augurs well for feminine opinion that her name is against her. Fashion, too, has undoubtedly had something to do with the metamorphose. It is not good form to wear a short name, neither does a name of few letters look well written. It lacks dignity and tone, is underbred and smacks of the minor vulgarities which are less pardonable than downright social sins.

There has been a revolution in sentiment all along the line, and in no place is it more visible than in literature. The first woman who ventured into the new school felt obliged to wear *nom de plumes*. There was such a delightful air of mystery about it that one can hardly blame them, and then, too, there was a sort of protection. Those of us who pick up a pen and slash away, cutting right and left as we go, take little heed of the timorous feelings of our immediate predecessors. We are very apt to sneer at them for attempting disguise at all, but when we peruse their gushing effusions, we are glad that they are remembered only as Minnie Myrtle, Fannie Fern, and Jennie June. Not that the *nom de plumes* mentioned were not many times attached to thoughts worthy of careful attention, but their examples and success founded a school that produced some of the thinnest literary gruel that was ever served to weak-minded womankind. In their wake came a grand army of literary "would-be's," who floundered hopelessly in a sea of adjectives. These were the women who wrote of the "dimpled hills," and who heard "liquid notes" of "velvety voices." These women often met people who looked "delicious" and were always having "a perfectly lovely time."

It has always been a source of surprise to me that newspapermen whose ability in other lines cannot be questioned, will insist on publishing "For the Ladies" and "Woman's Columns" filled with trash that would disgust and weary a ten-year-old school girl. Nothing can persuade them that they are not better judges of what women do than women are themselves, and their efforts in lines purely feminine are about what mine would be if I attempted to write about machinery or farming. San Francisco has been deluged with Sunday "Sayings for Women," with all the defects mentioned, and even now the Woman's Column of the *Call* is innocent of a stray thought which could possibly interest, amuse, or instruct any wide-awake nineteenth century woman. This same cause which prompts many men to insist on telling their wives how to dress when they don't know how to select a necktie for themselves, has had much to do with the rubbish which belongs to the "ie" *nom de plume* school. Selfish motives, too, had something to do with it. These poor, misguided souls were dying to see themselves in print, and in too many cases were willing to work for glory—such as it was.

On the other hand there is much to deplore in the savage personality which some new school women have developed. In social life she crowds and pushes her way to the front, and there is a sort of "look, behold! here I come!" manner about her at church. Modesty is at a discount in all her doings, and when she picks up a pen she tries her best to imitate the ferocious critical personality of which Ambrose Bierce is a bright and shining light. It is quite the thing to be cruel and blood-thirsty on paper, and there is also a decided tendency to keep the pronoun I well to the front. Miss Kate Field, and Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde gave us quite a dose of I's when they condescended to utilize their opportunity as guests of the International League for open unblushing advertising of a purely personal character.

There is a remnant of adherents to the old-fashioned notion that the first personal pronouns should be kept in decent subjection, and to these the aggressiveness of the opposite extreme from the "ie" type is nearly, if not quite as distressing. Far-seeing men claim that the tendency of broader education is toward a less happy relation of the sexes. That emancipated women do not believe in men, and that they are less inclined to cling to and depend upon them. If this is accepted as a fact, perhaps it is well for man's discipline and woman's peace of mind that it is so, but there is something to be dreaded in the harsh and unloveable disposition too often evolved from the demands of business upon a woman. Nature never intended her to be a fighter, and when she engages in a struggle for bread, she unconsciously becomes sharpened in temper and the angles of her character are unpleasantly emphasized. She should be all curves mentally as well as physically, but this does not mean that she should lose her entire individuality.

Peace to the ashes of the "ie" women, but let us be careful that the pendulum of progress does not swing us as far out of level in an opposite direction.

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THREE YOUNG PROFESSIONALS.

THE WAVE has much pleasure in presenting this week the pictures of a trio of gentlemen well known in professional and social life in San Francisco.

GEORGE H. MARTIN, M. D.

Although but thirty-four years old, Doctor George H. Martin has had as much professional experience as many physicians of twice that age. He was born in Lawrence, Mass., in 1859, and is of Scotch descent. He is of Revolutionary lineage, his great grandfather having served in the War of Independence. He prepared for college in the schools of Middlebury, Vt., and graduated in 1877. He had already begun the study of medicine in the office of his uncle, Dr. C. B. Currier, now also practicing in San Francisco. In 1877 young Martin entered the Medical Department of the Boston University, and graduated in 1881, having taken a four-years' course. While yet attending lectures he received the appointment of Acting-Assistant Surgeon of the National Military Home for Veterans at Hampton, Va., where he remained one year. Later he served about a year in the same capacity in the Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee, Wis. In 1881 Dr. Martin came to San Francisco and remained one year, engaged in private practice. From 1882 to 1887 he practiced medicine in Honolulu. In 1887 he went to New York and took the post-graduate course in the Post Graduate Medical School of that city. Since the spring of 1888 he has been engaged in the active practice of his profession in San Francisco. For two years Dr. Martin held the chair of Clinical Medicine and Electricity at the Hahnemann Hospital College. In 1890 he was appointed to the Chair of Mental and Nervous Diseases. He is Secretary of the California State Homœopathic Medical Society, a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners, member of the American Institute of Homœopathy, and Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Hahnemann Hospital College, San Francisco.

EUGENE F. BERT.

It is certainly a pleasure to note the rise and advancement of young men, and THE WAVE has always advocated the cause of those who have just started out for themselves. Among the youngest men in town who have already give evidence of an ability that will carry them forward to fame is Eugene F. Bert, whose splendid achievements at the bar and in politics have been a matter of surprise and a source of delight te his many friends. Mr. Bert graduated from the University of California and from the Hastings College of law, and in 1877 was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court. He has made an enviable record as a lawyer, and as a partner of J. N. E. Wilson controls a large amount of legal business. He is an orator of more than ordinary ability, has an intimate knowledge of the intricacies of the law, and is a telling speaker in jury cases. Mr. Bert had the honor of being the youngest man in the last Legislature, and was elected by the largest majority ever recorded in the Forty-fifth District. He has been honored by the Native Sons, is a member of the Union League Club, President of the Mission Algonquins, and is interested in a dozen other organizations. The future is certainly bright for Mr. Bert.

GEORGE M. TERRILL, M. D.

George M. Terrill, M. D., is a native of the "Old Dominion," having been born at Salem, Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, in 1859. He was educated at the Roanoke College, Virginia, and the University of Pennsylvania, from the medical department of which latter institution he graduated April 13, 1883. Dr. Terrill came to California in 1885. From October, 15, 1885, to October 15, 1886, he was acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army, Department of Arizona, on field duty in pursuit of hostile Apaches. At the close of the Apache Pass campaign he located in San Francisco, and has been engaged in active practice in this city continuously since that time. Doctor Terrill has succeeded to the large practice of his brother, the late Dr. F. H. Terrill, who died of smallpox, in San Francisco, in 1888, at the age of thirty-four years, in the very flush of a successful and brilliant career. On February 4, 1888, Dr. George M. Terrill was appointed Major and Surgeon, First Infantry, Second Brigade, N. G. C., and later on he was appointed Brigade Surgeon. He resigned the latter position upon the occasion of his recent trip to Europe, but on his return he was appointed Major and Engineer Officer on General Dickinson's Staff, his commission bearing date May 23, 1891. Dr. Terrill is a close student, and one of the hardest worked members of the profession, but he still finds time to keep abreast of current literature, and is always well posted on the leading topics of the day.

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair." This is true of the home woman whose head is not decorated by a bonnet. When seen on the street, however, a woman loses her charm, be she ever so beautiful, if her head is not becomingly dressed. Mme. Alma E. Keith, who has made this subject a special study, announces her Spring Opening, where can be seen the highest efforts of the milliner's art.

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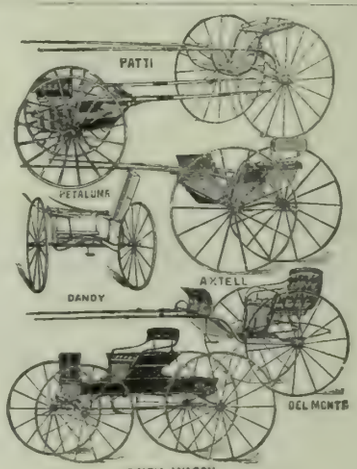

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: : : Farewell Performance To-night at 8

BRONSON HOWARD'S ✣ THE HENRIETTA

Commencing Monday, March 7th

Joseph Jefferson Comedy Co.
In Sheridan's Famous Comedy THE RIVALS

During the Engagement, Colman's Comedy
THE HEIR AT LAW will be presented.

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EVERY EVENING—Sunday Included—MATINEE SATURDAY

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NEW YORK OPERA COMPANY
IN A DELIGHTFUL AND EXPENSIVE REPERTORY FOR THE WEEK

Monday and Thursday, - - - - Bohemian Girl
Tuesday and Wednesday, - - - - - Erminie
Wednesday Matinee, - - - - - - Erminie
Friday (Special) - - - - - - Gondoliers
Saturday Matinee and Evening - - - - Pinafore
Sunday Evening, - - - Chimes of Normandy

Monday, March 14th, SPIDER AND FLY

THE BOSTONIANS
ARE COMING
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IRVING HALL
Saturday ✝ Pop ✝ Concert
—Next Concert will take place—
MARCH 12, 1892, AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

MRS. BIRMINGHAM, Vocalist
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THE MUMMERS.

THE STUART ROBSON COMPANY.

The present season of the Stuart Robson Company has caused so much heated argument that I am not a little afraid to add a word to the already voluminous opinions rendered on both sides of the question discussed. This important matter was

Resolved, That the Robson Company is not as good this season as it was on its last appearance here. That question has been fully argued, and some of our dramatic critics have actually instituted comparison between this man that's here and that man that's gone to prove the affirmative. There have been some carefully prepared arguments in the negative, but I have not seen a solitary word indicative of a desire on the part of the writer to consider the company as it is, without given attention to what it may have been. Of Mr. Robson, of course, I need say nothing; theatre-goers in all parts of America are so thoroughly satisfied with him that they believe he could not be improved on. I verily believe that this actor could bring out a troupe of manikins, dress them in the costumes of, say, "She Stoops to Conquer," and by means of wires, give a production entirely to the satisfaction of his admirers, provided he acted himself. The question, under the circumstances, is not whether Mr. Robson's company is better or worse than last year; the vote is on this: Does it give its patrons as much satisfaction? That, I think, has been answered in the affirmative; he has had large audiences, warm, enthusiastic and appreciative, and he leaves San Francisco with prestige as high as when he came. Mrs. Robson's efforts in "The Henrietta" have met with favor; and Mr. Woodward has been warmly commended for his work, which, especially in "She Stoops to Conquer," was as finished and artistic as any done by any mummer here in some time. I will say nothing of the others in the company, lest I appear as favoring the negative side of the question.——

On Monday evening at the Baldwin Joseph Jefferson will make his first appearance here in fifteen years, appearing in Sheridan's famous old comedy "The Rivals." Mr. Jefferson has long occupied the foremost position in the ranks of English-speaking stage celebrities, and his appearance here after so long an absence, is considerable of an event. He is surrounded, as usual, by a remarkable company, which includes Mrs. John Drew, who will be seen Monday night in her famous interpretation of Mrs. Malaprop; Louis James, very well and favorably known here; J. H. Barnes, W. F. Owen, Viola Allen, etc. "The Rivals" will be played during the entire first week. The Bostonians in "Robin Hood" will follow Joseph Jefferson at the Baldwin Theatre. Camille D'Arville, their new prima donna, will be heartily welcomed, as her fame as a clever singer preceded her.——

George Olmi has organized a company for the presentation of comic opera in this State and elsewhere, to be known as the New York Opera Company, and embracing the following artists: Henry Hallam, Tom Ricketts, Frank Pearson, George Olmi, Frank Valerga, Tellula Evans, Bebe Vining, Emily Soldene, Josephine Stanton, Beatrice Forrest, with Charles E. Borgman, as musical director.

Mr. Olmi will begin his season at the Bush Street Theatre, Monday evening, March 7th, playing for one week, the following varied repertory: Monday and Thursday evenings "Bohemian Girl;" Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday matinee "Erminie;" Friday evening, "Gondoliers;" Saturday matinee and evening, "Pinafore;" and Sunday night, the farewell performance of this company, "Chimes of Normandy."

M. B. Leavitt's spectacular production, "Spider and Fly" will follow the opera company at this house, opening March 14th.

"Superba" did a splendid business at the California during the past two weeks. On Monday Frederick Warde begins an engagement in "The Lion's Mouth," Henry Guy Carleton's romantic play, which has been so warmly spoken of here and elsewhere. Mr. Warde certainly gives a splendid production of this drama, and that he will have crowded houses goes without saying.

The sole objection to Rountree's chocolates is that once tasted, one loses all desire for the productions of local and rival manufacturers. This English firm seems to have discovered a peerless recipe for treating the dainty product of the cocoa tree, whether made in the form of creams, or encasing the tender kernel of the almond or walnut, they are equally delicious. The creams, indeed, are a revelation in the possibilities of candy making. Absolutely they melt in one's mouth. They do not cloy. They are exquisite. You can buy Rountree's chocolates only at Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.

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PRESS NOTICES

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LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 6, 1891.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6 20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11 45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	‡8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6.20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 2:09, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Nov. 29, 1891. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8.00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, March 1st. DEAR WAVE:—It is surprising how people wake up to the fact that the period for social gayety is about to end, and then try to crowd into one week what would have relieved an entire winter from deadly dullness.

We spent the stupidest winter ever known here, and now just on the eve of Lent (as if any of us cared for that) we have had such a rush that all are dizzy. Teas, balls, masques, etc., have followed each other like scenes in a panorama; old dresses have been remodeled, new chiffon has covered the marks of hard service and we have been "the maddest, merriest" throng you ever saw. Not everyone has suffered the perplexities that beset the Dawsons in their attempts at entertaining. You see they have two circles of acquaintances, a kind of Copernican system, and if these spheres should by an accident come in contact social annihilation would result. When they receive the Fields the secret is jealously guarded, lest Mrs. Tom M—— and her train should hear of it. If it leaks out (and it generally does) that they have dined the Fields, a *petit souper* in honor of Mrs. Tom and her satellites follows—so, you see, there is a double "toil and trouble," but then one must "pay the piper."

It may seem a litttle harsh to criticise an affair that was so successful as the opening of the "Pratt Home" but Bob declares the ice cream was villainous, plenty bad for a Sunday school banquet—and most of the boys think the managers took an unfair advantage in demanding an extra compensation, when they had put up their three dollars for a ticket. But young boys are sensitive and rather than confess to being a little short they handed out their last four bits and then walked home.

Sam and I have been laughing ever since we read of Fannie as "looking stately" at Mattie's party. Ye gods! A little dumpling of a woman, stately. She is just as sweet as cream, but stately, how could you, dear Madam? If you want to see stateliness, there is Grace S——, majestic in appearance, and among the married ladies, Mrs. Judge Archer is tall and stately; severe if you please, but it becomes her.

The most amusing bit of gossip which sewing societies and social gatherings have under discussion now, is the approaching marriage of the aged hardware widower with the lady of the amber colored locks which hang in graceful confusion around her slender neck. You may not take any stock in it, but it is true, nevertheless. As she has seven little olive branches, he will have an armful. No more "searching of records" for her when she becomes mistress of the big house.

She certainly is not to be blamed, for this searching of records is unpleasant business, and quite a number of us do not desire any close inspection.

The very widest affair of the season was the Bowman party. It was really *recherché*. The decorations, the music, the supper—all first-class, and the gathering notable.

Mrs. B—— is a charming hostess and Miss B—— a valuable aid. Did you see how the soul of the poet melted under the influence of the supper?

Mrs. Nick Bowden gave a swell luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. E. M. Lewis, but she wouldn't for the world have it in the papers. She leaves that to the plebeians.

The Lunings gave a dancing party, all of Mrs. Hill's friends were there. Rather an economical way of paying social debts.

Mrs. Bascom has rented the Mitch Phillips house and will board the Walter Fields. It is an inviting corner and no doubt Sallie B—— will find the way there often.

Some places are more attractive than others, but people who earn their living by the ink of their pens must not expect recognition.

J'ai dit cent folies mais quelques verites.

BABBLER.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

I once had a lofty passion
For a maid of highest fashion,
Whose father staked his cash on
The elusive put and call.
And like all the swell Four Hundred
(Save a few whose parents blundered
And their girls from fashion sundered)
She was most divinely tall.

Then I told my love unbounded
In sweet phrases neatly rounded,
And her heart most gently sounded,
Hoping it might tender be.
But she met me with derision,
Named my income with precision,
And I came to the decision
She was mighty short with me.

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DIFFICULT CASES SOLICITED.

OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—Ye gods! My kingdom for a man! Went to the F. Marion Smith euchre party, last Friday evening, with the expectation of meeting some one new in that line, but—horror of horrors!—met only the same old chestnuts, viz.: the Millers, one of the Bray twins, Lieutenant Broadbent, who has been a beau to all us girls a score of years, his brother, who is also an officer, Will Cullen, who of late years seems dead to Society (why?), Harry Melvin, and that best of good fellows, Tom. Of course, everything was perfectly lovely, as it always is at the Smiths, but it does seem wofully dismal for us girls to waste our sweet smiles and pretty gowns on the desert air. Judge Henshaw and Stephen Leach won the first and second prizes, while that charming woman, Mrs. A. A. Moore, won the first ladies' prize, and the booby was won by Mrs. Pedar Sather, who always is unfortunate enough to win the booby, or act as a hoodoo.

What has become of the Eothen Club? It has been almost two years since that never-to-be-forgotten lawn party given at the Smiths. Do wish that Mrs. Smith would arouse the lady members of the club, and give us another after Lent, which, by the way is upon us again, and the monotony of which is to be relieved by teas. Bessie Wheaton has one *sui le tapis*, and Nellie Chabot intends following suit, and since Alice Grimes gave one it is to be expected that the whole East Oakland contingent will do likewise, as they never do anything by halves in that direction, not even in the color of their gowns. Will Henshaw and wife arrive to-day. Emma says that Hetty will startle us with her captivating Parisian importations. While calling in San Francisco recently I was startled by the statement that Hetty and her East Oakland followers (all who pose as beauties) used to have freckles. Of course, I refuted the statement, but my friend insisted that she was right, for the Hindoo from whom she purchased her face beautifier told her that they had squandered hundreds of dollars before he sold them his Hindoo lotion, which made them beautiful with two applications. Does it not seem strange that they did not train him better than to parade their names over the city? But the above is not all—he even says he can beautify our little tootsie-wootsies. Just ask Mrs. Charlie Allen about it; she may pretend to be innocent for a little while, but don't believe her. The latest *on dit* is that the curly-haired Juno is weeping over the capture of our male beauty, George Wheaton, by Alice. Intend going on a tour of investigation before my next, so as to deny or verify the statement. If Alice weds in that family won't she have a formidable rival in her mother-in-law—for you know, dear, that Mrs. W—— is still considered our greatest beauty.

I am having made the very dearest gown to wear to Billy Bond's wedding on the 10th. Is it not too bad that such a handsome couple do not wed in church, so that all their friends can have the pleasure of seeing them? They have taken a lovely house on this side, and we all expect to have endless jolly, good times with Billy and his Ruby. I'm not, as yet, quite reconciled, but wouldn't have Billy know it for worlds. Our would-be D. D. S. dude, Dr. Frank Fisher, is kneeling at the shrine of a pretty little French girl on the other side. It is to be hoped that she is not trifling, as Mamie did, with his young and tender affections.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown intend giving a musicale for the benefit of our swell church, the St. Paul's. The Hutchinson Mandolin Club will be one of the features of the occasion, and Floy will make her debut as a performer on the guitar. What is this rumor about the new mansion that Hiram Tubbs intends building?

Vira Wheeler was married to Mr. Jesse Churchhill last Wednesday evening. He is a banker from Yuba and she quite an heiress, and such a sensible girl, not a bit of a butterfly. Mr. Churchhill is a fortunate man to have won such a charming girl—she is one of my favorites, and I wish her all happiness. Her presents were elegant. I had quite a flirtation with our comedian, Alec Rasborough. There is a charmer at Mare Island who is overjoyed at the return of Jessie Coleman, who comes back heart whole and fancy free, so it may amount to something after all.

Isn't it strange that William Huff Cook and wife should go to such a doleful place as Alameda to live? Yours ardently, FROU-FROU.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28 and 30 O'Farrell Street.

Here is a deadly stab at a San Jose paper, given by J. J. Owen: "The editor of the *Weekly Vacuity* was in Los Gatos the other day for the purpose, it is understood, of taking the Keeley cure."

Mrs. H. D. SPEDDING

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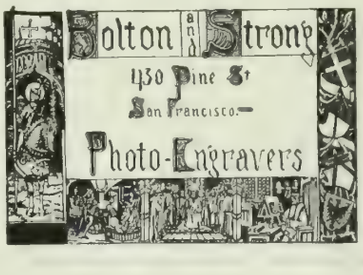

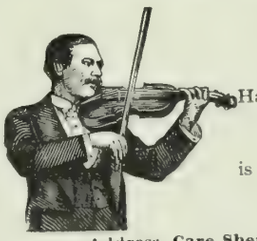

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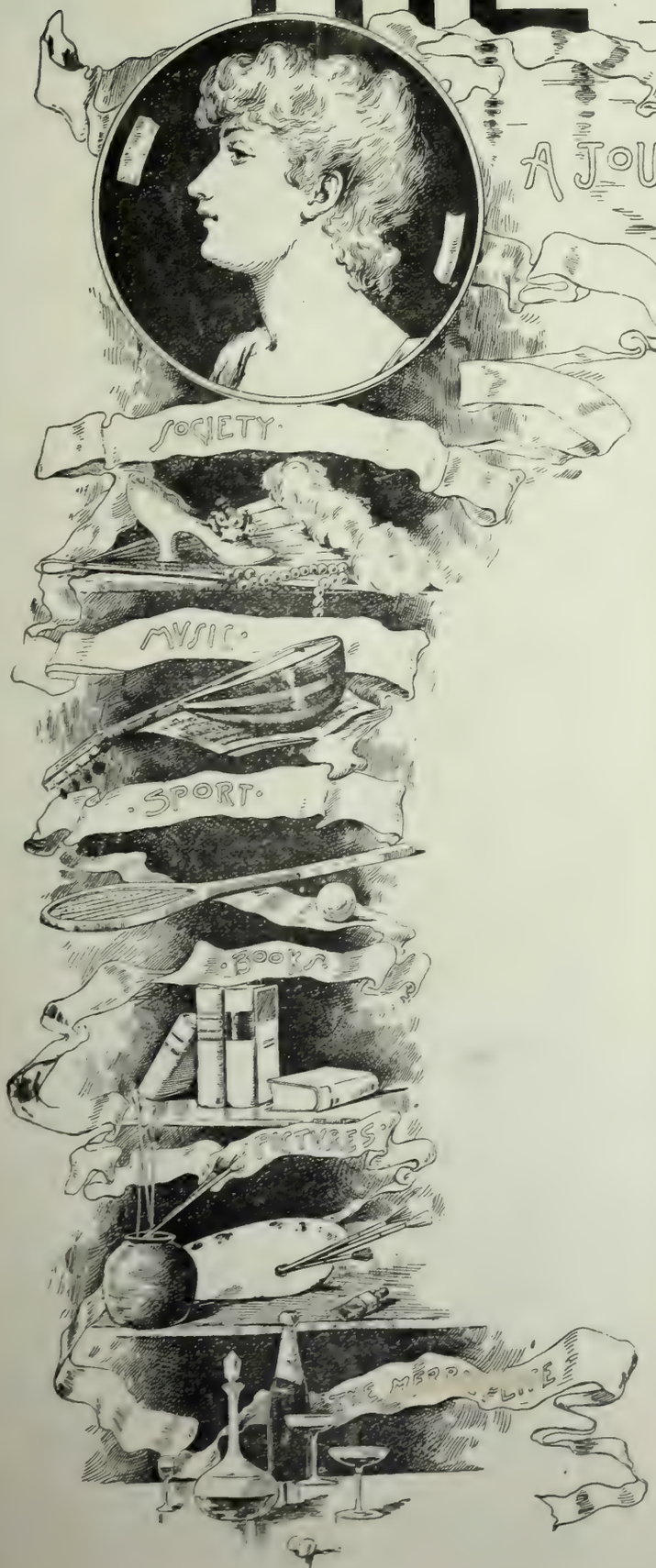

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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 11. San Francisco, March 12, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 12, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The picture presented with this week's issue is that of one of the foremost men in the State to-day. Within a short time Irwin C. Stump has become a power in the political and business life of California, moving forward by the force of his own individuality. In business he is keen, shrewd, honest; his word is his bond; in politics, a wide-awake, careful worker. He has the confidence of all classes, and will be Governor of California.

SPLASHES.

LENT IS IN FULL SWING and Society is actively passive. To what extent it will be a season of abstinence and church-going, it is yet early to decide. The religious tendencies of the community are hardly vehement, however, and I am not expecting an outbreak of fervor "in the swim." Girls of the Catholic persuasion, it is true, are evincing a tendency toward frequent chapel going, and in Grace Church of a fine afternoon one may find a delegation of fair penitents whose gowns, however, are by no means suggestive of sackcloth and ashes; still there are nearly five weeks in front of us. It is curious that no one has yet attempted the formation of literary classes. Two years ago the main distraction was the Fortnightly Club, whose gatherings at Mrs. McLane Martin's residence proved so instructive and amusing.

* * *

The dramatic performances given there were said to evince the existence of decided histrionic talent in damsels whose proudest previous claim to pre-eminence was excellence in dancing. Some one ambitious to shine, socially, should inaugurate a similar series of entertainments. In the absence of all festivity they would assume paramount importance. Or why does not some one organize a series of lectures? There are several men here who could deliver talks that would really prove interesting. Perhaps it would be possible to persuade John Vance Cheney to give some addresses on *fin de siècle* poetry. There are few men in the country who would handle the subject more artistically. His prose is excellent. There is Arthur McEwen, who can make a most amusing talk, and who would surely be entertaining. W. H. Mills can be instructive and interesting on any subject. Perhaps Mr. Delmas or Judge Boalt could be induced to assist.

* * *

Here would be a series of lectures worth attending, and I commend the hint to anyone with sufficient energy to organize an audience. Musical afternoons could be interspersed with the literary ones—amateur talent exclusively; with current professional ability, recent concerts have made us rather too familiar. It is unusual that there are no announcements of coming pianists or violinists this Lent. Now is the time for such visitations. Our local impressarios do not seem to have apprehended their opportunity. Perhaps none of the high musical lights cared to come so far West.

* * *

THE LITERATURE OF TRAMPDOM was fully exploited in the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening last. The members of this select organization told what they knew of the genus in its various incapacities, and descanted learnedly of the species in its divergent developments. At the High Jinks the honors were divided between Mr. Stafford and Mr. Noble. The former told about piratical tramps—revealed the marine significance of the term, while the latter spoke of the biblical tramp, commencing with Cain and including Ishmael. The Bohemian specimen received special and rather caustic attention at his hands. In fact, he bore mightily hard on some Rose Leaves of prominence. Other contributions came in the shape of poems—a "Vagabond Ballade," by Emma Francis Dawson, read by Ed Hamilton; "The Irish Tramp," by Dan O'Connell, and a ballad by Clay Green. All were good enough, and none were remarkable. There was music, of course. Graham sang, and so did Neally O'Sullivan.

* * *

The gem of the evening was Dickman's impersonation of Dr. Behr. He hit off to the life the personal peculiarities of the scientist. Indeed, as he stepped forward and commenced reading a paper on entymology, the impression was momentarily current that the Doctor had mistaken the occasion. Everyone enjoyed it immensely. Then the orchestra gave an imitation of "Bf. Kg. Hl.;" Solly Walter made some neat addresses, and altogether a fine time was had. The Sire of the High Jinks, W. Greer Harrison, contented himself with introducing the speakers, and refrained from contributing a paper—an example that future Sires would do well to follow. The cartoon by Walter was clever; the subject is a caricature Pegasus mounted by an Hibernesque Tramp whose features are Dan O'Connell's.

* * *

It seems as if Captain Jim McDonald would be the next President of the Bohemian Club. As I have stated, the lease of the Post Street quarters expires this year and about obtaining a renewal without an increase in the rental, there is a question. It is felt there should be some one at the head of affairs capable of engineering a business scheme, whose name is of weight with capitalists, and who could assist in the disposal of bonds. All this the Captain could do admirably, besides presiding in a very respectable manner on important occasions. It is true there is little of the ideal Bohemian about him, but he has done a good deal for the Club by his generous donations of books and pictures. It is true W. Greer Harrison has been prominently mentioned, but his responsibilities as President of the Olympic Club are, I am afraid, liable to keep him out of the race. Dan O'Connell is a candidate and with the receipts of "Bf. Kg. Hl." should be able to meet the capitalists on their native heath. What a grand race it would be between Scot and Celt.

* * *

RATHER A STRANGE STORY is in circulation about a Welsh rarebit party that is alleged to have taken place in a resort on Sutter Street. The animal is prepared there in a manner both eminent and unapproachable, and certain maidens of good family had had their curiosity excited by the glowing tales of brothers and friends. They wished to go. The week before last at a certain large dance there was not that proportion between the number of guests and the magnitude of the supper-room that enables the latter to contain all the former. In fact, many were unable to gain a glimpse of the sacred portals wherein refreshments were being distributed. The certain maidens were among the disappointed, and one proposed that they

make up a party, and have a Welsh rarebit at the famous resort.

* * *

They found an accommodating chaperon, and, accompanied by a delegation of males, started off. Mind, there was not the suggestion of impropriety about the expedition. They entered by the rear, a gay party. The rarebits were served, better than usual, even; the English ale blended artistically with the succulent dish. Such exclamations of delight. Some of them ordered a second. Alas, even the best of rarebits "gang aft a-gley." Three of the enthusiastic maidens began to suffer the effects. They experienced severe pains. Had there been any Quiros water partaken of, they might have attributed their pangs to it. However, they broke up in confusion, and, if you talk about the occasion, you will have an opportunity of seeing each one blush furiously.

* * *

The week has been singularly free of social events. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson gave a theatre party at the Baldwin, followed by a delicious supper in the private dining-room at the Pleasanton. It was a very enjoyable affair. Mrs. Hager has given several small dinners and talks of a series to be given during Lent. Several members of the young married set are discussing a projected series of card parties. They are to be given at different houses while the holy season continues, and will be followed, of course, by supper.

* * *

People are already talking about going to the country. At Del Monte the booking of choice suites for the summer season has commenced. Society will be fully represented there this season. The Hotel Rafael will open about April 15th, and I think this season will not have to complain of any lack of patronage. A number of well-known people have decided on Santa Cruz this year and have made arrangements to hire cottages there. As for Sausalito, its popularity promises to be greater than ever. Even now it is almost impossible to obtain accomodation there. It is a pity some competent manager does not take charge of the hotel.

* * *

If the table were only as good as that set at the Hotel Larkspur, there would be no reason to complain of lack of patronage or prices. At the Larkspur the prospects are for a prosperous summer. Manager Snell, of the Vendome, states he anticipates entertaining a crowd, commencing in the latter part of May.

* * *

The Calliopean Club met on Saturday night last and regretfully accepted the resignation of President Leon Weill, who goes to engage in business with his two brothers in Paris. He is a very popular young man and the expressions of sorrow over his departure are very hearty. To succeed him, N. I. Cook was selected, and Albert Ehrman was elected Vice-President. On Sunday evening the members of the Club gathered at Mr. Weill's residence and presented him with a very handsome diamond ring. They were very handsomely entertained. Owing to the absence of Arthur Bachman it has been necessary to alter the plans for the evening of March 26th. It was proposed to give a dramatic entertainment to be followed by a social. The former will be presented, but the latter stands adjourned until April.

* * *

The prospects for a most amusing entertainment at the San Francisco Verein next Saturday evening are excellent. The parody on "Romeo and Juliet" has been thoroughly rehearsed and is calculated to send an ordinarily intelligent audience into hysterics. The scenery is suggestive of a Verona unfamiliar to theatre-goers, and the lines are a curious order of Shakespeare's.

* * *

Preparations for the Tramp Social at the Concordia to-night have exhausted the leisure of the members and the long list of guests they have invited. It promises to be a very jolly affair. The most outlandish rigs are ready to be donned, and the big ballroom will contain the most grotesque-looking gathering ever assembled in San Francisco. Quite a number of the men purpose going as unadulterated tramps—in plain rags and burlap. No one who is not attired in conformity with the occasion will be permitted on the floor. Men and girls in evening dress will be regulated to the position of mere spectators.

* * *

Mr. Will Tevis left for Bakersfield on Thursday, and will remain there for a few weeks. Of course it is not his intention to live there; he goes to look after the interests of his firm, which are very large in Kern County, including the enormous ranch that is the wonder of the Eastern tourist. A few weeks in the spring and fall months will be spent at Bakersfield; the remainder of the year will be devoted to the San Francisco business of the firm.

* * *

The last of the series of Saturday Pops will be given this afternoon at Irving Hall, when a good audience is expected. The concerts have been so successful, that in September another series will be given.

* * *

Miss Nora Connell gave a musicale on Monday evening last that proved exceedingly enjoyable to those who were present. Selections both vocal and instrumental, were rendered, and several songs given for the first time by Miss Connell.

* * *

The harsh measures that some husbands have employed lately in dealing with gentlemen who are over-courteous to their wives, may have a deterrent effect on our gay Lotharios. The Herrington-Gower and the Deacon-Abeille tragedies are so fresh in mind that I am really pained to notice that they have no effect on one of the popular officers of the craft with the bird name. While the lady is certainly old enough to know better, it is just as well to keep out of temptation's way, and if the date of the vessel's departure for Honolulu is delayed, she may sail lacking one of the crew.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Rev. C. J. Mason, assistant rector of Grace Episcopal Church, and Miss Lena Merry, a daughter of Captain Merry. Both are well known in Society. Besides the ability to preach a very excellent sermon, Mr. Mason is a clever lawn tennis player, and a popular member of the California Lawn Tennis Club.

* * *

Art lovers have much to look forward to. The Gump exhibition and sale at Irving Hall takes place next week, and the spring exhibition of the Art Association opens early in April. The painters are hard at work now on canvases, and the display at the School of Design will be very fine.

* * *

I am told that S. & G. Gump, who have so long held the first place as art dealers in San Francisco, purpose moving before long from their present location. Contracts have been given out for a splendid store of five stories and basement on Geary Street, between Stockton and Grant Avenue, which the firm will occupy at completion. This is certainly a good move, as the splendid trade which the Gumps have will be increased by the change.

* * *

Quite the handsomest piano I have ever seen is that made for Queen Liliuokalani which is now on exhibition in Kohler & Chase's warerooms. It is a grand, of the latest style and design, the woodwork is in Koa, sent from the Islands for the purpose. This is a species of mahogany, but the texture has the appearance of walnut. Indeed, it resembles a mixture of both woods. On the front and inner side of the fall board the royal coat of arms and insignia are artistically painted. The piano is the best specimen of J. & C. Fisher's manufacture I have ever seen. It has a beautiful tone, and a light, delicate touch—just the type of instrument a virtuoso would have in his music-room for his own delectation.

* * *

THE FATE OF THE FAIR millions is just now an interesting subject for speculation. There is no concealing the fact that the health of the ex-Senator is precarious. However carefully he lives, and no man in town is more circumspect as regards eating and drinking, it is hardly probable he can survive many years longer. The death of his son was a sad blow, for he thought a great deal of Jim, and his physicians fear the shock may lead to the breaking up of his constitution. Though Charley Fair is completely cured of his bibulous tendencies, his health is not robust. He is now suffering from a severe cold that threatens dangerous developments. Miss Birdie Fair, however, is in excellent physical condition, and Mrs. Oelrichs, though

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

paler and rather thinner than Tessie Fair was, still enjoys good health.

* * *

The baby, I am told, is magnificent—tips the scales at twenty pounds. Should the worst happen, the Senator's huge fortune—it must be at least $18,000,000—would be divided among the surviving children. The plan of distribution no one but his lawyer and a few very intimate friends know. It is sure to be a wise arrangement, for Mr. Fair has given much time and study to the subject. The estate itself will be easy to administer inasmuch as the securities are unimpeachable, and the investments gilt edged. But I trust it will be administered for some years yet by the ex-Senator.

* * *

Since their arrival Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Birdie Fair have had many visitors, and were quietly entertained by their intimate friends. They leave for the East to-day.

* * *

James Brett Stokes has just returned, after enjoying two very delightful months in New York. He brings back with him quite a collection of rugs and curios for the adornment of his rooms, and he is talking of giving a series of teas similar to those that were so popular last season. With this end in view he is enlarging his Post Street quarters, by the addition of another apartment, and by the construction of a bow window. Chandeliers of an antique pattern will furnish illumination. In fact, Mr. Stokes has picked up quite a variety of interesting things, among others a large vase of unique workmanship, which came originally from Russia. This season he does not purpose to confine his entertaining to the fair sex exclusively, but talks, also, of giving Sunday morning breakfasts in the New York style.

* * *

THERE WAS A VERY PRETTY PLOT hatched by certain Scotch Republicans to have St. Andrews, the Thistle Club, and other Scotch societies here banquet Andrew Carnegie. This unassuming, low-spoken personage is a vigorous believer in "Caledonia, stern and wild," and employs in his factories as many of his countrymen as possible. Mere sentimental considerations, however, do not prevent him reducing their wages, in the most spirited manner possible, whenever an opportunity offers. The suggestion was that the sterling patriotism of Mr. Carnegie should be recognized, and it could best be done by means of a real land o' cakes banquet. Now it happens most of the local Scotchmen are Democrats—believers in a tariff for revenue only—while Mr. Carnegie is a vehement high tariff man, and boasts that he gives more money to the Republican campaign fund than any other millionaire.

* * *

It would be very fine having Andrew surrounded by admiring compatriots, telling them the disadvantages of free trade from his personal point of view. He might actually swing a few votes this coming election for the party. But the other side appreciated the situation; the scheme was nipped in the bud, and Mr. Carnegie was not banqueted, nor even invited to address his compatriots. It is cruel that politics should be permitted to interfere with these interesting little love feasts.

* * *

ANOTHER FIGHT in the Rosina Vokes Company gives the Chicago correspondents a splendid opportunity to shed ink by the quart. Mr. Bell, the tall handsome, languid gentleman, whose parts were anything but onerous, took the trouble to thrash Felix Morris on Tuesday night because the little Welshman had been unkind to Mrs. Bell (Miss Lane). As long as I have known the Vokes Company (ten years, easily), there has never been a time when it was free from trouble: there is always a "fight on;" there are two or three "sets" in the troupe; each "set" forms a clique, and if there is an extra man, he will start a clique all by himself. For some time Mr. Morris has been by himself, and everyone has taken occasion to make his life a burden. His spare time has been used in casting thorns before the feet of the company.

* * *

When the troupe was in San Francisco, the customary ill feeling existed, but I understood that all trouble between the Bells and Morris had passed away. Mr. Morris had some hope of starring next season, and was anxious to get Mr. Bell and Miss Lane to accompany him, and the terms were tempting enough to make the offer worthy of consideration. It is just probable that Mr. and Mrs. Bell were able to withstand it, however, and that Mr. Morris took revenge in his own way, which, as he is stage manager, is an exceedingly harsh and disagreeable one. Mr. Morris was the cause of Miss Filkins leaving the company, and now that the Bells say they will resign, Miss Vokes is in a most uncomfortable position.

* * *

About a certain elaborate festivity that took place not over three weeks ago, there are in circulation a few funny little stories. The respectability of the affair was overpowering. The atmosphere was heavy with it and the perfume of costly flowers. Even the walls exuded dignity, and so solemn was the whole affair that it had the aspect of a stately ceremonial. The event—one must speak of it so—was at its full height, when a member of the illustrious family of hosts was encountered by a friend entering the Pacific Union Club.

* * *

"Hallo, thought you were up at the dance. Isn't over yet, is it?"

"No," said the other, "won't be for hours; but up there it's hotter than Hades, duller than Oakland, and so deucedly respectable that I can hardly keep my eyes open. Tell you the truth, I just blew down here for a drink."

"Let us?"

And they did.

* * *

I SHOULD LIKE to believe there existed a possibility of Judge Wallace's name appearing on the National Democratic Ticket. That the *Chronicle's* intelligence last Sunday was not news to the Judge's friends here, is true. Among prominent Democrats in Washington the wisdom of selecting a Vice-President from the far West in case the ticket is headed by a man from the far East is being considered. If any man can carry the State against the Republican majority, it is Wallace. However he stands in the city, there can be no doubt of his strength in the country. Of his capacity there is no question. I believe, to-day, his is one of the ablest, if not the ablest mind in California. He is not a great orator, but he is one of the most powerful of speakers. Besides, he is a master of words, and his speeches read better than they sound.

* * *

Wallace is a man whose appearance indicates strength and capacity. In a convention and on the stump, he could not fail to be impressive, to be magnetic. There is no one who would do the State more honor. In intellect, the Californians who have gone to Washington are pygmies beside him. Apart from the improbability of his selection, however—though the unexpected does happen—local jealousies would undoubtedly interfere. If such a chance did arise, the country would be treated to another row similar to that which broke out over the appointment of a Chief for the Horticultural Bureau at the World's Fair. Until the State forgets its petty jealousies, no Californian can have national recognition.

* * *

If the State goes Democratic this election, and shrewd politicians indicate that as a possibility, who would go to Washington as Felton's successor? Of course Stephen M. White would be a candidate, but he is not so strong now as he was before the last campaign. The chances are, too, the coming Legislature will be of better caliber than that which included the Faylor combine. However callous the city is to the disgrace of that painful *exposé*, the country is more sensitive, and there is a disposition to send purer men to Sacramento. As I indicated, Wallace is by far the strongest man the party has, and, in the present condition of feeling, it would not surprise me if he should be elected. It is true he has a magnificent assortment of enemies, but he is a big enough man to carry them. As the issues of the coming contest develop, some of his especial enmities may prove the best arguments in his favor.

* * *

AN INTERESTING SITUATION, and one to which the candidates for the United States Senate this year will be compelled before long to give some attention, unless I have been incorrectly informed, is presented by the legal status of the last apportionment

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

law. That plans are already in process of incubation looking to its nullification seems undoubted, although the only public man of prominence whom I have heard mentioned in connection with it is Stephen M. White, of Los Angeles. I think it may be taken for granted that if Mr. White thinks the act unconstitutional, he will come pretty near establishing that fact to the satisfaction of most people, if not to the satisfaction of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Mr. White's capacity as an "argufyer" is well known from one end of the State to the other. In fact, I have heard men say, who were well qualified to speak, that he is the ablest and most persistent politician-lawyer in this part of the country.

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Of course, the validity or invalidity of the apportionment act is of little importance to any one except the candidates for the United States Senate, and the men who intend this year to run for the Legislature; but to them it is of transcendent moment. If it should turn out that the act was unconstitutionally passed, the probabilities of a Republican Senator succeeding Mr. Felton are extremely blue. Let me explain myself.

* * *

Prior to the adoption of the Constitution of 1879 the Legislature was chosen by groups from quite large districts. For instance, in this city there were five Senatorial districts, from each of which two Senators and four Assemblymen were elected. The country was apportioned on the same principle. A large county, like Alameda, for instance, had two Senators and three Assemblymen, chosen by general ticket. The only legislative subdivisions recognized outside this city were the county boundaries of the several counties.

* * *

The New Constitution changed all this. It did not increase the number of Legislators, but it provided for dividing the State into forty Senatorial and eighty Assembly Districts, numbered consecutively, and enacted that the State should be re-apportioned every ten years, or after each Federal census taking. In plain terms, the Legislature of 1881 was directed to apportion under the new system, and for that purpose the Constitution terminated the service of the Senators chosen in 1879, who were elected for three years. But the Legislature of 1881 did not pass the act. In fact, it was beaten by a Democratic-Republican combination, of which Assemblyman Doggett, of Siskiyou, afterward Lieutenant-Governor, and now a member of the World's Fair Commission, was the leader. The Legislature of 1883 was overwhelmingly Democratic. It gerrymandered the State so that it could go Republican by a small majority, and yet yield a Democratic Legislature. This arrangement produced the conditions under which the late Senator Hearst was finally elected to the Federal Senate.

* * *

But the Senators who sat in 1883 wanted to hold for four years, and, like all politicians who have the power to perpetuate themselves, they provided in the act that the Senate of 1883 should be entirely re-elected in 1886. After they had adjourned the Republican politicians took the act to the Supreme Court on a test case and it was declared valid in all respects except this. Half the Senators were decreed to go out, notwithstanding they all represented the old districts. Thus, in 1885, twenty Senators sat from the new districts, many of which were irretrievably mixed up with the old territory, and constituted, with their colleagues, the greatest legislative jumble ever known. Of course, the election of 1886 straightened things out.

* * *

The last Legislature passed an act readjusting the whole system, and providing in accordance with the decision referred to for the election of twenty Senators from the newly-made, odd-numbered districts, but as a matter of fact the apportionment is in nearly as bad a jumble as before. The districts having been changed the hold-over members are now practically as they were in 1885, without the compact, contiguous constituencies required by the constitution. The Republican gerrymander, however, is even worse than the Democratic one of 1883. The State could not give a Democratic majority of 3000 and yet yield a Republican Legislature. Hence it is vitally important to Messrs. Felton, De Young, Estee, and other Republican candidates for the Senate that the new law should be maintained.

* * *

Stephen M. White, as is well known, is a Democrat and a candidate for the Senate. Believing the Republican gerrymander to be fatal to his aspirations, I am informed he has prepared a case against the act, and will at the proper time open a legal fire upon it. The point relied on for success consists in the construction of Section 6, Article IV, of the Constitution. - That section directs the Legislature to re-apportion the State after each census, and so adjust the districts that they shall be as nearly equal in population as may be. It is contended that this means that an entire new Legislature shall be elected every ten years. If such a construction can be maintained, then the hold-over Senators, of whom fourteen are Republicans, will be turned out, and the Senatorial fight thrown open to all comers. In order to win, the Republicans will have to elect twenty-one Senators and forty-one Assemblymen.

* * *

Under the old apportionment law this will be a difficult thing to do. Just when Mr. White purposes springing his sensation upon the politicians I do not know. Probably not until the campaign is well agoing. It is said that a writ of mandate will be asked for from the Supreme Court, commanding the Election Commissioners to order an election for ten Senators in San Francisco instead of four, as provided by the new law, and that upon the application Stephen M. White, Samuel M. Wilson, and John Garber will appear and argue. It would be hard to find three more luminous Democratic lights than these.

* * *

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a great city, populated by intelligent men and women, who called themselves free and boasted of a sublime government. For many years they had devoted much time and money to the rearing of a Hall, that was called new, but which was quite old long before it was completed. Three men were delegated by the people to control the work of constructing the city's New Hall, and these servants of the populace enjoyed titles. They were: His Lordship the Mayor, the Vigilant Canine of the Treasury, and the Master of the Law Department.

* * *

It happened that 19,000 file boxes were required by a certain department in this slow-growing edifice, known as the County Clerk's Office. It behooved the three commissioners to award a contract for the supplying of these boxes, and, at their invitation, many were the samples submitted for inspection by various manufacturers. About this period the bright gleam of an inspiration shot athwart the brow of the commissioner ycleped the Canine of the Treasury, and in an argument with himself he contended that much profit would accrue to the public servant who could properly adjust matters with the successful contractor so that the latter could declare a large dividend after getting a well-filled sack from the city purse. The argument, being potent, convinced this Canine of the Treasury of the feasibility of such an enterprise, and thereupon he acted.

* * *

Knowing that his brother commissioners were not open to the same argument that convinced himself, he hit upon a plan by which he took into his confidence a Chief Clerk who was the bosom friend of a certain Republican Boss, and to whom the Master of the Law Department was indebted for certain political favors. Then a young, trustworthy mechanic who knew how to make file boxes was admitted to the combine. A conference was held and it was decided that the Mechanic should make the boxes at a cost of twenty-five cents each; the Boss should induce the Master of the Law Department to vote with the Canine of the Treasury out of friendship, so as to give the contract to the young mechanic on the ground that his samples were the best, and the city would pay for them at the rate of about one large, round dollar each. Then all the conspirators rubbed their hands in high glee and partook of the sparkling contents of several quart bottles.

* * *

In the future when fruits and plans ripen, the city's three servants met in the city's New Hall, examined the samples and awarded the

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

contract for supplying the file boxes, but the young Mechanic was not the successful contractor. His Lordship, the Mayor, voted to award to a gentleman with a teutonic cognomen, and to the great consternation of the conspirators the Vigilant Canine of the Treasury cast his vote with His Lordship. The conspirators were routed and the Chief Clerk remarked to the Boss, "We have been barreled. The traitor has made another combination, and his Lordship is the dupe. The Canine of the Treasury and the contractor will hog all the dividends." Since that time revelations have been made, and now the Canine of the Treasury is a small minority in the Commission.

Dropping parable, will Mr. Schultz kindly state what he paid to have his file-boxes accepted?

* * *

THE FIRST NIGHTER, of whom the theatres were so enamored, to whom they pointed with pride, and who got all the best seats and did all the loud talking during the progress of the play, is a thing of the past. Whither he has gone, no one may say, and why he went few care. But that he is no longer an object that shares the interest with the mummers is beyond peradventure. For some time past I have watched the faces of those who pressed through the foyer on the night when a recurrent star shed his first gleams over a Baldwin audience, and the idea impressed me that "first-nighting" was becoming less of a function every season, and that being at the theatre on Monday evening did not necessarily imply that the attendant was "in the swim."

* * *

The newspapers may be responsible for the falling-off in the social prestige of the first-night. If you think a moment you will notice that we have not had a "Society event" at any of the regular theatres in months; "the wealth and beauty and fashion," as I was in the habit of calling it, has not crowded Thespis' temples to shower "their applause, that at times arose to the dignity of an ovation," on the aspiring mummer, and calico and silks, diamonds and jet, dress suits and carefully brushed office coats have divided the seats, and sat cheek by jowl. Of course, the newspapers have not had all to do with the decline and fall of the first-night Empire; social conditions have some responsibility on the matter.

* * *

San Francisco is growing, not necessarily larger—indeed, the census proves that it is progressing in the matter of inhabitants like unto the crab. But the city is growing broader—putting off its simple village ways, and shooting at metropolitan customs. Mrs. Brown does not go to the theatre of a Monday night merely because Mrs. Jones will be there; and the fact that Mrs. Robinson may be an attendant is good reason why Mrs. Smith will not be present. There are more attractions now on Monday nights than there were before, when no one with any pretensions to be some one would give "an affair" on that evening dedicated to Thespis. It may be that there are more theatres, or that the various attractions divide the attention of the people. However it is, the fact remains that the first night as a social affair has lost its prestige, and Mr. and Mrs. Slowgoe appear in the boxes or in the choice seats with Colonel and Mrs. Topnotch; Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Quietly usurp the chairs so long occupied by the Quickstep family, and Pacific Heights and South of Market shoulder each other in the foyer.

* * *

THE OLD CITY HALL, wherein the Police Courts are located, receives at present a large share of public attention. This is due to the efforts of that eccentric person, Ben Napthaly, and to a clerk named Watson. About the latter there is little that is interesting. He is simply criminal in a careless manner. The other, however, is a curiosity—a graduate of the Industrial School—in manners and appearance a tough; yet cunning; in a way, witty; knowing little of law, but with a good deal of practice pastured entirely on Merchant Street. The circumstances that obtained him admission to the School, I do not remember. He was there some years, and on leaving made a speech. In it he declared his intention of living a virtuous life—in his expressions of admiration for authority he was unctuous. There followed a period of eclipse and then he emerged into public view as publisher of the *Sun*.

* * *

The *Sun* was a weekly journal, devoted to attacks on the De Youngs. It was a ruffianly sheet, coarse, vulgar, atrocious. Its abuse of Charles de Young finally became so virulent that he was compelled to shoot the editor. His bullet struck Napthaly, but did not do him a serious injury, but, after the fracas, Captain Lees and a force of police raided the *Sun* office, destroyed the press, scattered the type. No arrests followed. There was nothing heard of the fellow for some time. Then, one heard of him as a shyster—a hanger-on round the Police Courts. He succeeded eventually in cramming enough law to be admitted to practice by the Superior Court. He blossomed forth as an attorney. Being a clever schemer, he learned the value of a pull, and, an adept in the tricks of his trade, he acquitted his clients.

* * *

During the incumbency of Judge Lawler, Napthaly was a power on Merchant Street. In that functionary's Court he was supreme. His "pull" was strong, and, in those palmy days, his income could not have been less than five or six hundred dollars a month. Had his habits been but sober, to-day he could glory in riches. But *en route* he spent what he made, and now his vogue has declined, and, in order to aid his clients, he is compelled to proceed to extremes. To listen to Napthaly trying a case is amusing. Knowing but little law, he alternately bluffs and wheedles witnesses; his arguments are diatribes in uncouth English. Could he be persuaded to tell all he knows about systems of Police Court injustice, he would do the city a service. I think Ben Napthaly will be allowed to.

Arcadian Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

* * *

Speaking of Police Judges, one cannot help remembering Judge Joachimsen, who, on and off the bench, has been an *habitué* of the Old City Hall for at least twenty-five years. What chances offered themselves during that quarter of a century of enriching himself at the public expense, he has not improved. He is honest, and no breath of scandal has tainted his record. He is also poor. Habituated in the ways of the schemers who so thrive in this region, he exercises the utmost care in keeping the records of his Court. He checks the work of his clerk and of the Prosecuting Attorney, by keeping a docket of his own. Thereby he prevents the frequent efforts at dismissing cases that are among the current evils of the department.

* * *

Perhaps the most serious charge that can be made against Judge Joachimsen is his fondness for punning. An opportunity of making a verbal play he never loses; were he, as Superior Judge, delivering a death sentence I am sure the solemnity of the moment would not prevent him exercising his faculty. Positively, he is incorrigible. A judicial wit is seldom in a position to appreciate the indifference of his own jokes. Part of the education of any good lawyer is an ability to laugh at the pleasantries of a judge. One rather good story is told on Joachimsen. It has been in type before, but will stand republication. Mr. Jim Long, ex-Secretary of Buckley's County Committee, a young man with a long upper lip and more force than elegance of manner, was examining a prisoner charged with assault. The details were not of the kind one details in polite society, and Mr. Long thus charged him:

* * *

"Go right ahead with your story, and when you come to the part that is unfit for any decent person to hear, whisper it in His Honor's ear."

The clerk laughed and so did some of the reporters. Judge Joachimsen knit his brow in thought a second or so.

"The Prosecuting Attorney will please withdraw his offensive remark, or be fined for contempt."

The beauty of the situation was that Mr. Long, who is of Irish extraction, did not appreciate his bull until the Judge's reproof was given.

* * *

Last week I spoke of the great need of a new hall for social functions, and already my attention has been called to one that will form a feature of the building that Golden Gate Commandery purposes erecting on Sutter Street, between Mason and Taylor. The

plans have been prepared, and contracts will be let very shortly. The hall, in which I am chiefly interested, will have the same seating capacity as Odd Fellows', but it will be infinitely ahead of that place in decorations and conveniences. It will be finished in oak, and will be artificially ventilated by means of exhaust fans. The two parlors, the dressing, toilet, cloak, and hatrooms will be fitted up in excellent style. The building itself will be three stories high, in Gothic architecture, and will have the largest banqueting hall in the city.

* * *

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE? There is more in the shade of one's complexion than the world imagines; and as the world imagines a great deal about everything, a blue eye or a black curl must be of considerable importance. There is, I am assured, a blonde young man, of good parentage, fair fortune, and Bohemian proclivites, mourning a refusal from one of San Francisco's eligible young women, whose family is deeply interested in iron; and a "dark-featured man," as the fortune-tellers say, has been heard to remark that he is the happiest fellow in town because of the acceptance of his suit by the same young lady. I have never believed that a woman could bestow on two men an equal amount of love at the same time; indeed, it seems impossible that this state of affairs should exist, novelists and other nuisances to the contrary. Yet, I am assured that the lady in question was in the unhappy position of the gentleman who could have been rapturously happy with either of two females if the other charmer were only in Hong Kong.

* * *

The gentlemen were certainly true to her, and their rivalry attracted so much attention that the young lady was urged to make a selection. She couldn't do it; the men were of almost equal fortune, nearly of the same size, the difference being in favor of the blonde; of almost the same mental calibre, the indifference being in favor of the brunette; if one had a yacht, the other held a proprietary interest in one as a member of the Rose Leaves; if the blonde was a noted clubman, with rights in half a dozen houses, the brunette had a country residence practically to himself; and so the scales tipped and balanced; but the fair lady could not make a choice. It happened, I am told, at Del Monte, that as she walked into the ballroom with the brunette, some one whispered "What a handsome couple; how her blonde loveliness is set off by his dark beauty." That settled it; the engagement was announced, and the girl makes no secret of the fact that while she was sure of both, she chose the brunette because his appearance suited her style better. The other still lives.

* * *

THE TREACHERY of dressmakerdom is a fertile topic for feminine discourse. Of course, I do not mean the interesting morsels of gossip that are given to the *monde* through the medium of *modistes*. My reference is to the duplication of certain private patterns—the rendering for two demoiselles of the same design. Can one imagine aught more agonizing than to meet one's dearest enemy in a costume whose similarity to one's own must strike even the dullest of masculine observers? But versatility is as rarely an attribute of dressmakerdom as of tailordom. Each season only a certain number af styles are in vogue, and it is to be expected that, once and again, people in the same set will strike the identical color combinations. At a certain select festivity whereat were gathered individual prominences of large bank account, there occurred a meeting between two female personages related by lottery—marriage.

* * *

The younger lady advanced to meet her elderly relative, when she stopped short. The other had risen to meet her. She glared. Both had on identical costumes. The material was white brocade, trimmed with beads and pearls in profusion—quite rich, costly, and elaborate. Of the two, the younger, was the more startled. Under such circumstances there is nothing to do but accept the situation. They clasped hands.

* * *

Two girls who spent the summer in Paris and were unfortunate enough to patronize the same *costumier*, returned to California prepared to startle the community by the beauty and elegance of their gowns. The first to arrive proudly flaunted her finery on the local boulevards and had not half received her friends' congratulations before the other made her appearance. She made her initial visit in a suit similar to that which her friend had worn the previous day. It was discovered then that one wardrobe was almost an exact replica of the second. However, the dresses were lovely. Of that there could be no question. They simply agreed to telephone to each other on the eve of attending a festivity which gown each would wear. The device succeeded like a charm, and to-day hardly anyone knows how very like the interior of Miss ——'s wardrobe is that of Miss ——.

* * *

AN ALAMEDA ROMANCE is certainly in the line of the unexpected; but, you know, it is the expected that does not happen. My correspondent, who hears everything that goes on across the bay, informs me of a short story of more that ordinary interest that has to do with a secret marriage, a masquerade, and an abandonment. Richard Bradley is the hero, and I have no doubt that the news of his wedding some time ago, with the additional statement that he is an unhappy father, will be more than a surprise to the many people who have long regarded him as an eligible bachelor. As son of the gentleman who for years was the senior partner in a well-known photographing firm, that was brought into more than ordinary prominence not long ago, he enjoyed the distinction of having as much money as a number of his friends could conveniently spend, and he was a good deal of a favorite.

* * *

Dick had the misfortune to fall in love; the lady was beautiful, virtuous, and poor, and his family frowned when he spoke of marriage. But, at his years, opposition breeds virtues in the course opposed, and Richard married, and lived happily—apart from his bride. The ceremony was a private one; even the most intimate friends of the couple were not aware of the change in their relations toward each other. Richard's outward appearance did not change; he enjoyed Society here and in Oakland and Alameda, flirted with the pretty girls and was kind to the old ones; played tennis, and cultivated his chrysanthemums. In the meantime his wife was raising the family.

* * *

Even after his father's death young Bradley concealed the fact of his marriage, and his wife lived apart from other women, burdened with a secret that gave her no joy, and despairing of the time when she would be an acknowledged wife. A short time ago the young husband left the city; where he is now, I am unable to state. He is probably in the north where he has some business connections. In the meantime the unfortunate girl whom he married is hungry, and her two little children are crying for bread.

* * *

I AM CREDITABLY INFORMED that there is, for the first time in the history of the State, something tangible behind the bluster about a new transcontinental road. Year in and out, newspaper readers have been saluted, at intervals, with columns of rubbish about this, that or the other company being about to push through Nevada and over the Sierras. Each time the tale has been proved a baseless fabrication. This man or the other, desirous of attracting a little foolish notoriety, has posed as the representative of Boston capital, and has announced, positively, his intentions of surveying and then building opposition iron highways. In a week or two the bubble has burst. Now, however, I am told that certain definite offers have been made Eastern railroad men, and an agreement that on a certain sum, say $5,000,000, being raised here in town, operations are to be commenced.

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This amount, or what approximates thereto, has already been guaranteed. The cost of constructing the line is estimated at about $21,000,000, and that sum, it is said, can be had on bonds. This information I obtain from a trustworthy source.

* * *

THERE IS TO BE NO Hopkins-Searles will contest; everyone seems as glad as though it were a matter of public concern. In these days of newspaper enterprise, however, it is hard to decide where privacy begins. When journals devote columns to the consideration of a personal subject there are few details left to the imagination. Therefore, the announce-

ment that Mr. Searles had agreed to cede Mr. Hopkins a matter of three millions is far more interesting to Californians than even the bread riots in Berlin, of which we were given so much the week before last. The basis of the compromise will not, I presume, be made public. It is understood that after carefully weighing the evidence adduced on the Searles side, Mr. Hopkins' attorneys concluded that the original offer of three and a quarter million was better than they had believed.

* * *

Until the trial nothing was known of the marriage settlement whereby Mrs. Hopkins-Searles gave her husband half the estate, he, in his turn, deeding to her a half interest in his accumulations.. Then it transpired that much of the property stood in his name. So, had the will been broken, that would simply have meant the surmounting of a single obstacle. Searles would have retired to his next line of defense. There is no doubt, too, but that the magnitude of the estate has been ridiculously overestimated. I have it on excellent authority that the value of the total inheritance was not over twenty million. Ten of these being secured to Mr. Searles by his wife's settlement, ten would have remained to fight for, and Mr. Hopkins, if the decision went his way, in the course of years to come might have secured five of them.

* * *

I am told that Mr. Hopkins' arrangements with his lawyers was on the contingent basis. If he won they would receive a certain percentage of the total. As the legal proceedings cut no figure in the compromise, merely retarding it, the Choates, Burleys, Endicotts, Boalts will simply receive a fee for their services. It is not probable they will deplete the three million to any great extent, though they are the most expensive men in the country. I believe it was also part of the understanding with Mr. Searles that Tim Hopkins should be retained, if he chooses, as Treasurer of the Southern Pacific Company. He is certainly to be congratulated on the outcome. The real estate which comes to him is the best of income producing property. It was purchased by him personally and he has excellent judgment in real estate.

* * *

The timber lands in the Santa Cruz Mountains are valuable now and will eventually be far more so. Mr. Hopkins must now be worth over $4,000,000, so invested that he can, if he pleases, spend the rest of his life traveling round the world. Had he inherited half the Hopkins' estate he would be a slave to his desk, compelled to labor each day as though his income depended on it.

* * *

THE RETIREMENT of John Dougherty from the Chairmanship of the Democratic County Committee, or from the leadership of that body of lambs that claims to represent the Democracy of this city, probably sounds the death knell of that effete and played-out Buckley organization. Dougherty was the bell-wether of the flock. He was selected by Buckley to "manage" the campaign two years ago, because of his experience and ability, and for that purpose he resigned the position of District Engineer in the Fire Department to which he has now again been elected. As the occupants of what the reporters on the daily papers call the "red buggy," receive but $150 a month for risking their lives at fires and carrying around a great deal of other responsibility, it is quite certain that Dougherty did not leave the County Committee because he was getting a sinecure. I think the external signs indicate that he abandoned his confreres in Buckleyism for much the same reason that a rat leaves a sinking ship—to be more comfortable elsewhere.

* * *

It is quite certain that the County Committee will not be able to survive his departure. As District Engineer, Dougherty can be of no use, politically, to anybody. Even if his duties did not take up the major portion of his time, he could "do" little politics without at once being yanked up and called on to explain. Therefore, it is probable that he has left Long, Spotts, Greggains, and Andy Clunie to their fate. What this fate is to be is an interesting question. That it ought to be suicide, and, in the end, is certain to be oblivion, seems to be likely, but how is that end to be achieved? Will it embody a party, and put up Jim Nealon for Mayor, Alex Greggains for Sheriff, and Jimmy Long for Treasurer? Such a ticket might not be a bad thing, after all. I would not like to have Mr. Long handle a great deal of my money, but that he might possess qualifications for handling that of the public, I am not prepared to dispute; and no man acquainted with Mr. Nealon's executive ability will aver that his brogue would disqualify him for making an exceedingly acceptable mayor.

* * *

But there is one thing I should like very much to know: How did Jack Dougherty get the vote of Fire Commissioner Martin in his battle for possession of ex-District Engineer McCarthy's "red buggy?" Martin has been an adherent of the Burns-Wilson faction in the Republican party. He has voted steadily against the rule of Ames, Schmidt, and Parsons, who have carried out the compact of Martin Kelly and Sam Rainey at the recent Legislature, until Parsons received a Supreme Court decision beneath the belt. It appeared that Dougherty's ambition to become a District Engineer was stalled until Martin came to his aid. What I should like to know is whether, as is asserted by the admirers of Colonel Dan Burns, this is a clever rusé of the Colonel to knock out the Democratic County Committee, or whether a new deal has been made between Kelly and Crimmins and Sam Rainey?

* * *

One thing is certain. Sam Rainey need not go to the trouble of lying any more about his being out of politics. He has said that so often that some Christian people have come to believe it, but it will no longer pass muster. The election of his friend Dougherty to the District Engineership shows that Sam is in politics on what the Tammany boys used to call "the sneak," that is, ostensibly out but really in. Hereafter, I shall believe what has so often been said during the past year, namely: that Rainey is really the brains of the entire Kelly-Crimmins combination. It was he who saved them from Burns at the last session of the Legislature, and it is he who is doing their generalship now. For a long time I have been endeavoring to account for the brains that are manifest in the camp of these two bosses. Knowing that neither one possessed much more sense than an ordinary ward-striker (which, in fact, was the duty to which the late Bill Higgins usually detailed them) I was at a loss to account for some of their clever movements. It is all plain now. Sam Rainey has become a Republican boss at last—"on the sneak."

* * *

JOURNALISM lost one of its brightest ornaments when Thomas E. Flynn left the *Chronicle*. For many years this gentleman held an enviable position in the profession, and occupied a high place on the salary list of my contemporary. Although a stanch Democrat, he was political editor of the journal, and dealt out consolation in times of Republican defeat, and taught the rooster how to crow in the days of their triumph. Aside from this, he was sporting editor, and, although a man of the most peaceful character, he was called on to witness some of the most sanguinary battles ever fought with the chin in this city. Again, a Bohemian, he bought real estate, and, from time to time, added to a bank account whose splendid proportions has rarely been marred by untoward speculation.

* * *

Certainly Mr. Flynn has been an anomaly. First: Democrat, and political editor of a Republican journal; second: a *very* peaceful man, and sporting editor; third: a Bohemian, and a real estate owner. But even here the strange, unnatural warfare between his duties and his nature does not end. Aside from all this, he is a journalist, and editor of the *Wasp!* Did fate ever conspire more successfully to make a man unhappy? There is material here for a play of the most dramatic character. Imagine how Mr. Flynn's Democratic gorge must have arisen at his Republican alliances! Think how his peaceful nature must have revolted at the scenes of carnage he was compelled to gaze on. What a trial to his Bohemian spirit to realize that he was encumbered by vile gold! And what humiliation and disgrace his journalistic soul must feel when he contemplates that he is editor of the *Wasp!*

* * *

THE SUICIDE of Ferdinand Van Zandt brings to a close a strange, eventful history. The Van Zandts are among New York's 150, and Ferdinand had the distinguished honor of being son-in-law to Sir John Lubbock.

Some years ago I met Mr. Van Zandt when he was here on his bridal tour, the owner of a mine, and with an income of $10,000 a month. Six or eight years before that, Van Zandt had earned a precarious livelihood by assisting the proprietor of a Denver beer saloon in serving customers. He was not enamored of this business, however, and shortly gave up "tending bar." In company with another New Yorker, whose luck had been as bad as his own, Van Zandt started for the mines, prospected without success, and starved and feasted in the mountains of Colorado.

* * *

Returning to Denver, Van Zandt's companion—whose name, I regret to say I can't recall, as I listened to the story as I do to many others, without giving any thought to the illustrative qualities it might possess in speaking of the character of a chance acquaintance—got a position as civil engineer on the Mexican railroad, and he started for the land of the Montezumas on a horse and saddle that had borne Van Zandt many a mile. The young man's trip was to occupy six months, when he was to return to Denver. At the end of nine months he had not returned, and his waiting friend determined to start on a hunt for him. He followed the trail which was not a hard matter, and reached a town where his friend had spent a month.

* * *

Here all trace of him disappeared, but Van Zandt discovered his horse and saddle in the possession of two Mexicans. They would not give a satisfactory answer to the question of how they got them; the American was satisfied they had murdered his friend, and had them arrested. He got evidence against them that was absolutely convincing, but knowing the spirit of the Mexican Judges, despaired of having them convicted. No trial was held, the men were discharged, and the same night Van Zandt shot them to death, and rode out of the town. He left word for the authorities, stating that two Mexicans were probably enough to satisfy vengeance for the murder of one American.

* * *

Van Zandt returned to this country, came to Montana, and was appointed superintendent of one of the mines there. Then the Blue Bird developed, and he got a large interest in that property. It paid well, and Van Zandt became rich. He went to London and interested Sir John Lubbock in the mine, met his daughter and married her. His reasons for committing suicide I cannot state. Probably he had been drinking. His wife and father-in-law are in this country; indeed, I am told Mrs. Van Zandt is at Menlo Park. It may be that he did not die by his own hand; the death of the Mexican murderers may have been avenged by a friend.

The Witness.

OUR SPRING BONNETS.

There may be some doubts as to whether the present complications in the Old World will close the century politically as was the last, but there can be no shadow of doubt that we are to imitate the last *fin de siecle* in our head gear. The new spring millinery more than suggests Marie Antoinette and her frivolous followers. Not that we are going back to the towering head dresses of her court, when the doors of all the houses had to be raised in order to admit Her Majesty in her famous peacock head dress. The chroniclers of the times declared that the Grand Opera House in Paris presented a sea of waving plumes on a gala night, and there is something reminiscent about the newest modes of hair dressing. Some of our fashion writers declare that flower bonnets and toques made of lengths of lace and ribbon are to be worn at balls and upon all full-dress occasions. These are not bonnets, they are head dresses, and at all the down-town wholesale millinery houses, where things that are to be are exposed to the gaze of the trade elect, there are many flower bonnets intended for dressy evening wear. The favorites are made wholly of violets, innocent of leaf but rich in long, green stems. This bonnet head dress is made of a cluster of shaded violets piled well up in the centre where the crown is supposed to be, and there are a few more audacious and stubborn blossoms who flaunt their loveliness in an impersonation of an aigrette. The brim is a single but solid row of blossoms held to the crown by means of the long stems. Nothing else is attempted with these floral affairs and there are many other blossoms which serve a similar purpose.

For day wear there are airy creations in the laciest braids, light in weight and color, and for all the world like the mercurial Parisians who always give one an impression of Mayday festivity. The so-called braid hat is a shameless pretender, because it is neither fish nor fowl, but is a curious blending of chip and Neapolitan braid, *i. e.*, a mixture of white horse hair and cloth, the very antithesis of straw. They are all made in lace patterns, and come in all the opalesque shades. A novelty is a fine, rough-twisted, chip-braid called *Tresse d'Amour* which is translated into "braid of love."

The new hats shown possess considerable originality, particularly in the fanciful diminution of crown. At first sight a hat appears to be intended for a doll, but the brims, in reality, form part of the crown and make the hat fit the head quite comfortably. In some of the skeleton shapes a band in the back is added to make the hat fit firm. Another novel feature is that the top of the crown is much wider than the place where it joins the brim, thus forming a Tam O'Shanter, or bell crown according to material used or shape desired. In width of brim there is no limit upon the taste of wearers. Preference is shown for medium widths but this is by no means universal. The only sin is in not having a brim at all. This is wholly unpardonable.

There will be two distinctly opposite styles of trimming. Flower bonnets and hats are a law unto themselves. The novelty being crowns composed of a single wide open poppy of variegated light tints, made of shaded velvet for the outer petals and filled in with crinkled shaded silk which cleverly imitates a half-opened flower. These are made up over invisible wire frames, and have a wide flounce of double *crepe de chine* for a brim, which falls about the face in a very fetching manner.

But I am in despair when I attempt to tell you of the variety and brilliant coloring of the flowers to be worn. Everything is as gay as possible. In addition to the long-stemmed violets, there are long-stemmed and diminutive morning glories, leafless and showing all the opalescent tints in one cluster. There are huge chrysanthemums and carnations for the matronly, crinkly silk poppies in changeable shades, as well as most natural branches of Duchess de Brabant and other roses, with clusters of buds and leaves which fairly rival the choicest hothouse productions.

Wheat, many colored and full grained, nods its head triumphantly over ripe bunches of cherries, currants, and grapes, while autumn leaves are blown about in studied confusion. A new style of branching *parapline* (umbrella) effect is a pretty conceit of that great genius, Worth, which gives a nodding, plume-like effect. These go with Elizabeth jackets with slashed sleeves and ruffs about the neck.

The first choice for trimming a lace braid hat or bonnet is ribbon. This is made into large and small butterfly bows, ribbon pompons which are thrust through Rhinestone rings or buckles, and above all in the long ties. Like the brim there must be ties of some kind, and the majority of them are wide and long. Moiré ribbons predominate, especially in the "mother-of-pearl" effects, which are produced by an ingenious combination of different colored threads woven like ordinary watered ribbon. Oftentimes in the curious knots and bows of this ribbon is concealed a big mother-of-pearl bumble-bee with gold body and legs.

Gauze ribbons, plain and fancy striped or brocaded, are to be used in conjunction with the *crepe de chine* brims and facings employed, and then there are black ribbons with lovers' knots in brocaded or gold-feathered designs also among the newest wrinkles.

In black and colored laces, though the texture is very fine, the firmness of material is more apparent. They have a certain stiffness which is admirably adapted to hold plaits and gathers into place, and when of plain surface make dainty knife plaitings for rosette and pompon effects. The newest patterns of these laces have a delicate tracing resembling a shadow of the original pattern, and for this reason they are called "shadow laces." The new coarse-textured ecru lace seen in all the dry goods windows and which lends itself readily for decoration on foulards and India silks is called *point de gene*, a corruption of the name of Genoese point lace, but there is no resemblance to that celebrated work in the machine-made novelty shown for millinery as well as dress goods. Oddly enough, this lace is used on dark hats.

The principal new colors in ribbons are the Pompadour, a pale blue; the Eglantine, a delicate pink; the Watteau, a lovely shade of green, somewhat more pronounced than the Nile green of former times; Marquise, a beautiful pink which shades into heliotrope. In the range of new yellows the *Paladis* and *Pom d'Or* are strikingly beautiful when worn on black lace or tulle hats. These colors are precisely the two shades of the California poppy. Bright green will, as last season, be employed for relief on hats, but it will be seen in stem and branch rather than leaf. The beige and tan shades, together with light drabs, promise best for early spring, as they will match nearly all of the new suitings.

Gold and silver galloons, braids, cords, and buckles are used sparingly, and these are seen most frequently in connection with the gold-glass bead skeleton frames. Sometimes the frames are brightened by cut jets, and again by Rhinestones judiciously intermingled. A cold, but refined, white hat is made of a skeleton frame of silvery white beads with lace brim of the same picked out with Rhinestones or seed pearls.

The novelty ornaments par excellence, are made of Rhinestones, preferably in lovers' knots and rings, buckles of all shapes and sizes, crescents and spiral ornaments. It is needless to say that hat-pins to match come with these jewels, and there are sun ornaments with a number of rays radiating from the centre which are employed on hat crowns. Similar ornaments are shown in jets and Rhinestones, and for these there are buckles and rings and pins set with the two stones.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

THE VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.
206 KEARNY STREET.
R. BECK, - - PROPRIETOR.

San Francisco, Aug. 26th, 1891

The Central Milling Co.,

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully recommend your "Drifted Snow Flour" as being the whitest and best family flour we have ever used.

Yours,
R. BECK & CO.,
Vienna Model Bakery.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Would it astonish you to learn I have at last a mission in life? It is not to marry an heiress nor even to publish an evening newspaper with news in it, nor yet to read an essay in good English before the Bohemian Club. However laudable these ambitions, their scope is rather beyond my powers. I am content to distinguish myself on a lower plane. I purpose founding a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty by Authors to Characters. An intimate acquaintance with current fiction enables me to appreciate the sufferings that heroes and heroines are compelled to endure for no fault of their own. Because the *dramatis personæ* of an ordinary novel are merely the creations of the writer's fancy, is that any reason why he should be permitted to torture them, to place them in disagreeable predicaments, to permit them inflict grievous bodily harm on each other? I think not.

For months past there has been raging in my bosom an intense indignation against the literary canons which allow authors the power of life and death over their characters Without responsbility to either God or man, they kill or hang, murder or marry. They endow them with millions or curse them with poverty. Punishments are inflicted out of proportion to offenses, and the feelings of the reader needlessly harrowed by the anguish of the sufferer. Time and again have I found the best intentioned of heroes committing crimes they never dreamed, and the most beautiful of heroines conspiring against the happiness of personages they are bound to love, honor, and obey.

My idea is to put an end to all this by enacting a Penal Code for novelists. An organization presided over by some prominent merchant will do the initial agitating. A delegation provided with funds will proceed to Washington. Their appeal to Congress will stir the country, and the resulting laws will convince authors their characters are not entirely defenseless. During the past week I have read a number of books by people for whom I have some esteem. One of them is by Hamlin Garland, whose book, "Main Traveled Roads," excited so much attention last year. He writes of an unfortunate foundryman, Jason Edwards by name, who goes West, grows corn and learns the nature of mortgages. This Garland is undoubtedly a clever young man. He writes excellent English, and arranges his incidents with that regard for climax which is the mark of the true artist, but what a miserable time he does give poor Jason. This unoffending personage belongs to the type vulgarly known as "hoodoos." His intentions are admirable, his efforts the acme of patient industry; but one is certain, in advance of each new undertaking, that he is certain of failure. It is true there are such unfortunates in the world, even in America, but why select them for literary treatment? Moreover, one cannot help believing the author has inflicted all this labor and pain on Jason Edwards, and incidentally on his reader, just for the pleasure of pointing a moral. He wished to voice his protest against the methods of western land-sharks, and, to precipitate his climax—the foreclosing of a mortgage—he actually uses a cyclone, the centre of which plays havoc with a wheat crop—that the first after years of drought If Mr. Garland would use his great ability in the direction of adorning tales rather than in pointing morals, he will live longer in libraries and lower on bookshelves.

If Edwards was severely dealt with, what must one think of Dick Travers, a big-hearted, brave, kindly fellow, six feet two in height, whose mild gray eyes, hearty laugh and cultivated manner suggest to his creator, Joseph Hatton, the brains of a don with the easy air of a gentleman? He is really a capital fellow, is this Dick, but he is compelled to be fallen in love with by "The Princess Mazaroff" who insists on stabbing herself in the second last chapter with his knife. As he is on the very verge of marriage to another woman, she the sweetest, the loveliest, the brightest of English girls, you can understand what a dreadful complication he finds himself in. He is actually tried for murder and escapes by the perjury of his best friend, who, by the way, is a minister. Here, now, if the society I am about to organize were only in active operation, Mr. Hatton would be prosecuted for disturbing the current of so many lives.

Hector Malot, too. Because he is a Frenchman is that a reason why he should allow as clever a fellow as Dr. Saniel, the hero of his last book "Conscience," to commit murder? Such a cool head as that of this Auvergne physician would not resort to an extremity so dangerous. Experience would have shown him that, sooner or later, his crime would be detected; if not, the remorse he would suffer would counteract the monetary benefit of his act. Still, one must admit Malot has done his work well. However deeply I regret the manner he has made Caffié, the money lender, Phillis, the girl who is married, Florentin, who is suspected of Dr. Saniel's crime, and Mme Cormier, who saw the murderer's face at the window, suffer, still the arrangement of the novel is artistic and even I, on the verge of my mission, am almost inclined to forgive a decalogue of sins for that.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Jason Edwards," by Hamlin Garland. Arena Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by San Francisco News Company.

"Princess Mazaroff," by Joseph Hatton. United States Book Company, publishers.

"Conscience," by Hector Malot. Worthington Company, New York, publishers.

"Ruling the Planets," by Mina E. Burton. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Lesson of the Master," by Henry James. McMillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"And I would be a girdle
about her dainty waist."—
(*Longfellow's "Miller's Daughter."*)

That's poetic license for CORSETS, we presume. We could say a good deal about corsets, for we have sold more corsets; better corsets, too, than any house in town.

We've now spoken about style; Spring goods; Siccardi's gloves; sunlight; corsets—five pointers that will save you money and time. Don't go to a stuffy, gas-lighted store. Discomfort, bad air and fraud there do lurk. Buy the latest things, at the closest prices—in the sunlight.

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DRYGOODS AND CLOAKS.

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The Perfection of a Dry Wine

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(Established 1725 Bordeaux)
Clarets, White Wines and Olive Oils

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126 POST STREET

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USE
ALFRED WRIGHT'S
MARY STUART
PERFUME.

Gold and Silver
Electro Deposit Dental Plates
MADE SOLELY BY
DR. B. W. HAINES
DENTIST
21 POWELL ST., cor. Ellis, opp. Baldwin Hotel.

These plates are made by an entirely new process and are absolutely "perfect," and of "purest metals," and "overcoming" all "disadvantages" of "rubber" and all former metal plates. The "leading dentists" throughout the East are using them with the most "gratifying" results.

DIFFICULT CASES SOLICITED.

D. V. S. (MONTREAL)
M. R. C. V. S. (LONDON)
F. W. SKAIFE
VETERINARY SURGEON
Canine Diseases a Specialty. OFFICE: 502 TAYLOR ST.

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, March 12, 1892.

WHAT ABOUT THE TARIFF NOW?

The indignation over the action of the Government in compounding the felony of Neuberger, Reiss & Co. has excited outspoken indignation. This premium on fraud and hardship on legitimate and honest business has been unreservedly condemned. Nevertheless, there has been too much sympathy wasted on what are termed our honest merchants. Several of these large concerns, whose clamor has been loudest, are prominent in Republican politics, and last Presidential campaign they subscribed heavily to the political fund which employed speakers to spread the gospel of ignorance, to-wit: That foreigners paid the tariff tax; that the consumer of an article never paid the duty; that no matter how high a tariff might be it would not raise prices. Now, if foreigners pay the tax, how does it interfere with other merchants that one gets goods in free? And if taxes do not alter price how could Reiss undersell his competitors? We should like the Republican firms of Murphy, Grant & Co. and Levi Strauss & Co. to explain to the public why it is, since they have paid to have the people instructed in these matters, that they should now be entangled in such contradictions? If the foreigner pays the tax, if customs duties do not increase prices, if the consumer under no circumstances pays the tariff, then by no possible reasoning can it be shown that Reiss could undersell merely by coming in without duty—and yet this is the burden of complaint. The only escape for these strictly Republican and high tariff gentlemen from their extremely ludicrous position, is to consult the high tariff man on the editorial column of the *Chronicle*, and have him get off one of those razzle dazzles, which explains how a tariff can make the price of the same thing high and low at the same place and at the same time. The truth is that the poor devil who was caught in trying to cheat the biggest swindle of the age, the American tariff, is not a worse fraud in any respect that the Carnegies and others of their kind, who understand that the folly of the people has made wholesale robbery and jobbery the most aristocratic as well as the most profitable occupation, and the same merchants who throw stones at a man merely because, like themselves, recognizing the tariff as a fraud and an imposition, he carried the idea to its legitimate conclusion. Well, at the next campaign shout with undiminished lung. The tariff is not a tax, otherwise they must acknowledge the doctrine of the wicked free trade theorist that the consumer in his purchase price pays the tariff.

THE WHIP IN OTHER HANDS.

At last, organized labor has met organized capital, and the Council of Federated Trades has been worsted. The fight between these giant forces has gone on for years in San Francisco, and every success achieved by labor has been followed by a period of stagnation that has left the city poorer and the workingmen hungrier than before. Business failures and closing-out sales have succeeded every battle that employer and employed have fought; and from the strike and the boycott the latter has emerged with honor—probably—but with a lean pocket, a starving family, and a hatred of the men whom fortune made his master. Capital suffered in these battles as much as labor: business men lost confidence in the city; money was diverted elsewhere, to towns where dictation was not as insolent as here; enterprises that promised a return for the cash invested were abandoned; real estate decreased in value; emigration was turned aside, as the reports sent to the East declared that there was no work for the people already here; the strike was master, and his ready servant, boycott, kept him in power. Organized labor—which should have been a blessing to the State—did all this, and California lost millions of dollars and thousands of inhabitants. Organized capital has entered the field, and in the first battle it has won a decisive victory. Jealousy and dissension in the ranks of unionism made the fight an easy one, and labor capitulated. The lockout has taken the place of the strike, and the insolence of an increased supply has been met by the arrogance of a decreased demand. There are more men to-day looking for employment than there were a year ago, and there are fewer places; the Federated Trades are in disrepute, and a union card is a walking-ticket.

The Wave predicted all this, some time ago: I sincerely hope that capital will be more sparing of its power, less aggressive and defiant, more kindly disposed toward the weak, than was labor when it cracked the whip over every employer in San Francisco.

While I take no pleasure in dog-fights, have little knowledge of the pedigrees of the animals, and rarely give space to the discussions between them, I yet must state that the brindle pup, whose earnest efforts to destroy an adversary in a Union Street saloon, is a grandson to that valuable brute brought around the horn by the editor of a contemporary. It will be remembered that the imported dog, under the management of Mr. Con Mooney, made quite a reputation.

* * *

The *Examiner's* birthday edition was a splendid example of newspaper work, and the presents received by that enterprising journal, in the way of advertisements, show conclusively that the business man knows where to call attention to his wares. Incidentally, a glance at The Wave's advertising columns will prove an instructive lesson on "Where to Advertise."

C. P. HUNTINGTON'S LETTER.

C. P. Huntington's demonstration of the railroad's attitude, published in the *Examiner*, affords an illustration of the versatility of the President of the Southern Pacific. So calm, so philosophic, so rational is it, that, indeed, it might have been written by the head of a college rather than by one so distinguished in practical life. There is a felicity of expression in his answers that is absent from the style of ordinary business men. The writer seems to possess that rare faculty—the ability of saying in so many words what is in his mind.

In view of recent controversies, some of the questions were of a character most difficult of response. Indeed, Mr. Huntington, had he chosen, might have omitted answering them. But he is fair and eminently frank right through. The independence and stalwartness of character he has so often exhibited, are the best evidence of his sincerity. Of him, it cannot be said he has ever posed for aught but what he was. Considering his great experience, his foresight and his strong mentality, his views regarding the best method of building up California are of peculiar value. It is little use attributing to extraneous causes the lack of local growth. The tendency of the bad workman is to blame his tools. With San Francisco, the difficulty is not the lack of railroad competition, it is absence of personal endeavor, want of enterprise, laziness.

Whether it is that the excitement of life in this city, the several crazes the community has had, have exhausted the vitality of our merchants, or that the climate is responsible, the fact remains, the business element of San Francisco has only itself to blame for its present predicament. No town in the world has had greater opportunities, there is no city that has improved them less. Funerals, not railroads are what we want. As Mr. Huntington points out—another railroad can only divide with the Central and Southern Pacific the business now in existence. It cannot, of itself, develop new industries. Its construction will not diminish rates. To satisfy fixed charges, it will be necessary to increase them. Let our banks and business men co-operate in the construction of factories, let the community forget its mean and petty jealousies—then there will be no complaint of San Francisco's retrogression.

The Troutt Grand Jury is obtaining a reputation for masterly inactivity. The municipality reeks with corruption. In every department are scandals. The local administration is absolutely disreputable. Of the Grand Jury, impaneled for the purpose of checking such abuses, nothing is heard. The criminal indolence of this body is an overpowering justification for Judge Wallace.

MUSIC.

SONG AND SCIENCE.

According to popular theory, singing has degenerated in direct proportion to the accumulation of knowledge, artistic and scientific. To be really popular, a theory on matters musical must be little less than absolutely false. Left to itself, the pure, unadulterated public inevitably applaud coarse and vulgar works, players and performances. True popular taste strangles its musical victims so effectually, that, happily, time is relieved of the burden of carrying them down the stream of the ages. Now, when we know more of the human voice, its generation and production, the singing of to-day is declared thoroughly degenerate, and the opposite of that taught in the "old Italian" schools. The Italian teachers of to-day turn loose the most gruesome singers to be heard, judging by the efforts of their accredited pupils. It is evident this miraculous ancient method translated itself to heaven without leaving as much as a patch to the modern Italian. Grown tired of the legend of the historic glories of Italy's school of song, a few intrepid investigators, carried away by ruthless passion for analysis, called in the aid of science and made at least some interesting and useful discoveries. Two of these, Garcia and Madame Seiler, it is fashionable among writers on the voice to blame. Everything they failed in is loudly trumpeted, while no recognition of their service and devotion is accorded them. Their failures, however, gave other and later writers and thinkers the chance of glorifying themselves in the discovery of the truths of vocalism. These things they have not failed to do, dogmatizing and abusing profusely meanwhile. Like the early Christians, these gentlemen practice the virtues of a rigid intolerance, scattering opposition or difference with unappeasable might. Strangely enough, but few of these are German. However, the service these authors have between them accomplished is practically a clearing up of all the mysteries of the correct production of tone. Charles Lunn, whose little work, "Philosophy of Voice," stamps him a genuine discover and astute, practical, and suggestive thinker, stands prominent among all the talented people whose efforts have been given to the subject. His work has done most to dispel the errors, artistic and scientific, fallen into by earlier writers. To him, among other things, is credited the first correct analysis of artistic tone production in breathing and placing, and the rejection of the laryngoscope as a medium of observation for artistic production.

"Vocal Reinforcement," Mr. Edmund J. Myer's last work on the development of the voice, is thoroughly advanced in its aims and echoes the conclusions of the ablest thinkers, artistic and scientific, as well as being in some directions original. The effort of this comprehensive view of vocal art is to bring the production of tone to a science of perfect harmony between the principles of effort and resistance. This idea is developed in relation to breathing, the use of the ventricles of the larynx and throat, and especially the false vocal chords or breath bands. Expressly defining the somewhat cumbersome term "Reinforcement" Mr. Myer says: "Reinforcement means bringing into action and putting in the voice, in the right way, all the power which nature has bestowed upon the singer." Without entering closely into the full merit of the work, the stress laid upon disassociation of muscular and vocal effort, the insistance upon equal pressure, balance of forces, and true points of resistance, as well as the articles on equalization of the vowels, tone color, and covered tone will be found interesting and thoroughly sound. A study of level movements, an article to which much space is devoted is, perhaps, the most suggestive portion of the book and leads to conclusions enlightening to all singers as well as players.

Condensed expression has been denied Mr. Myer who is little of a stylist. The value of his ideas would be enhanced by a crisp, neat touch. The work is, however, a valuable effort to unite song, science, and art, and its perusal should help most of our singers and teachers to a better understanding of their profession.

Mr. Robert Lloyd has composed and published a collection of "Songlettes" for the school and kindergarten. Unfailingly simple in rhythm and harmony, this collection of tunes, set to words as unaffected and suitable, fulfill all that is necessary for their purposes. Enough variety has been given, and some of the tunes should catch the juvenile ear quite readily. Within the compass of an octave and in Major Keys, the sometimes pretty verses will give no trouble in singing as to range, though the small people, for whom they are intended, may not always follow the harmony. "Rockaby Lullaby" is quite affective and equally singable.

Though the musical season shows signs of failing earlier than usual, the concerts being given at Steinway Hall will continue throughought the summer months. The Hermann Brandt String Quartette has been engaged, and with two rehearsals a week their performances should be still more finished. At Steinway Hall in the evening of the last Wednesday in each month the performances will be given under the patronage of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici. Special interest attaches to these concerts, as an effort to concentrate the musical life of the city, and their permanence is devoutly to be hoped for.

Lesley Martin

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.—*Texas Siftings.*

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For Dress and Bonnet Trimmings, in delicate light shades in "Mother of Pearl" effects. Moire Ribbon with satin and picot edges in all widths and in all the prevailing shades. Light and Dark Colored Gauze Ribbons with Moire Stripes.

We keep at all seasons full assortments of the latest novelties, as well as the standard staples.

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INCORPORATED 1892.

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Modern European Paintings

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Wednesday Ev'ng, March 16,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

At Irving Hall, Post Street,

AND CONTINUING EACH AFTERNOON FROM 2 TO 5, AND EVENINGS FROM 8 TO 10.

Public Exhibition Tuesday and Wednesday.

MR. B. SCOTT, JR.
OF NEW YORK.
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MASSAGE

Ladies desiring the services of a trained masseuse at their homes, please write to MRS. A. LOFTING, care WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION, **427 Sutter Street.**

Face, neck, bust and abdominal massage a specialty. PHYSICIAN'S orders scrupulously followed.

THE MUMMERS.

"THE RIVALS" AT THE BALDWIN.

"There is no new thing under the sun," says the prophet (I believe he was a prophet) and we should thank heaven for it. The old is good enough—the old plays and the old players; "The Rivals," and Jefferson and Mrs. Drew. Age does not stale their infinite variety, nor rob them of their power to brighten life. Yet we regret that they are old, and if we could do aught that would make Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Drew as immortal as is their fame, how gladly it would be done. For years Jefferson has been the copy book of a score of actors, and voice, and gesture, and look of his have bred a myriad of emulators whose plagiarisms were considered venal, inasmuch as they were copies of a great master.

In the last decade Jefferson has not changed; there isn't a quaver in the voice that owes its presence to age; and his step is as light and his eye as bright as in the past when we who were lads then wept with him in "Rip Van Winkle" or laughed at the ebb of courage noted in Bob Acres. There would be—and there always has been—something pathetic in the visible approach of senility, the appearance of a weakening in the force and energy that have made a mummer famous; and I went to the Baldwin reluctantly, fearing to see in Mrs. Drew or Mr. Jefferson the ravages that times must have made. But they were the same, playing with all the old vim and virility that marked the performance of long ago; one would have sworn that they were exempt from the changes that nature makes, and that some kindly fate, recognizing in them the prime spirits of the stage, had granted them immunity from age, and given them the victory over time. But let me beg that you see these mummers now; time must be revenged some day, and the some day is not far distant.

Probably if the company surrounded other stars of lesser magnitude, its members would show to better advantage. As it is, Mr. Owen, as "Sir Anthony," and Mr. Denham as "David," receive what honors are to be divided. Mr. James, a thoroughly enjoyable actor, does not fill my conception of the part. Miss Bender, as "Lucy," is a pretty, clever, and conscientious actress, and her quaint manners made an impression on the audience that deepened as the play progressed.

On Monday, Jefferson will begin the second and last week of his engagement here, appearing in "The Heir-at-Law" on Monday and Friday evenings, giving his celebrated characterization of Dr. Pangloss. The rest of the week will probably be devoted to "The Rivals," the demand for which is very great.

A week from Tuesday "The Bostonian Opera Company" opens at the Baldwin in "Robin Hood," with a cast including Camille D'Arville, Carrie Milzner-Hamilton, Jessie Bartlett, Tom Karl, MacDonald, Barnabee, Cowles, Frothingham, Dixon, and the other well-known members of the company. During the engagement "The Knickerbockers" will also be produced, which is a new opera by the authors of "Robin Hood," DeKoven and Smith. Carrie Milzner-Hamilton should be given a warm welcome. Her success in the East has been phenomenal.——

M. B. Leavitt's new spectacular production, "Spider and Fly," will be presented at the Bush Street Theatre Monday night. This is said to be one of the real novelties of the present season, comprising, as it does, features from spectacle, pantomime, opera, comedy, and specialty. Lou Royce, who plays the part of the Fairy Queen, is a San Francisco lady.——

The splendid success that Frederick Warde and his admirable company have achieved is certainly their due. The troupe is as good as any that has been here lately, and the varied repertory has contributed much to the pleasure of large audiences. The bill next week includes "The Mountebank," "Virginius," "Damon and Pythias," and "Richard III."

GREAT ART EXHIBITION AND SALE.

The event of next week will be the great exhibition and auction at Irving Hall of the splendid collection of paintings brought to this country by S. & G. Gump. In an interview with Mr. B. Scott, Jr., one of the best-known auctioneers of the country, and who has been brought to San Francisco especially to conduct this sale, he spoke of the excellence of the paintings.

"Why, I am astonished," he said, "at the magnificent collection that the Gumps will offer at auction. We in New York recognize the firm of S. & G. Gump as among the foremost importers of valuable paintings in the country, but I had no idea that I should find such a splendid gallery as I have just had the pleasure of seeing. It is incomparably finer than some of our best in the metropolis, where, you know, we expect to see all that is good from the ateliers of the art centres of the world. The most famous painters are represented here, and if San Franciscans appreciate the good in art, we will have no trouble in disposing of them. The public will have ample opportunity of seeing the pictures, as they will be on exhibition early next week. The sale begins on Wednesday, and you should impress on the readers of THE WAVE who are art lovers the advisability of being present. The catalogues are works of art, and—but come up and see the pictures, you will be delighted with them."

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SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS COMEDY THE RIVALS

Commencing Monday next, March 14th

SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF

MR. JEFFERSON

Monday and Friday Evenings, Only Times

THE HEIR AT LAW MR. JEFFERSON AS DR. PANGLOSS

In consequence of the immense demand **The Rivals** will be given all during next week, with the exception of Monday and Friday Ev'gs.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22d

The famous Bostonians in their beautiful production of "Robin Hood"

BALDWIN THEATRE—EXTRA

THE BOSTONIANS

WILL APPEAR IN

"ROBIN HOOD"

ON

TUESDAY, MARCH 22d

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Handsomest Theatre in the World.

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MONDAY, MARCH 14th

Last Week . . . Last Matinee Saturday

FREDERICK WARDE

Monday, Tuesday and Sunday, **THE MOUNTEBANK**
Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinee, . **VIRGINIUS**
Friday Evening, ... **DAMON & PYTHIAS**
Saturday Evening, ... **RICHARD III**

MONDAY, MARCH 21

Return of Last Year's Favorite Comedy * ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

Seats on Sale next Thursday.

NEW BUSH ST. THEATRE

MR. M. B. LEAVITT.....Lessee and Proprietor
MR. J. J. GOTTLOB.....Manager

Farewell Performances NEW YORK OPERA CO.

To-Night—PINAFORE . . . . . ✣ ✣
Sunday Night—CHIMES OF NORMANDY

MONDAY, MARCH 14th

M. B. Leavitt's Grand Spectacular Production

SPIDER AND FLY

46 EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES 46

IRVING HALL

THIRD SEASON

Saturday * Pop * Concert

LAST CONCERT OF THIS SEASON

March 12th, '92; at 3 o'clock P. M.

PROGRAMME

1. Serenade, op. 8, for Violin, Viola and Cello, . Beethoven
   Messrs. Beel, Siering and Heine
2. Patria, ... Mattei
   Mrs. J. E. Birmingham
3. Concerto in G minor, op. 26, ... M. Bruch
   Mr. Sigmund Beel
4. Songs, *a.* Still wie de Nacht, ... Bohm
   b. Spring, ... R. Saplo
   Mrs. J. E. Birmingham
5. Quartet for Piano and Strings, op. 38, . . Rheinberger
   Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel, Siering and Heine

ADMISSION, 50 Cts. RESERVED SEATS, $1.00

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ADMISSION, 25c.

THE CRITIC'S REVENGE.

The bills announcing the first appearance of Herr Katgut had been out for a month in Paris, and great curiosity was felt to hear this renowned violinist, who had brought a first-class reputation with him from the other side of the Rhine. The bills took care to state that Herr Katgut was a Viennese, not a Prussian, else baked apples might have been thrown at him; as it was, a cabal of twenty French fiddlers made their way to the concert, asking themselves whether national art had gone to the dogs, forsooth, that so much fuss should be made about a foreigner. But before the evening was half over these fiddlers repented.

When Herr Katgut first walked to the footlights appearances were against him. It looked as if his limbs had got unscrewed and were going to be strewn about the stage; on his suddenly stooping to rub a side of his pantaloons, the audience though he wanted to pick up his left leg, which had fallen, and they murmured. But Herr Katgut righted himself by a quick spasm, as if he had discovered the center of gravity of his disjointed pieces, and he swept the audience with the cool, crystalline glance of one eye, the other being engaged in reconnoitring the chandelier, for this man of genius squinted. He had a black, leech-like mustache, his ears flapped out at right angles to his face, like wings ready to fly away with his head and body, and his crooked fingers wriggled among the keys of his instrument like a spider caught in its own web.

Abruptly the conductor raised his stick, there was a loud splash of music, and the orchestra dashed into the prelude of the brilliant fantasia for violin solo. Then came Herr Katgut's turn. Lifting his right hand to a level with his left ear, he drew his bow down as if he were going to cut his carotid artery at one stroke, but in that stroke was recognized the touch of the master; it was exactly as if the point of a tenpenny-nail had been drawn sharply down the backbones of all present, from the nape to the waistband. Many of the spectators in the boxes kicked out and cursed; but the twenty French fiddlers writhed ecstatically on their chairs like worms on a hot plate. Never were heard such notes. The shrieks of women having their hair pulled, the benighted howls of a fog-whistle, the schreeching of watered-silk under a hard brush, or the rasping of frieze over one's tongue, convey but a faint impression of the thing. It seemed as if Herr Katgut meant to express with his violin all the sounds that can be drawn from the throat of a love-maddened tom-cat miowling on the slates in a high wind; and in the first frenzy of his performance the man's two eyes were continually relieving each other on their look-out over the orchestra, the right eye flying straight up to the chandelier as fast as the left descended from it, and the left darting up anew as soon as the other began to blink. In this way the solo proceeded for fourteen minutes; then gradually the noise decreased in intensity, after which came a *tremolo* melodious passage *tchreek-tidlioupe-flioum;* but melody is but the puerility of high art, and Herr Katgut, looking ashamed of this passing concession to popular taste, burst out again into *crescendo* harmony. At this juncture his arms, legs, eyes, lips, hair, and ears, all went at it together; the bow twanged upon the violin with fury, and the violin uttered appalling yells under the infliction; but there is an end to all things, and amid a riot of variations such as Amphion had never rivalled when he taught the stones to waltz, the *finale* was reached. The twenty French fiddlers rushed out with their hair on end. The check-taker at the door had long ago bolted, leaving his hat behind, and the manager, who had contrived the whole entertainment, has been an altered man since that day. As for Herr Katgut, he went home and slept like a brick, and the next morning sent out his maidservant to buy the forty-three daily newspapers of Paris, with a view to seeing what the critics said.

The chorus of praise was unanimous. Forty-two out of the forty-three papers vowed that Paganini had been outdone, and the forty-third devoted a column and a half to undiluted eulogy, reserving but five lines for a very feeble stricture. Herr Katgut, however, was gloomy. It was but human nature that he should kick the forty-two complimentary journals into a corner, and pore with a jaundiced eye over the forty-third, containing those five lines which wholly embittered his triumph. Here are these lines:

"We conclude, then, by repeating that Herr Katgut's performance is art of the highest order; but this said, we must borrow a culinary metaphor to offer one word of criticism: when a goose is plump, tender, and cooked to perfection, it may still be unpalatable if it wants gravy. This is the case with Herr Katgut's instrumentalizing, which has all merits but that of suppleness—*it wants gravy!*"

Now what did this confounded Frenchman mean by those words? Herr Katgut was not rancorous, but, like you and me and the man next door, he could never hear himself criticised without desiring to see the critic boiled over a slow fire. He caught up his hat and fiddle-box, and rushed off to the newspaper office, where he asked for the critic's address, for the purpose, as he said, of running to thank him. There was no reason to balk such a wish; so Herr Katgut was directed to the house where M. Orphée Loiseleau resided, and he tumbled into M. Loiseleau's presence just as that judicious writer was breakfasting.

"You've come to prove that your performance has more gravy than I thought," said the critic, with an engaging smile. "Well, sit down first and join me at breakfast."

"No breakfast," grumbled Herr Katgut, unlocking his box. "I'll play you such a tune as you never heard before."

"As you please; but remember that I consider gravy as the main essential. Look at those partridges."

"Gravy, gravy! Well, never mind; just listen."

Herr Katgut tucked up his legs on the top bar of the chair, and played a tune so unprecedented that M. Loiseleau's landlord instantly climbed upstairs, and gave him three months' notice to quit. M. Loiseleau beat time placidly with his fork, but when the violinist had finished, he shook his well-combed head, and said, "Your playing is unique, irresistible, my dear Herr Katgut; but, if I die for it, it wants gravy."

Herr Katgut fled from the house a baffled, disappointed man. From that day he began to practice again as if he were a novice, and the transport which he had excited on his first appearance rose to enthusiasm, when it was found that this great violinist had put himself to school once more, and strove every day to draw new beauties from his instrument. What a lesson for younger musicians! cried the critics. What a symptom of humility and true grandeur! Herr Katgut played in palaces, private houses, and theatres, and everywhere amateurs uprose to roar their homage at him; but wherever he performed he saw the well-combed head of M. Orphée Loiseleau wagging at him from a coign of vantage, and seeming to say, "Not enough gravy yet, man—and there never will be!"

The situation became unendurable. Herr Katgut thinned perceptibly; he became morose, and the applause of ordinary critics grew so nauseous to him, that he sent one or two of them categorically to the devil when they ventured to offer their compliments in person. People attributed this churlishness to the originality which ever stamps true genius; but Heaven only knows how the originality would have ended, if Herr Katgut had not one morning read in the papers, "Sudden Death of M. Loiseleau."

Then he drew a long breath, did this arch-violinist, a breath of relief and gratitude. The one man on earth who had disputed his supremacy was dead; and he could now stretch out his bowstick over acres of bowing heads. Even the envy of the twenty caballing fiddlers was disarmed; for glowworms do not envy the stars, nor do a row of tallow-dips pit their light against the sun. Herr Katgut was happy, and thought to remain so till the end of his days; but, alas, his bliss scarcely lasted a month. After that he drooped with wretchedness again, and his last state was far worse than his first.

After all, his victory over M. Loiseleau was not one of his own winning, "and," thought he, with a gush of bitterness with which all will sympathize, "that unhallowed Frenchman, in purgatory, or wherever else he may be, will be telling Paganini and the rest of them that I want gravy! I can see the Italian rubbing his lean hands at the communication; and when my own day comes for paradise, ghosts will nudge one another as I pass, and whisper that I was but a poor fiddler at my best!"

No one can doubt that if Herr Katgut had allowed this idea to haunt him long, he would have been hurried to paradise before his time; but one evening, fiddle-box in hand, he slunk through the gates of Père Lachaise just as the cemetery was going to close, and made straight for the grave of his critic.

It was pitch-dark—no moon or stars—and the new tombstones of white marble looked gray and dim. Herr Katgut took his seat at the end of the critic's mound, squatting on it tailor fashion, and, having tuned his instrument with extra care, passed a bit of resin along his bow, and prepared to play.

"I shall play to you till morning," he said, addressing the sleeping Frenchman, "for, you see, the quarrel between us must finish. You can't, unhappily, rise from your winding-sheet to recant your flippant verdict; but I will judge myself with more searching sever-

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

ity than you ever displayed, and if I conscientiously find that I have infused gravy into my performance, I shall go away content and snap my fingers at you."

Amid the awful stillness of the graveyard, with bats flying overhead and millions of worms busy at their silent work of devastation below the sod, Herr Katgut commenced a masterly solo in a minor key, and, so doing, continued to soliloquize: "Poor body! the rivalry between me and you represents the eternal feud between good and evil. Heaven sends a rose, the devil plants a thorn beside; man rears colossal palaces which are to outlive all ages, and countless mites gnaw at the foundations. This is rot, corruption, or, in your jargon, criticism, and nothing escapes it —not even music, not even I! *Ach, mein Gott!* that it should be so—*tchreek-tidlioup-ftioum!* Try and hear that passage, man; wake up, if only for a moment, to listen and make your dust kindle!"

All the night through did the enraged violinist play; and as the echoes of his music floated weirdly over the cemetery, one of the keepers was scared, and suggested that an under-keeper should go and see what was up. But the under-keeper preferred not going, and, after walking a few steps, came back with a distorted face to say it was only the leaves whistling in the trees.

So Herr Katgut remained on the grave till dawn, and then, justified in his own deep conviction, he wound up with a delirious flourish, and, dropping exhausted on the grass, he sighed, "Oh that Heaven would send a miracle to awake you, you Frenchman, and make you speak!"

He had his wish. As the first streak of morn broke on the east, it shone full on the tombstone, and enabled Herr Katgut to read this epitaph, which he had not been able to decipher in the night:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

ORPHEE LOISELEAU,

Composer and Critic,

Who lived faithful to the principles of high art,
And died
Unshakable in the conviction
That Herr Katgut's violin playing

WANTS GRAVY.

"Ah, he has recorded his judgment on marble! I'm a lost man!" raved Herr Katgut; and he fled distraught from the cemetery at the moment when the rattling of milk-cans, the voices of bakers' boys, and the tinkling of dust-carts were performing the music of daybreak over Paris.

WHERE DO YOU DINE?

The growing popularity of the California Hotel Café requires no explanation. It is spreading its own fame, and the good report is heard everywhere. This is one of the few restaurants in the country that rivals Delmonico's in New York, and it has, within a very short time, become the place of fashionable resort after the theatre, where everyone who is anyone may find one's own set. The *chef* has no rivals in the West, and the service is unexcelled anywhere. It is not a little strange that San Francisco should have lacked a café of this description so long, and the fact that it became immediately popular shows the need the people felt for it. The *menu* is a revelation in the possibilities of the culinary art, and the satisfaction expressed with it must be exceedingly gratifying to the management. The luncheon has become quite popular, and the same care that distinguishes the preparation of the *menu* at night is noticeable during the day.

Martin, Morrison & Co., at 118 Geary St., have refitted and now have the finest funeral parlors on the coast.

THREE WELL-KNOWN PROFESSIONALS.

THE WAVE has much pleasure in presenting the pictures with short biographical sketches of a trio of the best known men in their professions in the city, Dr. Sullivan, Charles F. Hanlon and Dr. Logan.

JAMES F. SULLIVAN, M. D.

For the past seventeen years Doctor James F. Sullivan has been an active and successful worker in the front rank of the medical profession in San Francisco. His father was one of the pioneer settlers of Roxbury, Mass., where he was extensively engaged in the manufacture of wall paper, being for many years proprietor of the only paper factory in New England. Dr. James F. Sullivan was born in Roxbury in 1838. After graduating from the Medical Department of Harvard University, Dr. Sullivan devoted a year to special study in the schools and hospitals of Europe, and upon his return to Boston in 1862, was appointed surgeon of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, then on duty in the Army of the Potomac. After two years active service in the field, he practiced his profession in Boston and Chicago until 1875, in the spring of which year he removed to San Francisco. His career in this city has been one of unvarying success, and his popularity, both in and out of his profession, has steadily increased. During thirty-one years of constant practice Dr. Sullivan has kept pace with the development of science. Dr. Sullivan has a most interesting family. His son William is considered one of the brightest students in the Cooper Medical College, whence he will go to Harvard University, and complete his preparation for practice in the medical schools of the old world.

CHARLES F. HANLON.

The splendid reputation that Charles F. Hanlon has achieved at the bar is excuse for any eulogy that one may pronounce on him. His career has been a series of successes, and he has won fame that would sit well on a man double his age. In probate business, Mr. Hanlon has few equals, and the remarkable triumphs he has won with cases that were considered well-nigh hopeless, have given him a standing that is certainly to be envied. In land cases, too, he has been most successful, and his ability has been shown in some of the biggest suits ever tried in the State. Mr. Hanlon was educated in San Francisco, although he is a New Yorker by birth. At St. Ignatius and St. Mary's Colleges he took the highest degrees, and began his legal career in the office of John M. Burnett. In 1877 he was admitted to practice before the Supreme and Federal Courts; and a short time afterward was admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Courts. Historic suits which he won are the Curtis, Kohler, and Yorke cases and his splendid work in these causes won him much praise. Mr. Hanlon's practice now is as large as that of any lawyer in the State, and his corps of assistants, stenographers, and clerks is of no inconsiderable size. As Chief Counsel for the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company, he has a position that is no sinecure. For eleven years Mr. Hanlon was identified with the State militia, in the estimation of which he holds a warm place. He has been a staff officer under a number of Governors. As an anti-boss Democrat he showed his ability as an organizer. As President of the old Manhattan Club, which defeated the boss at the primary, he was instrumental in forming the County Convention of 1879. He was President of the Independent Convention of 1885, and was instrumental in gaining many votes for that party. Mr. Hanlon has refused time and again to run for office, giving as a reason that his practice took all his time, and that he could not serve equally well his clients and his constituents.

M. H. LOGAN, PH. G., M. D.

In ten years of practice, Dr. M. H. Logan has earned a reputation for medical skill second to none in the city; he has won fame as a member of a medical faculty, and as an author on the science of medicine. Dr. Logan was born in Illinois, but came to California in 1864, when he was but nine years old. Even at this early age he showed a remarkable aptitude for scientific research, and laid the foundations of a knowledge that is board and thorough. In 1873-4 he took private instructions from Drs. Hughes and Dinsmore in physics, hygiene, physiology, and in the principles and practices of homeopathy. A year later he entered the University of California, but was obliged to give up his course as hard study had affected his eyes. In 1881 he graduated from the California Medical College, and, re-entering the University, he finished the course, taking the class gold medal. One may judge of his abilily, displayed even at that early date when it is stated that he was elected to the chair of chemistry and toxicology in the California Medical College, which position he has since held. Dr. Logan is regarded as one of the best instructors in the State, and his works show that he is a man of profound knowledge. His practice is very large, and he has the respect and confidence of a community that judges by results. Dr. Logan is an honored member of many social and fraternal organizations, and has held high place in the Knights of Pythias, the I. O. O. F., the F. and A. M., the O. U. W., and the K. of H. He has traveled all over Europe, and has been a welcome visitor in the famous hospitals of the Old World. In 1890 he was a delegate to the Tenth Industrial Medical College at Berlin. Aside from his professional courtesy, Dr. Logan is a very lovable man.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

What would we do without the quiet of the Lenten season? In that delightful period when social engagements are few, the wardrobe doors are thrown open, and the contents are discussed with one's nearest and dearest friend. Old frocks, sacred for having figured in some never-to-be-forgotten social victory, must be laid aside, and the new treasures intended for an Easter wedding, or a Del Monte Saturday night, are put in their place.

The winter wrap and fur jacket are put away, and in their stead ——? Well, you might just as well be courageous, and go at once to your tailor and order a box coat; it will be a struggle, of course, to discard the jaunty, light-fitting jacket, for the bag of a garment that has no more trimness of outline than the coats our mothers wore during the spring of '60. However, the model for our new garment comes directly from the first London tailor, it is a decided success in the East, and being something entirely new it will find much favor.

* * *

One has but to glance over the plates in our American fashion journals to be convinced that ideas for stylish and effective spring and summer costumes must come from other sources. Why not follow the example of one of the best-dressed girls in San Francisco who was asked by a friend the other day who her dressmaker was. "Mme ——" was the answer.

"Impossible," cried the other; "why, she made three dresses for me at one time during the winter, and though they all fit perfectly, there is not a particle of style about one, while yours are always so original."

"That is easily accounted for," was the response, "and I'll tell you how. I subscribe to a number of the French illustrated magazines, the ones known to employ the best artists who have the faculty of making the heroines in the different stories *chic* to a degree. Then *Life*, you know, though not worth much in detail, is filled with suggestions. I have a little book, and when I see a particularly pretty dress at luncheon, or reception, I sketch the outline and a description when I get home. Then I have a collection of actresses' photographs, which I'm always adding to, and they are of the greatest value to me—for the costumes I select them for are designed by the best German and French modistes, and never lose their individuality. I employ Mme. ——, who can fit, as you admit, but cannot command large prices, for the reason that she cannot design, and between us the result obtained is what you seem to think so satisfactory."

* * *

Why is it that some of the prettiest girls in our city will insist upon wearing jewels in profusion, heavy brocades, and elaborate dress decoration wherever the opportunity presents itself? Some wise man once said that a woman with fine eyes should never wear diamonds, but that was a long time ago, and all those who possess the sparkling gems have forgotten it, if they ever heard it. Beautiful girls (and nearly all youth is beautiful) should remember they are the jewels; the costume, the setting; but they won't, and in many cases their gowns are quite as rich and elaborate as their mothers'. I have in mind now a certain little damsel, who, though she has a most glorious crown of Titian-tinted hair, never appears at the cotillions without disfiguring it with an unsightly bow of ribbon or bunch of artificial flowers. Diamonds she has in profusion, and will wear; rich dress trimmings are her delight, and there are no adornments kept in reserve when the eyes have lost their brightness, and the lovely hair grown gray.

* * *

Simple serge dresses and smooth cheviots are to be the choice for summer traveling and walking costumes, an authority from the East says, and the bell skirt will continue to reign. For a house or carriage skirt, there could scarcely be anything more elegant and satisfactory; for ordinary streeet wear it is untidy, and an abomination.

* * *

Dainty linen shirts will be worn this summer, with serge skirts and jackets for traveling. Some new ones in light blue and pink, with the new high, turn down collar, are exhibited in one or two of our leading dry goods stores; huge silk ties will be worn with these.

MDME. X.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Insurance men are still discussing the Home Mutual deal which the Fireman's Fund has just consummated. It is quite a hold, more on the part of the premier local company and certainly adds materially to its strength, besides increasing its business. With the details of the transaction everyone is familiar. It is pretty well known that the Fireman's Fund is to acquire a controlling interest in the stock for $200 a share less $5 commission. The reasons prompting the other concern to sell out are interesting. For years past, the Home Mutual has been at a standstill. While other companies were going ahead or to pieces, it has remained at the same notch—not adding much to its income and making but slender additions to its surplus. That it has paid its dividend is true, but out of the interest account, not from its premium income. Still, the loss ratio has been satisfactorily low, the difficulty has been the immense cost at which the business has been done.

The Home Mutual, owing to its system of general agencies in small towns, is a very expensive Company to run. While other concerns can handle larger volumes of receipts at from 30 to 36 per cent of their total income, it has cost this concern between 52 and 57 per cent. That is too much. It is true that the business on the books is the best obtainable, still it has come too high, and, in the end, proves unprofitable. Perhaps the main reason, however, for desiring to cease business is the fact that the three men who are the Home Mutual, desire to rest from their labors and no one in the office was ready to step into their shoes. The General Agent, R. H. Magill, who for years superintended the business and kept it together, is getting old. The Secretary, Charles R. Story, has been sick for some time and would gladly retire. General Houghton is no longer in his *premier jeunesse* and prefers to invest his capital in securities of a different character to insurance stock. It would have been different had the policy of the Home Mutual been as that of the Fireman's Fund is, to run its office on civil service principles and provide each functionary with an understudy. Time and again the representative men have been taken out of that office, and yet the business has gone on establishing the reputation of their successors.

* * *

I understand the policy of the new owners of the Company will be to run their acquisition as a separate insurance corporation. In that way the business on its books can best be taken care of. An effort will be made to have the expense account conform with that of the Fireman's Fund, but no other changes will be made. This is far better policy than the total absorption of the concern, and the merging of it into the other Company. As it is, the Home Mutual stands as a Fireman's Fund asset. Its agents are really working for the latter Company. Its profits swell the surplus. Where it now has one representative, it will in future have two. What may be done in the misty future no one can predict. These are present intentions.

* * *

Though $200 per share seems a good price to pay for the stock, it is not to much when one comes to figure it down. The assets of the Home Mutual are $867,000. Calling the total available assets $723,000, the reinsurance reserve being substracted at a fair deduction for commission, the cash value of every share of stock would be about $240. The purchasers anticipate making about $100,000 by their transaction. The combined Coast business of the twain will average some $900,000.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

"To look at that young clerk one would think that he carried a greater weight of responsibility than the proprietor."

"Well, he does, for that matter. The proprietor can make mistakes without losing his job."—*The Indianapolis Journal.*

Here is a gross libel on Mr. Pixley from the Sacramento *News*: "One thing that crystalized the Pacific Coast feeling of antagonism against Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde was the fact that she looks enough like Frank Pixley, in profile and apparent age, to be his twin sister."

Weary Clerk (after cutting off twenty-five samples of dress goods)—Is that all, madam?

Miss Grabbe—Um—I would like one more sample. My mother is so particular. Cut me off a piece from that roll under your hand.

Little Sister (loudly)—Why, Moll, that won't do at all. Mother said she wasn't going to have any blue in that crazy quilt, 'cause it always fades.—*New York Weekly.*

What does M. H. de Young mean by this, which he wrote for Wednesday's *Chronicle*? "There are some things which do not seem to be fit subjects for arbitration. If a man reflects on the honor of another, the aggrieved person cannot consent to have a third party decide whether he has been insulted. The proposition to refer a such matter to arbitration implies that the person suggesting such a course holds that the honor of the person he has assailed is of little consequence. The only way to settle a difficulty is by apologizing or ——."

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 6, 1891.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	‡8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6.20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 2:00, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Nov. 29, 1891. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8.00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, March 8th. If anyone should endeavor to make you believe that our 400 are sitting in Lenten meditation, foregoing "the world, the flesh, and the devil," turn a deaf ear, because nothing could be farther from the truth, for (this is all *sub rosa*) a few of us are paying particular court to his Satanic Majesty, and something will be heard to drop pretty soon. You remember, I told you how devoted the twins are to Young Millionaire. Now comes the reason.

If you could borrow the enchanted cloak, which renders its wearer invisible, you could see for yourself some things that might be displeasing to Madam. There is a room fitted up like the apartments of a Sultana. It is not far from the P. O., and it rivals anything of the kind ever seen here. Thither the feet of the young Millionaire turn, as a pious Mohammedan turns his feet towards Mecca, but as for his devotions—ah! *c'est un autre chose*—the beautiful, bleached blonde, for whom all this elegance has been gathered, spends a large portion of her time in these fine apartments, a student of art, probably.

She is a beautiful creature, such a one as turns men's brains and plays the —— generally. But as for the poor Madam at home, ignorant of all this, happy only in her ignorance—there will be an awakening. It is a peculiar combination. The houri is young and beautiful; the Madam older and not handsome; one speaks only Parisian, the other speaks English, but her eyes are eloquent enough to dispense with a tongue. She loves luxury and, after all,

> "Dumb jewels, in their silent kind,
> More than quick words, do
> Move a woman's mind,"

and she has charmed young L—— so that more than five thousand of the old Nick's millions gleam in her tresses and sparkle on her "fairy" throat. We are all looking for the *denouement* soon, for Oscar's double loves the flowing bowl, and once under that inspiration, this secret is likely to escape.

One thing we know—French women are lenient to the follies of *rich* husbands, and probably he will repent and be forgiven.

Mr. O'Conner is in a dreadful quandary. He cannot find a way to dispossess himself of his art treasures. The Lost Pleiad is still unplaced. The proper caper would be to give the big house on Second Street outright for an Art Institute. The Sisters do not want it, as the conditions are too severe. The "O'Conner Art Institute" would sound well and we would all be grateful.

Johnny Y——'s widow is through school and enjoying her vacation down here. If she does not get tired of him they'll marry at Christmas.

There is a decided falling off in the affection that used to exist between Mrs. Harry Pierce and Mrs. W. Fields. Mrs. P—— has thrown her old love over for the new, in the person of Mrs. Goodrich. Why not? The G——s are rich, have *savoir-faire*, give delightful entertainments—at least Mr. G—— did during the absence of his family.

Tell Mr. C—— if "brain surgery" is so fascinating to him, we can furnish some splendid subjects for his investigation. The Citizens' Convention was full of them, and if these idiots can be cured by that method, we will build a hospital, and make him chief of the staff. But don't begin operations on our young Mayor for his brain is yet in the embryonic state. Papa told me to advise Sam a little, but *cui bona?* Wise men do not need advice; and fools won't take it. So "vait a liddle" and you will hear from

BABBLER.

MINOR TONES.

M. LOUISE HORTON.

Never a nightingale's trill
But minor tones prevail;
Never the ocean's roar
But answers the seabird's wail;
Never some brilliant throng
But one sad heart is there,
Trying its best to overcome
A burden of wild despair.
Seldom peals laughter gay
But behind it there's a sigh,
With a whispered prayer and a yearning heart,
For the dear, dead days gone by.

Drop in at the Grand Central Wine Rooms, Nos. 16 and 18 Third Street. This is the resort of those who know good wines and well-aged liquors. This popular house carries the largest and best selected stock of wet goods on the Coast.

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LIFE IN STOCKTON.

MY DEAR WAVE:—We Stocktonians have been surfeited with delicious morsels of gossip. The first came like a thunder clap from a clear sky, and struck W. B. S. a fearful blow. I refer to the "Johnson-Schmidt" wedding. Everybody was speechless from sheer astonishment; for how dare Captain "J." not only *marry*, but marry a bewitchingly pretty blonde, with the most wonderful blue eyes—and so young! But Stockton widowers will have none other than the youthful. The married men differ in their tastes not in the least from their widowed brothers.

We had not recovered from the shock of the above-mentioned nuptials, when the wild news spread like a prairie fire of Marion's girl's fickleness, and that at the very altar she had, in the elegant language of the gallery god, "gone back on him." The Sacramento physician had written to the fair Minnie all about Marion's naughtiness, and particularly the manner of *poor* little Emma's desertion, when more of the filthy lucre hove in sight from the Village of Dixon.

The Trahern's "tea" was the very "widest" affair the season can boast of. All the "*bodies*" were there, and the "spirits" were plentiful. It was a regular "boom" for "Rachel." Society thinks it scents something in the air, and "there are those" who have said that the odor is slightly impregnated with the delicate fragrance of a "Miner Ave" divorce case.

If those "bold ones" are correct, and "Jara" should take a "bill," "wouldn't *patience*" be rewarded in the person of "Hadie's mother?"

G. B. Sperry and W. B. Starbird have awakened to find themselves famous, as the artistic designers of the beautiful decoration in Music Hall upon the occasion of our last "gaiety." However, the chief praise belongs to "W. B. S.," who really knows how to conduct a party. Whatever he undertakes is sure to reach a perfect completion. The imported girls took the lead. Some of them were *really young*, and their dresses were quite "*new*," at least here in Stockton.

However that may be our own sweet matron, Mrs. G. B. Sperry, was the loveliest of them all. She wore old rose, which suited perfectly her Titianesque red hair, and her arms! did any one ever gaze upon a lovelier pair, to say nothing of her neck and shoulders. Oh! ye gods. Had I, "poor Ariadne," possessed them, never would Theseus have forsaken me.

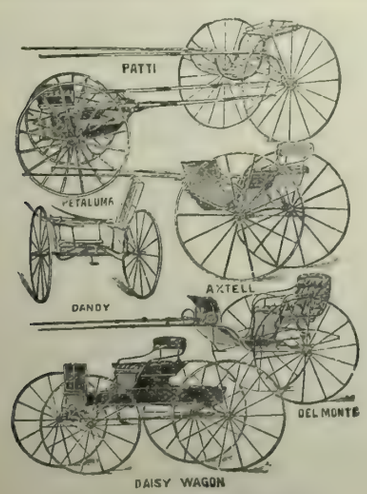
A rival was there in Mrs. H. C. Smith, of the Palace, who was resplendent in yellow satin, and ablaze with diamonds, which had cost the lives of many thousands of our monarchs of the great redwood forests. And *I thought* of *her* in Peoria many years ago.

"G. B. S." looked so handsome, (thought many a fair girl), what a pity he is married! So H. E. would say if he dared. Poor "Henry" grows deeper and deeper in love as the years roll on.

Reel was down from the "raisin centre," and quite as good looking as ever. Poor Georgie thought him perfect years since, but it is murmured by the busy-bodies that she now thinks "pretty is as pretty does," and that Reel isn't always at his very "prettiest." However, such insinuations are not entertained by

ARIADNE.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28 and 30 O'Farrell Street.



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WOMAN WINS.

JANUARY.

"You say you love me; then marry me!"

"But, my dear, I couldn't really, you know. You are an awfully jolly girl and all that, and I adore you, but don't you see I'm not a marrying man; and you—well, to put it plainly, I fear neither of us would be happy were we tied."

"How considerate you are!"

"Now don't be sarcastic; I hate it."

"Do you? So sorry. I'll be plain instead. You think me pretty?"

"Beautiful."

"I have a good figure?"

"You are a nineteenth century Venus."

"I have a fair education?"

"Better than fair."

"But I am the daughter of the milliner from whom your mamma buys her bonnets, am I not?"

"You are."

"And for that reason I could not be the wife of my mother's customer; though I might be his——"

"You are his friend, I hope?"

"No; his enemy."

FEBRUARY.

"Gad! Only fancy! She's married one of our set, after all. Well, she always was ambitious. Wanted me, but I was too smart for her. Devilish pretty little woman, though, and bright as a dollar. I see they've gone to Chicago to live. Society don't know out there that her mother sells bonnets, so she *may* get into the swim."

MARCH.

"Surprised to see me, eh?"

"Awfully!"

"Heard of my marriage, I presume?"

"Oh, dear, yes, and envied the man tremendously."

"What!"

"'Pon honor!"

"But you might have married me yourself, you know."

"Ah! but I never knew how I loved you until it was too late.

"And you really would?"

"A thousand times over. If you were only single again!"

"You would make me your——"

"My wife."

"How jolly!"

"Wouldn't it be?"

"It is."

"Why?"

"Because you may."

"How?"

"*I'm divorced.*"

"THE DEVIL!!!"

APRIL.

"Well, you're a pretty needy-looking creature. Here's a dime for you."

"Thank you, sir. I have seen better days."

"A fortune dissipated, I presume."

"At one fell swoop, sir."

"Stocks?"

"No."

"Horses"

"No."

"Business speculation, I presume?"

"No!"

"Not at cards?"

"No!"

"What under heaven was it?"

"Breach of promise suit."—*Town Topics.*

LAWN TENNIS.

The great activity in tennis circles at present can be readily accounted for by the rapidly approaching championship singles which take place on July 4th at San Rafael. Four months would seem a long time to some people, but to a tennis player who has any pretensions whatever to the championship it is just about time enough to train and put himself in good form for a hard day's play. Frequent tournaments would be the best practice possible, and no doubt the different clubs will hold many from now on so as to have their representatives in true championship form where the umpire calls play.

The number of new players that have come to the front in the past year, and the unprecedented number of entries that will surely be received for the annual championship contest will keep the old followers of tennis on this occasion guessing as to a probable winner, and a great many surprises will, no doubt, take place.

Oakland will be represented by a larger number of entries than on any previous occasion, and the Oaklanders are confident that their men will be found near the top at the finish. Hubbard, Carr, Neel, Bates, Sam Neel, Stewart, Sanborn, Driscoll, Haight, B. Marx, Allen and English, will be their prize delegation of racket weilders.

The foremost among the many entries from the California Tennis Club will be Yates, McGavin, O. Hoffman, Wilberforce, Tobin, Gray, A. Taylor, Harrison, Pillsbury, Harron, Collier, etc. Pillsbury and Harrison will have a strong following, as their year's practice with the Howard cracks promises to make them favorites. Great things are expected of Harrison the youngster who created quite a favorable impression last year at San Rafael.

Taylor, the coast champion, is out for the championship cup this time harder than ever, as a victory on this occasion gives the cup to Taylor as his property, he having won it already twice. The cup representing the championship of the Pacific States is without doubt the most elegant trophy ever offered as a prize in any similar contest in this country, and is valued at $500.

The ladies of the California Tennis Club are to have a chance of displaying their abilities as tennis players in a tournament limited to club members only, the contest to take place in September. It would be a good idea to call such a tournament at a much earlier time as the ladies' annual championship games takes place on September 9th, and it would be well to have those who have never taken part in a tournament to play previous to the regular event, and thus gain the experience.

Work will be begun during the coming week on the new courts of the Oakland Tennis Club, of which ex-Mayor John R. Glascock is President. The courts, four in number, are to be made as near perfect as skilled workmen can, and the club house, that will be modeled after the California Club house, will be as comfortable and cosy as any in the State.

Hubbard came out with first honors at the Lakeside courts, on Saturday; the Hammersmith and Field trophy is now his property, after winning five victories in as many different tournaments. His playing last Saturday was a treat to witness; his opponent, Driscoll, was at his best, and it was a pretty contest replete with clever strokes, and the rallies were long and well played, but Hubbard's superior science told in the end and netted him a well-earned victory.

THE SCORER.

SOMETHING NEW IN FRAMES.

It would take considerable space to enumerate the novelties that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are showing in their new store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, but ladies who are desirous of having the latest in stationery, purses, calling lists, and card cases, should devote a few moments to looking through their stock. The firm is making a feature of framing pictures, and certainly no house in the West is better equipped for giving satisfaction in this line than this. The patterns are numberless, and must suit all tastes. White and gold, a dainty combination; cream and gold, for my lady's portrait; hand-painted bisque, so popular in the East; brown and silver, for a soft landscape or etching; circle frames and frames of all descriptions, bamboo trimmings, hardwood moldings, and plain and hand-carved work, offer a stock that the most fastidious may choose from.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

THE LATEST FAD.—Something entirely new. Everybody their own fortune-teller. "Gypsy Queen" Fortune-Telling Cards. The meaning of each card printed on its face. No one should be without these cards. For sale by LUKE LEAVY, Stationer. 402-408 Sansome Street.

The *Chronicle* should be generous. Mr. Estee is in nobody's way. The Republican organ says: "Mr. Estee has again been mentioned. If Mr. Estee continues to be mentioned as much in the future as in the past his name will go thundering down the ages as the great mentioned and that will be something."

Jones (a very serious-minded man).—I see you interrupt your game frequently to put chalk on your cue.

Smith.—That's so. Chalk is quite necessary in billiards, particularly when you want the game chalked down on you.

"But I have a plan for saving much time in a game."

"What is it?"

"Nail a piece of chalk on the end of the cue."

"Good. I never thought of that. Here, my boy, bring me a hammer and a nail, quick."—*Texas Siftings.*

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

March 8th. DEAR WAVE:—I knowd when the bluds got unter my style of writin', they 'ud like me, but I wasn't expectin' ter be so popular all at ouest. Now there's Dick Wallace and Lee's been offerin' me a posish on their ranches; Count Pollasky wants me for office boy; Louie for cash boy, and Lord knows what I aint wanted for. But you bet Jim's what you call a percoshus kid, and he sees too much boodle in sight ter give up a good job, when he has it for keeps. Nop! you Sassity fellows is as fickle over paying your errund boy as you is in your love affairs, so I gives you a wide berth, and sticks to a money makin' biz—see?

I missed my letter last week, 'cause I wanted to attend the funeral of the *Sunday Sayings*. It died a lingerin' sort of death, but she was a korker even while she was breathin' her last—the only paper what had the courage to stand off that notorious "*triangle*," and it done that in great shape, too. I should think men of Terry's and Short's family and educashun 'ud feel mighty out of place in the present situation—but I was writin' of the *S. S.* Well, "*Saladin*" only followed in ther wake of Bessie B., and Paul Pry—by Jingo! there's only two of us left to run the 400, or 150, though if we was to cut our 400 down to the *cream*, we 'ud have 'bout twelve what could be in it. See? I thanked God I aint a woman the other day, 'cause I heard four women, "Sassity matrons," too, what just ripped the reputashions of some of our twelve to pieces. Accordin' to 'em, by thunder, there aint but four decent women in Sassity. Well, I know one of 'em can drink—well, even Grady—under ther table, and a second can raise Dickey out of a poker game 'cause I seen her done it. Talk about Frank Pasmore's love fer gambling—well, he was in er hot bed of it here at one time *sure*.

Town is a regular oil painting of a Fourth of July—cause the G. A. R.'s have an encampment here this week. The Gov and staff is comin' Thursday and we will have a bang up time. Saturday night Conreid's Opera Company will play here, and Monday night "Superba," then you can look for Johney and Stony in the front row. Tho' you needn't *look*, cause you can *hear* 'em anywhere, before you see 'em. Last Friday night we couldn't hear nothin' cause that theatre party made so much noise; Tom and Lizzie was the only quiet ones in it, and I guess it must be a new fangle to run a soda fountain in the theatre, cause Mrs. H—— and Phonse's best girl had soda water brought in.

Louie H——'s engagement got into the papers after all. I knew all about it weeks ago, but Louie told me he ud punch my head ef ever I gave it away. Well, Visalia wasn't in it this time *sure*. Louie's going ter be married in the fall and go to housekeepin' in style, then mebby we'ul have some sure enough parties. Hallie S—— was saying we hadn't had one decent private party in months, not to say nothin' of club parties. The '89-'90's is going ter give a ball in Armory Hall next month what will open folkes' eyes. It will be mighty swell I tell yer. Fanny told Corrine that Frank *wasn't* going ter marry even if Pa H—— did deed him that land. You bet there will be a scramble when "handsome Frank" is in ther market. Marie has got George fast enough, and if Corrine doesn't get Frank S—— it won't be his fault or hern neither. Yours, JIMMY.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

MARCH 8, 1892. DEAR WAVE:—Enveloped in sackcloth and ashes, we are repenting for all our past sins and making ourselves new again, so that fresh conquests may be made with the donning of our Easter bonnets. The social world is absolutely dead, not from real saintliness, but because it is highly proper to assume a religious role during these Lenten days. Mamie Grayson Hinckley, our Oriental beauty, Mamie Griffen, and Kate Kirkham have foresworn candy, while the heretofore rosy cheeks of Mrs. C——, Mrs. W——, Mrs. F——, and Mrs. Mc—— have assumed a Lenten paleness, but, as the Spring comes upon us, the roses will doubtlessly bloom more brilliantly than ever. Bessie J——, Belle C——, and Josie V—— will have siphon soda for their beverage, while our cotillion boys and girls will no longer indulge in the sparkling Apollinaris, and the dashing Benedict, who so often is one of a party that dines at the Hermitage (his wife thinks that business detains him, poor fellow), will still indulge in his little rackets, but so *sub rosa* that no one will dream of it, while that naughty lawyer, who wears a wig, will still be assiduous in his attentions to Mamie, but it is folly for him even to attempt to keep pace with the Mexican Hidalgo. Cleve Dam no longer indulges in his favorite pastime—flirting and chewing gum, while his Hibernian chum would like to find solace at the confessional, but the Frankenstein that he allowed to be created for himself, will give him no relief—leap year (he had the ring before, you know), Lent nor vacation make no difference—she is still by his side. Poor Bob! Rhodes Borden is crushed because the East Oakland heiress is not for him, and Athearn Folger, Harry Houghton, Willie Powning, and A. I. McDonald no longer care to lead in the cotillion.

The Hutchinson Mandolin Club are going to learn new pieces and play for all charitable entertainments after Lent, and the East Oakland contingent will not defer their pleasure for a day, as they think there is no time like the present for enjoyment. Harry East Miller is still devoted to the fair enchantress of Roselawn and we all hope that an engagement will be the finale. Harry Converse is also attentive to a coming debutante and heiress, but has a formidable rival in his friend Jim Breck. Ed Vingent will pass the religious hours in the cultivation of his exquisite voice, while Floy Brown, Bessie Wheaton, Nannie Prather, Bessie Adams Jackson, Ella Goodall, Emily Dean Allen, and Corrinne Metcalf intend spending all their nickels on the poor little waifs at the Free Kindergarten. Harry Melvin and Henry Squires purchased town lots recently—wonder why? But, dear, you are anxious to know what Frou-Frou is going to do to pass the tedious hours? Look my prettiest, smile my sweetest, wear my most bewitching gowns, and catch— Andy.

Isn't Stephane Whitney having a glorious time in Washington? She is being entertained by Senator Stanford and wife. They say that she thinks as little of dress as ever. Mamie Dunham is vexed because I have not told all about her private theatricals. Well, if she wanted to be written about why didn't she invite me to be present? Any way Floy told me all about the entertainment and she says that they all did wonderfully well, but that it was intensely warm in the attic where they had the theatricals. Of course handsome Jack Wilson was the hero of the occasion and was quite a success in comedy—all the girls give their hearts to him without being asked and, if they do not succeed in spoiling, it will not be their fault. Just heard of a whist club that has been going all winter. It had for its members, Ed. Harris, J. Ames, Arthur Pope, Phil Remillard, Frank Drum, Fritz Knight, Charlie Rodolph, and Jack Wilson. Tom says they all are fine players, but are they not too selfish for anything to never play with us girls. Wonder why some girl of the 150 does not introduce Frank Drum into Society? He is quite an eligible *parti*—young, wealthy and manly looking, also a woman-hater, so a conquest of him would be well worth the effort. Speaking of whist reminds me that the Dyer girls are the finest lady players on Jackson Street. Tom and I often indulge in a game with them, then Judge Henshaw, Billy Foote, Emil Nusbaumer and Attorney Johnson are renowned for their wonderful games of whist, but poker is the most fun. I win all my gloves and candy that way.

The latest departure for parts abroad is Mrs. Wallace Emerson and daughter. They intend wandering wherever caprice may lead. By the way, why does Jim A—— make so many visits to San Francisco and why does he not take a few lessons in table manners? No offense. Since it is Lent I feel that I can speak of the little defects of my friends and be forgiven. Thursday evening I go to Billy's wedding —fear that the shock may be too much for my nervous system, so don't be surprised if you never again hear from your broken-hearted FROU-FROU.

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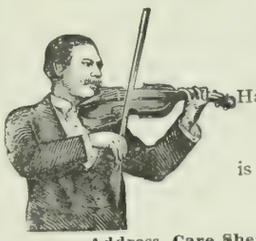

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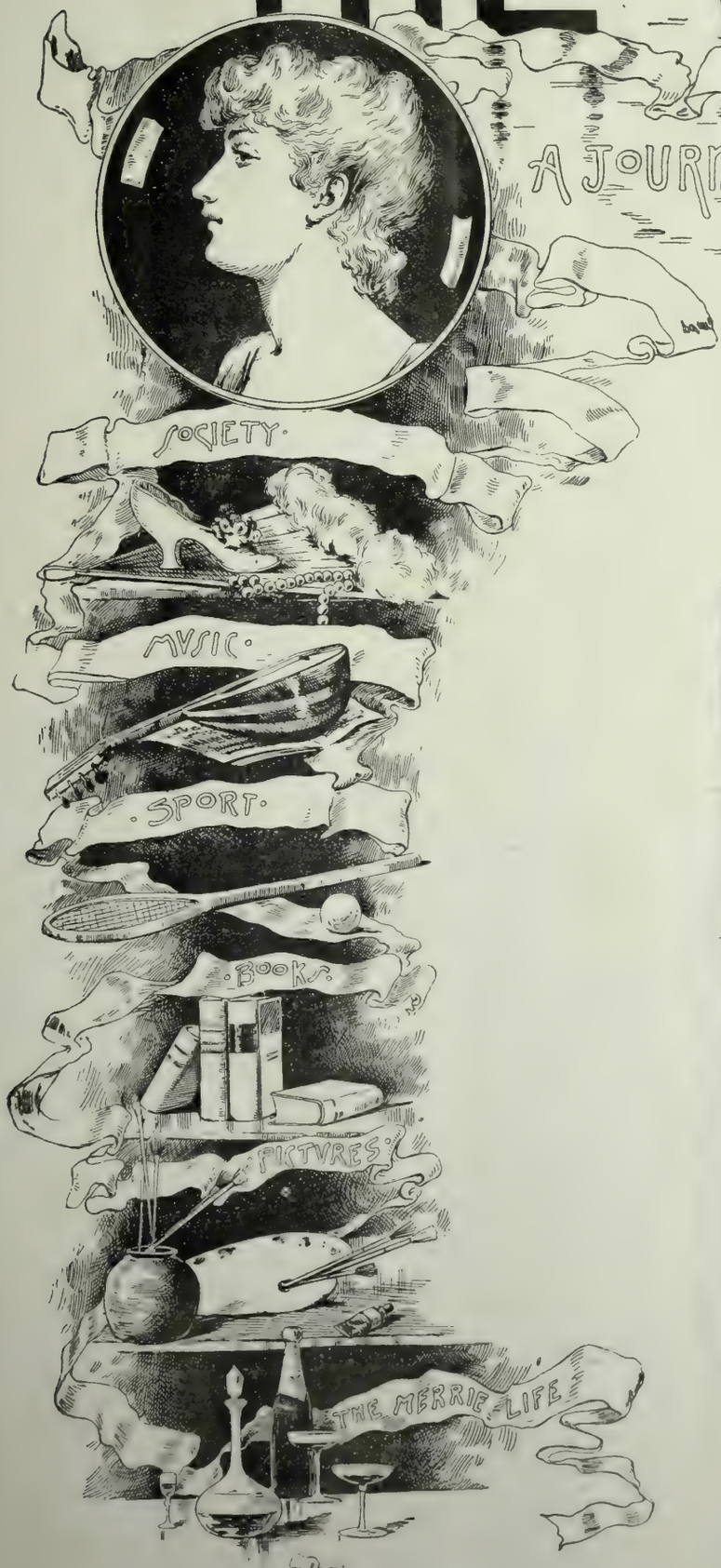

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 19, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

It is hardly necessary to introduce the gentleman whose picture is presented with this issue of THE WAVE. Ex-Senator J. N. E. Wilson has been before the public for so long a time that few people are unfamiliar with his history. As a lawyer he has been singularly successful; his practice is very large, and in civil or criminal business he has been equally fortunate. In politics Mr. Wilson has achieved considerable success; he stands high in the counsels of his party, and is one of the leaders of the County Republicans.

SPLASHES

SOMEONE should turn a search light on Society. Could it be "found" in any capacity during Lent, what a consolation to those "in the swim" already tired of enforced leisure. No one seems to have taken my hint about lectures, no one has even inaugurated a sewing circle. I have yet to hear a single matron suggest as a seasonable entertainment a *conversazione*. Even in Philadelphia, where primness reigns supreme, they are not permitting Lent to pass unimproved. A prominent lady there has inaugurated a series of Sunday evening *conversaziones*. Subjects of interest are suggested for discussion or talk. That any deep contributions to current thought be made at these affairs is not expected. On Sunday last they took up the topic "What is the most depressing influence in Philadelphia?" If the same question were asked of San Francisco what would the answer be? A member of the Friday Night Club, mildly intellectual, who has not been at recent festivities, suggests "Our Men."

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Admitting the impeachment as one particularly indefensible, I should offer as a modified verdict "Our Old Men." Example is rarer than precept; considering the background of veterans, members of the Pacific-Union Club and the Pioneers, is it not wonderful our youth is not worse? The ordinary father is encouraging when his sons are given to hero worshiping. If they lack veneration, he cannot be expected to command respect. It is true the majority have more to say than their offspring, but that is a poor excuse for the only type of energy they exhibit—clinging to existence. It may be urged that the first instinct of a bright intellect is to avoid Society—the assumption suggested being that abstinence from festivities denotes, of itself, intelligence. However flattering the deduction to certain Pacific-Union men, those who have listened longest to club conversations will be the last to make it.

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In defense of "our men" as a depressing influence, it may be urged that the demand is ordinarily responsible for the supply. If it can be shown that at girls' luncheons, recently so popular, the subjects discussed were of an intellectual character, reasonable objection may be taken to the mental vacuity of most males. But, it is positive no maiden has been accused of saying, at one of these affairs, a single sentence her friends thought worthy of repeating. The topics talked of are invariably past and future festivities, observations of attentions, budding attachments—and men. This being the case, it is ridiculous to ask for intellectual tendencies when there is such vigorous insistence on pedal alertness. Indeed, I know one very clever fellow whose attentions are scouted by most maidens simply because he is so wretched a dancer. And yet, he could pass a stiff examination in half a dozen subjects the most captious of belles never heard of.

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THE CENTURY CLUB, in spite of unkind rumors to the contrary, commences to flourish. Its gatherings are somewhat less intellectual and a little more interesting than of yore, and every afternoon in the week an unimpeachable quality of tea is served in the club rooms. I believe the next administration may go to the length of furnishing the lecture hall and parlors with a semblance of the luxury which distinguishes the headquarters of masculine organizations. In the meantime one may discuss the latest in millinery with a dozen charming blue-stockings, by running in there at four P. M. The Century Club now numbers 160 members—ten more than McAllister included in his modified 400—an error of commission made prior to the dictator's last *ukase*, however. To secure entrance now one's literary or artistic pretensions must be beyond cavil.

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On Saturday afternoon last the Club entertained George W. Cable, the novelist. He had the felicity of being the solitary male in the party, but this blushing honor he bore with equanimity to the extent of singing several creole melodies and reciting two of his own pieces. He was overwhelmed with congratulations and was introduced to over 100 of the 160. On the previous Wednesday, Professor Barnes, of the Stanford University, read a paper on child education, that, I am told, was really clever. It was not a pretentious discourse, but was suggestive rather than dogmatic. There was also an essay by Mrs. Francis Davies on "Current Literature" which everyone found interesting; indeed, most of the members are getting over their shyness and some recent papers have been worth listening to.

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The event for April is a discussion—no ordinary controversy, but an important debate on a subject of dire importance. The fifth Wednesday of the month thus rich is always devoted to controversy. This time the Club decides once and for all whether "Civilized nations have a right to dominion in the land of the savage." It is no joke, this kind of a topic, and one may anticipate the airing of some alarming and novel theories of life and conduct. It is to be hoped the ladies will not permit their sentiments to reach boiling point, because it is not worth while getting excited even over savages. Mrs. Dr. Gibbons, the accomplished President, will doubtless prevail on the fiery spirits of the organization to keep the peace. She has proved a capable officer, satisfying her friends, and almost reconciling those opposed to her. This latter is, indeed, a triumph.

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If the ladies of the Century Club want a veritable literary lion to entertain, not one of the type like Sir Edwin Arnold, all roar and mane, they should take up the brilliant editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, Frank Harris. Mr. Harris is to be in San Francisco this summer and he is well worth meeting. He is no stranger to American life, having spent several interesting years in Arizona and in New Mexico as a cowboy. He invested some money in orange lands at Pasadena before the boom, but sold out, unfortunately, before the tremendous increase in values came. It was by his interesting and artistic

articles on western life that attention was first directed to Mr. Harris in London. His cowboy sketches made capital reading. Before long, his services were pre-empted by the *Fortnightly*, and when the change of management occurred he was given the editorship. He has made a great success.

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IN SOCIETY there is an absolute dearth of events. In solitary prospective is the *mi carême* party of Mrs. Jewett's, which promises to be interesting. On Wednesday evening a party of men and girls organized by Miss Scott, went for a dummy ride to the Cliff in the moonlight, and finished the evening with a supper at her residence 2105 Pine Street.

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April weddings are being vigorously discussed by those who are interested, not only as participants but as prospective spectators. The array of nuptials is rich and numerous, and the details will commence, very soon, to creep out. George Boyd and Miss Kittle will be married on the twentieth. There are, also, the Pope-Taylor wedding and the Murphy-Pope nuptials to come a little later. Both couples, I believe, purpose going, for their wedding tours, to Europe. The marriage of Frank Carolan and Miss Pullman is set for June. It will be celebrated in Chicago. Mr. Carolan will take East his brother and, perhaps, two or three friends to assist in the ceremony.

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IF THE CONCORDIA CLUB is reproached with conventionality it will not be the fault of the entertainment committee. The Tramps' Social, last Saturday night, was unique. It was also picturesque, and the guests seemed to enjoy themselves. In these days it is hard to invent aught in the amusement line that is even tinged with novelty, and if a rag party is old as an idea, it is new in application. At least, it furnished prospective participators with subjects for thought and conversation for at least two weeks prior to the event. The feature of the evening was the grand march. Such an array of motley guises and strange disguises I have never before seen. If not as picturesque as a costume ball would have been, it was far more diverting. There were policemen and organ grinders, nursemaids and baby carriages, gypsies and negro wenches, dudes and dudines, besides all sorts and conditions of tramps, from the infinitely disreputable type met at his worst in the country to the shabby genteel in the relics of evening dress.

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The floor managers were attired as policemen. The Calliopean Club made up as a German band, was led by Mr. Tauzky in the brilliant array of a drum major. The Tuesday Night Bowling Club divided itself into four nurses wheeling baby carriages and four officers flirting with them. Their neglected charges were far above the normal growth and the carriages had been specially prepared. Each baby had a feeding bottle filled with the most innocent-looking milk. Much to their surprise and exhilaration the fluid proved to be excellent milk punch. The Friday Night Bowling Club appeared as a band of gypsies in very picturesque array. Their costumes, in daring tones, relieved the mass of darker shades. The band of negro wenches, securely masked, had a huge amount of fun with their friends. They flirted audaciously. Another combination appeared as a rag-bottle-sack brigade. It was headed by Mrs. Charles Ackerman and Mrs. Judge Levy. Champagne bottles formed the head-dress. The rest of the costume was decidedly original.

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Mr. Armer is credited with having been the most pronounced tramp in the room, though Mr. Mannheim, as an organ grinder, disputed the distinction. A clever guise was a dress suit in the very last stages of decay, worn with the seediest looking of battered silk hats to the accompaniment of a cigar stump. There were mining tramps, besides every other variety of the species, and altogether it was very good fun watching them. Though I do not entirely pin my faith by the theory that fine feathers always make fine birds, still, on other occasions I have seen the pretty girls look more beautiful.

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In a gypsy costume it is the achievement to look picturesque, and this Miss Ettlinger and several others did. Miss Peixotto was charming in a very pretty make-up, and Miss Henrietta Meyer, as a flower-girl, was as graceful as ever. I should like to relate the embarrassing accident that happened to one of the nurses, which even the voluminous folds of his skirt failed to conceal, but I will spare his blushes. Altogether, the Tramp Social was very jolly, and it is to be hoped the ball will not be suffered to go unrepeated.

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During his stay here, George W. Cable was quietly entertained by a number of his admirers. Several dinners were given in his honor, and on Monday afternoon Mrs. John Vance Cheney invited a number of people to meet him at a tea in her residence, 900 O'Farrell Street. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen, prominent intellectually and educationally were present. Mrs. Cheney was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Martha Gross, Miss Harrison, and Miss Cosgrave. Mr. Cable left for the East on Monday's overland.

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There has been excited unusual interest in the performance at the San Francisco Verein to-night. "Romeo and Juliet" up to date, will really be very amusing—at least those who have been at the rehearsals say so. There has been a vigorous demand for invitations and the beautiful hall of the Club will be crowded. I shall have more to say about the entertainment next week.

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The managers of the Woman's Exchange will celebrate their occupancy of their new quarters at 26 Post Street, by a reception on Wednesday next, from three to five, where they will be charmed to meet the friends of the organization. As almost everyone of any consequence in town belongs to the Exchange, the reception will be quite an event.

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The engagement is announced of George D. Graham, a well-known business man in the city, and Miss M. E. Hughes, the charming daughter of Major Hughes.

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The accomplished H. R. Haxton is now in Madrid, and is purchasing quantities of Spanish curiosities for the adornment of his prospective California residence. He and Mrs. Haxton are determined to be here some time this spring, and their intention is to find a comfortable house in Ross Valley and furnish it according to their own taste. During their stay in Europe, Mrs. Haxton has picked up quantities of beautiful and artistic draperies, glassware and porcelain, enough to transmute their home into a veritable museum.

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STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, no one wants to be President of the Pacific-Union Club—at least, there is no imposing array of candidates. Of course, there are fifty men who would not object to being elected, but then the others do not think they should be so distinguished. The position is an onerous one, and the Club is rich in "kickers." There are some 575 members, all of them possessing individualities more or less pronounced. By pleasing one group, another crowd is dissatisfied. In one corner the President is the finest fellow in the world—in another he is lacking the elements of common sense.

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Russ Wilson is talked of for a second term, and W. E. Holloway's name is quite frequently mentioned in connection with the place. Both are members of the present Board, and against them, in certain quarters, there is a strong opposition on account of unpopular innovations. The by-laws provide the election shall take place April 5th, and two weeks previously a committee to choose the regular ticket, must be appointed. If President Wilson selects for this members in sympathy with the new rules, there will surely be an opposition ticket in the field, and a fight.

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THE NEW CLUB forms a fruitful topic of discussion within the precincts and outside the walls of the Pacific-Union. Considering everything, its projectors are having a very fair measure of success. They claim to have seventy-two men already on the roll, each of whom has agreed to subscribe for a single thousand dollar bond. The proposition is to have at least 200. Of course, there is a question if it will not be rather difficult to find the other 128. Whatever the chances are, the older members deride the scheme as impracticable. Their contention is that if the Union

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Club and the Pacific Club found it impossible to maintain costly establishments and a large retinue of servants with a membership of 225 each, how can this new club do it with only 200 members.

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They point out, also, that interest at six per cent on $200,000 worth of bonds constitutes a rental of $1000 per month. Besides, the Club owning its own building will have also to provide for the taxes, insurance, repairs, which will involve easily $500 a month more. The rental of the Pacific-Union is only $1250 per month, which is exceedingly low for the palatial quarters the institution enjoys. Also to be considered is the difficulty of obtaining a convenient site, and of erecting and furnishing the requisite type of building for $200,000. It can be done, of course, but hardly on a Pacific-Union scale. There cannot be any intention of setting the dues higher than those of the parent institution, which, I believe, exceed those of any other club in the world. From dues alone the income is $69,000.

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Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) the French wit and satirist, will lecture at the Grand Opera House on Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday evenings, March 24th, 26th, and 29th, under the auspices of the "Ladies' Protection and Relief Society." The programme is announced as follows: "Americans, as Seen Through French Spectacles," the first lecture; "The British Trinity," (John Bull, Pat, and Sandy) the second; and "Her Highness, Woman," on the last evening. This is the first visit to San Francisco of the famous satirist. After delivering his three lectures here, Mr. O'Rell sails for Australia.

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AMONG THE ARTISTS there is the usual stir incident to the early spring. The exhibition of the Art Association, which takes place next month, offers the painters one of the very few opportunities they have to display their works. That it is a good one is for themselves to judge. So much a habit has it become of certain papers to send their staff humorists to criticise the paintings. that a just critique on the works in the Art Association rarely finds its way into print. The number of eminent San Franciscan literateurs who write on art is very large; and the number who understand what they are writing about is exceedingly small; between the two, the artist is sorely tried.

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The election of officers of the Art Association will take place on the twenty-ninth inst. The Nominating Committee has been appointed, and is, I suppose, as representative as it could be made. It is composed of the following gentlemen: William Alvord, Henry T. Scott, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Dr. Benjamin R. Swan (all artists of great local repute, whose works have commanded attention in our exhibitions), and William Keith. I have no intention of speaking of the loneliness of Messrs. Alvord, Hawes, Scott, and Swan; poor men, how their artistic souls must suffer when they think of that Philistine Keith. However, I suppose the Committee is all right; the Association would have died years ago if its only source of income had been derived from the artists. It is quite probable that Fred Zeile will be renominated for President. He has done excellent work for the organization; the building fund is growing famously, having already $7000 to its credit. In the meantime the Art Association must move; it will vacate its present quarters in August; where it will find rest for its feet I am unable to state.

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The artists will meet and choose their own committee for the exhibition. This has been the course pursued for some time, and if the gentle painter has his pictures rejected, he has only himself to thank for it, as he can put his best friend on the jury. Those artists who remain away from the meetings may have cause to regret it, as all the pictures sent in cannot be hung, and those that are not accepted may have but one fault.

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Joullin is thinking of starting a Chinese canvas, something after the fashion of the one that Mr. Phelan bought. The thought occurred to him some months ago, and will probably mature at the end of an indefinite period. There are indications of genius about Joullin's methods of working; for six months he will devote himself entirely to designing costumes and painting scenery for an operatic performance; the next six months he will give up to thought; then he will give whatever time he has to spare outside of these periods to teaching. He will probably do something for the exhibition.

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Keith has been doing some splendid work lately, and one of his best works, "The Clearing Storm," will be seen in the exhibition. It is a remarkably fine picture, full of the rush and roar of the tempest; one almost feels the wind on one's cheek, and the gnarled trees bend and shiver in the blast. A peaceful "Mid Day" scene relieves this; there is a quiet, pastoral beauty about it that will win favor. Keith has sold a number of his best pictures lately, one of the purchasers being Mr. Herrin, who took three, "The Headwaters of the Merced," a capital bit of rugged scenery; "Sunset," strong and brilliant; and "The Harvest Moon," a charming canvas.

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Bush has been working on marines lately, and has done excellent work on a canvas of some size. It is a mid-ocean view, in gray, in which the waves have a wonderful movement. A ship suggests the tempest that is so clearly defined in the sky. Some fine South American scenes, in Bush's florid style, and capital in composition, will appear in the Exhibition.

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Mathews is at work on a large canvas that will be one of the most conspicuous in the exhibition. It is as fine a painting as has been done here in some time. It shows two women engaged in plucking ducks, and Mathews has succeeded in getting enough color and life into it as one could wish. The still-life is admirably done, and in any other city than San Francisco the picture would attract general attention.

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The Gump sale at Irving Hall has attracted a good deal of attention, and excellent prices were received for the works offered.

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The Costikyans have imported another large consignment of rugs and bric-a-brac, which has been placed on exhibition at 16 Post Street. The excellence of the wares offered in the past is a guaranty of the worth of these. The sale begins on Wednesday, March 23d, when Robert McCann, of New York, will act as auctioneer.

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The cake-walk has reached San Francisco, and the colored 400 are in ecstasies over the splendid array of prizes to be offered for their most graceful walker, talker, and dancer. In New York, the cake-walk was patronized by everybody in town, and it was as much a Society function as the Patriarch's Ball. It is quite likely that the Pavilion will be crowded on the 25th and 26th of this month, when the citizens of African descent give an exhibition of what a real Southern entertainment is.

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CIRCUMSTANCES and Probate Courts alter cases. Time was when the wise child was the one who knew its own father. Nowadays, in the light of Judge Coffey's decisions, he is, indeed, a wise parent who knows the number of his offspring. It is actually a fact that careful attorneys in drawing wills have begun to add thereto certain new provisions which they believe will protect actual heirs. After stating the proper disposition of the testator's property they add the following:

"I hereby declare that Alice, Edith, and William are my only legitimate children, they being the only lawful issue of my marriage with my wife Mary Jane. I hereby further declare that I never have had, have not now, and don't intend to have any illegitimate child or children; but should any Court, after my death, determine that I did leave me surviving an illegitimate child, I hereby specially refer to such child, by the name which such Court may give it or find that it has, and hereby bequeath to such illegitimate child the sum of one dollar."

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Had Isaac Jessup and Captain Macdonald the foresight to add to their last testaments just such a clause, even Mr. Kowalsky could not have obtained a cent for their illegitimate offspring. It, therefore, behooves capitalists to take precautions.

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I OBSERVE with much amusement that the fat-witted political editors of my esteemed contemporaries of the daily press are greatly worried over the working of the Australian ballot-law, a specimen of which was given the

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other day at Sacramento. I also observe that one of them, in the course of his attempts to elucidate the subject, appropiated the salient points of a description I gave some weeks ago (without credit, it is needless to interject) of a proposed plan for buying votes under the new system. In making this remark I do not wish to be understood as complaining, for it is quite often my proud privilege to contribute intellectual "grub" for these contemporaries, and I would not for the world upbraid them for their thievery. But what I started out to ask was this: Why do these grave and solemn quidnuncs of the diurnal blankets raise such an unearthly shout, because it has been found possible to buy votes under the new ballot-law? A person would think that their tender sensibilities had never been subjected to the spectacle of a debauched ballot.

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Some years ago Boss Buckley stood on the corner of Sacramento and Webb Streets, and purchased a sufficient number of votes to elect not only the good and honest Governor Bartlett, but a Senator and Assemblyman who were pledged to vote for George Hearst for United States Senator. Not only was nothing said about it at the time, but some of the politicians declared that Buckley demonstrated on that occasion the possession of the qualities of a great leader. At the last election a moderate estimate places the purchase of votes in this city at 5000, and it is well known that a band of repeaters from Salt Lake, in the pay of certain candidates, traveled from San Rafael to Oakland, and from Oakland to this city and voted over 2000 dead men and absentees.

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If the name of the gentleman who put up this job were known, I have no doubt he would be presented daily as a model for all practical politicians to copy. I know him, and as a matter of fact at least two of my esteemed contemporaries never fail to render obeisance to him as the great Republican prophet whenever an occasion is presented.

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It may be possible that votes were purchased at the later election in Sacramento, but, unlike the fat-witted political editors previously referred to, I shall not take the word of "Big Necked" Smith, "Judge" Maloney, "Eddie" Farrell, "Colonel" Joe Corcoran, and gentlemen of their kind for it. Perhaps these fellows went to Sacramento to observe the new system and devise a plan for subverting it, but I doubt that also. As a matter of cold fact, I will stake a valuable hat that not one of them has the brains to comprehend, without a course of object lessons, the working of the law. The only purpose such as they ever subserve about the polls at any election is to render the candidate they "work" for disreputable.

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"Frank" Rhoads, the Republican boss at Sacramento, entertains a different opinion of the new law, but he refrains from publicly expressing it. Like the gang of political roughs whose "views" have appeared in the columns of my contemporaries, he considers it good policy to malign the law, just as last year the "rounders" maligned the Story counting system, which had stopped their usual methods of stuffing the tally-sheets. I have it upon excellent authority, that not over a hundred votes were purchased at the recent election in Sacramento, which is a remarkably small percentage for that town. It is true, as stated, that in some instances the bribed voters applied to the clerks of election for an intelligent person to mark their ballots, and that, on selecting the tool of the bosses in the precinct boards, they went into the secret booths and completed their contracts. It is, probably, also true that these venal electors came out of the booths with a black pin under the lapel of their coats, or a chalk mark on their sleeves, which entitled them to their money from some one on the outside; but this required the co-operation of at least three men; it had to be carried on almost openly, and was and is risky. The vote-buyers did not, nor will they ever, resort to it extensively.

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The truth of the matter is, the new ballot-law, as I have frequently had occasion to remark, is going to knock the bosses sky-high. The recent event at Sacramento merely shows what is coming. After the election of this year, mark me, the politicians will howl with one voice for its repeal. They will bawl about it just as they did about the Story count. The astonishing thing to me is that my addle-headed contemporaries are already lending themselves to this movement by shouting in advance that the law is a failure. It is my firm conviction that the coming election will make nominations by the ward strikers, heelers, and bosses almost worthless. The voters will pick out a sufficient number of candidates on which to use their war-clubs to demonstrate that a purchased place on a party ticket insures not so many votes as running independent. The few votes that will be bought will cut a very small figure in the result. Venal electors are found everywhere, but they will have a harder time selling their franchise under the new law than under any other ever in use in California.

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THE ARGUS-EYED daily press has been suffering from paralysis of the optic nerve lately, and it therefore devolves upon me to rescue from oblivion another interesting chapter of political history. The incidents that compose it are of recent occurrence, and they were of a somewhat thrilling nature; indeed, they promised a tragedy. They were the result of the fight for the control of the Republican County Committee, between Messrs. Burns and Wilson on one side, and Messrs. Crimmins and Kelly on the other.

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Samuel G. Whitney, a member of the County Committee and a faithful friend of Crimmins, is employed in the Street Department, and on the day of the last meeting of the committee, when the factional strength was tested, Chief Deputy Superintendent of Streets Corcoran resolved to keep him away from the session. Corcoran is the man who, while a deputy sheriff, attempted to "remove" a non-union molder during the strike in the foundries, and he is known to be a desperate man. During the afternoon of the day in question he directed Whitney to assist him in serving notices upon certain delinquent property-owners on the Mission road. They started out in a buggy and were accompanied by a couple of contractors who rode in another vehicle. As soon as they reached the suburbs Corcoran invited the party into a saloon and here, and at points farther along the road, the party "licquored."

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When Whitney found himself down near the Fourteen Mile House he began to feel a little anxious, for the shades of evening were falling fast, and he was thinking of the meeting of the County Committee. He had not seen any notices served on delinquent property owners, and began to suspect that Corcoran was a friend of Dan Burns, and that the trip to the county line had been made with sinister designs. He then announced his desire to return to the city, but Corcoran put him off with an invitation to drink.

Whitney, however, refused to fan the flame of conviviality any longer, and insisted upon returning to the city.

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Corcoran's manner changed suddenly, and he exclaimed, "If you want to return you'll have to walk back."

The committeeman made inquiry in the neighborhood, and learned that a train would pass the station in a short time, and he declared that he would go home on the cars. Corcoran then appeared to relent, and he agreed to return. He said that it was all a joke, and succeeded in inducing Whitney to re-enter the buggy. They started toward the city, but soon reached a cross-road, and Corcoran immediately turned his horse's head toward the ocean and applied the whip vigorously.

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Then followed a desperate struggle, Whitney attempting to alight from the buggy, and Corcoran holding him in the seat and threatening to shoot. Whitney managed to make his escape without serious injury, and ran back toward the county road. He fortunately encountered a milk wagon going toward the city, and the driver allowed him to get on. A few minutes later, Corcoran, who had been in hot pursuit, drove up alongside the milk wagon, flourished a revolver, and informed the driver that the fugitive county committeeman was his prisoner. He threatened to shoot if Whitney did not return to the buggy, but the latter clung devotedly to the milk wagon.

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

Fortunately, there was no shooting. The meeting of the County Committee was delayed that night by Whitney's tardiness, but he arrived in time to defeat the purpose of Gilleran's Chief Deputy.

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THERE ARE REASONS why C. A. Buckley may not return to California that have not been given. Aside from the fact that his very presence here would injure the Democratic cause, and that Buckley, while probably as bad as some of his enemies have said he was, would not desire to see the party of his adoption smashed again into bits and half bits, he has more potent reasons for remaining away. Mrs. Buckley does not wish him to return to San Francisco. I have been aware of this for some time, and had my belief confirmed when the ex-boss allowed his near and dear friends to leave his side.

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When the quarrel that separated him from Jerry Driscoll occurred, it will be recalled that I said Mrs. Buckley caused it, and she also was responsible for the return of Jake Rudolph. She has sought to alienate Chris from his San Francisco friends, and has been quite successful. Mrs. Buckley is anxious to have her husband reside in Boston, where her family moves in a good set. With the wealth that Mr. Buckley possesses, it might not be difficult to crowd up a little higher on the social ladder, and, with this end in view, it will not be easy to get her to return to San Francisco.

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I am informed that Mr. Buckley has placed his property in the hands of Major Platt. The Manhattan Club site is, I believe, in the Major's name. In the near future some o Mr. Buckley's property here will be sold, and if a good offer were made for the Livermore ranch, it would be disposed of without hesitancy.

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SPEAKING OF THE INIQUITY of this set of Supervisors is about as profitless as discussing the guile of Ali Baba's forty thieves. Really, they are the greediest lot of rascals that ever plundered the Treasury. To describe them as shameless would reflect on their predecessors to whom this term was applied, and it is obvious that, in comparison with these, the Solid Nine was honest. I have no desire to transcribe the Penal Code by giving a history of their administration. I am merely anxious to speak of their dickering with the North Beach and Mission Railroad. Since the completion of the Howard Street cable, this property has felt so severely the competition that its earnings are greatly reduced. The more enterprising among the stockholders have been anxious to launch out and improve their system. After numerous delays it was decided to build an electric road along Folsom Street.

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Some clause in the Consolidation Act was construed to preclude the Supervisors giving the required franchise, and it became necessary to apply to the Legislature for a special law covering such contingencies. How much it cost I am not exactly informed. I do know, though, a great deal of money was spent, and a bill passed, but one of such a character that the projectors were compelled to again apply to the Supervisors. They did so, and were informed that by payment of $25,000 they could go ahead. This cool proposition was directly made by a member of the Board of Supervisors to a Director of the North Beach and Mission Railroad. He was given to understand that Gustav Sutro was bidding against the enterprise. The price was too high. They refused to be blackmailed to such an extent. Operations ceased.

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However, negotiations were resumed later; the City Fathers abated their demands. For $10,000 they would pass the franchise. Mr. Crimmins, I believe, is now acting as their agent, and to him the amount was paid. Nine of them were to get $1000 each—the extra thousand going to the distributor. Each pledged his word to vote. The matter came up at the meeting on Monday week. To the astonishment of the Directors one of the Supervisors, who had taken their money, was absent; another voted against the franchise. They were fortunate enough, however, to have a majority without this twain of double-dyed scoundrels, and obtained what they paid for. One rarely hears of such utter depravity as this, even in San Francisco. The majority even of Supervisors are expected to have some principle in their depravity.

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A FRIEND OF MINE who is City Editor of a daily paper and a believer in the theory that life is not worth living, is devoting his leisure to protecting from disaster an interesting family at the Mission. It appears he dispatched one of his bright young men to the Potrero to get up a few southern sketches, and the result of the trip was a humorous description of a function given the previous evening in the mansion of a prominent iron molder. That there is a 400 for South Francisco is unknown to most arbiters of fashion, yet, over there Society is well organized and distinctions are almost as marked as in the Western Addition. The ruling set is made up of the families of foremen—heads of departments in the various manufacturing establishments of the region. Around these revolve the skilled mechanics commanding good salaries. In the next grade are the inferior workmen, and lowest of all come the laborers.

* * *

However pretentious, it cannot be said there is a superfluity of tone or a preponderance of style about the select entertainments the cliques give. Indeed, this particular reporter, falling in with a sarcastic apprentice who had not been invited to the festivity in question, was enabled to tell, in the funniest manner possible, about the antics of the host, who insisted on tying his limbs in knots for the edification of his guests. If this proceeded from a mere sense of humor, the narrative failed to give the impression, the only imaginable deduction being that the personage was indecorously intoxicated. Being quite prominent, no less than a foreman in the Iron Works, the story attracted attention and intense indignation. A delegation, headed by the victim, interviewed the City Editor the following morning, and inquired the identity of the writer.

* * *

Their faces expressed vehemence, and the City Editor calmly informed them the matter was "sent in"—parties on Mariposa and Manitoba Streets invariably are. Breathing vengeance, they departed. It was only a respite, however. They were back the following day to know if the information had not been given by the family of the foreman's sister—a nice person residing at the Mission, whose position in Society, however, precluded her recognition by her relative. They traced in the item her revenge at being left out of the festivity. Phrases she was accustomed to use were contained in the paragraph—in fact, they made no doubt of her guilt, but came merely as a matter of form. I think they intended tarring and feathering her. The City Editor was diplomacy itself. He called in the Social Editor. They consulted. Then he became sure the Mission lady was innocent. The complication became more pronounced as additional proofs of her guilt accumulated in the foreman's mind.

* * *

Now, the latter visits the office three or four times a week, more ireful than ever. The City Editor feels he is all that shelters the sister from a modified type of slaughter, and there is confusion worse confounded all around. In the meantime, Society at the Potrero is having a holiday.

* * *

NEWSPAPER STORIES have more than an ordinary interest, for reasons which I am totally unable to explain. Around the Press Club tales are told that would make the layman open his eyes in astonishment. The latest I heard deals with a gentleman from St. Louis, John McEnnis, a bright writer, a witty talker, and a schemer from the city where original schemes are made. John left St. Louis for some reason or other, and went to Chicago, where he gave it out that he had tired of the methods of the Missourians, all of whom had been used to villages, and were, therefore, unable to appreciate what was needed to make a city. This pleased the Chicagoans, and John had every chance to do well.

* * *

He drifted into the *Herald* office, meeting Mr. Scott on his way to the editorial rooms. "This," said Mr. McEnnis, "is a very hard town. I've been looking for work for some time, and can't get a thing to do. I'm refused everywhere."

"Is that so?" cried Mr. Scott. "Well, I'll tell you what you might do. Just take a

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

walk around town, and write three or four columns on the unhappy times a man may have in seeking employment. Give actual experience, telling what is said and done. Make it readable, and sign it."

* * *

John started out, visited all the wholesale and retail shops in the city; told the dry goods people he was a salesman in a shoe store, and telling the boot and shoe dealers he was an accomplished hat seller. His appearance was in his favor, and he was offered employment by a number of firms, but he went back to the *Herald* office and wrote four columns of very entertaining matter, headed "NO WORK. POOR MEN WITHOUT INFLUENCE IN GETTING POSITIONS MUST STARVE. A *Herald* staff writer's experiences." The article was a clever one, and Mr. Scott complimented Mr. McEnnis on it, saying it would appear on Sunday, and offering him a position on the paper. Then Mr. McEnnis wandered over to the *Tribune* office and wrote a three-column article for that journal, which was headed as follows: "PLENTY OF WORK. NO ONE NEED BE OUT OF A POSITION IN CHICAGO. Experience of a *Tribune* staff writer in seeking employment." Both articles appeared on Sunday, signed by the same man. McEnnis went on the *Times* as editorial writer.

* * *

ONE OF THE MOST confirmed gamblers I have ever known is old Governor Ryerson, of Ensenada—that, at least, is where I met him. He is a Texan, immensely tall, broad-shouldered, vigorous, and I suppose he must now be well over seventy years of age. Ryerson made his way to Lower California in the 'Forties, and finding the soft, hazy climate of the region agreeable, he stayed there, married the daughter of the richest resident, became a citizen of the sister Republic, and in due time was called on by the Mexican authorities to govern the peninsula. His was a curious sway. Abandoning himself to the indolence of the people he lived with, he vied with them in his disregard of the morrow. The immense ranch his wife owned made him a capitalist, but the revenues derived from it were meager. He lived and gambled on his salary, which, though it was not considerable, afforded him, with his winnings, a comparatively satisfactory income.

* * *

It is customary in that part of the world for the officials to pay themselves out of the fines and the customs revenues of the port. After deducting their salaries, the surplus is sent on to the City of Mexico. If imports are small, and the inhabitants unoffending, the Governor and the rest of the administration have to go penniless until there comes an improvement. In such periods of tranquility the head of the government devoted his entire time to poker. He played day and night, in season and out. Entirely disregarding the law which forbids gambling except on feast days, he managed invariably to have around him a few friends as thoroughly addicted to cards as himself. One afternoon, after the era of business calm and gentleness had continued much longer than usual, Ryerson got into a big poker game in the hotel. His partners were ranchers who had disposed of a quantity of hides, and four of them, well epuipped with coin, sat round the table.

* * *

The cards ran decidedly against Ryerson. Never, in the course of his career, had he had such malevolent luck. Finally, just before dawn, he threw down his hand in despair. He owed each of the four a hundred dollars. It is the rule in Mexico that debts of honor must be settled before noon the following day, and the Governor, as he left the hotel, was at his wit's end to devise a means of settling his losses. There was no money in the treasury, and for weeks there had not been a single arrest. Suddenly, he bethought himself of the law against gambling. Summoning a policeman, he directed his attention to the four men who still continued their game, and ordered their arrest. When Court was called, that same morning, the grim, gigantic Texan sat on the bench and listened imperturbably to the evidence against the culprits. They had been caught gambling. Of their guilt there could be no question. In spite of their protests, and from his decision there was no appeal, each was fined and had to pay on the spot one hundred dollars. The Governor chuckled.

* * *

An hour or so later, they all met—they indignant at the outrage put upon them—he bubbling over with mirth and merriment. To each he turned over the necessary hundred, and with some other coin that had come in, the game was resumed, and for all I know may be going on yet. That was a good many years ago, though.

* * *

A KNOWING FRIEND who attended the meeting of the Republican State Central Committee at the Palace Hotel, on Tuesday last, has let me into two momentous political secrets. The fact that he enjoined the most dismal privacy does not prevent my making both of them public in this manner. I solemnly promised never to repeat the details to any living person, and, as an honorable man, I shall religiously keep that promise. I did not, however, promise never to print anything about them, and, if I had, I think an attempt to keep them to myself any longer would burst my boiler. Indeed, ever since my friend took me into his confidence, I have been desperately struggling to maintain it. No person can understand the feelings of a man in possession of information likely to convulse a State or change the current of history, until he has locked some in his own bosom, for a few days, under a promise of secrecy. Having experienced this sensation for four days, I am now prepared to suffer any ignominy rather than to longer suppress the truth.

* * *

The first secret relates to a coterie of Republican politicians who are quietly incubating a scheme to spring on the State Convention, which meets on May 3d, at Stockton. Exactly who is at the head of it, I do not know. My confidential friend said he thought Colonel W. W. Stow, our altitudinous Park Commissioner, is furnishing the intellect, while Dick Chute is attending to the practical details. The scheme is nothing less than a proposition to pledge the delegation from California to vote for Leland Stanford for President of the United States, in the Minneapolis Convention. Some of the delegates will be chosen by Congressional Districts, and it is proposed not to interfere with them, except to declare by resolution, generally, that if they can honorably secure the nomination of Senator Stanford, they will cater to the wishes of their constituents. But the delegates at large will be pledged to vote for him first, last, and until he is out of the fight. The whole scheme will work smoothly, because pains will be taken to see that the Congressional Districts elect no delegate who is not friendly with the Senator.

* * *

Of course it is not expected that the Minneapolis Convention will nominate Stanford; but the vote of the California delegation will be a nice compliment to the gentleman, and reward him, in part, for his past services to the party. This is the argument that is being quietly used by those who are promoting the scheme. In conclusion my confidential friend said:

"I am told that if the next Legislature is Republican, Senator Stanford will resign. He was a candidate the last time because he thought a job had been arranged by Mr. Huntington to defeat him, and after he discovered his mistake he was rather sorry he had run. He has now concluded that his working days are about over, and what time he has left in the world he desires to devote to his Palo Alto University. Thus, you see, the complimentary vote of California in the Minneapolis Convention will be a rather nice conclusion to his really distinguished political career."

The affair is being kept dark because it is thought a premature announcement might burst up the whole scheme. I shall be sorry if this publication brings about any such result.

* * *

The other secret is less interesting but equally momentous. It is this: The officers of the California Traffic Association, who, under the guidance of Mr. Leeds (salary) $10,000 a year) have been working themselves into a frenzy over competing railroads, clipper ships, iron steamers, and other things, purpose making the transportation question a political issue. When the Republican Convention meets it is the intention to place before it a resolution calling for a reduction in railroad rates. Just what form the thing will take has not yet been determined, but the authority for saying it will take some form is none other than Mr. James B. Stetson.

* * *

The proposition to endorse Senator Stanford

for President may not raise a very large-sized rumpus, but this one, if permitted to attain much headway, is certain to create a piping breeze. In 1873-4 the railroad question split the Republican party square in two, and in 1875 it had two candidates for Governor—one railroad and one anti-railroad. In 1885 the same question split the Democratic party, not to the extent of producing two conventions, but far enough to bring ignominious defeat. History shows that the railroad question is a political buzz-saw. It always cuts in two the party that fools with it. The few Republican politicians who have heard of the Traffic Association's intentions are thoroughly alarmed, and, if possible, they will suppress it.

* * *

PRIVATE BANKS are as profitable as gold mines, and there is not half the risk of the pay ledge wearing out. The vast underground financial system in vogue in San Francisco is carried on to a greater extent than even the men who contribute to its success believe. The methods of our legitimate and licensed banks have made the private, interest-and-robbery concerns possible; to move any of the regular banks to suspend their rules in the matter of making a loan would be a miracle. They pursue a course in the matter of lending money from which they cannot be turned, and which insolvency proceedings in the past have shown to be singularly loose and unbusiness like. But they are conservative, and this conservatism is making the private banker rich.

* * *

Legitimate enterprises have been killed a dozen times by the regular banks, which will, however, if it can be done according to rule, float a scheme whose object is the capture and storage of summer sunbeams for winter consumption. The only rule followed by the private money-lender is the golden one—take all the interest you can get. To him the second mortgage particularly recommends itself, and as they are not in favor with the savings banks, he has practically a monopoly of them. But his charges are of such an outrageous character that one can only wonder how a business man could permit himself to be robbed as he is. A private banker or money-lender will expect (and get) from twelve to sixteen per cent from his mortgage.

* * *

The chief victim of the private banker is the professional man, whose expenses are heavy and whose receipts are spasmodic. Anxious to keep up appearances, and not desirous of making explanations when borrowing money, he will give his note for a sum on which the interest is from one to three per cent for one or two months. Chattel mortgages on machinery bring big returns to the private banker, to whose net everything is fish. He will lend on insurance policies, at a big rate of interest; take risks on your salary; lend money on your chance of inheriting odd numbers from a doting but not over-generous father; give you financial relief on furniture; but he will not give you a penny on your soul, which he regards as property entirely lacking marketable value.

* * *

No business offers such opportunities to make men rich as this, which is illegal extortion, and against which laws should be passed that would effectually stop it. The banks themselves are chiefly responsible for its growth and success; they will lend money to the private robber at four or five per cent which he will put out at ten or twelve, and his security is sometimes no better than that of the man to whom he lends. He has no expenses; desk-room somewhere; a cheap office boy; a second-hand book-keeper to post the ledger, and the private banker and money-lender is thoroughly equipped for business. Incidentally, I may say that I have never known a money-lender who did not appear in the Directory as a "capitalist."

* * *

MRS. HETHERINGTON, whose unfortunate husband has achieved for her an international notoriety, is not worthy of the sacrifice of a good man's reputation. It is true she is a graceful woman, tall, willowy, and one who carries herself so that her slenderness is a charm. Her hair is magnificent, and her eyes, a light gray in shade, are large and magnetic. She was at the Occidental about twelve months ago, and I remember asking who the woman with the singularly attractive face was. Of her character there was no question, however. Her liaison with a young Australian who had come with her across the Continent was a matter of gossip round the hotel; also, her escapades with a tall young Secretary, with whom she dined at the Riche. In fact, Mrs. Hetherington was so many degrees removed from saintliness, that there could be no question of leading her astray about Gower Robinson's attentions. She was not even discriminating.

* * *

To the exploits of Lieutenant Hetherington and Mr. Deacon more attention than they deserve is being devoted. They have avenged what they are under the impression was their honor, but have they not also conferred infamy on their families? The woman who acts as Mrs. Deacon did with Abeille, she who comports herself as did Mrs. Hetherington with Robinson, is not worth powder and shot. She is merely an object for contempt, for scorn. She should be divorced. This shooting may prove a salutary lesson to intriguing Frenchmen and predatory English adventurers, but the avenging husbands are mere barbarians. How refined Othello was in comparison with them. No man who is a gentleman will care to expose his name to the public, even for the sake of killing his wife's lover. If he must have revenge, he may obtain it secretly. In these days of the telegraph and a sensational press, there are sections of the moral code that require repealing, or, at least, readjustment.

* * *

THE STORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE who found his way with a fractured skull into the City Receiving Hospital and was treated for a scalp wound, will not surprise those who are acquainted with the methods of that institution. Time and again have I watched interesting young doctors gaining experience there, and so deep did the lesson of their ineffectiveness sink into my heart that I carried, in an inside pocket, an envelope containing a request that in case of accident I should be taken somewhere else. My theory in regard to this especial episode is that the "case" was treated by the steward who had received orders from the surgeon that he was not to be wakened, unless for something serious. The functionary bound up the cut the best he knew how and the unfortunate wandered out to the City and County Hospital. It would be interesting to know how long he was out there before they found what the matter was with him.

* * *

Surgeons are none too gentle at any time. Their calling naturally habituates them to sights and sounds that revolt the majority of us. In the Receiving Hospital, where the patients are often criminals or belong to the lowest order of the population, the measure of consideration dealt out is meager. Then, there is no return, financial or otherwise for their attention. Still it is a privilege for a student to serve in the Hospital and the rules compelling their attention should be strictly enforced.

* * *

WARNINGS are proverbially ineffective, so I suppose it is no use advising my readers who are cursed with musical ears, never to visit Golden Gate Park on Sunday afternoon. Someone has spoken of the performance by the band as a "slaughter of the composers;" others have alluded to the barbarous inharmonies as the sins of San Francisco, like those of Sodom, crying to Heaven for vengeance. Perhaps this is going too far. It is true the music is of the type that defies distance, and the instrumentalists deride melody; still, the composers, though mutilated, survive, and Chief Crowley says the city is better than those who are engaged in painting it black. These considerations must not be regarded as encouraging, however. They

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merely mitigate the horrors of the infliction. It seems to me if cable companies and others are providing sound for the populace, they should take pains to have it good. That retailed at the Park is bad enough to be gazetted an eighth deadly sin.

* * *

A pianist whose concerts had failed of success, once remarked that the music at the Park consoled him for his misfortunes. "I could not bear to succeed," he said, "in a city which permits such bad musicians to live." A great cornetist who had blown to empty benches said that the popular appreciation of these Sunday afternoon concerts proved the lack of musical appreciation in San Francisco. To make the case still stronger, the criticism of a great composer, who passed through the State, is cited. He said if he were completely bereft of all his senses save that of sight, the happy faces of the audience at a Park performance would convince him of the worthlessness of the programme.

* * *

These, it may be said, are the criticisms of dissatisfied soloists, of the disaffected generally. There are others. A sarcastic organist found himself, last Sunday, overlooking the plateau where the band discourses its strains. The musicians were playing for dear life, and thousands of people lent long and attentive ears to their efforts. A symposium of National melodies, arranged by the conductor, was being poured out on the heated air.

"How is this," he asked, pointing one finger at the orchestra and the other at the populace, "for a symphony in sharps and flats?"

* * *

I am too ardent an admirer of gallant Major Ovid G. Platt, to comment in aught but an admiring manner of his wit. He never forgets the good things his friends say, but in repeating them, unfortunately leaves out quotation marks. Everyone remembers how hot it was last Sunday—at the Park the sun was actually athletic. Major Platt and a dear friend of his, of the Catholic persuasion, were out there looking at the new bridge and incidentally listening to the band. Suddenly its strains ceased, Mr. Platt's friend mopped his brow.

"Then, this *must* be Purgatory," he said.

"Why?" interrogated the Major.

"Because the Bible says that out of Hell there is no redemption. The music has ceased."

* * *

THE WITTIEST MAN on the Superior bench is Judge Coffey, and it is hard to say anything to him that will prevent a reply calculated to take you off your feet. All the lawyers who practice before his Court are careful not to provoke his sarcasm, but, like Hannibal, who escaped a hundred bloody battles to die from a self-administered dose of poison, it has been reserved for Judge Coffey to be knocked out by a small boy. Some days ago, James Coffroth, Secretary to the Superior Judges, was under examination in the Probate Court. He had been appointed to appraise a small estate, a portion of which was located in Tulare County. Judge Coffey regards young Coffroth as a silly, cigarette-smoking, flippant youth who should be disciplined on every occasion for his own good, and he cross questioned him closely. But all the interrogatories were answered satisfactorily until the Tulare County land was reached. The Court alighted on this with avidity.

* * *

"Ah," he said, "this land in Tulare; did you visit it?"

"No, sir," replied young James.

"Ah, I see—um—er—how did you ascertain its value?"

"Well, the land don't amount to much. It would hardly have paid to go down to see it; so I took the lawyer's word for it."

"Ah, I see; you took the lawyer's word for it?"

* * *

Judge Coffey gloated over this idea for a moment and then added sternly:

"Mr. Coffroth, you pretend to know something about the law. Tell me, sir, if 'taking the lawyer's word for it' is in accordance with the code?"

Coffroth was compelled to admit that the proceeding was a trifle irregular, but attempted to defend himself from the Court's sarcastic references to his apparent neglect of duty. Judge Coffey did not intimate that the land had been undervalued, but he "rubbed" the erroneous method of appraisement into the young man until the spectators were in a titter. Coffroth finally mustered up courage to say:

"Well, your Honor, the attorney is mainly to blame for this. He told me I ought to be privileged to take such a liberty occasionally."

"On what ground, sir?"

"Because I am red-headed, and everybody takes me for the Court."

Judge Coffey straightened up quite suddenly, and tried to look severe, but it was no go. The spectators snickered, and the Court lost no time in adjourning.

The Witness.

CHURCHLY CHARITY.

A LENTEN MONOLOGUE.

Lent! The season when the hypocrite attains the pinnacle of his hypocrisy. I know him well. He passed the alms dishes in my church last year. He attended service three times a week during this holy season, and bowed his uncharitable head with a mock reverence that even I mistook for the real thing. But I was unsophisticated then, only a young priest, fresh from the Divinity School; earnest in my chosen work, devout in my belief, thinking no evil.

And a twelvemonth has brought about this transformation; made a misanthrope of me; reduced me to—but God knows I am not so vile as he. I am honest; I do not pose as a saint when I know that I am a sinner. I have a few grains of charity, and I thank Heaven for them, even though they have been my social undoing. Charity is out of place in Society, that is apparent.

I should have kept my visits to the girl a secret, I presume. Then I might have held my high place as assistant rector of St. Mammon's. It would have been better for me if I had married the daughter of one of my wealthy parishioners. With money that my father-in-law would have supplied I might have put this Magdalen into a richly-furnished flat in some out-of-the-way corner, and called upon her when I felt so inclined.

It certainly was a mistake for me to take an interest in her openly.

Of course, the vestry could never forgive the fact that on that afternoon in Lent, last year, I was seen to join her on the street after service and walk several blocks with her.

And my story that I had noticed her in the church; had observed her deep mourning; had detected tears in her great blue eyes as I read of the Lord's passion, and had addressed her in the hope that I might say something to console her if she were in need of sympathy—oh that was only sneered at, as I might have known it would be had I known more of my fellow man and less of theology.

Every member of the vestry smiled, and I saw one wink at the other as though to say: "We are not the idiots he imagines us. He can't keep this sort of thing up under our noses."

Oh, no! I should have lied. That is what I should have done. I should have said it was an error; that I mistook her for one of my parishioners. Then they would have laughed, it is true, but they would have forgiven me. They would have said: "He is a sly dog! He understands now that we will not permit so open and flagrant an exhibition of his little affairs, but, at the same time, if he is that sort, he will be lenient with us."

As it was—ah well! Why should I repeat the old story of how my resignation was asked for; how I went from the parish I had begun to love so well, with a great black cloud hanging over me; with the women of the congregation, who had hitherto idolized me, turning their heads away and shrugging their shoulders as I passed?

If they swept their dresses aside for fear of contamination then, I fancy they would cross the street to avoid me now. In those days I had only a passing and pastoral interest in the young woman that had attracted my sympathies; at present I have something more. It is an abiding faith in the stability of her reclamation, which I have wrought, and a deep-seated belief that I have found in her a more constant wife than I could have discovered among the daughters of hypocritical St. Mammon's.—*Town Topics.*

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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Because it is the custom of certain poor authors to attribute caustic reviews to the dyspepsia or bad temper rather than to the judgment of a critic, don't conclude that I am commendatory on account of a passing spell of good nature. The latter, as Ouida puts it, is the virtue of the vulgar, therefore one is bound to stifle such a tendency should it occur. Approval, you know, is far less interesting than censure. In literature as in oratory there is nothing quite so tedious as an eulogy. Given a mental effort, it is always easier to object than to sustain. The books I have read this week were clever, but that is a happy accident rather than the virtuous design of a single publisher. It is notorious that current literature is devoid of form, and whoever knows aught of the printed rubbish in circulation, will not believe publishers appreciate design —virtuous or otherwise. Indeed, my collection of rejected manuscripts compels me to thank Providence, rather than the printer, for a good novel. In this I do not go so far as Arthur McEwen, whose customary exclamation after reading a strong story, is an astonished "Someone has blundered."

In "Pastels of Men" you will find the subtlest analysis of subjects and motives blended with an artistic arrangement of incident. Delicacy and insight rather than force are the characteristics of Paul Bourget. His faculty of characterizing rare types is unique. Without unnecessary detail, he presents you a perfect portrait; each lineament of face and figure is complete, but one suspects the care only by the accuracy of the drawing. In these sketches there is always a central figure on whom the attention is centered. The minor personages are often too filmy, too vague. In "Maurice Oliver" it is the Marquis de Bonnivet who stands out on the canvas.

In his consummate trickery one becomes interested, but he is not the type of individual who enlists one's sympathies. The analysis is too searching for one to feel aught but gratification at his failure, brought about, as it is, in a manner so simple. How admirably contrasted are the characters of the three suitors for Madame de Nançay's hand. It is true Sir John Strabane is the conventional French Englishman—a big, muscular, abrupt, honest creature—but what a foil his sincere love makes for the mercenary Italian, Vitale, whose subtilty and beauty so nearly win the heart of the heiress. How dexterously then the Frenchman and the ruined Prince play their game. How refined the craft of Bonnivet, how quick the defense of his rival. Contemning his methods, how artistic is the wooing of this scoundrel; his game is perfect. Not a false move. The interposition of the delicate, devoted youth who cherishes for his adored cousin so devoted a love, is in the nature of a *coup d' théatre*—were I pious, I should say an intervention of Providence.

The scene of this action is Florence—the marble palace of the Comptesse de Nançay—there are Italian skies of deep blue; the landscape is strewn with pale olive trees and dusky cypresses, in the distance is the old cathedral and the campanile of the ancient Tuscan city, and at the extremity of the horizon the Arno glitters in the sunshine amid the verdure of the Cascine. The gambling sketches, you will find, have more action, but the strongest story is that called "Corsègues." That, indeed, savors of the terrible. He is a nightmare, this little fellow, ill-looking, the color of a cigar; brusque, harsh, whose black eyes shone with a light so savage. His wife, the Baronne Alice, a sensitive plant, a lovely young woman, whose clear blue eyes, sweet delicate face so contrasted with his brutality. Then the dreadful accident; her ball dress catches fire; she is burned to death. It is strong, that scene where the doctor stands beside her bed and the dark husband leaning against the fireplace, his face glowing with cruel triumph. He was a fiend.

If some one would offer me a plausible explanation of the printed existence of "Miss Wilton" by Cornelia Warren, much as I dislike explanations, I should be inclined to entertain it. The book is trivial in the extreme, it is, moreover, stupid, tiresome, flat. The characteristics of the heroine are irreconcilable with any existing theory or experience of human nature. I have been able to discover no redeeming passage, no relieving detail, though I presume there are nice Christian Association people who could possibly wade through its tedious pages for the pleasure of finding the theological apotheosis of the heroine in the last chapter.

You ask if I have yet read "The Lesson of the Master." Yes, it is literature. To say so of a story is the highest commendation. In this, Henry James has taken the very essence of a subject, the most subtle of plots, and treats it with a delicacy, dextrous as it is admirable. It is a drama by moonlight, for James' prose has the silvery radiance, the refinement of moonlight. The medium of expression is so soft, so lucid, one does not realize the tragedy of Paul Overt's renunciation, the downfall of the Master's ambition. Nothing finer has been written, in a long time, than the scene in St. George's library between the old novelist and the young one. The former, a genius of immense power, has permitted himself to degenerate. He has married, lives in a beautiful house, his books bring immense sums, but he has not done the best there was in him to do. As an artist he has married for money; to use his own phrase, he led a mercenary muse to the altar of literature. In the other, Paul Overt, he discerns great ability, and he urges him to make for perfection. "Marriage interferes; children interfere. Women," he says, "do not know what work is." His disciple listens, and although in love with a beautiful and sympathetic woman, leaves her. For two years he is in Switzerland and Italy writing a new book. He returns, to learn that St. George's wife is dead and that the great novelist is engaged to marry Miss Fancourt, the woman he had renounced. There is a final scence between the two that is strong with the highest kind of concentrated strength. The other stories are inferior, however, to this one; of course, they are all subtle and refined, but the "Lesson" is great. "Brooksmith," indeed, might have been written by Stevenson. The "Solution" is well worth reading.

Finish the week by reading a story of considerable interest by Mina E. Burton, "Ruling the Planets." The plot is a novel one; the situation so curious, that following it to its solution is a mental necessity. The handling is good enough without being strong, the actors move with some freedom, but it is only a plot; there is no fine writing, no promise. That, I suppose, is a type of criticism one should not indulge—one should confine one's self to dogmatizing, not on what has been omitted, but on what is attempted.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Pastels of Men," by Paul Bourget. Roberts Brothers, publishers.

"Vain Fortune," by George Moore. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Miss Wilton," by Cornelia Warren. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"The Lesson of the Master," by Henry James. Macmillan & Co., publishers.

"Ruling the Planets," by Mina E. Burton. Harper & Sons, publishers.

PURE FOOD IN CONGRESS.

ACTION WHICH HAS RESULTED IN THE OFFICIAL DETERMINATION OF THE BEST BAKING POWDER.

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The Wave

SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, March 19, 1892.

TWO VIEWS.

Peeping into Hell appears to be a favorite pursuit of preachers nowadays, and we have been treated to a comparison of scenes in Hades with views in San Francisco that is calculated to edify and instruct. The Rev. Mr. Smith has blown aside the veil of sulphur smoke that hides the dark entrance to the Hopeless Regions, and in a forceful way has, by implication, informed us that what he saw there was by no means worse than what he found in this city. This is encouraging, and is calculated to inspire us with the belief that Gehenna is probably not so bad a place after all, and that its detractors are inspired by much the same motives that induce rival real estate dealers to bombard with invective the pretensions of new towns. On the other hand, however, Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll is said to have been at some pains to get a glimpse of Heaven, and his opinion is to the effect that in comparison with the vistas of earth those of Paradise may not be mentioned. The eminence of these gentlemen, one of whom has been engaged for years in showing the way to Heaven, and the other for probably a longer period in pointing the easiest road to Hell, makes it impossible for us to doubt the accuracy of their views, and the middleman is, therefore, forced to believe that while earth is much better than Heaven it is yet a great deal worse than Hades. This is a most embarrassing position for the unfortunate truth-seeker to occupy, and if the testimony of Messrs. Smith and Ingersoll were not unimpeachable I would be inclined to start a personal investigation.

Aside from the general significance of the opinions expressed by the Rev. Mr. Smith, his words had a local application, and it is not proper that San Francisco should rest under the imputation that it is either the wickedest city in the world or that it is any worse than half a dozen others that might be named. It is a peculiar fact that while far-away fields appear greenest, near-at-hand odors are always strongest; it is a habit of ours to attach the same significance to something small that lies under our eyes that we do to something great at a distance that is rendered small by the intervention of space. If San Francisco is growing more immoral daily, nothwithstanding our corps of preachers, it might be well for them to acknowledge their inability to stem the tide of sin, resign, and give others of a more hopeful turn of mind an opportunity to save the city. Between the Reverend Mr. Smith and the Irreverent Mr. Ingersoll, the layman is in an extremely tight place.

CANDIDATE'S LETTERS.

It seems that a number of people have been needlessly troubled over the Democratic situation. They wondered if Mr. Cleveland would accept the nomination, and so great was their curiosity that they engaged General Bragg, who, it will be remembered, mounted to political fame on the wings of an epigram, to ask him if he were a candidate. The answer was a masterpiece in the art of the use of language to conceal meaning. If any one had ever doubted that Mr. Cleveland did not aspire again to the office he filled with such credit to himself and party, that one will believe that the ex-President will not be a candidate; to those who know that Cleveland is not a Cæsar, and that he has not engaged in putting aside kingly crowns or Presidential honors, the letter plainly says, "I am in the race."

But few people believed that Mr. Cleveland had retired from politics; certainly there has been no word of his in the last three years that could have been construed into meaning that he had abandoned hope of once more assuming the highest office out of the gift of the people. Mr. Blaine fully realized the situation when he wrote his letter, and he was almost sure that if he consented to lead the Republican hosts he would contest the Presidency with his old and victory-crowned antagonist. This was a position the Plumed Knight did not seek, and it is well for the Republican party that he was wise enough to withdraw from the race. History has shown that Mr. Blaine is the weakest man in the party, considered as a Presidential possibility; the defection that characterized his candidacy might not occur again, but I doubt that the conditions are different now from what they were when the Mugwumps took such a prominent part in the campaign.

Mr. Cleveland has a strong opponent in Mr. Hill; the latter has as a helpmeet the Associated Press, the greatest political agent in the country. He is swinging around the circle in the South, and is winning delegates at every turn; each speech is chronicled, and the Hill boom is put in evidence all over the country. All this is making Mr. Cleveland's fight; an enthusiasm has been aroused for Democracy in the East that presages a victory for the nominee of the Chicago convention.

Timothy Hopkins is to be congratulated on his compromise. If the appraised value of his property is but three and a quarter millions of dollars, it is actually worth nearer five. There are a dozen capitalists who would readily give him a million and a half on his bargain. It is understood that the properties were put into the statement at what they cost the estate. The real estate is all admirably located, and it has advanced a third, and in some instances fifty and a hundred per cent over the original outlay. Of this Mr. Hopkins gets the benefit. His attorney, Mr. Russel Wilson, has proved a very shrewd representative. Every one of Mr. Hopkins' friends will be glad to learn he has done so much better than was anticipated.

A WARNING.

Chicago is enjoying a happiness San Francisco has never known. Determined effort may make possible the conviction of the set of criminal Aldermen who have so maladministered the affairs of that city. There, as here, the disposal of franchises is in the hands of a set of rascals called Aldermen or Supervisors as the charter dictates, and the position is so highly regarded for its pecuniary possibilities that men are willing to expend double the total of their term's salary for the purpose of securing election. To such a pass has bribery and corruption brought these bodies that the terms supervisor and alderman are synonyms for thief and boodler. Their veniality is notorious, and yet it is rarely an attempt to bring their guilt home to them is essayed.

Chicago, however, possesses what San Francisco lacks—a few public-minded citizens. They banded together, provided funds and have succeeded in detecting the rascals. Evidence, I am told, that will absolutely convict them has been secured, and is in possession of the District Attorney. Could not the same be done here? There should be no difficulty in showing the Supervisors have received money from various corporations. It might be proved that individual members of the Board have made positive advances to railroad representatives. Surely it would not be hard to show that our illustrious City Fathers are in receipt of a handsome monthly allowance from the bituminous rock ring. Here is an opportunity for some one with public spirit to make a record for himself and lay the city under the greatest of obligations—root out some of the prevailing corruption; gather evidence to convict a Supervisor or two. With the help of a little money and a good deal of energy it can be done.

An interesting item of political news is that the two Republican factions have selected their standard-bearers for the coming fight. Messrs. Kelly and Crimmins, through Attorney Pillsbury, have offered Mayor Sanderson the chance of succeeding himself—in fact, have practically pledged to him the head of the ticket—while the Burns-Wilson combination have practically settled on Supervisor Ellert. The future is loaded down with interesting potentialities in the political way.

The Inter-Ocean is sarcastic with Dr. Hamilton: "Dr. Hamilton has decided that Edward Field has paresis, because the young bankrupt cannot say "truly rural" without stumbling over it. If this is a symptom, this disease is alarming in its prevalence. It might be said to be epidemic."

MUSIC.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

Last Saturday afternoon the present series of Saturday Concerts closed. Twenty concerts have been given altogether, with a sufficiently well sustained musical interest throughout. This is, in itself, an achievement. Practically given by a trio of performers, the interest evinced by the public has been little short of remarkable, when it is remembered that these musicians have not made themselves heard only at these concerts. Latterly, signs of a limit to the repertoire have expressed themselves in repetitions of works, some of them more familiar than their artistic worth excuses. Concert-giving is, no doubt, a difficult matter where the musical public interested is so limited. The profession of teaching, with most performers, is a necessity, particularly in a city such as ours, where the chances of professional engagements, beyond a few rare public events, are scarcely heard of. Very little doubt can be entertained that the vocation of teaching is no help to a player or singer as a performer. Independent of the time devoured, the energy, from an artist c point of view, worse than wasted, and the usual mental habit of intemperate stiffness engendered amongst those unequal to the profession of teaching, the pursuit of teaching, for reasons patent to the casual thinker, unfits a musician for the strain of public performances. Ideal performances are hardly to be expected from these professionals, and the repertoire they have must necessarily be limited. The principal defect in the Saturday Popular Concerts has been the limited personnel, in some sense this has been a necessity it is to be presumed. For soloists the same people with two exceptions have done duty throughout. With a few exceptions the singing has been artless in the unhappiest sense. Perhaps, after a vacation of six months, new vigor and talent will be found at these concerts, and in the season commencing in September next fresh interest will become centered in what promises to be a factor in our musical life.

Of the instrumental numbers, Bruch's Violin Concerto, *Op. 26*, with its niggled and artificial effects attracted most attention. Mr. Beel in the solo and Mrs. Carr with the pianoforte have both been heard to better advantage. The vacation taken by Mrs. Carr and Messrs. Beel and Heine, upon whom the whole burden of the programmes has fallen, is well earned, and the concert-goers will be prepared, in September, to hear them in an increase of intensity and enthusiasm. Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, the vocalist, was said to be indisposed; her voice, a powerful organ, ranging through contralto and medium tones, appeared to be grateful to the audience. Mattei's songs betray a desire to vapour to unconscionable lengths. The other numbers had only familiarity to recommend them. Rheinberger's *Op. 38*, Quartette for piano and strings, and Beethoven's Serenade *Op. 8*, for violin, viola, and 'cello were concerted pieces.

SIXTH MUSICAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Through the indisposition of Mr. E. Schlott, who was to have played the horn part in the Beethoven Septette, that work fell out of the programme given at Steinway Hall, and Mendelssohn's String Quartette, *Op. 44, No. 1*, took its place. As the *Septuor* will be given at the next concert, on April the 10th, the performance of this beautiful work will be looked for with especial interest. Mendelssohn's Quartette, and Music of the Spheres, Rubinstein, and Gavotte, Bassini, supplied interest enough without giving special cause for a repetition. The Quartette, carefully perfected, of course, and created with that genius of order, faithfulness, and freedom from extremes, which in Mendelssohn becomes, itself, an exaggeration, was always agreeable, and the *Andante* as smoothly beautiful as its composer could be. Rubinstein's prelude grows less interesting at each hearing, and as the work of the genius who has lately published a special scorn of Wagner it has somewhat of a borrowed aroma, to say the least. Bassini's Gavotte, an incursion into the realms of the grotesque, had some piquance. The playing of the Mendelssohn Quartette was the best given by Hermann Brandt's players. The effect of the *Andante*, carefully given, was sustained with a particularly vigorous and happy performance of the presto. Rubinstein's piece was not to match, however, and failed to be generally well balanced.

Signora Ursumando chose to play from the works of the composer to whom she is, perhaps, physically somewhat unfitted in point of force. A *Toccata con Fuga* by Bach, played by this pianiste whose personality, of itself, is sympathetic to an audience, was given in excellent taste, with pure articulation and unfailing clearness of form. The Fuga, a broad one and good for ears accustomed to over-colored sensationalism of the ordinary pianoforte compositions of to-day, would have gained only if given in a more masculine style. Signora Ursumando's talent was deservedly appreciated.

Masse's "Air de Pygmalion" from Galathée, recently sung at a Philharmonic Concert, effective in an overdrawn style, loses much without orchestral support. "Israfel," by Oliver King is good material for a dramatic baritone. Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan possesses a rare responsive temperament and a voice capable of taking on many shades of emotion. His singing is noticeably above that which amateurs are identified with, and, as he intends devoting himself to serious study, his gifts should enable him to become an excellent artist. Mrs. McGavin acted as a faithful and appreciative accompanist.

Isabel Martin

EXPOSED THE FRAUD.

HOW A LADY CAUGHT ONE OF THE BAKING POWDER FIENDS.

The city for several days has been canvassed by a company of women who have called at private residences to explain the purity and superior merits of their baking powder through a series of simple chemical experiments. A lady who has been annoyed by the agents determined to test the efficacy on the experiments, and she brought out some of the baking powder which they are advertising. The agent submitted the substance to the usual tests and called the lady's attention to the presence of alum, ammonia and other alleged injurious ingredients which could be distinguished by the peculiar odor, the residuum, etc. The lady, of course, saw all these unmistakable signs of so-called impurities and allowed the agent full swing to expand upon the merits of her own cooking powder. The agent finally inquired of the lady what brand of baking powder she had been experimenting with. "That baking power," replied the lady, "is the same that you have been cracking up so high." The agent turned all colors and beat a hasty retreat. Our informant has not been bothered with baking powder agents since.

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THE MUMMERS.

NEW ACTORS WANTED.

The American stage is drifting to mediocrity. As the few men and women who are great come hither and pass away, one wonders how they will be replaced when they make their final exit. Who will step into the shoes of Joe Jefferson? Who can fill the place of Mrs. Drew? Whose aspirations and ability are matched to leap to the side of peerless Booth when he has reached the point of mere oblivion? Not yet has a successor come to fill McCullogh's place; and Florence is mourned now because there is no one to fill the vacancy caused by his death. It seems strange, and it is strange, that the splendid figures that have filled the stage for so long a time should pass away, leaving to none the legacy of their talent.

Mr. Jefferson has won so warm a place in the public regard that even the coldest critic must speak kindly of the art that directs his genius; but even Jefferson's dearest friend must admit that the mummer is getting old, and that the pathos of his years touches the heart more deeply than the excellence of his characterizations. In the contemplation of his performance one remembers the splendid work that he has done, when word was allied to act, and when lines and appearance were together in a conjunction that made the production less art than nature, and that remembrance still lingers with the theatre-goer to move him to applause when Jefferson essays a role that he should have put aside long ago. As "Bob Acres" the actor and the character are severed by a too apparent disparity in years, and the laughter that greeted Fighting Bob's sallies were more an echo of past merriment than a new tribute to Mr. Jefferson's greatness.

That Mr. Jefferson still remains on the stage—and may Heaven spare him to its adornment and upholding for many years—is due to a lack of new blood, to a positive dearth of histrionic ability. The public is too selfish, too unmindful of its great men to offer them garlands when they are past the deserving, to pass a younger man than Jefferson if he plays as well as the older man. The man who puts his faith in Princes builds on a rock compared to that one who puts his trust in the public. We forget those who have pleased us, if the man who follows pleases us more. The old is better than the new—only if it is better; there is no sentiment about us, and we watch the failing power, the weakened grip of our dying gladiators unmoved. There are no great ones springing up to take the places of those who were great. As unsentimental as the others, I publish the following advertisement:

WANTED: Actors to fill star parts and take the places of artists who are superannuate, but who will not be put on any pension list; wealth, fame, and an unlimited amount of toadying guaranteed to the right parties. Apply, THE PUBLIC, in all cities.——

After Warde, "All the Comforts of Home," at the California. Gillette's play will have as big a run here as it had at the Baldwin. It really does not require a great company, it acts itself, and no hose-play, extravagance in costuming, or contortionism are required to make it go. In the company is Miss Trella Foltz, a San Francisco girl, who has been spoken of very highly in the East. She has made quite a hit in the play, and should be given a warm welcome.——

The splendid success achieved by the "Spider and Fly," at the Bush, has induced the management to run it another week. The piece has made a distinct hit, artistically and financially. The following week Corinne appears.——

The Baldwin will offer some splendid attractions in the near future. Following Mr. Jefferson's company, on next Tuesday, will come the Bostonians, of whom nothing can be said that an admiring and laudatory public doesn't already know. All the favorites are retained, and the merry voices that sang so pleasantly in the past, are just as fresh and sweet now as ever. The two notable additions to the vocal and dramatic strength of the company are Camille D'Arville and Caroline Milzner Hamilton. The critics speak highly of both; we all know the latter, and that she will receive a warm welcome goes without saying. The company opens in "Robin Hood," Karl and D'Arville appearing on Tuesday, and Hoff and Mrs. Hamilton on Wednesday. Barnabee, MacDonald, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Cowles, Frothingham, and the others will appear every evening, of course.

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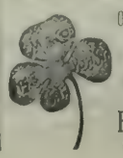
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A THAMES SECRET.

"The lives of former generations are a lesson to posterity: that a man may review the remarkable events which have happened to others, and be admonished; and may consider the history of people of preceding ages, and all that hath befallen them, and be restrained." Such a lesson is the tale I am about to relate; for those who are not restrained by the story of a crime (if crime there was) undiscovered and unpunished, may yet find some instruction in the conduct of a delicate affair.

While reading for the bar, Corbett and I were constant companions. During many terms, a common—not to say unclean—dinner failed to depress our spirits, and a common bottle of port served to raise them. Inseparable at work and play, we shirked the same lectures to practice at the same bars. For some time, indeed, we shared one lodging, and a community of thought and feeling, or an identical absence of both, drew us so closely together that hardly any circumstance in the life of one was deemed too trivial or too serious to be submitted to the consideration of the other.

During several years our companionship was intermitted, for when we proceeded to our call, Corbett, a rolling stone, proceeded at once to Kimberley, while I remained lying unnoticed in the Temple, and occasionally in Court. Some little moss had accumulated round me, and the steady march of the years over my head was beginning to polish its surface, when at length he returned to England.

He sought me out at once. Chance—the Long Vacation was at hand—enabled him to get furnished chambers on the floor above me, and we fell naturally into our old intimacy. Our life was no longer that of the old student days. We were both now somewhat staid and decorous in habit; but when I say that a period of time to be reckoned by hours had produced in my friend that gloomy respectability which I owed quite naturally to years of plodding and two of the most depressing clubs in London, the cause, though its name must be withheld, will be sufficiently indicated. He was in love. The young lady, it seemed, was the only child of a gentleman under whose auspices the savings of the British "investor" had been deposited in carefully selected holes in all the most inaccessible parts of the globe. On recovery from some trivial but protracted illnes, she had accompanied her father on a flying trip to Johannesburg, where the unwonted appearance of a pretty and amiable English girl (the great gold-field was then in its infancy) had caused considerable commotion in the community of the dust-eaten Randt. Corbett was, as he expressed it, bowled over at sight. Business relations with the father had thrown him constantly into the daughter's company, and her society had pleased him so well that he had followed her to England to make arrangements which would enable him to enjoy it for the remainder of their lives.

There was no obstacle to the marriage; the lady was willing; and, as Corbett had done well in South Africa, where he had, moreover, acquired a position, influence, and knowledge calculated to make him a useful aide-de-camp in a new enterprise, the eminent engineer had given his consent.

All this my friend told me at somewhat greater length as we sat together in my rooms one afternoon in early August. "And now, old chap," he ended, "get into your things and come and see her. We are to dine at the Welcome Club; and Gertrude, who knows all about you, will be glad to make your acquaintance."

I could not accept his offer. I had, as I explained, to do a little quiet "hugging" on my own account, in furtherance of which I was to dine with a wealthy solicitor who had already shown me some favor. We separated, therefore, with the usual understanding that he who came in last should go to the other's rooms for a final cigar and a night-cap before turning in.

I was late that night—for, tempted by the glorious weather, I had strolled home from Cromwell Gardens, and a midnight progress along Piccadilly and the Strand is fraught with interruptions.

But I found Corbett's oak shut—a sign he was still out; so I went downstairs again, lit a pipe, got a whisky-and-soda, settled myself in an armchair, and fell asleep.

When I awoke I could hear Corbett walking about his rooms overhead. I went upstairs; the outer door was still closed, but when I hammered on it he came and spoke from within. "I'm having a bath," he said, and his voice sounded hoarse and strange through the letter-box; "got a bad headache; so I won't open the door. Good night."

It seemed a long time before I could get to sleep, but I suppose this was fancy, for as long as I was awake I could hear the water rushing into Corbett's bath and down the pipe in the wall beside me.

In the morning the laundress brought me a note from him. "Mr. Corbett's forgot 'is keys again, sir," she said, "and I've giv' 'im mine, as he was in a 'urry; so I can't do his rooms till he come 'ome."

"Headache holds on," ran the note. "I want fresh air. The river's the thing. Meet me at Paddington at 3:20 sharp. I've wired for a boat and will make all arrangements. Don't disappoint me."

It was easy to see, when I met him at the station, that Corbett was unwell. He was very pale, his face was drawn and set, his eyes were haggard. But it did not seem to me that eighteen pennyworth of whisky with a small soda, which he got at the buffet, was the best medicine for a sick headache on so hot a day.

In the train he was by turns moody, restless, and irritable, and on arriving at —— he savagely repulsed a porter for merely offering to take the huge kit-bag he had thought fit to bring with him, and whose weight, big man as he was, seemed to-day almost too much for him.

Once in the boat, however, he became more himself, and as we glided gently down the deserted stream the color came back into his face, and the nervous irritability that had been painfully marked in the train seemed to leave him.

In a little while he steered the boat into a backwater. "Jack," he said, running her nose into the mud, "you'll forgive an old pal. I'm very tired, and if you can get on with your book and pipe, I'll do an hour's nap."

He slept for near three hours, while I read and smoked, and dozed and read again. Once, after a very hot pipe, it occurred to me that an investigation of the kit-bag might repay me. But when I looked, Corbett's arm was stretched across it, with his wrist passed through the handles, and I would not disturb him.

The dusk was thickening into darkness when he awoke. "Capital!" he murmured, looking at the black water and deepening shadows.

"How far capital depends on the programme," said I. "What is it to be—up stream, or down? But, first of all, open that great bag of yours and give me some beer. My throat's like a German stove. What a bag it is; have you brought provisions for a month?"

"Provision for a lifetime," said Corbett, and then he laughed—a laugh that sounded weirdly amid the silence. "Pull down stream, man," he went on; "I want to talk to you."

"All right," I said, "and you'll work the bag."

"And I'll work the bag," he echoed solemnly. Fancy being solemn about beer.

I paddled gently down stream, the languid current doing nearly as much work as my sculls. The night gathered swiftly round us. Corbett dragged the kit-bag between his knees. Then he lit a pipe. In another minute an arched canopy of trees above us made so black a darkness over the water that the red glow of the pipe was all I could see before me. From out this darkness Corbett spoke in a strained, hoarse, unnatural voice that seemed choked with suppressed excitement. Yet he spoke calmly, and I could hear him fumbling with his keys feeling for the bag lock.

"You didn't know I was married, Jack?" he began.

I answered, with an imbecile archness that annoyed me even while I said it, that I knew he was going to be married.

"No," he went on. "I am—I was—married years ago. I married Laura."

"What! Laura of the ——"

"Yes, that Laura."

"The devil!" I blurted out. "Then—why—only the other day I ——"

"I know what you were going to say," Corbett broke in—"only the other day—or rather night—you met her in the Strand. Probably you were going to add that she was drunk—perhaps you could have said more. God knows you might—you or anyone else in London."

He was silent for a moment. His pipe had gone out. No; there it was—he had been stooping. Something, a water-rat maybe, splashed in the river beside us.

"Listen," said Corbett. "I married Laura the year before we were called. I did not tell you, though we were living together. Well, perhaps I was half-ashamed of myself, even then. But, before long, I had cause to be wholly ashamed, and then, as soon as possible, I got away. You wondered at my going to Kimberley. I would have gone anywhere. For five years I made her an allowance, and wrote to her from time to time. Then I heard she was dead. I got a circumstantial account of her illness, a bill for the funeral, letters, wedding-ring, and the rest returned to me, together with my last draft, intact. How why should I doubt?—You know the rest. Down to this: last night I met her."

He paused again. There was another splash in the silent water beside the boat, and then a second, and a third.

I had nothing to say, and, from sheer nervousness, was paddling on quickly, and peering into the darkness behind me to keep the boat straight.

"I met her last night," Corbett repeated at length. "It was about ten o'clock in the Strand. She spoke to me, and I was hurrying on, when I recognized her."

"Well?" I said, for he had stopped speaking.

"Is the river deep here?" he asked.

I answered, in some surprise, that I thought about twenty feet.

"I gave her my keys," he went on—and I felt that he was leaning over the boat side, trailing his hand in the water—"and sent her up to the rooms. She knew everybody's rooms. Then I went on the Embankment for half an hour, and tried to think the matter out. Then I went home. She had got the whisky out, and—well, I suppose she'd been drinking before; anyhow, she was horribly drunk then."

He took up the long boathook and sounded with it.

"Keep in the deep water, Jack," he said. "It can't be too deep."

Then he went back to his story. "She was quiet enough at first, poor thing. She said she had thought I should not be sorry to be rid of her, and she had a lover she was fond of, who, not knowing the truth about me, had offered to marry her. She seemed to think the whole matter a huge joke, of which the bill for the funeral was the cream. She and her lover—he was a journeyman undertaker—had drawn it up together, with a view to paying for a month at Margate out of the proceeds. She thought I owed her that, she said."

He paused again, and leant once more over the gunwale, dropping his hand into the water.

I was full of regrets for him, for his broken future, for the poor girl I was to have met. "My dear fellow—" I began, lamely.

"Wait a bit," he said, quietly. "I've not finished, Jack; I began to tell you this thing, and I'll go through with it. I killed her."

"Killed her?"

"It was all over in a minute. I was angry, as you may imagine, and she seemed unable to understand why; but suddenly—the drink did it, I suppose—she grew noisy and coarse, and began to rail at women; said they were all alike, and she no worse than the best of them, and that, after all, she was my wife. And at that she sprang at me. I believe now—God forgive me!—she only meant to throw her arms round my neck. I flung her off. You know what a little thing she was. She spun round twice, and fell, with her face on the spike of the fender."

He stopped again. I, too, sat silent—the horror of the story, told in the dark, filtering slowly into me. Another splash close to the boat roused me with a start.

"Surely," I began, "she wasn't ——"

"Yes; she was dead. The spike had gone through her eye."

Then the whole thing flashed upon me.

"Good God!" I gasped—"and you've told no one? Then she's there—locked up. Why, man, do you know what you've done? You should have called me, the porters, the police, anybody—but now—after this terrible delay, you've as good as hanged yourself."

"Of course I ought to have called some one," said Corbett, slowly. "If it was to do again, I would. But one's apt to make mistakes at such a time. When I saw there was nothing to be done, somehow I couldn't call any one. Perhaps an hour passed, and then—well, it looked very like murder, and there was everything against me. So I thought I would settle it myself—and now, Jack, I *have* settled it."

The hoarse, low voice in which he had spoken hitherto had now almost a triumphant ring in it.

"Why—how—what do you mean—what are you going to do?" I asked breathlessly.

"I am going to do nothing," he said.

"But ——"

"I shall do nothing, because I have done everything."

As he spoke we emerged from beneath the trees

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AGENTS
SAN FRANCISCO

into open water. The moon had risen now, and I could see the outline of Corbett's figure sitting with the kit-bag open between his knees. He put his hand into the bag, took out a parcel, and dropped it with a little splash into the stream. It occurred to me that he was right—that we could not use the things after what he had told me.

"Then you've told the police," I cried. "But how could you get away?"

"Jack," he said, "I thought to have finished this drama in the dark. As it is, I warn you to stick to your sculls. If you try to interfere with me, I'll brain you with this.—That will be two murders," he added to himself.

He was mad—he was evidently quite mad. No doubt the whole story was a delusion.

"All right," I said, to humor him; "go on with your yarn. I won't interfere."

I rowed on with long, rapid strokes. I must get him home somehow. It was not safe to be alone with a man in this condition.

In a few minutes Corbett put his hand into the bag again, took out another parcel, and dropped it into the water. Then he put down the boathook. "Thank God," he sighed, "thank God, that's done! Jack," he said quite gently, "you think I'm mad."

I said nothing.

"I dare say you think, too," he added after a moment, "that you know what was in this bag."

"What was it?" I asked, still anxious to humor him.

"Man—it was Laura!"

"What!"

"Fifteen pieces. Cut up in my bath. I was at work all night—with the water running all the time. Packed in wire-netting—I found some yards in a cupboard—weighted with my dumb-bells and with all the lead from the window gables. And now safely anchored in two miles of deep water,—with only you in the world the wiser!"

I dropped the sculls, and sat dumb with horror and amazement. We drifted down stream a while in silence. The lights of —— came one by one into view. There we could land.

"Corbett," I said at last, "I had thought you were either drunk or mad. I don't know what to think now."

"Think either," he said coolly, "or think nothing."

His manner had completely changed. There was now no trace of emotion in his voice. He seemed, with that last consignment to the river, to have thrown off all agitation, or rather to have shifted it on to me.

"I do not wish to injure you," I said, as we neared the bank. "If you have told me the truth, you have suffered much already, and you will suffer more. But how can I be a party to so horrible a business? I ought ——"

"You ought," he interrupted, "to denounce me, and have the river dragged. But look here, Jack, I have told you an improbable, an impossible story. You think of repeating it to the police? Do so. I can then tell them another tale. We are close friends—we almost live together—we came here together—can anyone support your version of your doings after you came to my rooms last night? Will the police be more ready to disbelieve my second story than you were to disbelieve my first?"

"I want to disbelieve it," I cried, "if I can."

"I will help you," he said. "Your nerves are shaken—you've been pulling too long—you want a tonic. This will do."

"Take it, man," he said; "it's *Heidsieck*. I've a corkscrew somewhere. What, you won't have it? *Then it shall follow the rest.*" And it fell with a splash into the water.

The boat's nose grated along the bank. Corbett seized his bag and jumped ashore. "Look sharp!" he shouted, "or we shall lose the last train;" and he walked away into the darkness.

I have not seen him since.—*London World.*

AN ODE TO POMMERY SEC.

With cautious hand I coax thy cork
That long o'er thee hath been protector;
And as it comes to touch of fork,
Thou bubblest forth, divinest nectar.

Among contemporary peers—
Most insignificant survivals—
Those veterans of the early years,
Are none whom thou dost reckon rivals.

And when to our expectant lips
Thy flavor is communicated,
Thy anthems are our votive sips—
Thy obsequies are celebrated.

Take at our hands this votive psalm,
There's nothing sinister that we know
In dubbing thee, our "Grand Old Cham,"
Divinest wine, O, Pommery Greno!

—*London World.*

DR. CHARLES A. CLINTON.

A WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY ON EPILEPSY AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

Charles A. Clinton, M. D., has been a resident of this city for the past eighteen years, and has practiced medicine with remarkable success since 1881.

A short sketch of the Doctor's career would seem to prove that real merit is the most reliable condition of success, and that "the lucky doctor of the Mission," as one of the leading San Francisco papers once termed him, owes the most of his luck to pluck.

The Doctor was born in Ireland in 1850. At an early age he was apprenticed to a leading apothecary and chemist in the City of Dublin. Having acquired a thorough knowledge of the business—an important and necessary acquirement in the successful practice of medicine—he came to America and followed the drug business in Chicago and afterwards in New Orleans, Mississippi, and in this city, where he arrived in 1874.

Soon after his arrival here he was appointed Secretary of the Board of Examiners and Assistant Secretary of the Board of Education. He matriculated from the medical department of the University of California in 1877 and graduated with high honors in 1881, since which time he has been busily engaged in the practice of his profession in this city. At the threshold of his professional career he met with marked success, and soon had a large and lucrative practice. Although the Doctor is a general medical and surgical practitioner, he has devoted many years of earnest study and close attention to nervous diseases, particularly epilepsy.

Epilepsy is the Doctor's specialty, and he is, to-day, one of the world's authorities on that disease. His unprecedented success in the treatment of this dreadful malady, having effected permanent cures in hundreds of cases, many of which were considered hopeless by the leading specialists of this country and Europe, has gained for him fortune and an international reputation. He was appointed a member of the Board of Health by the late Governor Bartlett, and during his term of office he inaugurated and assisted in carrying out many important and necessary sanitary improvements, among which we might mention: The opening by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Twenty-eighth, Day, Valley, and Thirteenth Streets; the abatement of the abominable nuisances of Butchertown; the prevention of the slaughtering of diseased animals, intended for human food, and the framing of wise and much-needed laws for the sanitary regulation of the place; the removal of the City Receiving Hospital from the cellar of the Old City Hall to its present quarters; the appropriation of $103,000 by Congress for the establishment of a suitable quarantine station on Angel Island, etc.

At the expiration of his term of office, the citizens of San Francisco, at a mass-meeting called for the purpose, presented the Doctor with an elegantly drafted and richly-mounted address, expressive of their grateful appreciation of the good work done by him while a member of the Board of Health.

The Doctor is a Licentiate in Pharmacy, and a member of the city, State, and National medical societies.

THE GREAT ART SALE.

The success of the auction sale of the Gump collection of pictures has caused this enterprising firm to determine on prolonging it, and those who have not had an opportunity of buying this week, will be given a chance to do so next. One would have thought a social function of the first magnitude was in progress any night this week, at Irving Hall, where B. Scott, Jr., the art auctioneer of New York, was offering the collection to the highest bidder. As has been stated before, these pictures are among the finest that S. & G. Gump have ever brought to the coast, and the interest taken in their sale was clearly shown by the spirited bidding of some of our best-known connoisseurs. On some of the works—all of which are by best-known artists of the world—the bidding was warm, as half-a-dozen people seemed determined to possess them, and the lucky bidder was warmly congratulated every time a picture was knocked down. The splendid catalogues, fully illustrated, were a help to the buyers, who were able to note, at a glance, the record of the painters whose canvases were offered. Even if you do not want to buy a picture, you should see this splendid collection, which cannot easily be duplicated.

NEW STYLES IN STATIONERY.

The splendid display of stationery that is made at the new store of Sanborn, Vail & Co., will attract many of the ladies who are making purchases during the Lenten season. The very latest styles, in odd and unique papers, are found here in dazzling profusion. This firm is making a specialty of the finest writing materials, and the splendid array of tables, fancy desks, and secretaires should be seen. Invitations for weddings, parties, teas, receptions, are done in the latest styles, and at prices surprisingly cheap when the quality of the work is considered. Playing cards, and books of all card games are offered. Something new in this literature is "Duplicate Whist," which should be very popular this season. The game is thoroughly interesting, and the book with a little practice, will make you proficient in it.

PUNISHMENT.

The spirit of Darkness, when his shapeless sphere
Sped through vast spaces, barren, cold, and lightless,
Proud of its empire over chaos sightless,
Cried unto God, "Thy power I do not fear!

"No will of thine can my black glory mar,
I shall exist supreme above and under!"
And as it spake the heavens were rent asunder,
While high in luminous air there dawned a star!

—*Chicago Figaro.*

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LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 6, 1891.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	‡8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 2:00, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 29, 1891.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8.00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The underwriting world has a sensation at last. It is nothing less than the impairment of the State Investment Insurance Company. Insurance Commissioner Wilson has refused to pass the concern's statement and, in consequence, it is possible the stockholders may be called on to make good the deficiency. The Company presented its statement as usual at the Commissioner's office. The usual figures of receipts and expenditures were given and a surplus of $3000 shown. It is the duty of the officials to examine this statement in detail, to see the securities and mortgages, to ascertain the value of the uncollected premiums which are always figured in the assets of an insurance company. Two items in particular engaged attention. One was the Coast account of $10,000 uncollected premiums, the other was $62,000 due from Eastern agencies. It is well known among underwriters that the State Investment has been unfortunate in its collections, and that many of the amounts due from agents could never be recovered. Some of the interesting gentlemen who had gathered premiums had bolted with them, others found better use for the coin than turning over to headquarters. Pursued, I presume, by a childlike hope, what other reason could be attributed, that this money would yet be recovered, the officials have never written these debts off the books, but regularly have turned them in as assets each January. Bad as this particular item is, the other is worse.

I have several times spoken of this Company's fatuity in handling Eastern business, in spite of the fatality of other California concerns that have undertaken the almost hopeless task of obtaining risks along the Atlantic Coast against the vigorous competition of old established companies.

* * *

President Brander and his adviser, Mr. Mackie, launched out in the Southern, Eastern, and Middle States. Their concern was never a strong one, it could not get a placing in first-class agencies and as a result has had to take third or fourth rate risks. The first year's experience was rather profitable, but in 1891 nearly all the companies in the country lost money and the State Investment did not escape. The $62,000, uncollected premiums figured in the statement, appears on the Company's books in the shape of a pencil memorandum. It is not entered up in due form nor are there vouchers to show for it. When the Commissioner was examining the concern's assets, naturally enough, he asked to be satisfied in regard to these items, and was confronted with the pencil memorandum. The President and Secretary assured him the items were correct and pooh-poohed the idea of aught being wrong, but neither Mr. Wilson nor his deputy, Mr. Rhoner, are satisfied, and the State Investment has not yet settled the deficiency.

* * *

In the face of this difficulty with the Commissioner it seems curious the Directors of the Company should declare a dividend, as they did last week. Considering the condition of the concern, this is a curious course to pursue, and should be inquired into. Motives other than a desire to transact business in a correct and honorable manner must have dictated so remarkable a move.

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FOR THE LADIES.

So many of our best-known and best-dressed belles are to become brides in the near future, that not a little anxiety is expressed among their girl friends as to who will be lucky enough to be permitted a first view of the dainty trousseaus that are being rapidly completed. For those who will not be within the charmed circle when a certain little bride-elect (whose wedding is to take place during the early Easter season) brings to light her latest importations, I shall describe a few I was fortunate enough to view when the cases were opened a few days since; they seemed to me the very essence of beauty and good taste. A handsome bengaline calling dress, was made with a bell skirt sweeping the floor eight inches in the back, on the extreme edge was a band of heavy cream crochet Irish point beading half an inch wide, extending entirely around the skirt. Two inches above this was placed another band of the same, and between the two was a roll of golden brown velvet, making altogether a three-inch trimming. This skirt was fastened over the waist just below the belt line, and finished there with a roll of velvet under which was a fall of Irish crochet lace three inches deep, slightly fulled, and finishing in the back with two rosettes of the lace and velvet. The tight-fitting and almost seamless waist had a fall of the lace nine inches deep, which started in the back at the base of the standing velvet collar, and was brought around falling full over the shoulders, and graduating down to a point where the skirt was fastened to the waist. The bengaline sleeves were very full, though flat on the shoulders, and were fulled in at the wrist to a deep, flaring cuff of velvet. The accompanying hat almost baffles description. The wire foundation was more like an inverted dinner plate with a rising and sharp point in the very centre, than anything else I can compare it to. Over this foundation the lace, exactly to match the trimming of the dress, had been dextrously fitted, the pointed edges forming the edge of the brim, the back was crushed up almost to the little pointed crown and fastened with two butterfly bows of brown velvet ribbon. The crown and brim were almost covered with a bobbing thistle plant and blossoms of diminutive size, the gray green leaves giving the impression it had been pulled while yet the morning dew was upon it. Suede gloves and ankle ties, exactly matching the costume in color, completed this most captivating costume.

A yachting and beach dress is made of white duck, and I particularly noticed the plain skirt cleared the ground on every side, a most excellent idea, considering the purpose it is intended for. The waist has three box plaits in the front and the same number in the back, extending from the neck to the belt; these plaits are two and a half inches wide, and are held in place by a narrow belt of the duck fastened with a flat mother-of-pearl buckle. A short, double-breasted jacket of the same material is to be worn with this, with double seams and large, flat, pearl buttons. A yachting cap with crown of ducking, and white leather German visor fitting down well over the forehead, white canvas shoes, and heavy white undressed button gloves make complete a most unique sea-side frock. Of course this costume is simply designed, that it may make quite as good an appearance after its return from the laundry, as it did upon its debut, and a crease should be pressed down the entire length of the front breadth, and exactly in the centre, with as much precision as that seen on the trousers legs of every well-dressed man of the period.

Another simple, though very stylish summer dress, quite the thing to be worn during a stroll on the beach some balmy morning at Del Monte, or out on the tennis courts at the Hotel Rafael (though this particular one I believe is to delight the eyes of the loungers at an Eastern watering place) is a striped pink and white India silk—the white forming the wide stripe, pink the narrow. The skirt is of plain effect, finished inside with three pinked Taffeta silk ruffles. The waist is full from the neck, and is belted in at the waist with a sash of white ribless ribbon, which is tied in the back with little square loops and ends that fall to the very bottom of the skirt. The standing collar and the cuffs are finished with the same ribbon plaited, and the sleeves are well fulled in at the arm hole. Three widths of soft white lace are fulled and stitched in with the sleeve. This lace is to reach the collar on the shoulders, and narrow down to the seam on either side. Three rows of the same lace are sewed in under the cuffs, to fall over the hand. A hat of white horse-hair braid, with broad brim, is faced in garnet velvet and is almost covered with pink roses of every hue, from the pale tint of the Duchess to the glorious red of the American beauty. There are white ties and gloves to go with this dainty gown, and last, but not least, a parasol, innocent of frills, covered with the same material as the dress it is to be worn with.

MME X.

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LAWN TENNIS.

Hubbard, the winner of last year's all-comers event, has added another link to his already long chain of victories by capturing for the fifth consecutive time the handsome club championship belt offered by the Lakeside Tennis Club, of Oakland. Stewart was his opponent in the final match and made a creditable showing, considering that he met one of the three best players west of the Rockies. Stewart has improved greatly of late, and in recent matches defeated Driscoll and Sanborn, two of Oakland's most promising players, whose performances at the next championship single event on July 4th will be noted with interest. The belt won by Hubbard is very neat in design and makes a handsome addition to his collection of valuable trophies of which he has probably more than any other player on the Coast, not excepting those of champion W. H. Taylor, Jr., of the California Club.

The class tournament of the East Oakland Club was brought to a conclusion on Saturday last and resulted in a victory for Bates, the club champion, who won from Sanborn in straight sets, score, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2, the same score as the Hubbard-Stewart match.

The California Tennis Club courts are daily occupied by players who are preparing for the second club tournament which will take place soon. The school vacation has enabled a number of the younger players to get in considerable practice. O'Connor, R. Eyre, Drown, Holbrook, Stetson, Moore, and many others have taken this opportunity to strengthen their strokes and some record smashing is looked for when this tournament takes place.

McGavin is practicing considerably and should he meet Hubbard again he will endeavor to repeat his former victory which a great many are loath to believe was a fluke.

Taylor has taken to practice in earnest for the championship event and is playing a much harder game than ever, which means that he will again capture the grand event at San Rafael. Gus Taylor, Gray, Yates, Tobin, O. Hoffman, and Wilberforce are also hard at work, and clever sets are in order whenever these players put in an appearance at the courts.

Who will capture the all-comers event this year (?) is the question now being agitated by players in general throughout the Pacific States. C. P. Hubbard, of Oakland, seems to have the call, owing to the clever manner in which he captured last year's event and to the good showing he made against Taylor from whom he succeeded in winning one set. His subsequent defeat in the California Club's tournament by McGavin, and the masterly style in which Yates won this tournament makes the latter a strong favorite among players on this side of the bay with either O. Hoffman or Wilberforce as second choice. The Oakland players are also entitled to recognition and may cause one of those surprises so often known to occur in tennis tournaments. The most worthy of mention among the Oakland cracks are: C. Neel, Stewart, Bates, S. Neel, Driscoll, Sanborn, Marx, and English.

The court of the Oriole Club at San Lorenzo was the scene of a double tournament during the week the result of which will appear in the next issue of this paper; a handsome prize offered by Tom Driscoll was stubbornly contested for by the following teams: Bates and S. Neel, E. O. T. C.; Driscoll and C. Neel, E. O. T. C.; Sam Hardy, E. O., and C. King, Oriole; E. Lewelling, Oriole, and Joe Daily (unattached).

This will be Driscoll's last appearance in a tournament in this country for at least three months, as he leaves for China on the twenty-sixth inst. It is probable that the Oakland player will take part in the Yokohama tournament which is billed to take place in April; a number of crack players are stationed there belonging to her Majesty's navy and should Driscoll win against such clever players as the Englishmen are reputed to be, his Oakland admirers will meet him on his return with a brass band.

A class tournament will begin to-morrow at the Alameda Club courts which promises to be quite interesting as the committee have classified the players very evenly. Additional space has been added to the courts during the week, making quite a decided improvement.

Professor Daily has evidently regained his batting eye as Ollie Haslett can readily testify; in a set last week the Professor was defeated by Haslett six games to one, but in three sets following the Alameda player could not secure even as many games as his opponent got in the first set.

The Madison Club have quite a number of excellent racket wielders that are being brought out by Daily. B. Marx, English, Dusenberry, A. Marx, and Mather kept the Professor dancing quite lively one day last week, and some of the sets played brought out some excellent strokes which can be improved with careful practice.

The design for a clubhouse has been selected and work will soon commence. This much desired addition to the courts will have the effect of bringing the players to the grounds in greater numbers and will surely create a great deal more interest among the members.

Now that the Fourth of July is approaching it would be well for players to take a timely hint and practice serving according to the new rule, namely, that one foot shall be immediately behind the base line, and the other shall be anywhere except touching the base line or the ground within the court. A great many foot faults were called on players who took part in the Oakland High School tournament during the past week.

The courts of the Oakland Club will, it is thought, be ready for occupancy in about six weeks. During the time that improvements are progressing the members will practice at the Lakeside Club courts.

Sam Neel has again taken up his racket, and from all accounts has got in some excellent practice by moonlight at San Lorenzo.

San Lorenzo will surely be heard from next September at San Rafael. The Professor has a regular surprise party in store for that occasion which he will spring to good effect.

THE SCORER.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, March 15th. DEAR WAVE:—Do you imagine it an easy matter to write a newsy letter from this town? Then you are mistaken. The making of bricks without straw was not a circumstance to this. Not an event in upper circles, unless Grace Spencer's lunch might be called so, that was a rather pretty affair. Oh, yes! the birth of the æsthetic Eschscholtzia Club. It is born; it is vigorous, but look out for storms. There are some of the most gossiping, hateful women in this town in that same club and pretty soon there will be a crash. It won't be always May there I tell you and the row will go clear to the Townsend.

The millionaire is very mad; he did not believe anybody would tell on him, because he is so rich. Strange he did not comprehend that the failings and follies of the rich are more interesting than the same capers of the poor. Then the *aplomb* he exhibited was enough to merit a good notice.

We have a genuine Sibyl here now. She would be a fortune to a newspaper—tall, dark-haired, deep, fathomless eyes, just the picture for a prophetess. She has us in the hollow of her hand; she knows in a minute just what the game is.

Sam feels awful bad and Mabel can't cheer him. He dreads to return to his original obscurity, and he fears he shall not be able to capture a rich wife, but then he does not show his desire in that way so plainly as Dr. McD—— does. Why, if *he* speaks to a poor girl, his eye is on a rich one.

The Burchards are climbing up the social ladder. The other night at "Dawniel's" birthday they had a wonderful gathering—judges and hatters, and heaven knows who. He expects a good deal in that way from his partnership, but I guess if the Hon. Francis lends his *brains*, he won't give the use of his *back* to boost him up the social tree.

The feminine editor of the *San Josean* is troubling her sweet soul about what we are going to do to support the paupers or to stop their increase. For the latter "Fragments" has an unfailing remedy, and for the former, where has the woman lived? We feel quite capable of taking care of all the paupers, foundlings, idiots, and crazy people heaven may be pleased to inflict upon us. Haven't we plenty of idle women longing to spend other people's money? Haven't we "Sheltering Arms," the Normal School and Agnews? What more could she desire? I wish she wouldn't propound any more easy conundrums.

My papa is awfully mad about what Principal Childs said the other night, and now he won't give a cent toward building the Art Institute. He was going to give a good big check, but Childs said he could get on without the rich, the poor would build it. So he means to let them.

I wish someone who really knows how to walk would come here and give lessons in the art. From our club window we have a pretty good view of the *pedestriennes*, and it is enough to drive a man mad to see the way the girls walk. Why, they all have the Normal School slouch, copied from the Faculty.

You ought to have been here to the French lecture the other night. It was good fun to see how solemn some of the people looked when the very funniest things were said. Some of the *elite* kept their eyes on the M——s, and if they smiled the others followed suit. I hope something will happen next week worth telling by a

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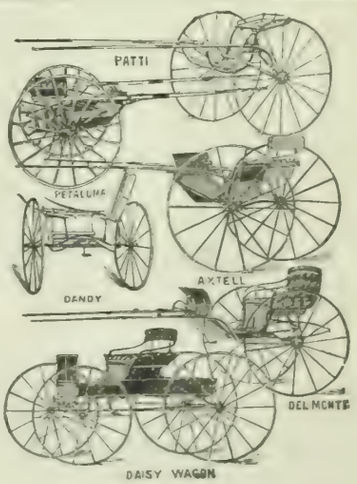

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

With this issue we begin a weekly resumé of the mining stocks.

The market closed dull and heavy last week. Consolidated Virginia @ $4.20, Ophir @ $2.65, Best & Belcher @ $2, Merican @ $1.75, Hale & Norcross $1.15. At these figures stockholders felt rather blue, and dreaded a repetition for the coming week, as several assessments were expected. But Monday, at opening of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, all was changed, all was life and bustle, especially in what is known as the North end or Bonanza stocks—those controlled by the Nevada Bank. On the purchases of Epstein, Marks, Cope, etc., Consolidated Virginia increased from $4.50 to $5 80 to the tune of 1300 shares, an advance of $1 per share from the previous session. Ophir sold at $2.90 @ 3. Merican $1.90 @ $2 Hale & Norcross $1.50. The advance was created by the discovery of a small body of ore on the uprise above the 1500 feet level of Consolidated Virginia; it was said to be three feet in extent, and in hard ground. Whether it will amount to anything is hard to tell, still it was on this level, the 1500, that the strike was made about a year ago when the stock advanced from $2.25 to $20 per share. The market gained too much headway on this small development and many holders of the stock wishing to realize a profit, there came a decline on Tuesday forenoon to $4.35, but Wednesday the market was boiling again and on the purchase of a large commission house brokers, the stock advanced to $5⅜, the highest price the stock has reached in two months. The rest advanced in proportion. These fluctuations are sufficient to the speculators and a number of handsome turns were made by the lucky ones.

During the week the annual meetings of three of the mining companies were held for the election of officers, etc. In the past, with but few exceptions, these elections were one-sided; a few men controlled the mines and voted themselves in office by getting proxies from the different brokers, and virtually having no opposition to contend against. By this means certain individuals got possession of the mines, and, instead of working them for the benefit of the stockholders, did the contrary. By this mode of procedure business has declined from its once vast proportions.

After the Hale & Norcross meeting, N. T. Messer was elected President, and Joseph Ryan Superintendent, and, on Friday, Messer and Flood visited the mine at Virginia City to make further changes and reductions for the benefit of the stockholders. There was also introduced and adopted a resolution by Mr. Tingman, of the Mining Bureau, calling on the directors to prosecute the past officers, etc., and to recover the amounts the mine has lost through their criminal negligence. But the Brokers' Combine met their Waterloo at the annual meeting of the Chollar Mining Company, held on Wednesday, the 16th. Messrs. Hobart and Hayward re-elected all their old directors, except they inserted T. Anderson in place of Joseph Marks. Following is the Board: A. K. P. Harmon, W. E. Sell, A. W. Rose, Jr., C. F. Bridge, and T. Anderson—the Brokers failing to elect a single director, they having but 16,000 against 92,000 of their opponents. During the past week the following assessments have become delinquent: Weldon 5c, and Overman 50c. There were levied assessments on the following during the same time: Crown Point 50c, Bullion 25c.

To show how well the stockholders pay up their assessments, at the delinquent sale on Tuesday of the Con. Imperial, there were sold for non-payment of the assessment, about 3000 shares out of 500,000, the assessment being 3 cents and the stock selling for 5 cents. This is a good record and shows that with proper management and an economical set of officers the mining shares business can and will be put on a proper basis. There are several places on the Comstock were a development may be made, and when this occurs all business in San Francisco will have the benefit therefrom.

For want of space, I must omit to note the progress made in the several mines.

Local securities are quiet. Some San Francisco Gas sold @ $67½@ 67¾; California Electric Light, 150 shares @ $14 50@ 13⅞, 20 @ $14¼; Safety Nitro Powder, 200 shares @ $10½, 20 @ $10⅞; Spring Valley Water, @ $99; and California Street R. R. Bonds, @ $109; Omnibus R. R. Stock, $59¾ bid, and bonds, $115¼; Market Street Cable R. R. Bonds, $117¾ bid.

"Did you say I couldn't tell the truth?"

"No; I said you were a liar."

"Oh, well, that's a different matter. I admit I'm a little lax in that respect, but I don't allow anyone to question my ability to tell the truth if I want to. Good-day."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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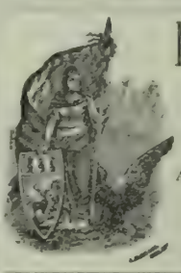

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SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, March 15, 1892. DEAR WAVE.—Johnny C—— says "all things 'ul come to the fellow what waits," and he is jest about correct this time, sure. I was hangin' round town lookin' for items and was thinkin' my articul nd be sorter brief this week, when I tumbles onto some folks talkin' on Sassity matters, and ef I was to write you all them folks said, it nd take erbout four pages. Well, there's been the biggest smash up between friends here that you ever seen. Last fall when one of our Sassity matrons come home from the coast, she brought with her a dashin' couple—gentleman and wife, what she met at the coast. They had piles of money—the wife sported the lovely jewels, I tell yer! Well this Sassity matron took them folks around everywhere with her and got them into the swell 150 here. All the ladies were gone on the gent, 'cause he was handsome as [illegible] The wife could play poker out er sight, so that made her poperlar with a jolly set in Sassity. I done lots of errunds fer her, and you betcher she always paid me handsome fer it too. Sorter sudden the Sassity matron dropped them folks lately and there's all sorts of stories goin' round now. Some says she dropped the lady 'cause she showed to much love fer a young and popular capiterlist here, and 'cause he was too fond of her company. See? And some one said it was 'cause she loved booze to much, and another said they had made use of the Sassity matron ter get credit all over town, and now they owed everybody as well as several hundred to the matron. In fact, it's er dead case of bleedin' 'roun' to some folks, and, well, there's two ladies here what's been mighty close friends fer years, and one of 'em sides with the husband and wife and another with the matron. So there's been a split up between them two families too. Now, of course, I ain't got nothin' against nobody in this affair but by jolly I al jest say that some of the folks what's taking sides in this thing er gettin' perticklar mighty sudden; nothing has been proved on this lady fer sure, and there's one or two I could name what's been through all that they accuse this lady of and worse to. Some of that poker crowd for instence, by jingo, they associate with a married woman what aint fit for a door mat fer this lady to wipe her shoes on. See? Mabby I'm expressin' it strong, but I can't help feelin' tired at the folks what will condem the faults in some people, that they smile at in their own friends.

Well, we had a fine time last week. The G. A. R.'s found lots of work fer Jimmy to do, not to say nothin' of the drive after rabbits nor the processshion. By Thursday all the officers was here, so was the Governor and his staff officers, and the processhion was the finest Fresno has ever had. The Governor's officers wasn't as handsome as our General Miller's officers, you bet, tho' the ladies on the G. C. plaza did make eyes at Colonel Bergen and Colonel Murray, but them fellows was to dignified to flirt. Friday night General and Mrs. Muller gave a swell dinner to the Governor and staff, and after dinner they all went to the camp grounds. Saturday everybody went to the rabbit drive, a lot of Sassity folks was there, and Madam Arsnic caught a fly picture on ther grounds of some ladies what's fond of champagne. Saturday night, the Sassity buds and roses was out to ther theatre. The Governor was in er box. Mrs. Will H—— in another box, looked awful pretty in a new spring hat. Allen, Kittie Brown an' I forgot. By-the-by, they gave me a dollar to shut up). Colonel Wooodworth and wife, Mrs. General Muller and Esther was in a loge, and they was three of ther swellest lookin' ladies in the house. Lizzie looked sweet enough to kiss with her new hat and new fellow. Frank H——, the handsome banker, had black-eyed Cora; it's er diferent girl every time, yet folks is tryin' to marry him off; not much, says Frank. Mrs. Phillips was sweet, I tell yer, in er pink dress and hat, and jolly Mrs. Reichman was all smiles in er sorter smoke color dress. Mrs. Judge Creighton was nodding to all her friends and had a nice word fer Jimmy, too. The Griffiths, Nourses, Emsteins, Tuppers, and Pedlars all showed their love for music in applaudin' ther pretty songs.

The Bostonians is comin' here in April, and it ul be as great er Sassity event as the 89'ers party what all the girls is buyin' swell dresses for.

Imp's comin' home to-morrow and mabby I won't get to write next week. Two in me mind I'm er better writer then she is. That's wat ther boys say any how. JIMMY.

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LOS ANGELES GOSSIP.

DEAR WAVE:—You have not had a letter from me for a long time, and the reason is I have been in such demand of late that I did not get a chance to do anything other than to attend to my social duties. Really, when I look back upon the season which is just closed, I believe I fully realize what an unusually gay winter it has been. Yet, were it not for the reappearance on the scene of "the McLellans of Seattle," I don't think I would now have anything out of the usual rut to write about. Everyone, it seemed to me, took a hand at entertaining them. Teas in the afternoons, musicales in the evening, receptions and drive whist parties till you could not rest; I did nothing but undergo introductions to them. I cannot now recall any one occasion where I had a chance to do any of the talking, not even at the theatre, and though I am considered somewhat of a talker myself, for once I realized I was "not in it," but was in the presence of something almost supernaturally grand and warranted to talk down a phonograph. I wonder why they now claim to hail from Seattle; dear me, pa says they were on the list of oldest families of Los Angeles as far back as he can remember, and pa is an old-timer.

The Cotillion Club did not give us last german in their honor—no doubt an oversight of the Club, which reminds me that I have never yet written you one word about the event of the season, the *bal poudre*. As it was leap year, we girls had to manage everything in connection with it, and it was the swellest gathering of the winter. It was not overcrowded, the decorations were in excellent taste, the music acceptable, the girls in their best bibs (and an unusual amount of independence), and the men handsome and *blasé* in their powdered hair, which was, generally speaking, becoming. Emma led, and led well and with dignity. Her five or six lieutenants carried out her ideas and their respective parts to perfection.

I am not a member of the Friday Morning Club, but we buds are cutting our eye teeth and also cultivating thorns, so look out for us next season. There is no use of my trying to give you a complete list of those present; I can only recall a few of the celebrities. There was the brilliant young lawyer (I mean the dark one, of course,) who had exchanged wives with the popular lieutenant for the occasion; the other lawyer with theatrical tendencies was condescending, affable, and permitted us to worship him at a distance; then there was faithful Fred and his latest—"an odd combination *that*," quoth his former girls in chorus. Frank *without* his widow, and Percy and William, each guarding his particular star; Boyle had in charge a lovely bud; our British Adonis and pretty little Miss Tessie were unusually confidential, and Jack disconsolate because the right girl was not by his side. The Wilmington, Pasadena, San Gabriel and other suburb contingents furnished a number of pretty girls and awkward men. Besides, there was the regular contingent of chaperons, dowagers, and a few outsiders, who were allowed to view the 400 at play.

There is talk now of getting up a subscription to raise funds for a "consolation german" to be given during Lent for the express benefit of those who did not get invitations to the dances during the regular season; however, as there are two spectacular plays coming to town next week, bringing with them the old-time skirtless fairies, the men will be able to find congenial spirits and forget their woes through the old electric glare of pink tights and spangles, and after-the-theatre suppers. I shall keep my ears wide open, and as the Judge tells me everything he hears, just be patient and await developments. The Judge says the California Club men have already engaged the stage boxes for the opening night, and that they are to be chaperoned by Daisy's young man. This will be one of his last evenings out before he ascends the altar and dons the halter.

I am now going to say good-bye, dear WAVE, till next week, then look out for me. Ever yours,

DEBUTANTE.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at 5:00 P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

THE SACRAMENTO SWIM.

DEAR WAVE:—It has been some time since you have received a letter from anyone in this Capital City, so I will attempt to tell you something of our doings. Before Lent we were really very gay, more so than for many years. Charming Mrs. Williams was visiting here, and a number of entertainments were given in her honor, as well as to Miss Minnie Clarke, who accompanied Mrs. W—— to Washington.

Miss Laura Clarke's luncheon was really the most *recherche* thing of its kind ever given here; it was as "swell" as any city luncheon could be. Then that ever-genial woman, Mrs. Cluness, gave a truly elegant theatre party; the men must have felt peculiar having their tickets bought for them, as such things seldom occur up here. I hope they appreciate it. I intend to watch and see if any return is made, and if not, shall believe all the unkind things I sometimes hear of the Sacramento Society men.

The Upson reception was a great success. The girls looked lovely; when did they ever appear more so? was asked on every side.

Miss Maye Carroll's card party was a very pleasant affair, and she made a charming hostess. Why is red such a favorite color? There must have been a half dozen dresses of that shade worn on the above-mentioned occasion. Mrs. Foye has been very quiet this winter; we have not even had our usual card party; she always entertains so beautifully and gives such exquisite prizes, that when she closes her doors Society feels a double loss. I believe she did give her house to the girls of St. Paul's Church for a reception to their congregation, but we all know that church receptions are "ghastly affairs." Another large house has been sold, and its hospitable owner now intends to reside permanently at "The Unpleasanton;" we will miss Mrs. Mesick and her sweet daughter, especially when another Fair time rolls around, for at that season she always had a gay party of young people. What will Will Powning do next year? When the giddy school professor took a house for the winter the hearts of the girls beat tumultuously, but disappointment has seized them, for his sister graces the head of the table, and the girls are left disconsolate. Pretty Miss Magaun has left us for a short visit to the city; she really should study again, for her recitations are most delightful. NINA.

STOCKTON LIFE.

MY DEAR WAVE:—Since Ira Ladd has brought himself into such prominence by indulging in a "street fight," it is quite impossible for him to accept half the invitations that pour in upon him.

The Unitarians have succeeded in establishing a fine church here. With "Doad" Elliott and his pretty sister "Gertie" to sing for them, they are sure of a "big" attendance of the "girls and boys." "Jimmie" will certainly take a pew. However, that may be, it is something awful how much the habitual solemnity of Ed. T—— resembles an "owl's" sulkiness. He has completely lost all his pleasant, affable manner and scarcely bows when passing people. Everybody knows how high his aspirations are, and that being "boomed" by the "big guns" with such a power behind him as Judge B——n, there is but little doubt of him being successful.

Miss Alice and her mother gave a dinner party last week. As it was a sort of a relation affair, I was not there, of course, much to my sorrow, for when I am so fortunate as to be invited I always wear rubber corset-laces. The guests at Thompson's table will readily understand my meaning.

Rumor sayeth that pretty Mrs. Johnson-Howell will shortly come into her vast fortune, and will erect a fine mansion in our most aristocratic quarters. It's to be hoped that, for once, rumor is right, since she is young, beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy. She will be a most welcome addition to our Society.

Sweet May Hubbard is not seen in Society now; it is not entirely because of Lent and there is no where to go, but, since her return from Europe, she has been ill, and is very delicate.

The Leys have grown tired of boarding the whole corporation without the slightest compensation and have gone back to the hotel. Mrs. J. H. Smith has purchased their lovely home, and is now a member of the 400, the very pinnacle of fame. Never was such a pitiable sight witnessed than the despair of poor Lizzie [illegible] it is certainly true that handsome Frank is paying marked attention to some one else. Some day, dear WAVE, I will tell you who he is, but at present poor L—— has enough abuse heaped upon her unoffending head, much to the genuine sorrow of ARIADNE.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—You doubtless will be surprised to receive a letter signed "Tom," but it is my painful duty to tell you of the unfortunate illness of that naughty Frou-Frou, who has been prostrated ever since the day of Billy's wedding. If she had only been able to don that pretty gown of hers and appear upon the scene, she would have had no cause for regret, as Billy was pale and disconcerted, and had no resemblance to the gay and festive Billy upon whom she had so long wasted her young and tender affections. You see I'm doing my best to brace her up and help her along with Andy. If I wasn't so extravagant I'd marry her myself. The wedding was a stunner, and the bride, to use Frou-Frou's expression, was a vision of loveliness in a moiré gown, real lace, diamonds, and a cloud of tulle. Frou-Frou is always growling because the city girls capture our beaux, but I don't blame them when they win as bewitching a bride as Ruby.

Thursday was an eventful day, as we laid the corner-stone of that long-talked-of theatre, and had a banquet, which was given by the Elks, whose guests were the Conried Opera Company, and I tell you, the staid old fellows like George Degolia, Dr. Woolsey, Dr. Dunne, Cleve Dam, Myron Whiddon, Harry Melvin, and Phil Remillard indulged in wild flirtations with the chorus girls, who couldn't sing a bit. I have a happy suggestion to make, and that is for us to open our new theatre with an opera, the company to be formed with the song-birds chosen from our 150. It should be a great success, as our amateurs sing better than many professionals. Now there is Nelly Chabot, who would capture any audience if she would only forget herself for a moment, while charming Mrs. A. A. Dewing is renowned for her sweet voice, and Grace Henderson certainly sings better than anyone on this Coast; and we must not forget Sophie Newlands, Margaret McMahon, *née* Nelson, and Lou Breck. For the boys, Harry Melvin, with his big bass voice, comes first, while Cleve Dam, Karl Howard, Harry East Miller, Ed Vingent, Herman de Laguna, Gavin High, Alec Rosborough, and your humble servant, could easily act and sing any part in light opera. I insist, dear WAVE, that you and Frou-Frou agitate this opera subject until it becomes a stern reality, for I'm most anxious to prove to San Francisco that we have some talent on this side that is worth displaying. We are never exactly original, so why not copy your amateurs with "Bf. Kg. Hal?" By chance and good fortune I happened to dine with the Bromwells last week and almost lost my heart to pretty little Lois, who is so sweet and modest. They have quite a dinner party every evening, as Mrs. Bromwell has her sisters, Mrs. Charlie Allen, Mrs. Conreese, and their families with her at present, as well as Will Hamilton and his vivacious wife; the ladies attire themselves in their most attractive gowns and it seems like one happy family; after dinner the gentleman indulge in cigars and billiards, while the ladies amuse themselves with cards, music, fancy work, and reading, and the children play according to their own sweet wills.

Dr. Coyle, of the big swell church on Fourteenth Street, has made for himself quite a coterie of enemies within his sacred fold, as, without a moment's notice, he dethroned Mr. George Armes, the white-haired superintendent, who has grown old in the service of the church, and had never received any remuneration until the last few months, when the Rev. Doctor suggested that a monthly sum he paid for his duties, but, as the sequel shows, it was a deep-laid plot to cast out the man, who had worked for the church through all its trials and tribulations, and put in his place the brother of the oily-tongued minister. The affair has kicked up such a rumpus with the different cliques in the church, that many would like to disband, join other churches, and sell their property to that most enterprising of men, W. J. Dingee, who has done more to arouse Oakland from its lethargy than any other citizen. How unfortunate that this church fracas did not come up sooner, as we then would not have been under the dire necessity of building a theatre—that church would have answered every purpose.

Frou-Frou says for me not to forget to mention Bessie Wheaton's tea, which was a *fac simile* of all others, only Nellie Chabot and Alice Grimes assisted the fair hostess to receive. Mrs. Driscoll and Tommy leave on the next steamer for China, while the Uphams are *en route* to Europe and Mrs. Frank Moffitt has left for the City of Mexico, where she hopes that her little one may regain its health. Her music and card parties will be a source of regret to her many friends. Sam Breck and Flossie Coffin have set June for their wedding, while Frou-Frou's lecture to Mr. Turner and Carrie, produced a reconciliation, and they are to be wedded in April, the month of tears.

Yours, TOM.

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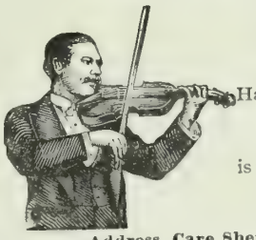

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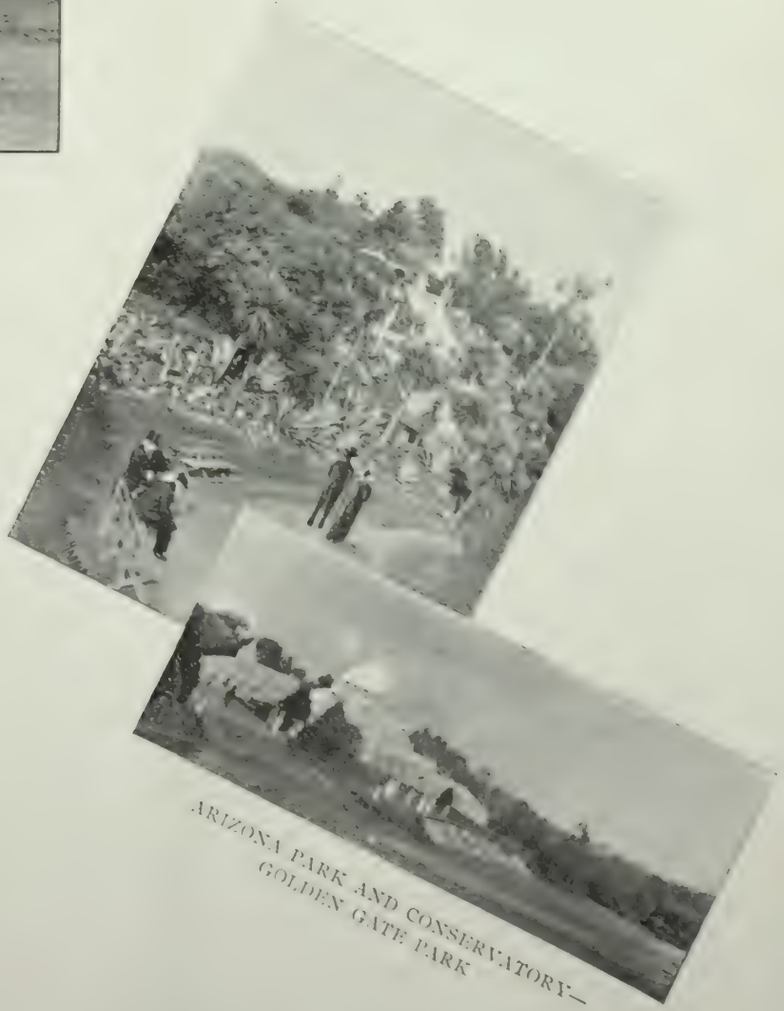

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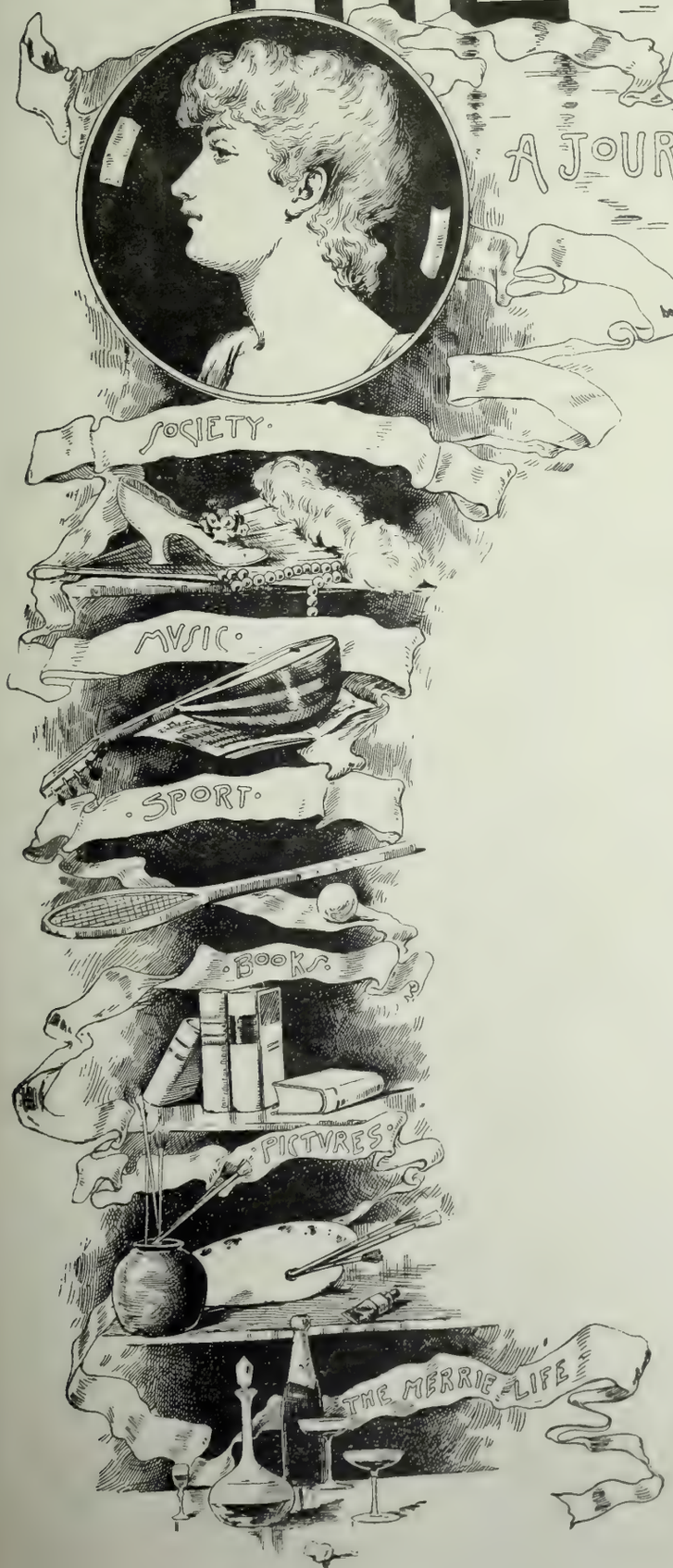

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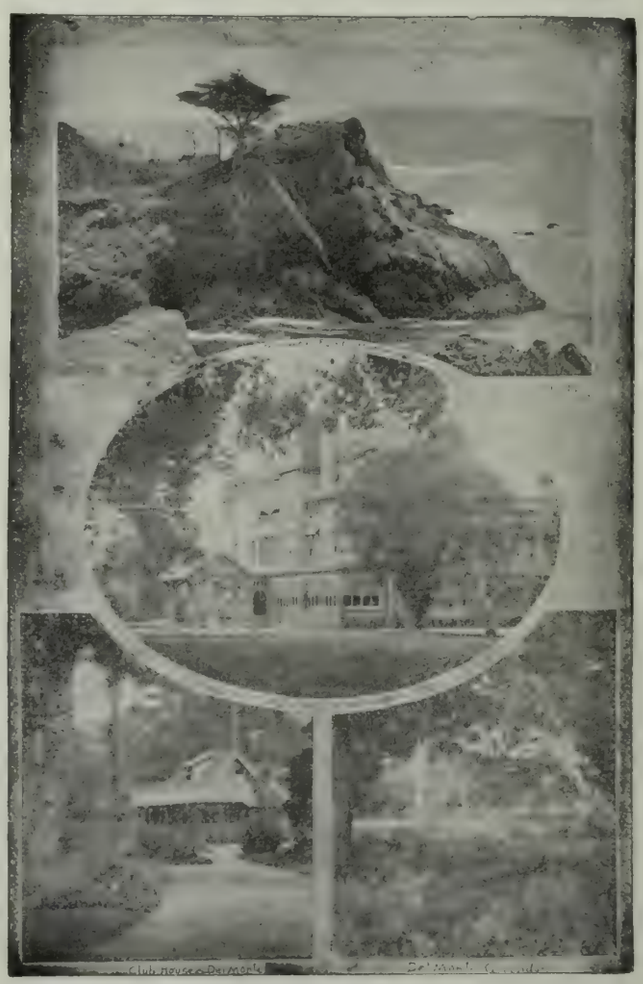

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 26, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The occurrences in politics of the past few weeks have brought prominently to the front the gentleman whose picture adorns the cover of this issue. A. Ruef, although a young man, has given evidence of remarkable ability in his chosen profession, the law, and aside from this has shown a splendid talent for organizing and holding men together. He occupies to-day the foremost place in the local Republican party, where his qualities as a leader are recognized by all. Within the next few months his ability as a leader will be tried and proved.

SPLASHES

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB is in the throes of another election, and the regular ticket has been nominated. Without any probable, possible manner of doubt it is the weakest that has ever owed its existence to the unpurchasable influence of a committee whose lamentable ignorance of its duty was commented on before it acted. There is one man on the ticket who may lay some claim to being a Bohemian, Ned Hamilton. I am told that the humorists at the Club have already named the ticket "The Surprise," as it is so entirely unlike a representative board of officers.

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The chief characters on the ticket are: For President, W. E. Brown! For Vice-President, Edward H. Hamilton; For Secretary, Henry Durbrow! For Treasurer, Sol Brastow! Board of Directors, R. P. Hammond, Billy Stafford, E. P. Murphy, Arthur Price, and D. De V. Graham. The owl, I am informed, is wearing a thick, broad band about its neck, and gazes wearily at the representation of the Club's new coat-of-arms, a dollar mark, rampant, on a keg of axle grease. However, some of the "boys" say that is the best ticket that has been seen in the Club for years. "There isn't one of them," they say, "who can't be 'touched' for a 'fiver' any day in the week—except, of course, that low fellow Hamilton, who is put up to satisfy the desires of some of the impecunious men in the Club, who pay their dues with papers and paintings.".

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The biggest joke of the year, however, was caused by the disposition of the ticket on the Club's blackboard. Here all the notices of election, meetings, entertainments, and indebtedness go; the list of members who come under the head of "credit stopped" are posted here, and, indeed, whatever is of a club nature finds publicity on the board. Here the nominations were posted, under the head of "Regular Ticket." By the side of the names of the candidates were those of gentlemen who are eligible for non-membership because of unpaid dues or bar bills, and some wag placed over this list the words: "Opposition Ticket." Of course, I would not say who was named for President on this list; the honor came to him because he was first of the delinquents, by virtue of his name beginning with an "A."

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When the second opposition ticket is announced, it will probably be a good one, at least strong enough to put the men on the regular ticket under the daises. Dan O'Connell is a candidate, and with the fame that he won with "B. K. Hal" he should have a good following. The opposition fight in the Bohemian Club has always been a hard one, and it has rarely been successful. But the regular ticket this year is so beautifully weak that little trouble should be experienced in tucking it away out of sight.

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THE EFFORTS of stupid preachers to exhibit San Francisco as the wickedest city in the world would be amusing if they were not dangerous. However we who have heard these men orate may laugh at their endeavors to become notorious, people in other States, who have not our opportunities, may consider their diatribes worth attention. The days are past and gone when men were "called" to the ministry. Preaching is now a profession, and religion a business, as the law and medicine are. The gentlemen who preside in San Francisco pulpits think seldom of their vocation, but they never forget the emoluments of their pastorates. As attorneys endeavor to bring themselves before the public in connection with sensational cases, so ministers find their only way of getting into print is by the enunciation of startling criticisms.

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Why it is supposed that Rev. Mr. Soandso, who is the meekest and mildest of men, should be an authority on wickedness is a point of view I have never appreciated. They carefully avoid the haunts of vice. Woe betide them, indeed, if they be found in their neighborhood. As immorality is the especial "sin" that "wickedness" in the abstract refers to, it seems to me that evidence and ample experience are necessary before a decision can be arrived at. There are members of the Pacific-Union Club, and prominent Bohemians, who might with profit be listened to, but what do Rev. Jones and Brown know about it? The sum of their knowledge is an appreciation from the "collection" point of view, of the value of notoriety. Let them be as learned and as poetic as Plato or Goethe, it is a sad fact that unless they denounce the police or the municipal authorities, they cannot be reported in Monday morning's papers.

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For four years past, San Francisco Society has been singularly free of scandal. By "Society" I refer to the set that is commonly alluded to as the 400. In that period there have been few divorce suits and fewer matrimonial embroglios. No one has attempted the murder of anyone else, and the records show no instance of Society young men bolting with trust funds. In no city in America are the girls more carefully guarded and no where are the maidens more exemplary in their conduct. Full of gossips as the local *haut monde* is, there are few stories reflecting on any woman's reputation in circulation. Given the shadow of an excuse and the Western Addition would ring with them. Whatever may have been the characteristics of our first families in the past, there can be no question of their present decorum.

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To refer to the array of skeletons in San Francisco closets would be invidious. The annals of many of the personages now so exuberantly aristocratic, if compiled, would make a volume as interestiug as the *Contes Drolatiques*. But the interest that this capital of past mishaps draws is caution. Owing to the exploits of a few of these lights and bloods of happily by-gone days, the path of the local transgressor is hard. The echoes of a San Francisco scandal resound as loudly on Broadway as on Market Street. We are expected

to furnish a quota of delectable morsels for the country at large, but our failure to do so does not endow the city with a reputation for virtue. My contention in regard to the respectability of San Francisco Society is easily proved by thinking of the crimes which have made the city a murder-suicide centre. The actors and victims are all of the lowest class.

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However, fixed ideas are very difficult to dispose of, and for years to come, I have no doubt, Society here will be regarded a as hotbed of vice—a species of Elysium for fractures of the Seventh Commandment and the Deadly Sins.

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TO APPEAR before as brilliant an audience as that gathered in the rooms of the San Francisco Verein on Saturday night last was a privilege. Even if the *dramatis personæ* of "Romeo and Juliet" were lacking in interest, the sight of such an array of lovely faces and so many charming toilettes would have been an incentive to incredible exertions. As it was, however, the actors had only to remain natural and they were successful. It is true, one had to have a powerful imagination to forget Leon Greenbaum and see Juliet or to forget Mr. Ehrman when the Nurse appeared, but they were both so cleverly ridiculous that one had only time to admire the contortions of the apothecary, the by-play of Mercutio and the practical love-making of the Veronese light-weight, Mr. Romeo. It was the wildest of travesties—the Montagues were swells and the Capulets were large real estate owners, Tybault, a saloon-keeper, with political leanings and Mercutio, a prominent athlete. The feud arose over Mrs. M—— describing Mrs. C——'s coat as a plush sacque, whereas it was a sealskin.

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In each act the chorus, which consisted of Veronese bloods, gave popular melodies set to strange lines. Some of the parodies were good, others were flat. "Marching through Georgia" figured as an accompaniment to some somber verses. It is difficult to give a coherent idea in a few phrases of the performance. It was farce comedy gone mad. The unexpected happened at every opportunity. Who carried off the honors of the performance is hard to tell. Romeo was quite artistically un-Romeo-like, and Juliet sang in a thrilling falsetto. Mr. Heller was a solemnly ridiculous Friar Lawrence, and Ben Arnhold a portentous Capulet. I thought that more local hits might have been introduced into the dialogue and some of the sentences sharpened up a bit, but there is little room for criticism, and the Club is specially to be complimented. I believe Mr. Arnhold is largely responsible for the success of the performance, for he has devoted a great deal of time to preparations and rehearsals.

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But it is the ballet I must speak most enthusiastically of. Really, Jesse Twiest as Mme. Leggieri, was inimitable. He exhibited a saltatory capacity his most intimate friends had not credited him with possessing. Light, airy, graceful, his make-up was admirable—indeed, he was the type of ballet-dancer one waits hours for at the stage door, and then adores at an altar of champage and *pati de foie gras*. His performance was received with rapturous applause.

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Some of the girls assured me the dance that followed was as enjoyable as the performance. As there was a superabundance of men, they had reason for their appreciation. Wallflowers were not the rule, nor even the exception. The type did not occur. The fun had put everyone in good spirits, and the belles looked their best. Some very handsome costumes were worn, and I was relieved to notice that the charms of some of the richer maidens were not set off with that superabundance of jewelry that on previous occasions seemed to be considered so essential. Miss Rosy Fesheimer looked handsome in a rich toilette. Miss Hilda Castle was charming in pink. Miss Stella Triest, Miss Lucie Cohen, and Miss Frank were much admired. Among the debutantes, Miss Mamie Lewis, a pretty young girl with blonde hair and a sweet expression of face, received a good deal of attention. Among the matrons, Mrs. Walter Castle looked superb in a very swell costume.

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BETWEEN THE BOSTONIANS and Mi-Carême festivities, Society has been a good deal in evidence this week. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, there were half a dozen theatre parties at the Baldwin followed by suppers at the Palace and the Maison Riche. On Thursday the disposal of one-half of the season of Sorrow was celebrated by several dinners, by a reception at Mrs. Jewett's, besides a series of minor entertainments.

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The art of dinner-giving, requiring much of experience of the possibilities of cookery and a cultivated palate for the selection of good wines, is hardly appreciated as it deserves. One must possess an epicurean trend of mentality to comprehend the thought a cleverly composed *menu* involves, and in the multitude of inferior meals one is compelled to dispose of, the fine edge of it is worn off. A very delightful dinner was given by Mrs. Hager on Thursday evening last. Her guests sat at a round table that was beautifully set off with roses and sparkling glassware. The hostess is one of the few who understand the rare art and the *menu* was exquisite. Mr. E. H. Sheldon gave one of his dainty little dinner parties on the same evening at his residence on Pierce Street.

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If some one could be persuaded to give a masquerade before the season closes, it would not fail to prove a success. Suggestion of the enjoyment that might be derived from an affair of this character was given at Mrs. Jewett's Mi-Carême reception. There, sixteen couple danced the lancers *en masque*, and a very amusing time was had afterwards endeavoring to penetrate their identity. For the occasion Mrs. Jewett threw open her entire residence. The parlors and hall were canvased and artistically adorned with the lovely blossoms of peach and pear trees. Upstairs were comfortable sitting-rooms for those who wished to talk in preference to listening to the music.

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After the masquerade dance, supper was served. It was a most *recherché* repast, quite a departure from the conventional *menu* of which party goers have grown so tired. Altogether, the reception was a very pleasant one and quite a fittting celebration of the occasion.

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Society is much interested over the announcement of Miss Mollie Torbett's engagement to Mr. Burke Holladay. Both are well known and have many friends. Miss Torbett is a niece of the late John F. Swift and one of the prettiest girls in town. She is tall, with a graceful figure, regular features and blonde hair. Mr. Holladay is a son of the well-known attorney, and is himself a very-good looking young man. The marriage will be celebrated shortly after Lent.

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A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Saalburg and Mr. Lesser Praeger celebrated at the residence of the bride, 1208 Ellis Street, on Tuesday evening last. Rev. Dr. Levy officiated and performed the ceremony in excellent style. He delivered, too, a very pretty address. The brothers and sisters of Miss Saalburg officiated as ushers and bridesmaids, and her father gave her away. The reception was very jolly. The health of bride and groom was drank, and speeches made felicitating them on their union. Lucius Solomons officiated as toast master, and was very clever in that capacity. Mr. and Mrs. Praeger will reside in Portland. Several interesting marriages are to take place before long, among them that of Miss Belle Louisson and Sigmund Simon, which will be performed in the Verein rooms on Sutter Street.

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So persistent have the demands of institutions and personages on President Eliot been, he has not had the time for Society that Society would willingly have given him. On the afternoon of Wednesday he saw something of the Oakland 200 at a tea given in his honor by Mrs. Professor Kellogg at Berkeley, and on Thursday morning the battle-scarred heroes of the Presidio disported themselves for his edification—that is, Colonel Graham gave a review in his honor and the President of Harvard appeared with some

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

excellence of effect as an equestrian. A reception at the residence of Mrs. Graham was the event of the afternoon. He is not the imposing orator that the reporters would have one believe, but he is an easy speaker, and when on his feet expresses ideas. This is not a characteristic of current oratory and comes in the light of a novelty.

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Mrs. Hearst is going to Europe and will leave to-morrow on a special car. Miss Sanderson and W. R. Hearst accompany her, and I understand the party will remain away from America for a year. The greater portion of the time will be spent in Italy, for which country Mr. Hearst has a passionate love. The trip is, of course, one of pleasure, but much of Mrs. Hearst's time will be devoted to curio hunting. The *Examiner* will be under the conduct of Mr. Henderson during the absence of its owner, who will, however, be in constant communication with the journal by cable.

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Will Hearst, who is now enjoying a very large income from the *Examiner*, proposes to invest a portion of his surplus in the construction of a fine residence on the Marin County side of the bay. He is in treaty with the Government for some twenty acres of land off Lime Point, and a bill is being put through Congress authorizing the sale of this property to him. His intention is to erect a splendid mansion and to convert the surrounding land into a fine park. A more beautiful site for a residence could hardly be found. Below on the shore there will be a wharf for the "Vamoose." I hope Mr. Hearst will be able to carry out his project.

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Mr. and Mrs. Oothout will arrive here shortly from New York, on their way to Japan. Willie Oothout will accompany them, and the trip will occupy some months. By the way, it is not generally known that Willie has fallen heir to something like half a million dollars, his grandmother's will disclosing the enjoyable fact. There are only two children. I believe, in the Oothout family, Willie and a sister, Mrs. Riggs, wife of the well-known Washington banker. She is a prominent personage in the American colony of Paris, has a charming house on the Champs D'Elysees, and entertains handsomely. Aside from the fact that young Mr. Oothout has achieved a $500,000 fame, there will be many regrets at his absence.

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George Nagle, the well-known Bohemian and merchant is about to travel. He purposes making a tour of Japan and the East generally, finishing with a pleasant little jaunt through the continent. He is amply provided with letters of introduction, and will doubtless be given a good time while globe-trotting. Mr. Nagle hopes to be home to take part in the next Art Association performance. In the past his co-operation has been almost invaluable.

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The Calliopean Club has decided to give nothing in the entertainment way until April, and then it will wind up the season with possibly a dramatic entertainment, and positively a dance. The ball with which this club opened the Winter's festivities was one of the most successful of the season.

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The engagement of Miss Florence Harrison, only daughter of B. A. Harrison, one of the well-known mining men of the State, and Otis L. Swett, is announced. The prospective bridegroom is the son of the late Captain Swett, and is a prominent young business man.

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Dr. Beverly Cole, besides being a charming raconteur, and one of the stand-bys of the Cosmos Club, possesses more ardent opinions on subjects of general unimportance than any man I know of. At the Pacific Yacht Club dinner, on Saturday evening last, Dr. Beverly Cole was one of the honored guests. It was a very jolly affair—English, you know—a beef, Yorkshire pudding, and plum-duff festival—the viands cooked on the spit before the eyes of the guests. Beer and wine washed it down. After the black coffee, President Dickenson who is quite a clever toastmaster, called on Dr. Cole for a speech. On the tug coming over he had told some really neat storyettes, and everyone expected to have the series continued. Alas, the good Doctor waxed serious, then wroth and proceeded to deal in an unkind manner with Senator Stanford.

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Just what he said cuts no especial figure; he did not indulge in flattery. It not being campaign time, and, as the Senator had no chance to retaliate, some of the Doctor's listeners began to express disapproval. There were murmurs of dissent, and Secretary Varney Gaskill interrupted the speaker with rather a vehement protest. Just exactly what might have happened had both continued their orations, it is hardly safe to state, but Ed. Hamilton took advantage of a full stop to beg a word with the President. Being fond of Englishmen, and in Sausalito, he enjoyed roast beef, he said, but mere appetite did not explain his presence at this especial entertainment. He had heard Dan O'Connell was not to be present, and having long awaited an opportunity of expressing his opinion of that gentleman, he availed himself of the Club's invitation. Proceeding then to explain that the author of "Bf. Kg. Hal" was an intimate friend, he proceeded to roast him.

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It was a most amusing performance. The absentee was vilified in the choicest forms of Bohemian interpretation, and in the laughter that ensued the unfortunate incident was forgotten. In future Dr. Cole should avoid expressing dissentiments in mixed companies.

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REAL ESTATE has been languishing during the closing months of 1891 and since the beginning of this year, and prices, excepting for good inside business property yielding a handsome income, or so situated that its prospective value is assured, have not advanced. There are two elements operating against an active market for realty. First, the high rate of interest being paid by the savings banks and, second, the listing of properties by agents at inflated prices, which in nine cases out of ten remain tied up on the books of the agents. To remedy the former obstacle in the way of investments in real estate, which may only have a prospective future, it would be necessary to regulate the limit of individual deposits in the savings banks by an Act of the Legislature. A reduction in the rate of interest would soon follow.

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In accepting properties for sale at prices above market values, the brokers themselves cripple the market, and the sooner the practice is abandoned the better it will be for themselves and for active trading. Two important features characterized the market during the week. The property known as the Tivoli Opera House, fronting on Eddy Street 68:9x175 feet deep, yielding a rental of $375 a month, taxes and insurance, was sold on Monday at public sale by Tevis & Fisher to Willis E. Davis and F. W. Van Sicklen, for $126,500, subject to the Court's confirmation.

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One by one the large patches of unimproved realty held by estates and pioneers are being subdivided for the market. This week McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond have received instructions from Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, of this city, and Andrew B. McCreary, who has just returned from France after an absence of some fifteen years, to grade and cut up for the market, five whole blocks on McAllister Street, which are estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of $500,000. The sale, which will take place sometime in May, will be a public one, and, in all likelihood, the principal event of the season.

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The splendid collection of rugs, bric-a-brac, furniture, and curios brought to this city by Costikyan, is now on sale at 16 Post Street, and should be seen by all art lovers.

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I notice that A. Lusk & Co. have settled with all their creditors, and have resumed business. The new combination is a very strong one, I'm told, and the firm will give its attention only to packing.

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THE POLITICAL MACHINE which owns and controls the County Clerk's office has determined, as I am told, to throw overboard this year Mr. W. J. Blattner, the present County Clerk, and nominate Mr. Henry S. Martin. It ought to be needless to say that Mr. Martin comes from North Beach,

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

a region that is supplying the market with a great many politicians lately, and which boasts of the Morrow Club and Supervisor Dave Jackson. Mr. Martin, however, is not to be taken as a specimen of the kind of a native son always raised at the Beach. Some of the native sons of that locality are built like other men, that is, they measure from five feet seven to five feet ten and weigh between 100 and 200 pounds. But Mr. Martin, if divided up, would make from two to three ordinary North Beachers. He is, in fact, a whale.

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Two years ago some of his admirers at the Beach brought him out for City Treasurer, but he declined to run, I understand, on the ground that the doors of the treasury vaults were not large enough to admit him. He very properly held that it would be ridiculous for a man to occupy an office which he could never get into. In the County Clerk's department, it is anticipated no such difficulty will be experienced. The office is provided with double doors large enough for him to enter, and if the floors are found not to be sufficiently strong Mr. Martin can be lowered in with a derrick and suspended by wire cables from the steel beams above. But, seriously, it may be remarked that Mr. Martin is a big man. He is six feet tall and weighs 300 pounds.

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The fact that he was born at North Beach, however, has nothing to do with his extreme avoirdupois. He is very popular among the boys all over town, chiefly because he has a large amount of money and knows how to spend some of it. The principal reason why the manipulators of the County Clerk's machine desire to nominate Mr. Martin, however, are these: First, his personal popularity is quite certain to elect him, they think; and, second, when elected he will keep them all in office.

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And this leads me to remark that the County Clerk's machine is getting to be something of an oligarchy at the City Hall. It was founded, in 1886, by William J. Ruddick, who, in that year, was elected County Clerk. Mr. Ruddick promised to conduct the office for $6000 per month, but he did not do it, and when he applied for re-nomination, two years afterward, he was attacked for breaking his pledges by some of the newspapers. The convention, therefore, dropped him with a dull thud. In his place they selected General W. A. Davies. He also promised to conduct the office for $6000 a month, and did it, but otherwise he made an unsatisfactory County Clerk. He took microbe-killer, in large quantities every day, and, although he kept Ruddick's machine intact, the boys were discontented with the small salaries necessitated by the pledge, and when the convention came around they set him aside.

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Thus it appears that keeping the pledge and breaking it has the same result in the County Clerk's oligarchy. Mr. Blattner made the same promise, but he has not kept it, and so it has been determined to throw him overboard. For six years the boys composing the County Clerk's force have managed to secure the office and retain their positions, with only such exceptions as are enforced by the exigencies of politics. They now think that Mr. Martin will again pull them through. He may, however, prove to be a "hoodoo." He ran for the Assembly, at North Beach, some years ago, and was counted out. My advice to the County Clerks is to ascertain that his luck has changed, before they stake all their possessions upon him.

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THE INTEREST that has been taken in the awakening in the *Call* office has been great, and I am informed that business and subscriptions have resulted. Mr. Pickering nor Mr. Fitch can rejoice over this than any more than I do; the more live journals there are in a city the better for the city, and the better for the journals. The *Call* has had a reputation for honesty that is enviable, and I do not suppose that its proprietors would care to see it lose this chief adornment of its prestige. I am, therefore, quite sure that they will thank me for remarking that the methods that have been employed to gain business for them in the past week have been somewhat reprehensible, smacking a trifle of that disagreeable word that I do not care to use when speaking of a paper, but which is synonymous with using the power of the press for good or evil to compel a citizen to exchange his coin for a favorable notice.

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San Francisco has been treated to so much of this in the past, that the papers that have not employed the method have not escaped the general condemnation. The success that has followed it has been, I suppose, the excuse for its continued use, and there are one or two despicable sheets living entirely on the money gained from it. A young man employed by my esteemed contemporary has seen fit to inform people of the fact that if they do not do business with the *Call* they may get injured, and has introduced to his victims a man under the name of a gentleman who occupies a high position on the editorial staff, to assist him in guileful attacks on plethoric pocketbooks.

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Some years ago, the exact date may be found from glancing at the editorial page of the *Report*, the *Call* got a new press. Prior to that time, the paper made a masterly attack on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and was, as someone has been telling it ever since, "caved down the bank." The new press was put in, and the paper showed every sign of "picking up." I am pleased to note that the *Call* is again making a display of enterprise; I am informed that it has ordered a new press from the East, and that the machinery will arrive in a very short time. At present the paper is engaged in a deadly war against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. There is no connection between these incidents, but in the near future I expect to see the *Call* "pulled over the wharf."

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

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"THE MAN FROM MARS" has attracted some attention since he paid his short visit to Thomas Blot, the veracious retailer of his small gossip. The book, while being sufficiently dull to recommend itself to the most moral of our novel-readers, possesses an interest that partakes somewhat of plagiarism and this is its sole redeeming virtue. I regret to say that the author has seen fit to deny that he is a plagiarist, thereby giving color to the thought that he is an exceedingly poor writer. A literary friend informs me that "The Man from Mars" is so very like Bellamy's "Looking Backward" that nobody with enough sense to steal a neighbor's umbrella on a wet day would read either book. Mr. Bellamy, having put his story on the market first, is acquitted of the charge of having purloined his lack of ideas from the thoughtless waste of Mr. Blot's tome.

* * *

It seems that "The Man from Mars" was written some years ago, or just long enough to have attained its present degree of entire dissolution from any literary or mental ability. It is the work of my old and revered friend, Senator Simpson of Alameda, whose *nom de plume* of Thomas Blot was chosen not so much for purposes of deception as concealment. Every one knows that Senator Simpson has for years devoted his time to the contemplation of the stars, and that his utter ignorance of the ways of the world caused him to stumble into the mire of Alameda politics. He took to writing as a relief from thinking, and has been so successful that not the slightest trace of a thought or idea is to be found anywhere in his book. The Senator informs me that he has complete and irrefutable evidence that his book is not a plagiarism, and says, proudly, that no work like it had been written five years ago when he began his illiterary labors. Even if further evidence were wanting, there is the book, itself, and I will do my friend, the Senator, a service by swearing that before he wrote it there never was such a story written; nor has there been since; nor will there ever be again.

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IT IS HARD TO DOUBT a man who has given you every reason to call him friend, but it is sometimes the warmth of his protestations that causes suspicion of his motives to take the place of certainty of his affection. A gentleman who holds an high place among Masonic vocalists of this city, has lately lost some warm admirers by the constancy of his inquiries for their health. At first these kindly attentions were accepted as the outward expressions of a tender heart, but developments have shown that they were the poorly disguised efforts of the musician to learn how soon his services would be required in singing into submission the bereaved family of the

object of his solicitous inquiries. It was during the season when the iron hand of *la grippe* pressed back the current of life, and strangled old and young, that the songster's attentions attracted notice, and ever since he has been given a wide road for his peregrinations by those who have come to suspect his motives.

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Occupying a prominent seat at one of the hotel tables in town, the musician could see and hear all that went on in the room, and not a boarder coughed, sneezed, or moaned, who escaped his eye. The moment a sneeze punctuated a sentence, his face assumed a sad, robbed-of-my-last-friend look, he hummed a bar or two of that beautiful hymn: "A Knaw tha ma Radama lava," and then crossed to where his afflicted friend sat, to inquire how he was doing to-night. If the sufferer felt worse, the musician begged him to bear up, and a gleam of triumph would appear in his eye; if the poor man felt better, he was begged not to be over-sanguine as *la grippe* was a treacherous disease, and the gleam of triumph would be replaced by a look of pain. These kindly attentions brought the musician into notice, and many were the kindly words said of him. But at last it was noticed that men who were ill shunned him; when they saw him coming they fled, and they would suffocate behind their napkins rather than that he should hear them cough. The reason came out one day; the musician, after sympathizing with an acquaintance, turned to his wife and begged to remind her that, while he devoted much time to other pursuits, he made "singing at funerals a specialty."

* * *

THE PROGRESS made by the Union League Club is not as rapid as some of its friends would wish. The plan to build has been long maturing, and hope has sickened half a dozen times when the members regarded the immaculate condition of the subscription lists sent out to the moneyed Republican office-holders in the city and State. With a membership roll such as the League has, it should not be a difficult matter to build the finest house in San Francisco—if generosity was the predominant quality in the office-holders' makeup. Some time ago, it was determined to send to the members for subscriptions for the building, but some of them objected. "We have the organization," they said, "and we have done the political work. We have won votes, and got men into office, now let the gentlemen who are feeding at the public trough put up the money to help us."

* * *

This was certainly good reasoning, and it appealed to the gentlemen in the League. The people who are drawing the salaries in various offices to which they were called through the Club's instrumentality were approached, but I regret to say they did not respond with the alacrity that distinguished them when hunting for Place. A second circular was spoken of, and this will be sent out as a gentle reminder to those who have forgotten the existence of the Union League Club and that it needs money, and if it is not forthcoming I'm inclined to think that there will be some influence wanting on the next occasion that the office-holders seek a position.

* * *

YOUNG EUGENE LENT whom everyone will remember as the pleasantest, most shiftless of youths, is now engaged on his own account, in the banking business in Denver. He lives at the club there in splendid style, drives a fast team, and has become a thorough business man with an eminent capacity for taking care of his capital. When Eugene left here, after his brief journalistic career on the *Examiner*, he went down to Mexico to take charge of his father's mines In spite of his best efforts, he could do nothing. Somehow or other fate, luck, and the Mexicans seemed against him. In despair he gave up the struggle, returned to town broken down and discouraged. Then William M. Lent offered, if he would go to Colorado, to turn over entirely to him some mines there. The offer was accepted. There was little prospect then of a bonanza; perhaps Papa Lent's generosity may be accounted for when it is explained the properties were completely worked out—at least, they were supposed to be.

* * *

Eugene went to work, however, found a lead and struck a body of valuable ore that has since developed marvelously. He worked for all he was worth, and is now reputed to be worth a million dollars. The joke of it is that Papa Lent is furious with himself for having lost the control of so valuable a property, and ever since the discovery of the bonanza has been at his son to deed back to him, at least a half interest. And, so far, young Mr. Lent has steadily refused. In the course of time he may develop a taste for politics, and perhaps feel an inclination to represent Colorado in Washington. He has brains and infinitely more ability than originally goes to the make up of a Congressman.

* * *

BEFORE EX-SENATOR FAIR'S North Beach dock project can be completed there remains a great deal of work for the bay currents to do. It is difficult to realize how great is the amount of debris in the waters of our harbor. Yet, as they sweep around Fair's embankment they deposit earth and sand at the rate of hundreds of cubic feet a day. Indeed, it is by their agency that it is proposed to convert that section of the harbor into *terra firma*. Whoever knows the district is familiar with the curve in the Coast line between the Presidio Reservation and Black Point. It forms a cove and there is a nice beach at the western end of it. The water lots it contains, besides much of the low land along the edge, belong to the ex-Senator. The thick solution of Sacramento and San Joaquin Valley debris he is pumping from the cove into the low lands, permitting it to deposit there, and in the meantime the water round the piles grow more and more shallow.

* * *

As soon as the filling in process is completed and the city front railroad completed to that point, Senator Fair will erect there wharves and warehouses on an extensive scale. Should the Nicaragua canal be built, it will mean a vast increase in the shipping of this port, and docking facilities will be of the utmost value. There was some question if this location was not too subject to the assaults of the north wind or gales blowing through the Golden Gate, but Mr. Fair has been assured by competent marine authorities that no danger is to be apprehended from either source, that the anchorage there is as good as anywhere else.

* * *

IF THE PARK MUSEUM is still in the future, the prospect of its erection is no longer a matter of speculation. Sometime must elapse before the Hearst estate can be settled up, but as soon as possible the details of the endowment will be made public. Not the least interesting portion of the collection eventually to be gathered there, will be that which Editor Hearst is gradually accumulating over at Sausalito. He has a passion for curiosities, and already his collection has assumed larger proportions than the limits of his marine residence justify. Some months ago at a sale of Washington relics, in the National Capitol, he was the largest purchaser. These articles he has here, besides multitudinous shells, minerals, and freaks. In the latter Mr. Hearst is deeply interested. Nothing pleases him more than to hear of some new monstrosity come to town.

* * *

It is this bent of its proprietor that causes the *Examiner's* trend toward curiosity stories. A freak, provided it possesses any degree of natural talent, is sure of recognition at the Montgomery Street editorial rooms. The reporter bringing in a story in this line is never refused "space," He is also responsible for the Monarch's deep interest in the animal collection and the aviary at the Park. Another favorite bent of his is photography. He has become very proficient with the camera, and his colleetion of views taken around Sausalito, and of various nooks and corners of the bay, is most extensive. A large stereopticon is his latest acquirement. It was made specially for him, and is the best on the Coast. For it he has been purchasing slides until he has accumulated such a quantity that he has hardly room to store them. At will, he can surround himself with pictures from all parts of the world, really a remarkable collection.

* * *

Later on in the summer Mr. Hearst purposes bringing his steam yacht, the "Vamoose" to the Coast. It was his original intention to have brought her here for the early spring, but there is a question of supremacy to be decided between her and some one's else flyer. After

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

that, the waters of San Francisco Bay will have the keel of one of the speediest steamers afloat.

* * *

THE STATEMENT that Senator Charles N. Felton has decided not to be a candidate for the United States Senate at the coming session of the Legislature, has about it an air of probability. Ever since I became satisfied that Mr. Felton had promised Mr. De Young not to antagonize him, in consideration of getting the latter's twenty-four votes in the last contest, I have felt almost certain that in the end the little man from Menlo Park would withdraw. There are other reasons for this than that Felton could never afford to have De Young publish in the *Chronicle* the details of his successful canvass for the short term. Indeed, it is quite certain that if the whole story should be published it would nip in the bud any fight he might attempt to make this year. But one reason why I have thought Felton would never covet a re-election is because, say what you will, he is what the boys call "rattle weeded."

* * *

I don't know that I shall be able to explain exactly what "rattle-weeded" is; but as applied to Mr. Felton it signifies that he does not know what he wants more than a day or so at a time. Like the small boy that digs his knuckles into his eyes and howls for the sugar teat, he throws it out of the window the moment it is handed to him.

* * *

To Felton the realization of his ambition signifies nothing more than what he has always experienced, viz., that to attempt anything means success. I do not think that in all the sixty years he has lived he has ever failed at anything. He was elected to the Assembly against his will and chiefly because, as he has often said himself, his constituents desired the fun of seeing him spend $25 a day to earn $8. Then he was re-elected, served another term, and positively declined to run again. Then after an interval of a few years the boys trotted him out for Congress. He concluded it would be interesting to go to Washington, and accepted a nomination. He spent $12,000 in the campaign which is $2000 more than his salary amounted to, and when his term expired declined to go again. But his friends persuaded him to stand once more. He did so and then positively withdrew.

* * *

Next, the Senatorial bauble attracted his attention. Again he wins, and now, what more natural than that he should again say: "I have had enough of this thing. Give me a rest." In fact, I am inclined to believe that is just what he thinks. For years he has never spoken of the climate of Washington without filling the air with profanity, and it is a pretty sure wager that he is not fond of living there.

But his retirement is not likely to break many hearts, for I observe that General Barnes has been announced as a candidate. General Barnes has been "mentioned" before, but has always laughed about the Senatorship and jeered at those who proposed to confer the office upon him. I am informed on excellent authority now, however, that if the General can get the office, he will accept it; in short, that he is going to make a desperate battle to get it. His candidacy, moreover, is no laughing matter to De Young, Estee, Bonebrake, and the others.

* * *

Barnes is one of the best-known Republicans in the State. For twenty years he has been shaking the trees while others picked up the chestnuts. He has held but two public offices. One was General of the Militia, to which he was appointed by Governor Perkins. The Major-Generalship, however, brings no reward with it. In fact, it usually costs the incumbent several thousand dollars. The other office was that of delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1879. Barnes was elected on the non-partisan ticket with Estee, Casserly, Hager, Terry, Miller, Edgerton, and other distinguished men; but when old Uncle Joe Hoge, President of the Convention, made up the committees, he put the General (who, by the way, was then a mere Colonel, having commanded the First Regiment in the Amador war) at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs. There were no military affairs in the Convention, and as things fell out this Committee became the subject of a great deal of cheap wit, which made the General's life a burden.

* * *

One day the Convention got into a debate over some militia matters. The discussion finally assumed a semi-humorous cast, when Swing, a witty fellow from San Bernardino, offered a resolution directing the Committee on Military Affairs to compile and report to the Convention a list of all the killed and wounded of the National Guard. Barnes got very mad over this, but the madder he got the more the humorists guyed him. The resolution was adopted amid uproarious laughter. The noon recess came on shortly afterward. During the interval some of the boys went into the State Library and procured several armfuls of the dummy wooden books used to fill out the shelves, and, pasting on their backs labels bearing "killed," "wounded," "missing," deposited them upon Barnes' desk.

* * *

When the General returned from lunch he was wild with rage. He arose to a question of privilege and burned up the humorists with some fiery eloquence which completely demolished them. But, somehow, he lost interest in the Convention after that. It was a long time before his temper entirely recovered from the joke, and as for the Committee on Military Affairs it fell into innocuous desuetude. That was twelve years ago, and the General has since held but one office—that of Major-General of the Militia, as already stated. His services to the Republican party in the interim, however, can hardly be overestimated. He has served as Chairman of the State and City Conventions, delegate at large, Presidential elector, etc., etc., at his own expense, that it would be hard to tell when he has not been at the front of the fight. In nearly every campaign for years he has worn out his lungs retailing Republican chestnuts to our friends, the countrymen, and trying to induce them to vote the ticket. If the General can raise a small-sized "sack" and enlist a few of his friends in the fight for Senator, he will make it exceedingly sultry for the other candidates. It is not too much to say that in the Federal Senate he would take a front seat among the biggest of the Senators. As an orator there are not a dozen men in Congress who can fool with him with impunity.

* * *

NOTHING WAS EVER more certain than this: If San Francisco had a curfew law which required all children of tender years and immature judgment to go to bed at eight o'clock, Dan Burns, Johnny Wilson, Martin Kelly, and Phil Crimmins could not venture out after dark without danger of arrest. There never was a time in the history of this city when a kindergarten for political bosses was more in demand. I will wager any amount of money that if the graves of Al. Fritz, Owen Brady, and Bill Higgins are examined to-day, the skeletons of those three ancient bosses will be found to have turned over within the past week. If Jimmy Gannon's shade has not pulled all its hair out since the meeting of the Republican County Committee on Monday evening last, then his ghost is too busily occupied with the politics of Paradise to notice what is going on in this miserable world. The work of these bosses since they began to struggle for control of the Committee would give a healthy man the apoplexy and "down" the ghost of any politician.

* * *

Just think of it! There is Senator Mahoney, the great leader, the scarred hero of a hundred bloody battles, the finest political artisan in San Francisco, walking out of the County Committee simply because he could not get a square deal at the primary. Was ever such rebellion known before? And then there is Dan Burns and Johnny Wilson, the two great State bosses, coolly disrupting their party in this city on the eve of a Presidential election. What a terrible responsibility to assume, where the city abandoned to the enemy casts nearly a third of the total vote of the State. If I had not seen Colonel Burns and conversed with him this very afternoon, I would swear that he had gone crazy. But how about Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins, pupils of the great Higgins, who stuffed a score of primary elections and never split his County Committee once? What ought to be thought of them?

* * *

I understand that Colonel Burns and Senator Wilson have adopted the rule-or-ruin

policy after mature consideration, and that, rather than permit the Third Street saloonkeepers, backed by "Mike" Smith, Urchin Reuf, and Lawyer Pilsbury, to run the local Republican party, they will destroy it. Perhaps this is not a bad thing, from the standpoint of a respectable citizen, for death is preferable to life under a government controlled by Kelly and Crimmins; but how are Burns and Wilson to account for their conduct to the State Central and National Committees? Deserting the party organization in politics is high treason; like imagining the death of the British Queen, even thinking of it, is a capital offense. And I cannot conceive how any party hopes to succeed at the polls when it is led by men who not only imagine treason but actually commit it.

It seems to me a work of supererogation to further discuss the prospects of Republican success in this city. With two legislative and municipal tickets in the field, or even with one, while the present bitter feeling runs high, the entire outfit, Senatorial candidates and all, will go to the dogs.

* * *

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION in educational circles is—who will succeed to the principalship of the Girls' High School? Because of the salary and the prestige attaching to the position, it is one much coveted, and there is very ardent competition to secure it. Some weeks ago, Principal Brooks, of the Commercial High School, was slated for the place. He had secured eight votes, and regarded President Hyde as his dearest friend. But neither Hyde nor the eight votes were constant. They reverted to Principal Morton, of the Boys' High School, who has an idea that he would prefer presiding over a few hundred pretty maidens than lording it over an equal number of boys. In his turn, however, he was deserted, and now the favored candidate is Elisha Brooks, at present Principal of the Coggswell School.

* * *

He is an easy-going educator, of no especial note, as good as most of his colleagues, however, and he claims the same eight votes that his predecessors had. Just how long he will hold them is quite another question. I presume the man who controls them last gets the place. It is a sad commentary on the school system that petty politics should so govern the appointive power of the Board.

* * *

That interesting philanthropist, Dr. Coggswell, has put his case in the hands of Attorney Baggett, and an intertaining legal encounter between him and the trustees is expected. He expects an easy victory, but, against C. B. Stone and T. B. Bishop, backed by Mr. Hays and Mr. Gibbs, it will be the reverse of legal plain sailing. The disclosures concerning the lease of the Townsend Street property to the Southern Pacific should prove interesting reading, if all the parties are inclined to be communicative.

* * *

Litigants and lawyers are praying for the early appearance here of Circuit Justice McKenna. Mr. Justice Hawley has departed for his Nevada home, saying he was tired of attending to other men's duties, and the legal responsibilities of the Northern District rest now on the shoulders of Judge Morrow. It is doubtful if the newly-appointed Justice can leave his place in Congress for some time to come. There are so few Republicans in the House that each one is valuable and not easily spared. Mr. McKenna is deeply interested in the passage of certain bills, too, and will defer assuming his seat on the bench, I presume, until their fate is determined.

* * *

I AM INCLINED to anticipate troublous times for the boodlers ere the Conventions meet. After numerous delays, a committee of thirty energetic and prominent men has been formed to put into action the protest against corruption that the Mass Meeting at Metropolitan Temple voiced. Several of the strongest factors in the late Grand Jury are among its members, and each of the thirty is pledged not only to lend his personal aid to the task of unearthing political crime, but is bound to devote time and money to the cause. This time it seems as though the struggle meant business.

* * *

Some weeks ago I outlined the plan of procedure. Whenever evidence of corruption on the part of a public official is obtained, complaint will be lodged against him in the Court of one of the Superior Judges—Wallace, I presume. A warrant will be issued for the accused, and then evidence will be adduced prior to admitting him to bail or holding him to answer. Thus, before the political machinery of the law can hold the prisoner, the public will be in possession of the facts against him. It is hoped, in each instance, to develop enough facts to compel the Grand Jury to bring in indictments. Whether this plan will succeed or not is, of course, another question. Judge Wallace is willing to do all in his power to aid the fight against corruption, and he, I am told, has given it his adherence. It will be interesting to watch developments.

* * *

IF BERKELEY IS TO WIN at football from Stanford, its team will have to work harder. In no game is success so dependent on method and constant practice. It is not the playing of a single individual that counts, though Clemans did most of the scoring—it is the support the eleven accords him. The team plays up to and around him—he is the instrument of their achievement. Stanford's victory was the reward of merit. Considering the admirable showing they made against Tobin's eleven, I cannot understand why the the Berkeleans felt so confident of winning. Among the Olympic men the odds were in favor of the red. The contest will promote a strong feeling of athletic rivalry between the two institutions, and the annual football match will, in future, be even more of an event than was the one on Saturday.

* * *

More interesting far than the football was the aggregation of youthful humanity at the Haight Street Park. The coming generation is infinitely brighter looking than the young men who now form the National Guard, the Native Sons, and the Christian Association; physically there is no comparison. The boys and girls growing up possess forms indicative of vigorous health, and faces that express activity of intelligence. They are in vivid contrast to the young men who celebrated Anniversary Day in September of 1890, whose pale and ineffective faces were so commented on by the spectators. In this connection it is pleasant to note the satisfaction of the Professors at Stanford's at the quickness of apprehension of their charges. Of their brightness and industry they speak highly, and the verdict of these Eastern teachers is that the youthful Californians are quite as promising as the scions of other States they have instructed in the past.

* * *

Charter Day was celebrated at Berkeley with even a greater flourish of trumpets than usual Notwithstanding the direful defeat of Saturday the students were in great form, and by the vehemence of their applause exhibited an intellectual appreciation of sound as a tribute to sense. The best speech delivered was that of ex-Minister Kasson, who was quite neat in his remarks. The Mr. Garber, of the Senior Class, who spoke an address of welcome, is a son of the eminent attorney. Professors Kellogg and Moses, of the Faculty, made very entertaining talks, and altogether the affair went off swimmingly.

* * *

HERE IS A STORY on Michael Joseph Kelly told me on the way to the football match last Saturday. The Ellis Street car-line skirts, for some distance, the Catholic cemetery, and it was the vast array of gravestones that reminded my friend of the episode. The late Michael Joseph, as history records, was interested in politics. Being a man of considerable diplomatic ability, his assistance was often appealed for by his friends to swell the Democratic majority. A good deal of a character he was, and among his curious views was one that mere death did not deprive a man of his vote. It often happened, through Mr. Kelly's

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instrumentality, that many good Democrats, and Republicans, too, were enabled to exercise their electoral rights years after departure for Kingdom-Come. A curious coincidence, however—none of them ever voted anything but a straight Democratic ticket.

* * *

A valued employee of Mr. Kelly's, his foreman, had departed this life, after a long and painful illness, and all his associates were gathered at the wake to pay to the dead the last sad tribute of their sorrow. Beside the corpse, his features expressive of intense sympathy, sat Michael Joseph. He was endeavoring to console the bereaved widow, whose exclamations of grief were harrowing.

"Ah, the poor man is dead, an' he'll be put in the grave, an' Ill never hear his name agin," she cried, and her tears welled out.

"Niver moind, ma'am, it's many a good Dimocratic vhote he'll cast yit awhile, plase God," said Mr. Kelly, wiping his eyes.

* * *

He was, indeed, clever and cunning, was Michael Joseph Kelly. Smart was the tricky politician who could catch him in a corner; he was, indeed, quick-witted whom the contractor had not an answer for. Some years ago, during the sway of the basalt block ring, the Supervisors awarded to Mr. Kelly an extensive paving contract. There had been a good deal of opposition. As soon as the contract was signed, and Michael Joseph had filed his bond, the price of blocks was advanced about fifty per cent. He was in a predicament. Not for a cent less could stone be had, and the specifications compelled the purchase of the ring's material. He went before the Street Committee, and asked to be released from his contract.

* * *

"Thim raschals," he almost cried, "are thrying to rob a poor man of his hard-arned money. I'll not phave the strate at the price. If ye hould me I'm ruined."

"That contract must be performed, Mr. Kelly," said the Chairman. "We will hold you to it, and if you cannot fulfill it, of course we will confiscate your bond."

The wily contractor expostulated without avail. Outside, he met a reporter whom he knew quite well.

"The Supervisors seem rather hard on you, Mr. Kelly," remarked the journalist.

"Yis; the schoundrels are in wid the thaves that are thrying to plunder me," Mr. Kelly's voice rang with outraged honesty; "but I'll fool 'em yit."

"Looks as though they were going to confiscate your bond."

Mr. Kelly leaned over and took the newspaperman's arm; his small, sharp eyes twinkled; a smile, indescribably droll and cunning, lit up his sharp face.

"It's not worth a damn," he said.

The Witness.

THE WOMAN HATER.

J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

He told this through the mist of the club smoking-room. We had been dining together, and he became dreamy and thoughtful. Then he talked slowly, musically, thus:

I abhor a woman.

Any particular woman, you ask? No, all women.

While a woman is kissing you, she is thinking of another man. When you clasp her in your arms, her caresses are really not yours at all. She is a lie; a beautiful model of sin.

Have I always thought that? Bah! what matter, if I do now! You say there must have been some particular woman, once, in my younger days.

To think that I really was young once! It hardly seems possible to me, so long is it since my youth went from me one black day, and so deep is the chasm between then and now.

Still you insist? You are almost as cruel as a woman, thus to tear at an old wound. But if it must be——

In the first place, you are wrong. It was not a particular woman. She chose me, you know. What? Ghastly wit? True, very true; but remember; it was about a woman. Yes, this woman whom I found one day wandering abroad with a wild look in her eyes, and to whom I gave shelter because for days she had eaten nothing—this woman has ruined my life. She made everything taste bitter to me, and therefore I hate her and her sex.

She told such a pitiful story, you know. It was all tears, and despair and cries for pity. I took her in, and cared for her. And then, like the fool that I was, I began to think that because I had saved her from hell, she would be faithful to me. I thought, because she had known nothing of life's joys, its gaudy vice, and easy love, that she would love me and never leave me. Fool, I might have known it was idiocy to think so. For she was a woman. Yet, because she had eyes like a child, and an ignorance that was beautiful in its simplicity, I trusted her.

She? Oh, she was all sweetness itself. You would have thought that I was her God. Her eyes followed me everywhere, and her kisses were dreams of heaven. Was it any wonder that I thought she loved me? Oh, the hypocrisy of it!

I married her. Blindly I loved her; without asking questions, reading in her eyes and words only the innocent life that she told me of. I dare say the story was true enough. She had been left an orphan suddenly, and had known nothing of life, or making a living. Then I had found her, weeping. At first it was only pity; then, with the thought of her purity, had come thoughts of love. So I married her.

For a while we lived in heaven. Then, one day, as I was coming home, I looked through the open window. She stood there, she whom I had saved from the gutter and made my wife, and her head was on another's breast. Why did I not shoot them? Bah, what was the use? If one must kill it should be *all* women, not merely *one* woman. Besides, would that have lessened my pain?

I went away and left them together. No; I do not know what became of her, when the month was up, and other tenants moved in. Why should I care? She had stolen my youth, and made me old. She had taught me that woman is a mirage that lures one to destruction. She had poisoned me. That is all.

Therefore, I abhor a woman. The rustle of skirts makes me shudder, and a feminine voice grates on my ear.

Yes, I abhor a woman.

Well, haven't you heard enough? What? Her name? Really, I don't see what it can matter. However, her name was Marie Collingwood. That is my surname, too; since then I have changed it, so that she might not find me again and weep to me once more.

* * *

Great heaven! Say that again! You—her brother! Why, I never knew she had ——. And it was you I saw in the room that day! Oh, this is too awful. Go on, I am dazed, but I still understand a little. You had been in Brazil for years; just arrived in New York, you met her on the street, went to her home—our home, and—oh, just heaven, this is too hard. But why did you not search me out——? Oh, I forgot; I, too, fled from the town that tasted so bitter to me.

But Marie? Speak, you graven image, speak! Alive and true to me?

Quick, then, take me to her! Do I still ——? No: I could love all women, all—all.

THE MASTER OF POESY.

MOOD OF SORROW.

BY FRANCIS H. SALTUS.

I strolled into the green heart of a wood,
One sunny summer noon, in quest of shade,
But all to me seemed somber and dismayed;
The trees were wan, buds bloomed not as they should.

Nature serene ne'er bore a darklier mood.
I heard no sound; bright butterflies arrayed
In gorgeous tints lurked in the reeds afraid;
I found a dead bird there, and understood.

For its sweet sake flowers droop and calm wings grieve,
Crickets its funeral song will sadly drone;
And leaves will fall its tender breast to shield.
Some friendly spider will its silk shroud weave,
And, oh, my God! I, friendless and alone,
See grim before me loom the potter's field.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—While I am persuaded immorality in fiction is undesirable, I hate novels that point morals. I am neither a saint nor a pagan, but the theological climax throws me into a passion of disgust, and I begin to plot the destruction of churches. However excellent a divine ending, in these days when no one thinks of asking another's religion, it is uninteresting. Being so, it is also impertinent. If I am interested in the characteristics of a heroine, what difference does it make whether she attends service or mass on Sundays? It is true the author may suggest by the first her sense of duty, and by the second that she is superstitious, but a direct statement of either fact is more impressive for me and less irksome for her. One must be considerate of the feelings of even heroines. There were times, it is true, when the extent of one's veneration might reasonably figure as a component of the embroglio, but is it not in as bad taste to recall the barbarities of one's ancestors as the bad manners of one's grand parents? I repeat, that when the *dramatis personæ* discover the Trinity in the last chapter I consider myself injured and would condemn the author to be Secretary of a Christian Association. It is there and at Sunday Schools one finds the greatest bores in a community.

If you read "Evelyn's Career" perhaps you will appreciate the vehemence of my emotions. This rather interesting young person commences the world—that is, makes her debut as a pagan, and on page 420, small print, is worthy of canonization. Incidentally, the author converts a radical shoemaker from scoffing to psalm singing and demonstrates the inefficacy of charity to the heroine. After reading this lengthy volume, one cannot but speculate on the vanity of effort. In this book there is much admirable work. The theme is worthy of treatment, the characters are consistently outlined but lack sharpness of delineation; the dialogue is serious. and thoughtful, the treatment is adequate—but these virtues, these merits do not relieve "Evelyn's Career" of the sins of over-elaboration, tediousness, and prolixity. There is no sense of form, no design. To the ethical purpose of exhibiting the ingratitude of humanity and the impotence of individual effort at relieving the world's wretchedness the purely human interest is subordinated. To me, the delicate love-making of Adrian Cunningham, and the reward his devotion receives are of far more interest than the enunciation of Evelyn's creed of helpfulness. That, I should not object to as a background, but I object to extraneous matters being developed in a series of chapters. Could the author but handle the theme in 200 pages, the book would indicate unusual power. It is now expressed at extreme length.

A capital story you will enjoy reading is "A Square Game," by Théophile Gautier. It is just such a plot as a *Ledger* novelist might take—sensational in the extreme—a huge conspiracy, a bridegroom ravished from the altar, a bride from her chamber, an attempted murder and a revolt in Hindostan. There is an enchantingly beautiful Indian maiden, Priyamvada, and two lovely English girls, besides several noblemen, an emaciated Brahmin, and Emperor Napoleon. The conspiracy was nothing less gigantic than a determination to remodel events. They wished to conquer fate by the influence of will. It was proposed to establish Napoleon on a higher throne, to deliver Greece and enfranchise Spain, to drive the English out of India. They failed, but it is very entertaining, the record of their adventures told with the inimitable swing and snap of the great French story-teller. In his marshaling of incidents there appears no effort; not one detail too many is used in stating the events. There is no attempt at characterization, there is a lack of value in the narrative, yet, because the handling is artistic, the arrangement natural, smooth, and flowing, because—in one word, the book has form—it is worth ten tons of tedious English fiction that has neither beginning nor end.

After it, take up the latest George Moore. He is one of the moderns one cannot afford not to know about. Still, "Vain Fortune" will add but little to his fame. If it were not for the soft, sweet descriptions of English summer days and the lovely scenery around Ashwood Park, one might speak of the book as a pathological study of hysterical love. In the characterization or treatment there is no reminder of the strength and originality that concentrated attention on the Mummer's Wife. Yet, what is attempted is well enough performed. The arrangement and sequence of incident is not inartistic, and in the narrative of Hubert Price's struggles, there is some degree of power, but this is not the book one expects from George Moore. It is a frittering away on a minor subject of talents that might achieve great things. Who cares for the lovesick maunderings of a maiden of feeble intellect, however pretty? It is true he devotes to her many pages of good prose, and describes her suicide with an excellent adjustment of verbal tones, but the instrument is superior to the episode. About Mr. Price's dramatic aspirations there is a degree of vagueness, as about his manner of falling in love with the companion of his cousin, that completely eliminates from the reader's mind the active element of sympathy which either might engage. It seemed to me that the only clever characterization in the book was that of Rose Massey, the little dark-complexioned actress who could infuse at will such power into her recitations. It is in bits like this, however, that Moore is best: "It was a day of English summer, and the meadows and trees droned in the moist atmosphere; a few white clouds hung lazily in the blue sky, the garden was bright with geraniums and early roses." Here is another: "It was one of those warm nights of winter, when a sulphur-colored sky hangs like a blanket behind the wet, disheveled woods."

I am under the impression I will have one or two good stories for you next week. In the meantime I am your ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Evelyn's Career," Harper & Brothers, publishers.

"A Square Game," by Théophile Gautier. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., publishers. For sale by the San Francisco News Company.

"The Fatal Secret," by Ida Glenwood. W. C. Gage & Sons, publishers. For sale by the San Francisco News Company.

"Vain Fortune," by George Moore. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

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Way line sailing—April 18th, 1892, S. S. "Geo. W. Elder."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, March 26, 1892.

REPEAL THE DUELING LAWS.

An American citizen having challenged to fight a duel a person who invaded the sanctity of his home, the press of the country has given up much space to a discussion of the propriety of the act. Not one of the intelligent editors has spoken in favor of dueling, which is characterized as a brutal, barbaric method of settling disputes, and the intelligent gentlemen whose opposition to the revival of the code is bitterest, are those who edit what are generally termed "personal" journals. Fully understanding the quality of my presumption in daring to disagree with my erudite confreres, I must put myself on record as being unalterably in favor of dueling. At the present time there are, in the statute books of California, laws so severe against the mere offering of a challenge, that many of our respected and honorable citizens have preferred to murder a man rather than run the risk of arrest and punishment by sending him a message that would give him a chance to defend himself. I must admit that the offense of assassination is regarded so lightly here, that no man with a proper amount of respect for his own life is justified in giving an enemy the opportunity of taking it by standing before him in a duel. One need not be surprised to note the unanimity among editors against the revival of the code. If it were in vogue, they would be given an opportunity of testing its merits, I hope; and if I am not greatly mistaken in my men there would shortly appear in some of our journals an "apology department," to which they would be constant contributors. The men who are their victims, and whom they assail and defame, would have an opportunity of proving that the sword is, at least, as mighty as the pen; and some of our bulldozing, club-swinging editorial writers and newspaper owners might have surgical operations performed on them whereby they would grow to learn that a man is not necessarily a scoundrel because he differs from them in politics or religion.

Members of the editorial combine against the duel are of the opinion that some roysterer might become a trifle more proficient in blood-letting than his fellows, and march through the world insulting and bullying his neighbors; but they forget the literary swashbucklers in their own ranks who use their power to defame honesty, malign probity, and ridicule decency. Editor Smith, who calls Citizen Jones an unsufferable prig, is not willing to stand trial by combat for the offense, as Mr. Jones is the better swordsman; while Mr. Jones is not willing to put Mr. Smith on jury trial for the libel, as he knows the editor is the superior jury-briber. When dueling was abolished in this State, citizens began shooting promiscuously at editors, which was a reprehensible proceeding, and a number of the wrong men bit the dust. Repeal the laws against dueling, and enforce the statutes against murder.

THE VALUE OF A CORPSE.

The contest for possession of John Serguson's body raises a question that demands serious discussion. He died of a broken neck, did Mr. Serguson, and two undertaking firms are disputing for the privilege of conferring the last sad rights on him. His corpse is regarded as an asset, apparently, and there seems a tendency to estimate its worth at a figure below what is just. To have settled once for all the value of a corpse is a necessity, and competent authorities should be called on to participate. We know a live dog is better than a dead lion. The Scripture is good authority on questions of this character, but is the carcass of an ordinary king of beasts as valuable as a strong bull pup with a record in dog fights? If Sunol were to depart to-morrow for the paradise of good dead horses, her speed and her record would not add one dollar of value to her hide and hoofs. Living, she sells for $40,000, dead she is worth the same as a car horse.

In valuing corpses, there are several considerations that must be weighed carefully. In death, the body of a millionaire is not likely to be in as good condition as that of a blacksmith. Yet, if the grave of the latter is robbed, and his remains held for ransom, would any one give even $100 to have him back? If, however, the coffin of the capitalist is filched from its last resting-place, the outcry is heard all over the country. Thousands of dollars are offered for its return, valuable newspaper space devoted to describing the incident, detectives are hired to scour the country for the miscreants. It is thus clearly evident that worldly success enters into the calculation.

It must be remembered, too, that the late John Serguson is not an ordinary corpse. He is valuable from a medical point of view. He is nothing less than an anomaly, an exception, a paradox. After breaking his neck in the most indisputable manner imaginable, he refused to die, went on living and eating, entirely indifferent to the multitude of text-books he was proving wrong. We will not attempt settling the question. It should be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, after the death of Judge Field.

I am informed that certain members of the Reformed Democracy are already engaged in apportioning the municipal offices among their friends. Between cup and lip the opportunities of slipping are numerous, and it seems to me that silence would be the best policy to pursue until the battle is won, or, at least, the Democracy presents a united front. The chances for a sweep at this coming election are admirable, and I hope no foolish garrulity will be allowed to interfere with the party's chances of success. The extent of the apportionment given to me included the nomination of Captain Freese, the present Public Administrator, for Sheriff, and that of P. J. Thomas to succeed Captain Freese. Should Mr. Thomas be successful the business of his office would be transacted by the law firm of Sullivan & Sullivan.

* * *

The *Chronicle* is an educator, indeed. In its editorial on the Emperor William yesterday, an effort was made to prove the poor young man insane, and, as evidence, the mottoes he wrote in the visitor's book at Munich, and on his picture to the Prussian minister were quoted with the translations. The editor of my esteemed contemporary appears to forget that his readers are not entirely bereft of opportunity for knowing deceased languages, and that they can employ the same means that he has—viz., the foreign end of Webster's dictionary.

* * *

Our distinguished fellow citizen and candidate, James V. Coleman is back in town. His *Fidus Achates*, J. J. Flynn, is in attendance and will be happy to receive suggestions from the party in relation to office. In consequence of his frequent disappointments, some members of the Sutter Street Reorganizers have been unkind enough to speak of Mr. Coleman as the Estee of the Democratic party.

* * *

The engagement being played between the President and the British Lion is an exceedingly interesting one. Mr. Harrison has tightened his grip on the slack of the Roarer's caudle appendage, and I fear that an extra twist will result in his arrest for mayhem.

* * *

A contemporary says that Charley Mitchell carries away $8000 of American money, and that famous English lecturers oftentimes return to their own land with barely enough to pay expenses. This merely illustrates the difference between lecturers. Mr. Mitchell certainly has done nothing but talk.

* * *

The bail bond scandals in the Police Court should result in the immediate and permanent retirement of the clerks who are mixed up in them. As the summer season is approaching, I would recommend that they be retired to that quiet retreat on the bay called San Quentin.

MUSIC.

OPERA AT THE BALDWIN.

"Robin Hood," the opera by Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven, attracts, perhaps, more interest than it did on its first production here last year. Between it and "Bluff King Hal," the analogies are more than unusually numerous. Indeed, it appears as though many of the incidents had been simply re-clothed with text, and the characters filled out and supplied with new names. The Sheriff of Notingham, Marian, the Earl of Huntington are, in "Bluff King Hal," the Constable of Windsor, Phillis, and Leonard. The numbers written for these characters have the same purpose, and fall in with very similar incidents. Both operas are not to be blamed for a prodigality of wisdom or wit, and the humor in each takes on commonplace and familiar features. "Robin Hood" has the advantage in some amusing situations and a longer list of characters.

De Koven's opera has the first requisite of popular music a maximum of tune and a minimum of real melody. For a definition of the tuneful, this music answers well. The numbers are written in neat, decided rhythms which catch the popular ear and have that absence of a burden of subtlety and sentiment which is a detriment to the acceptance of music by the general public. The chime scene and the Churu number are equally pretty and the former approaches being melody of a better standard. Marian's song, in the second act, is perhaps the least tuneful piece of work in the opera. The tinkers' chorus is one of those tunes recommending itself to popular taste, because of a rhythm of unmistakable simplicity, and the praise of October ale is just as tuneful in a less downright style. Refined taste in music is almost as rare as in the other arts. This opera is not for the musician; and the composer is not much the loser thereby, as the prime cause of the opera was evidently a financial one.

In general the performance is quite satisfactory. Chorus, orchestra, and principals give the best that is in them, and the effect is completely successful. Special pains have been taken with the chorus and its business is brisk, animated, and happy. Costuming and scenery are as usual with the Bostonians, thoroughly adequate and effective. There is no disputing the falling away from the pitch on the highest tones of the chorus, but as these were infrequently used the rest of the good work did not suffer. Great interest was felt in the debut of Mrs. Caroline Hamilton so well known here as Miss Carrie Milzner. Her Marian is quite a character, and unlike any performance given here before, with more dramatic insight and less stage trickery. After losing the inevitable nervousness the voice in the second act became its accustomed quality, and the singing had Miss Milzner's characteristics of taste and warmth. Naturally fitted for the stage this successful debut warrants the assertion that Mrs. Caroline Hamilton will make an excellent reputation for herself in opera, as her voice promises further development.

Miss Camille D'Arville, a stranger here, made a successsful debut. Her Marian is of the higher order of burlesque, full of animation and soubrette spirit. The conception is scarcely faithful to the text. Miss D'Arville has a voice of sufficient power, not remarkable in range or quality. Produced with a mixed method, the medium and upper tones have not much in common. Jessie Bartlett Davis returns to us with that rare free delivery of lower register which is scarcely ever heard here—here, where street arab braying is held to be part of the charm of contralto singing. The rising of the lower register has lost none of its buoyancy. The singer is still one of the few women who knows how to retain her charm while wearing male apparel right boyishly. Again Eugene Cowles' pleasant, though labored bass, more voluminous, still does good service. Karl, great in avoirdupois and decreasing in voice, though a capable singer. Hoff, of the typical high reaching tenor method, and vigorous-acting MacDonald, Barnabee, and Frothingham all fail not to rise to the occasion and do the lion's share of hard work in making successful performances.

Though dead of late, our concert season is reviving, and on Wednesday evening, March the 30th, the first of the Steinway Hall Concerts takes place under the patronage of Messrs. John Parrot and F. W. Ludovici. The Hermann Brandt Quartette has been engaged for six of these concerts, each to be given on the last Wednesday in each month.

Miss Ella Partridge gives a concert at Steinway Hall on the second of April, assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. Osgood Putnam, and her pupil Maria Wilson, and Mr. Louis Heine announces a concert on the eighth of April at Irving Hall, with the assistance of Mesdames Carmichael-Carr, Birmingham, and Miss Amy Gell and Mr. Sigmund Beel.

LESLEY MARTIN.

THE "TEAM" SUPPLEMENT.

The splendid Supplement that is presented with this issue will attract much favorable attention. Every "turn-out" that has a place on it is well known in the Park and on the streets, and the teams are probably the finest in the State. Robert Weiland's team is the fastest gentleman's roadsters in California. Yoland, the brown horse, has a record of 2:28¾, and Steinway Boy trots very close to that figure. The horses are each seven years old, weigh 1100 pounds, and are as handsome as any in the country.

Mr. Killip's mares trot together in 2:40—probably as fast as any one wants to drive. They are chestnuts, very prettily marked, seven years old, and, for style and beauty, have few rivals. They won the Road Team race at the State Fair last year.

Dr. McNutt's turnout is as handsome as the most fastidious physician could desire. The team is six years old, handsome bay color, and if they were timed (which Dr. McNutt would never consent to) they would develop a speed that would astonish some of our local horsemen.

M. H. de Young's fine team attracts attention in San Francisco and San Rafael. They are dark bays, very handsome, and have fine action. They have a spanking gait, and cover the ground as rapidly as family horses should. They are eight years old, and money would not buy them.

Colonel Finegan's four-in-hand is the finest in California, and attracts favorable notice everywhere. The wheel horses are by Ethen Allen, full brothers, and are as perfectly matched as one could wish. They have excellent three-year-old records, and no ordinary team can beat them on the road. The leaders are very handsome stallions; to a road buggy they have done better than 2:40, and the colt is not yet three years old. The four horses together make a spendid appearance, and with the drag, which is the prettiest ever made in the East, present a picture that satisfies Colonel Finegan, whose chief source of pride is the excellence of this turn-out.

Charles S. Wieland's bay road team win favorable comment every time they appear in the Park. They are Le Grand colts, five years old, 16¼ hands high, and both trotted in 2:40 before they were two years old. Mr. Wieland is one of the best gentlemen drivers in the State, and has put the horses along the road at a much faster rate than that. The scenes in Golden Gate Park are published by courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*.

SOMETHING TO SUIT YOU.

The utilitarian and ornamental are displayed to great advantage in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s splendid new store on Market Street opposite Grant Avenue. Aside from what one may want to buy, one should take a walk through the various departments of this immense shop, and see how this enterprising firm has set out its wares. The display of goods that will recommend themselves to the inquiring for presents whether for ladies or gentlemen, is very large and varied. Among the prettiest of house decorations is the fire screen, and those are here in endless variety. Among the prettiest are some dainty and delicate affairs in white and gold. The stock of playing cards is the largest in the city, and all the latest games are to be found here. In correspondence—and it is quite a jump from card playing to letter-writing—one wants the best in the market. Sanborn, Vail & Co. are making a feature of stationery. Their gold pens are the finest in the market, and the variety of letter paper—from the heavy Irish linen to the thin, light paper for foreign correspondence, overland and French quadrille—is very large and complete. The pictures, frames, and looking-glasses must be seen to be appreciated.

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THE MUMMERS.

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME."

Some regret was felt by theatre-goers when it was noticed that Henry Miller's name did not appear on the bill of "All the Comforts of Home" at the California this week. I must confess that I had misgivings myself when noting the fact that a younger and comparatively unknown man had been entrusted with a part that in a great measure made the play when it was "among us" last season. Of course, I do not pretend that my admiration for Mr. Miller would lead me to say that he made the production the success that it was; indeed, "All the Comforts of Home" is anything but a one-part play, and with Mr. Samuel Edwards, Mr. Frank Lamb, Mr. Herbert Ayling, Mr. Arthur Hobson, and some of the others who adorn the cast, the production would be a success if the part of Alfred Hastings were played by Mr. Amateur Hamfat, but we regard Mr. Miller so highly here that his absence from a play that he has appeared in is calculated to cause us some dismay.

The part played so acceptably by Mr. Miller has fallen to Mr. S. Miller Kent, of whom the worst I can say is that he writes his name in that particular way. If he is related to Mr. Miller by any other ties than those of art, I will be pardoned for not knowing it; he looks sufficiently like him to be his brother, and acts enough like him to have been his pupil. His presentation of the character of Alfred Hastings was certainly a charming one, just a trifle over-acted in some of the parts, and with a lack of shading that familiarity with the author's intentions may improve.

Aside from the appearance of Mr. Kent, the play had an added interest in the introduction of Miss Kuhne Beveridge and a renewal of acquaintance with that charming ingenue, Miss Trella Foltz. The former has a small part, but as it is practically the opening of the play it is a trifle trying, and the young actress has not achieved that ascension over stage-fright that is the result of either an inborn presence of mind or a long service with the drama. She has certainly a most pleasing appearance, and her awkwardness will wear away with time. Miss Foltz has been here before, and the kindly words said of her then are justified in the improvement she has made. One would not be accused of prejudice in her favor, if one said her characterization of Evangeline Bender was a splendid piece of work that any older actress might justly be proud. She has the ability to counterfeit spontaneity, the talent to impress the spectator with the idea that she feels, and the art to be natural in her work. Equipped in this wise, she is certainly to be envied; one is a conqueror on the stage with less than these. Mr. Edwards is as happy in his presentation of the character of Theodore Bender as ever, and his one line "I *will* forget myself," is worth the price of admission. As Mrs. Bender, Kate Denin Wilson is magnificent, and the others in the cast are exceedingly good. Taken as a whole, the production of "All the Comforts of Home," on this occasion is as good—if not more enjoyable—than it was on its first appearance. It will be continued next week, and will be followed by Miss Wainwright in "Amy Robsart," in which she has made a big success.——

The success of the Bostonians at the Baldwin has been phenomenal, and "Robin Hood" has been received with more favor than on the occasion of its first production here, and the opera will be continued all next week. A critique of the performance will be found on another page. For the third week a repertory of considerable merit has been prepared, including "Fatinitza," "Bohemian Girl," and "Carmen." On April 18th, Richard Mansfield opens in "Beau Brummel."——

Corinne, who was so successful at the Bush last season, will open at this popular theatre Monday next in "Carmen up to Date," a burlesque that has made a hit wherever it has been played. The sale of seats has already been large.

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A PREMIER'S PATRONAGE.

BY GRENVILLE MURRAY.

One Sunday morning, some years ago, toward the close of a laborious session, Mr. Paramount, the Prime Minister, thought he would attend Divine Service. The idea was not one that occurred to him often, for we cannot think of everything at once; but on the day before this particular Sunday the Premier had read in his favorite newspaper that the church of St. Swithin, in the City, was going to be demolished to make way for some metropolitan improvements, consisting of shops. Mr. Paramount happened to possess an album of old prints, and, looking through it not many days before, he had been struck by the quaint appearance of this church of St. Swithin. It was an old place, built centuries ago, when the Popes had something to do with the governance of these realms; but the prints showed it such as it was in the Protestant days, when Marlborough, Swift, and Newton flourished, and when England somehow contrived to march at the head of the world in arms, letters, and science without the traders of London being much the poorer for it. The artist had depicted the church towering protectingly above a nest of gabled houses, whose sign-boards waved over a pavement of round, smooth stones; and over these stones could be seen waddling a procession of paunched citizens in gowns and long wigs. Underneath was written: "*Ye Vestry of Mid Cheape goeth to return thanks to God Almighty for ye Victory of ye Queen's Armies at Blenheim.*" Mr. Paramount, who was an admirer of Established Churches by profession as well as taste, thought he would go and take a parting look at St. Swithin's before it was improved away into shops as above said.

Feeling ashamed to ask his coachman to drive him on such an errand—for the coachmen of Premiers are more punctilious than their masters—he glided out of his house and hailed a cab, which soon trundled him east of Temple Bar. The streets were not empty, for plenty of German bank-clerks were trooping towards the steamboat piers, bound for Rosherville or Kew, with penny cigars between their lips and British milliners on their arms. They were above church-going, these distinguished members of the race which has invaded our counting-houses; and perhaps, as his eye fell upon them, Mr. Paramount took a forward glance at the England of the future, when German philosophy shall have spread among the million the beliefs prevalent at present only among the very intelligent—that we are sprung from tadpoles, and need not trouble ourselves to kneel and thank any unknown Power for our transformation. As a background to the enlightened clerks, a long panorama of closed shops, offices, public-houses, and hoardings with flaming posters of red and yellow, unrolled itself to right and left of the speeding cab, testifying to the commercial industry of these, our times; and so, at length, was reached the deserted thoroughfare in which St. Swithin's stood.

Mr. Paramount ordered the cabman to wait, and walked into the church. The service had begun, but one would hardly have guessed it, for the voice of the minister rose with hollow echoes in the almost empty building, and it was only when the eyes had grown accustomed to the dim light, that one could descry the dozen worshipers or so who were scattered among the forest of tall oak pews. A limp female, at once pew-opener and charwoman, came forward with a stare, and Mr. Paramount begged her to let him ascend to the gallery. Her astonishment increased, for it was many years since this successful mercantile neighborhood had afforded a congregation large enough to fill half the space below, and the gallery was not so much as dusted, nor had it hassocks or cushions; but a something slipped into her hand checked her explanations, and the Prime Minister, who was not concerned about hassocks, mounted the stairs as noiselessly as he could, though his polished boots made an unearthly creaking over the deal steps and the long-untrodden flooring. Keeping his hat before his face, he stole to the end of the gallery, with some difficulty turned a rusty handle, and took his seat in a pew just behind the pulpit. Then he glanced about him.

The church, having been reared in days when architects put all the reverence of faith into their works, had once been shapely; but after the Reformation its stained glass and images had been thrown down, and in later Georgian times it had undergone the usual process of alteration according to Low Church views. This accounted for the gallery erected over the former lateral chapels. Several of the windows had been blocked up and whitewashed; the Lady Chapel and altar had been thrown into the vestry; the old chancel had been pulled down altogether; the modern altar, with its cloth of faded velvet, now many generations old, standing where the screen had been. Let it be added, that, in pursuance of a pious practice familiar to this kingdom and to no other, the crypt under the church had been rented for the last half-century by a firm of wine-merchants who used it to store a superior kind of cheap sherry profusely advertised in the penny press.

Mr. Paramount took in all those changes—the scanty congregation, the dark pews, the tall pulpit rising like a big wooden wine-glass midway between the galleries—and as he had learning enough to venerate the remote past, while sympathizing with the Protestant spirit which had tried to convert religion from a pageant for the eyes into a thing for the heart, and the heart alone, he fell into a train of historical musing, while the twelve worshipers below proceeded with their orisons, and prayed Heaven, among other things, to endue the Lords of the Council and all the nobility with grace, wisdom, and understanding.

After the Litany, the minister, whose features Mr. Paramount was not able to see, walked behind the altar rails, and, in a voice which from fatigue quavered in tones more and more hollow under the vault, gave out those Commandments which are the epitome of all the knowledge which Parliaments have multiplied into countless volumes of Acts. Then he read out the first verse of a hymn, and an organ broke out into piping volleys of sound, which wholly drowned the efforts of the scattered twelve to make their voices heard and to keep time. While the painful struggle was ending the minister reappeared, slowly mounting the pulpit-steps, and then Mr. Paramount had the opportunity of observing him. He was an old man, but aged more by care than years; his features were jaded, and his gray hair was spread thinly over a worn face and a furrowed brow; yet he wore a look of placidity. Officiating in subjection to canon law, he had gone into the vestry to remove his surplice before preaching, and was now arrayed in a shabby silk gown, which, having no cassock, revealed the threadbare state of his ordinary garments. He cast a quiet look toward Mr. Paramount, as he was ascending, and was evidently as much surprised as the limp woman had been to descry a living being in this gallery; but the statesman shaded his eyes with his hand, and the minister did not recognize him. He opened his sermon-book and waited patiently till the hymn was finished; then, after a short prayer, delivered his text as impressively as if twelve hundred had been listening to him instead of twelve: "Trust in the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass."

It was a simple sermon. The minister did not touch upon protoplasm, nor refute the last Positivist essay from the *Fortnightly Review;* he tranquilly sent most of his hearers into a doze by telling them what help is at hand for us all when other helpers have failed. Perhaps, however, the honest dozen had no need of help just then, being steady folk in a good way of business, or domestic servants secure of getting more wages when they chose to strike for them; and, therefore, having prayed for an hour and a quarter with respectable fervor, they looked to the sermon for twenty minutes of well-earned rest. But all did not doze. Possibly there are points on which even the rulers of the earth can be instructed by a humble priest; anyhow, while the minister was dwelling on the sources of never-failing consolation in the tone of one who has often drunk at the sources himself, the limp pew-opener, who was keeping her eyes on the stranger in the gallery, saw him hearken with meditative attention. By degrees he leant forward to listen better; and when the sermon was ended he kneeled with the rest, but remained kneeling, with head buried in his hands, for some minutes after the other members of the congregation had dispersed. Then he came down and asked of the pew-opener who was that preacher—whether he was the rector.

"Oh, no, sir," curtsied the limp woman; "the rector never comes here—not now, that there's no congregation worth mentioning. That's Mr. Wrubbles, sir, the curate."

"Thank you," answered Mr. Paramount. And he passed out into the porch, where a small crowd had collected; for the cabman, who had known from the first who his fare was—thanks to photographs and the dissemination of illustrated literature—had informed a few passers-by that the Prime Minister was "inside that 'ere." Though he jumped quickly into the cab, the Premier could not avoid the stares, nor help overhearing the polite remarks of one or two German clerks and their milliners, who clearly were disposed to view the whole affair as though they had caught the minister coming out of a place where eminent statesmen have no business to be.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wrubbles, unconscious of the quality of the stranger who had hearkened to him so intently, wended his way home to his dinner of cold mutton, with a large part of his congregation—that is, his wife and three children. On arriving he found a letter

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AGENTS
SAN FRANCISCO

from Mr. Chudd, his grocer, who informed him that, unless his last quarter's account was paid within the week, there would be no more tea and sugar forthcoming, but proceedings in the county court. Going to his own place of worship, Mr. Chudd had left this missive at the door himself; for a word in season, how good is it!

Mr. Wrubbles heaved a sigh. His salary was £70 a year, and he saw no way to earning more; for his congregation being small his duties were light, and his rector was a just man, who paid according to work done, and not according to sentiment. Mr. Wrubbles ate his dinner and listened to the lamentations of his wife, whose temper and beauty had been spoiled in the long wrangle with poverty; and by-and-by he went out again to read another sermon and preach a second service to a congregation smaller than the first. It was late in the afternoon when he returned, and in the passage of the decrepit house where he lodged found a person, who looked like a well-dressed servant, bearing a letter in a long blue envelope. "Another bill!" may have been Mr. Wrubbles' wretched fear as he broke the seal and read:

"REVEREND SIR: The Deanery of A—— being vacant, I shall have much pleasure in recommending your name to her Majesty for appointment to it, should the office be acceptable to you. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"B. PARAMOUNT."

Mr. Wrubbles sank down on a chair wondering if this were true, and, if so, whence this good fortune had befallen him; but he found the explanation in a book at his elbow—a book which generally lay open wherever he sat—"*I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me and heard my cry.*"

They say Mr. Wrubbles makes an excellent dean, though he is not connected with any of the governing families.

SOME OF BELVEDERE'S ADVANTAGES.

It seems not a little strange that the people of this city should have so long been in ignorance of the advantages that Belvedere has over all other summer resorts about San Francisco. Within thirty minutes of the city, this charming island enjoys a climate peculiarly its own, entirely free from fogs and cold winds, and as balmy as that which blesses the Peaceful Isles. Within a year, Belvedere has come into prominence, and villa lots are eagerly sought. Some of the prettiest residences in the State have been erected there, and next week work will be commenced on many new houses. There is certainly no more delightful place in California for a country home, and the weather is so moderate that many persons live there all the year round. A trip to the island will repay you. Carriages meet every boat arriving at Tiburon, and visitors will be shown over the property. Every convenience and comfort is found on the island. The water is sweet and pure, the sewerage is first-class, the roads are the best in the State, and there is an excellent hotel and restaurant.

Drop in at the Grand Central Wine Rooms, Nos. 16 and 18 Third Street. This is the resort of those who know good wines and well aged liquors. This popular house carries the largest and best selected stock of wet goods on the Coast.

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MEN OF THE TIMES.

THE WAVE takes pleasure in introducing to its readers this week three well-known professional men, whose services have been recognized by the associations to which they belong: Judge Waymire, Dr. Le Tourneux, and Dr. Morffew.

DR. T. J. LE TOURNEUX.

One of the best-known physicians in the city is Dr. Le Tourneux, whose choice, early training and excellent education have especially fitted him for the splendid practice he has won. His father was a distinguished doctor, and the son has followed closely in his footsteps. Dr. Le Tourneux began first with a thorough training in practical and scientific pharmacy, which prepared and fitted him all the more for the medical education which he ultimately received, and from which he graduated.

Dr. Le Tourneux arrived in San Francisco in 1874, and subsequently entered upon the practice of his profession, the success of which has merited the confidence and gratitude of a large, lucrative, and enviable patronage. He was for several years one of the medical staff of St. Mary's Hospital, in this city. He is a member of the State and local medical societies, in all of which he has been honored, from time to time, with official positions of honor and trust. He is a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners, and has served as its President. He is also enrolled in the membership of the Geographical Society, and is an active member of the Union League Club. In 1887, Governor Waterman appointed him on the Board of Health, and he has proven its most energetic and ablest member in the performance of its responsibilities. Conscientious and earnest in his undertakings, he naturally championed the best interests of the city, being the so-called father and promoter of many important and practical present existing sanitary laws, which are now rigidly enforced. In political matters, Dr. Le Tourneux has always been a consistent and loyal Republican, and has often been mentioned as a desirable candidate for offices of public trust.

JUDGE JAMES A. WAYMIRE.

The prominence that Judge James A. Waymire has achieved in the army, in politics, in social life, at the bar, and on the bench, is sufficient excuse for this brief biographical sketch. Few men are better known in the State than Judge Waymire. He is a native of Missouri, where he was born in 1842.

At an early age he went to Oregon, accompanied by his mother, and braved the hardships of what was then a wilderness. The few opportunities presented of an educational nature, were taken advantage of by young Waymire, and being of a studious, industrious and ambitious disposition, he quickly raised himself superior to his surroundings. His first venture was as a school-teacher, but, on the war breaking out, his patriotism was aroused, and he forsook his mild profession to join in doing battle for his country. He joined a cavalry regiment, and, in 1863, was commissioned to a lieutenancy, and only retired when peace was restored. Subsequently he became Private Secretary to the Governor of Oregon, and, while filling that position, studied law and was admitted to practice.

He was attracted to California in 1870, and being an experienced stenographer reported the proceedings of the Senate for two sessions. For a year he was phonographic reporter of the Supreme Court, retiring to enter upon the practice of his profession. Mr. Waymire but added luster to these positions by the able manner in which he filled them. In 1881 he ascended the bench, and while holding this high office gave universal satisfaction by his wise and just decisions and the legal lore with which his well-balanced mind is filled. He is now a prominent member of the bar, with an enviable practice, a Director of the Veterans' Home at Yountville and a popular member of the G. A. R.

DR. THOMAS MORFFEW.

Dr. Thomas Morffew is probably as well known as any man in his profession; the success he has achieved in dentistry has given him a very wide reputation throughout the State. Although educated in Australia, he has a thorough and intimate knowledge of the affairs of this land, and has the advantage of an experience in the dental science of both countries. In 1872 Dr. Morffew arrived in America, and two years later he matriculated in the State University, and shortly afterward began his practice. He has been most successful in his profession, and, believing that he is best adapted for the battle of life in any particular line who has had a liberal education in other lines, he has given attention to many of the problems of science, and his library is one of the very best in the State. In 1875 he was instrumental in having passed in the Legislature a bill that proved the death blow of quackery in dentistry. He has taken an active part in the Dental Association, and was first President of the Alumni Association of the Dental Department of the University; for six years he was Secretary of the San Francisco Dental Association, and was afterward elected President of the organization. He had the honor to be appointed three times to the State Board of Dental Examiners, and was twice Secretary and Vice-President of the Board; now he is President of the California State Dental Association. In the fraternal and social orders Dr. Morffew holds an enviable position, and in all his relations with men he has the reputation of being one of the most cultured and courteous of gentlemen.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The Bland Silver Bill, now being debated in Congress is on a fair way to be passed. The passage of this bill will tend to revive the mining industry on this Coast, as much of the low grade ore on the Comstock will pay for its extraction.

* * *

During the present week silver touched the lowest mark this century, 88⅞ cents an ounce. Another reason why the mining industry is suffering is formerly we supplied China with silver, but Western Australia now supplies China from her new discoveries in the Broken Hill district. These mines can be worked cheaper than our Comstock, as they have very little hoisting to do, their ledge is on the 400-foot level, it is 300 feet long and half a mile wide, there is very little waste rock and as the silver is mixed with 12% lead they use smelters instead of stamp mills as we do.

* * *

There has been very little doing in the market lately, and although the fluctuations were not material, still there was an undercurrent of strength, and stocks, especially the northenders and middle ones, were quietly absorbed; the leading stocks are not very plentiful in the brokers' offices and shortsellers were compelled at times to go into the market and buy for cash to make their deliveries; this state of affairs with a small development would make things hum.

There are several places on the Comstock where important work is in progress and there is good reason to believe a strike of ore can be made. At present there is a fair prospect on the 1600 of Belcher in the Gold Hill group and on the 1500 they have some bunches of quartz, and if it makes into ore, this group, including Yellow Jacket, Crown Point, Confidence, and others will advance materially.

* * *

From present indications the middle stocks, Potosi and Chollar have been the leading gamble during the first three days of this week; of Potosi, there was bought 6000 shares at an advance from 1.05 to 1.35 and of Chollar 9000 shares were bought at the same advance and as important work is being done above the 1700 foot in the Chollar toward the Potosi line, both of these mines will bear watching, as should the indications hold out, some lively turns can be made by the active operator.

* * *

There is nothing new in Con. Virginia, the price varying between $5 and $5⅜. The development on the 1500-foot has improved none since our last issue. They have sunk a winze below the 1800-foot level in which the ore averages $15 per ton. The average value of ore worked during the week was 980 tons of $20.75 per ton, a slight increase over the preceding week. The amount of bullion shipped about $15,184 to March 22d. There is very little doing in outside districts. The Bodies and Tuscaroras are quiet except a little dealing in Nevada Queen, the balance are hardly quoted. The Hale & Norcross under the new management is showing new vigor, the stock advanced from $1.35 per share to $1.80. The discharge of the Assistant Superintendent at $250 per month and other supernumeries is quite a saving to the stockholders, and having quite a lot of ore on hand the company have made arrangements with the Brunswick Mill to do the crushing.

* * *

From San Diego I learn a new district has been opened which may eclipse those lately made at Creed, Colorado. In driving a tunnel in the Steele Mine, Gavilan District, rich ore was encountered that went $900 per ton, gold and silver. A few weeks will show how rich the strike is.

* * *

Local securities were slightly dealt in. San Francisco Gas @ 67 @ 68⅛; Spring Valley Water Stock 98¾ @ 98⅜; Spring Valley, 4 per cent @ 90¾ bid; Bank of California, 20 shares @ $264; California Electric Light, 50 shares @ 14¼; Safety Nitro Powder, 10⅜; San Francisco Gas, 67 bid, 67½ asked; Omnibus R. R., 59 bid, 61 asked; California Street, R. R., 116 bid, 117½ asked; Oakland Gas, 100 shares @ 37⅝.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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LEAVE.	FROM MARCH 18, 1892.	ARRIVE
7:00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7:30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	12.15 p m
8:00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8:00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8:00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8:00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8:30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9:00 a m	Sunset Route. Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12:00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.45 p m
*1:00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3:00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4:00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route. Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
6.00 p m	Niles and San Jose	10.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Avisio, San Jose and Los Gatos	8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	17.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

If women continue advancing in the direction indicated by her recent rapid renumeration of the artificial in dress and toilet, we will soon have discarded most of the absurd, superficial auxiliaries so long considered indispensable. First the false hair—what could have been more absurd? Then the chignon, crimps, drooping curls, and a score more such fancies, that but a few years ago nearly all women considered a necessity, no matter how generous nature had been with them in this respect. Now (with the exception of a few rare cases) false hair is seldom used, and with this reformation a thousand becoming arrangements have been devised, that enable all to appear quite as well, to say the least, without the aid of the artificial, as they did with it. Powder? Well, of course, that is still dear to the feminine heart, and in moderation and judicious use has so much to recommend it that I, for one, have not the heart to cry it down; but then the line must be drawn; rouge and pencil are never found among the toilet appointments of an elegant woman. Wadding is sparingly used among the best modistes; the bustle and reeds have gone, let us hope forever, and fashionably shod feet on the street have a good flat heel, and even ballroom slippers show moderation in this respect. The corset we have with us still; our girl of the period will cling to her stays, in spite of the numerous dress reform crusades. However, the Jenness-Miller theories have not been without their influence throughout the land, and thanks are in a large measure due to them that a tiny waist is no longer a feature to be envied; and, take it all in all, the gentler sex have much to congratulate itself upon in regard to the practical view it takes of the present dress question, and one can hope for a continuation of the good work, for, as a result, we are sure to have healthier, happier, and prettier women.

* * *

A well-known Eastern artist, who is considered authority on feminine dress, said to me a short time ago, "Why is it that the prettier the girl the more striking her selections in flowered and figured dress materials? Now, if they did but know it, all these conspicuous designs only detract from their own appearance, claiming so much attention for themselves, besides, in most cases, being inartistic. How is it possible to expect a design in tulips, for instance, to make a decent appearance cut up in a waist of a dozen or more separate parts?" I had not thought of the matter in this light before, but does it not seem reasonable? So let a word to the wise be sufficient, and select for your summer frocks materials plain in color, striped, or dotted if you like, or if you must have a design let it be conventional, but do avoid those terrible materials covered with imitation flower gardens. Wear one big rose, or a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley with their green leaves, in your belt, and the effect will be far more satisfactory.

* * *

A recently imported calling dress is so delightfully simple and elegant that a description seems justified. The material, stone color, soft India camel's hair, is made with a sheath skirt innocent of any trimming except a narrow design embroidered on the material two inches above the bottom in silver thread, and all the short fitting gores from the waist over the hips are outlined in the same embroidery. The skirt is lined to the very bottom with silver gray shot silk, which has a dainty effect when the skirt is lifted. The short round waist has a deep belt fitting the figure, beginning just below the waist line, and extending half way up under the arms. This is edged all around with the same embroidery as on the skirt, there are epaulets that lie flat from the collar over the top of the large sleeves; these are heavily embroidered in silver; only a slight band of embroidery relieves the standing collar and deep cuffs. The hat is a gray chip with wide rolling brim, and is trimmed in a profusion of pink, red, and yellow cowslips and loops of green velvet ribbon, the shade of the leaves of the flowers.

A new French double-faced material, silk on one side and wool on the other, is very stylish, and admits of some startling effects in makeup, but is not serviceable.

The latest thing in seaside hats is a broad brim, soft, white felt, without even an edge binding. There is a narrow band of white ribbon around the low crown, and a most becoming effect can be made by pinning the brim up in the back with a silver dagger.

MME. X.

I
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DIFFICULT CASES SOLICITED.

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LAWN TENNIS.

The court of the Oriole Tennis Club, San Lorenzo, was the scene of a short but very exciting double tournament on St. Patrick's Day that was viewed by a large and appreciative audience. A beautiful set of sleeve buttons presented by Thomas Driscoll (who, by the way, leaves to-day for China) was contested for by the following teams; Gove Roberts and Sam Hardy, E. Lewelling and Joe Daily, C. D. Bates, Jr. and Sam Neel, Carr Neel and T. Driscoll.

The first match was between Bates and Neel and Roberts and Hardy and was won handily by the former by a score of 6-2; 6-4; the losers played a clever game, however, considering that they played one of the crack teams of the Coast. The work of Roberts in this match was indeed a surprise to his many friends, and should he continue to improve he is sure to make some of the cracks hustle in future tournaments. At the conclusion of this match the players and spectators were taken in hand by Mrs. Lewelling and an adjournment made to the large dining-hall conveniently close to the tennis court, where an elegant repast was partaken of. It was here that Driscoll and Carr Neel got in their deadly work by placing with unerring aim everything that was served within their reach. Some of their strokes made with knife and fork were marvelous and constituted them the favorites among the spectators. At two P. M. play was resumed, C. Neel and Driscoll opposed Lewelling and Daily and found but little trouble in disposing of their opponents in the first set; score, 6-2. The second set, however, was bitterly contested, the team work displayed by Lewelling and Daily bothered their opponents not a little, and it was only after the hardest kind of a fight that the Oaklanders carried off the second set and match by a score of 7-5.

The only match now left undecided was the final between Bates and Neel (the pony team) their first appearance since their memorable match with Taylor and Tobin at the California Club, and Carr Neel and Tom Driscoll, A victory for Bates and Neel was looked for by everyone present, but Neel and Driscoll succeeded in upsetting all calculations by winning two sets out of three and the match; score, 6-2; 6-8; 8-6. In justice to the defeated team it must be said that they were lamentably weak in team work, and lack of practice was the cause of their defeat.

The second club tournament of the California Tennis Club will take place this afternoon, and a large number of members have entered. The first tournament was a grand success, and this promises to be equally so. Hubbard won the first tournament, but his defeat by McGavin, in a recent tournament, and the fact that Yates is playing in good form at present, makes it quite likely that a new name may be inscribed upon the cup.

The Class Handicap Tournament of the Alameda Tennis Club was played on Sunday last, and resulted as follows :

In the preliminary round of the first-class, Hellman, a former member of the California Tennis Club, defeated Toby Allen 6-3; 6-4, and, in the first round, defeated Ollie Haslett in what proved an exciting contest, replete with drives and clever side-line shots that kept a large audience spell-bound; score 8-6; 7-5.

In the second class only two entries, Harrison and Dr. Younger, resulted in a victory for the Doctor by a score 6-3; 6-4.

Third class, preliminary round, Frost defeated Sid Haslett 7-5; 6-1. Brown beat Coffey 6-3; 6-4. Sid Allen beat H. Landsberger 6-2; 6-3. Newell beat Percy Haslett 6-4; 6-4. First round, Frost beat Brown 8-6; 6-2. S. Allen beat Newell 6-2; 5-7; 6-3.

Fourth Class, preliminary round, Shaw beat Lamb, 6-4, 6-1; J. Landsberger, 6-0, 6-3; Youngberg beat Wright, 8-6, 6-1. First round, Ziel vs. Shaw postponed. Young-berg beat Crooks, 4-6;6-2; 6-4.

The finals and unfinished matches will be played off to-day. An exciting contest is looked for when Hellman, first-class, meets Dr. Younger, second class the latter receiving odds of half fifteen.

San Lorenzo, while not boastful as regards its tennis players, has certainly got the call on other clubs in the Bay District as regards trick players, one of its male members has completely mastered the art of playing from an ordinary bicycle, at least that is what I have heard from a gentleman who saw him in the act of developing his peculiar strokes.

The East Oakland courts, or at least what is left of them, are undergoing a complete change, and about May 1st when the Oakland Club takes possession of the premises, a club-house and four tennis courts, worthy of a king will greet them.

The Lakeside Courts will, no doubt, be used frequently now that the East Oakland courts are closed. The ladies of the East Oakland Club will probably practice on the couts of the Madison Club.

The members of the Madison Tennis Club are as anxious as ever to be heard of in the championship games on July 4th, and with that object in view are practicing continually.

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, March 22d. DEAR WAVE:—Had any of your clubs propounded the question "What is the most depressing in Society?" *here*, no one would have replied "Want of geraniums," for not a town of our size can boast a greater number. Want of *brains* might cut some small figure; but then who cares for brains, unless fried in batter?

We have managed to dawdle through another stupid week, a little duller than the preceding. If this thing goes on much longer Agnews will need enlarging. Most of the girls are dying to dance, because anything else in the way of amusement is simply impossible.

The weather clerk has been as capricious as the City Council, so driving has not been indulged in, and riding equally out of the question.

The Vendome attempted something in the way of festivities—the lecture of De Guerville and the tableaux of Saturday.

Mrs. W—— L—— W—— was the leading spirit there, and gazing on her voluptuous form, no one was surprised that modest W—— L—— wondered in his inmost soul, how it was that such a rose was left for him to gather.

Ever so many of the "Geraniums" were there. Would you like to know some of them, just for your private delectation? Well, there's Clarence. He used to be Leila C——'s "sweet, sweet geranium," but an unkindly frost chilled his tender leaves, and she, disgusted at the change, sought a warmer region, where no frost ever comes. Since then he is in demand to fill up back-grounds, etc.

H. F. Dusing has been a perpetual bloomer at the Doctor's on Second Street, in spite of the rule that no male thing can enter the sacred precinct which guard the virgins of the Normal. Billy Mathews blooms splendidly at the Morrison's—I mean the old, historic house, whose walls have gathered some of the gayest parties ever known in this Puritan town.

Gilbert S—— bears transplanting well. He used to adorn the spacious grounds of "Forest Home," but now he flourishes at Dennny's. I guess the Y——s don't care. Vic S——, "The District," is exclusively in the Murphy collection. Maud A—— says—never mind what she says, he knows that "Faint heart never won fair lady," and he is in to win.

Young Archer, who poses as a poet and whose eye "in fine frenzy rolling," makes the innocent believe him a genius, can hardly be classed with the geraniums. To be strictly scientific, and follow McNaught's definition he is a "daisy, perky, provocative, self-titled, a nuisance," wherever he obtained his conceit, I can't imagine, for his father is just *too modest* for this world, but Dr. McD——, ah! there is a geranium; one of the variety that requires rich soil and careful culture; so you may be sure he is to be found only at the Porter's, the May's or the Mabury's.

James Finley is another geranium that needs fine culture to develop the best results. In poor soil he positively refuses to grow. I am told the happiest results are obtained by the Hymans. Mrs. C—— D—— has an especial plant, of which she is quite proud. It is the Fay. Geraniums are not cultivated in the Spencer family. Miss Lofty thinks they are too common, and prefers importations. German roses and Alaskan ferns suit her æsthetic taste. Who blames her? not

BABBLER.

The Oakland *Tribune* may be in error about this but it doesn't matter; Mr. English is a good man, "William D. English is the leader of the Democratic party in California."

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28 and 30 O'Farrell Street.

"Ve must begin and cut down our oxpenses, Jakey."
"Vat for, Fadder? Pizness is goot."
"Yah, Jackey. And ve must make it a leetle petter!"—*Puck*.

Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask or Face Glove

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING, BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

1st. The **Mask** is **Soft** and **Pliable** and can be **Easily Applied** and **Worn** without **Discomfort** or **Inconvenience.**

2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.

3d. It has been **Analyzed** by **Eminent Scientists** and **Chemical Experts**, and pronounced **Perfectly Pure** and **Harmless.**

4th. With ordinary care the **Mask** will **Last for Years,** and its *valuable properties* **Never Become Impaired.**

5th. The **Mask** is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the **only Genuine** article of the kind.

6th. It is **Recommended** by **Eminent Physicians** and **Scientific Men** as a *substitute for injurious cosmetics.*

7th. The **Mask** is as **Unlike** the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face *as day is to night*, and it bears no analogy to them.

8th. The **Mask** may be worn with **Perfect Privacy** if desired. The **Closest Scrutiny** cannot detect that it has been used.

The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face.

To be Worn Three Times in the Week.

9th. It is a **Natural Beautifier** for **Bleaching** and **Preserving** the **Skin** and **Removing Complexional Imperfections.**

10th. The **Mask** is sold at a moderate price, *and one purchase ends the expense.*

11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.

12th. **Ladies** in every section of the country are using the **Mask** with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, speedy and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the **Mask** should be **Worn During Sleep,** it may be applied, *with equally good results,* at **Any Time,** to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th. The **Mask** has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case.

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask, it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvelous."

"After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is all that can be desired."

"It does even more than is claimed for it."

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May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanishes from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and Removes

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SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, March 23d. DEAR WAVE:—Jimmy was the most disappointed child when he heard of my arrival and realized that his efforts toward purifying the social atmosphere among our coterie of swells, was cut short at a most interesting period. Before my departure I endeavored to impress upon his young imagination the conviction that our 400, like Cæsar's wife, were all above reproach, any little indiscretions indulged in by them must be overlooked or attributed to an exuberance of Lenten piety. I flattered myself this lesson was well learned, so I settled down to the *dolce far niente* of ranch life and apparent "forty days' devotion," with restful conscience. Picture my consternation when this peaceful existence of mine was rudely disturbed by the perusal of "those awful epistles" (as they have been dubbed by the matrons here). I pictured the most deplorable downfall of all my idols and the usurpation of wealth, education, and family's position by the plebeian would-bes of the newly rich set. Horrible thought! my arrival in town was at the expense of a horse's life, but what matters such a trivial thing when the 150 are at stake. Tom assured me that my appearance was his salvation, as his heart refused to remain in place as long as Jimmy wielded the pen—no one knew whom he would attack next. "Thus, indeed, do our consciences make cowards of us all."

It is actually whispered that one of the fair disciples of Hoyle "silently folded her tent and stole away in the dead of night," in anticipation of Jimmy's next effusion, while another contemplates a southern trip.

It isn't politic for me to reprove Jimmy just at present, as I may find in him very desirable material for future effusions.

Our 150 are so devout in their Lenten penance that even the name of a dinner party shocks them, in fact a more consummuate observance of these lonesome days has never been experienced here. Absolutely not one event to chronicle this week. I sincerely trust at the expiration of Lent some of our many fair matrons will see fit to entertain the 150 (or less, so long as I'm invited). Mrs. Ferguson hasn't given her usual swell reception; Mrs. Phillips has given but one party; Mrs. Hughes none; Mesdames Muller, Woodworth, Reichman, Forsythe, and Grey haven't contributed one iota to entertainment this season; even Henry has lacked his customary brilliancy in his "small and select" affairs. I have wasted my superfluous energy on the girls, trying to enthuse them into giving a leap-year ball, but heavens! they have associated with the slow '89–'90's so long that anything out of that rut is promptly frowned down. Just think how swell an affair we could give, too, with wealthy girls like Corrine, Fannie, Mary, Hallie, the Oothouts, Kitty and Mabel, to contribute. Corrine won't, because Frank is unfaithful; he's awfully fascinated with K Street at present. Fanny and Mary are supremely contented with Doctor and Ernest; and, since Miss B—— came to visit Hallie, Stony, Am, and several other eligibles have simply worn the front walk out at the S—— residence. Miss B—— is jolly and pretty enough to capture a regiment of hearts. I saw sweet Bessie B—— yesterday; they are here on a short visit with relatives, and Bessie's friends and admirers are delighted to see her once more. I, for one, will be truly happy when the B——s are again domiciled here; their parties were among the nicest indulged in by our 400.

The Oothouts' swell residence is under way, and will be completed for a house-warming in the fall. Logan's country home is completed, and I really think Charley B—— might give something truly wide, now that they can't plead "limited space." His brilliant sisters could make the affair most original and elegant, by displaying some of their many accomplishments.

Nick Kittle and Dick Wallace have too much money to waste on entertaining their country friends. Dick does occasionally spread himself on a dinner, but Nick—never! Yours in disgust IMP.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, March 22d. MY DEAR WAVE:—For the nonce Society was perfectly correct when it thought it scented "something" in the air which was very agreeable to its fastidious nasal "appendages." The "Miner-Ave" divorce case is a thing of the past. Happy "Willie," happy "Rachel," happy everybody, for cannot every *woman* in Stockton point a finger at her humiliated spouse, and with a scorn never equaled say, "*I* told you so." Which has nothing whatever to do with the fact that the *creme de la creme* was not present at Gus Gimput's "mushroom" function at the B——d house. When our 400 once takes a stand it is as firmly "rooted" as "The Ivy Green;" by which I do not pretend to say that it is at all times as exclusive as it might be. For instance, Bob Read openly wears "marigolds" upon the street, and all Stockton thoroughly understands the situation. While attending a "Tomale Function" last week, a "tattletale" informed me that Mrs. L——s no longer showed the enthusiasm she formerly had in the sufferings of our "quadrupeds." But that she now thinks "*her*" mission is to administer to the comfort of certain "bipeds" who "needeth" her consolation. Now isn't that a much pleasanter task?

Arthur Ashley is fast coming forward in the ranks of our Society; while a student he held himself aloof. As it is now, more than "*one*" maneuvering mamma has her eyes upon the bright young attorney. The "gossips" say his friend, Robert Baldwin, is already entangled in the meshes of a "siren," and that the young lady is capable of selecting a fine "broiler." 'Tis said that Robert's "papa," the "Judge," frowns upon any matrimonial intention of his son. Well, turn about, you know?

"There is a magnet in a hardware shop" hunting for me, and will certainly find me, since my appearance is of the order to attract attention. I'm "cross-eyed" and "red-headed," but the magnet wouldn't hurt me, he prefers to suffer in "silence and tears."

Society is just now agitated over the fact that we are to have the Republican Convention. The fair sex is in "fifth heaven," and such a rummaging in the trunks and overhauling of wardrobes was never witnessed before. We have so many "passé" girls, you know, and what *will* we do with them? We will come down handsomely if any one will step forward and remove a "baker's" dozen from out the way of coming "buds;" most of the said "buds" are "twenty-five," which is very youthful in "*our* Society."

Dr. W. S. Buckly has returned from abroad, and pretty "Grace" is correspondingly happy. Grace can make such "omelettes" and such fine "preserves." Happy Willie, for has he not the prospect of having the finest dinners in town? I heard of an instance where the appearance of harmonious contrast decided a young lady as to which of her two lovers she would wed. In fact, you told me, WAVE. There is now in Stockton another such a war of "wishes" going on within our midst. Brunette "*Dordie*" and blonde "Idalia" are so much infatuated with each other that we "prosaic" Gasites may have a sensation rivaling in its magnitude any that has come to us "from over the hills and far away." It is to be hoped that nothing will occur to shock the gentle sensitive. ARIADNE.

SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

SACRAMENTO, March 23d. DEAR WAVE:—In my last letter I neglected telling you of the Mebius reception and our last Esoteric party; so now you may prepare yourself for a glowing account of the former. Mrs. M—— was assisted in receiving by the handsome wife of the handsome physician; although a request had been made that no presents be sent, some very elegant ones were received, all of Sacramento's 400 were present, and Mr. and Mrs. Mebius may congratulate themselves on the great success of the entertainment.

Still, our set had a great deal more fun the next week, when paying our call; but how we did miss Dr. Billy; it really seemed too queer not to see him there. The Esoteric party was just lovely, but the girls were awfully mad at the men for not having it a leap year; guess they were afraid.

The latest fad up here is bicycle-riding; it really is great fun. The champions, so far, are Mrs. Q—— and Harry; he is so attentive and watchful; in case of a fall, you know, one needs a good cavalier. Jennie C—— and Mrs. Jud are close friends now; wonder how long it will last. There is quite a craze for tennis at present, and the dear girls rise early in order to have a few sets wit the boys before business hours, and also remain late in the afternoon for the same purpose. One lovely damsel was heard to remark that, somehow, tennis was like dancing, no fun at all for girls alone.

The concert given by Mary Ross was a grand success, artistically and financially, as well as socially; Mrs. Younger, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Beel coming from San Francisco to lend their presence and assistance. Everyone was delighted that it passed off so well, as Mary is a great favorite.

I wonder how much longer we will be on the verge of a farewell to the Charlie Houghtons! It is now almost a year since we were informed of their speedy departure for the southern part of the State, and yet they are still with us; however, as long as they choose to remain, we will be glad for the blessing vouchsafed us; presume Mrs. B—— will be left lamenting, when they do finally go, as they have been inseparable for so many years. You should see Mrs. Van's swell new turnout! It is just too howling for any use, even to the horses' tails. Sacramento is really looking up; let us hope that others will go and do likewise. Could not some one send word to the newly-made bride to bring one back from New York? I hear that the popular pastor is about to return to the field of his former labors; it is much to be regretted, for he was the only person who ever succeeded in getting our young men to church; it was really quite the thing to be seen there on Sunday evenings; and, strange to relate, the young people really predominated.

And now I really must bid you adieu, dear WAVE, but you shall hear again next week from NINA.

LOS ANGELES GOSSIP.

DEAR WAVE:

Christmas comes but once a year,
And the "Fourth," with its crackers and flame,
Lent hasn't got any schedule time,
But it gets there just the same.

So sang the poet in the days when Bryson was Mayor and Bonebrake had not dreamt of the Japanese Mission. Pa says they were the good old days; they were the days when one's penitential spirit had broad acres to gambol on, and one white shirt to go to church on Sunday in. Now all is changed; the meek and lowly no longer are eligible to front pews, nor to any offices to which is attached a respectable salary. True penitence is demonstrated by not indulging yourself in your pet vice—an abstinence from that which is your heart's choice.

Not to acknowledge his engagement because his *fiancée* has money in her own name, is what Harry considers self-denial, while an opposite reason may be the wherefore that influences the Doctor from not taking his friends into his confidence. His engagement is somewhat of a surprise, for he was considered uncatchable. At last he is landed, and there's weeping in his erstwhile circle.

It looks as if our importation from the City of Bayn climate is going to have his cards out shortly. Rumor names the prettiest member of the Chesterfield Club as the lucky one; this makes three weddings for after Lent, not mentioning a couple of others that are chestnuts.

Jack is here and the opening night brought forth the regulation first-nighters; the boxes were occupied by swelldom, but as for the balance of the desirable front seats and points of vantage, they were all filled by the Hebrew aristocracy. It is a fact that few of the women were appropriately gowned and only a meager scattering of men in evening dress. The troupe offered no attraction to the bald-heads who quietly snoozed in their seats till the agony was over. The Bradburys gave a large theatre party in honor of their guests the O'Connors and Bosquis; the Hellmans, Platers, Childs, and Workmans made the occasion a family affair.

Mrs. Senator Jones is going to give a mi-carême at her Santa Monica home next Saturday. It goes without saying that it will be a more than delightful affair, as her house was expressly designed for entertaining, and she is a most charming hostess. Then comes the Charity Ball, immediately after Lent, $2.50 being the required credentials. Messrs. Clark, Tufts, Meyler, Thomas, Hicks, and Bradbury have the matter in charge, and the ball cannot but be a broad-gauge success. It is to be hoped they will realize a handsome fund, as the Old Ladies' Benevolent Society needs money to carry on its commendable work. Good-bye. More next week from your

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, March 22d. DEAR WAVE:—It has been a desperate struggle for me to regain my usual state of health and high spirits since Billy's wedding, but Tom, the horrid fellow, got me in such trouble, over that church fracas, that it becomes my duty to come to life again and defend myself, but *sub rosa*, dear, isn't it just scandalous for the papers to create such a sensation over the Coyle-Armes fight? It is just cruel to talk so much about an event in the church, and my sympathy is with both parties, but you should hear irrepressible Mrs. P. D. Brown's voluble tongue discuss the subject. (Would that heaven had endowed me with her incessant power of language.) Her opinion on the subject, you say? Excuse me, I don't care to betray her, nor is it my wish to be drawn into this saintly imbroglio and have the maledictions of such seraphic creatures fall upon my head. Tom also made another fatal mistake when he suggested that our song-birds open the new theatre. He might have known that the Amateur Company would be insanely jealous at the suggestion. Jack Wilson, Lester Herrick, Ed Harris, Arthur Pope, Alec Rosborough, and Phil Remillard are burning to obtain for themselves that glory, it would be a never-to-be-forgotten epoch in their lives, and Harry Houghton, Gus McDonald, Ed Vingent, George Wheaton and Bert Brayton would so gracefully and willingly act the part of ushers, and pretty little Maud Morrell, as leading lady, would add much to Jack Wilson's happiness, although they *do* say that he is quite infatuated with a curly-haired damsel from your side, but it is just horrid for him to waste his affections in San Francisco when there are so many sweet girls over here.

Mrs. Frank M. Smith is without exception the most hospitable matron in our 150. She has done so much to enliven these stupid Lenten days. First she gave us youngsters a euchre party, followed by a similar one to the married people, and Friday she entertains the Eothen Club with a swell luncheon, and after that she intends giving—no, I must not tell—but it is to be the loveliest surprise of all. Mamma is going to the luncheon, and she is going to suggest that the Eothen ladies give a party after Lent. Mrs. Pennoyer and Lillie Everetts, *née* Brown, feels quite slighted because I neglected to tell about their teas. Really, it was too bad, but if people want to be spoken of, why don't they do something naughty, or give something original? Teas are such ordinary, every-day affairs.

Since when did Cleve Dam lose his fifteenth century gallantry? While passing in "my chariot" one day last week, I was horrified to see him make wild efforts to snatch a rose from the gown of a pretty Franklin Street maiden. Wonder if he finally captured it? Was curious to know whether the victory was his, but dared not linger.

The Hartman recital was a Society event worthy of note. Mr. Hartman never played better, and Mrs. Blake-Alvison's fine contralto voice and the expression with which she sang made many a younger woman envious of her rare gift. Among the many in attendance were the Kirkhams, Chabots, Rosboroughs, Howards, Wellmans, Livermores, Shepards, and Hushs. I went with the Wheaton party. Nellie Chabot contemplates another trip to Santa Barbara, and Will Melvin is going to the country for his health; he is really quite an invalid since an attack of *la grippe*. What a genial whole-souled fellow he is! Almost as captivating as his brother Harry.

What is this rumor about Will Meek's matrimonial intentions? Must investigate and give you full particulars in my next. Will take a little drive out to Susie's—she will tell me all about it. By the way when is her marriage to George McGillivray to occur? What a dashing fellow he is. Called on Wallie Beck's bright wife the other day, and she says that her sisters, Mary and Lucy Simpson, are having a royal good time, and dread the day that they have to return to Oakland. Does it not seem strange to hear of those girls talking about a lively time? They always seemed so staid and dignified. Perhaps it was only the effect produced by the soporific influence of this place. Rob and his wife seems to have renewed the halcyon days of their honeymoon. Can the departure of the mother-in-law have anything to do with it?

The boys say that J. West Martin and Shelby contemplate buying out the Spookum hair combinations. Have twice seen Shelby looking with envious eyes, at the wonderful hair that the youngsters have who are on exhibition in young Kirkland's windows. Did you know that Mr. Kirkland figured as a Lothario? Well, he does, dear, and as a very wicked one too. It does seem almost incredible, though. Adios,

FROU-FROU.

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Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 29, 1891.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p'm
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8.00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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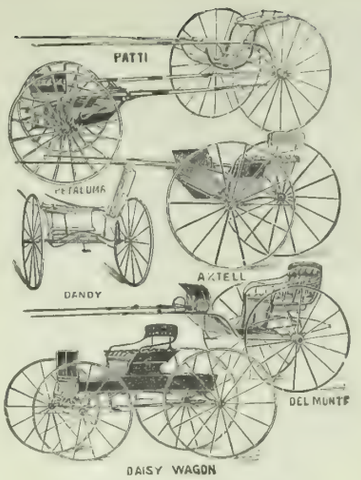

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 2, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Among the best known of the young men who are in politics the gentleman whose photograph adorns the first page this week is the foremost. J. J. Dwyer occupies the most responsible position in politics in the city; the Presidency of the Reorganization Committee of the Democratic party, which has been engaged for the past year in demolishing the Buckley machine, a position which his splendid abilities make him eminently capable of filling. Mr. Dwyer has piloted the Committee to success, and his excellent service in this direction is recognized and appreciated by citizens of all parties. He believes in fighting political battles on principle and by clean methods. Mr. Dwyer has an enviable reputation as a lawyer, and his practice is broad and lucrative.

SPLASHES

HYMEN will have to bestir himself after Lent The number of marriages to be celebrated before the end of April is large and interesting. In dressmakerdom the hum of preparation resounds, and trousseau preparation is the order of the day. Why April should be the favorite month for those desperate ones who dare to sink or swim in the Matrimonial Ocean, I have no means of deciding. It may be that the air, purified by the season of penitence, is a better conductor, and that marriages celebrated after Easter Sunday are the only ones that are made in heaven. This is a mere presumption, however, for I know of several unions performed in February whose victims are still under the impression they drew prizes in the lottery of love.

* * *

Though the number of nuptials is not as large as that of 1891, still the character of several of the celebrations will be more elaborate. The first will be that of Daniel T. Murphy and Miss May Pope. This will be a home wedding. Only the family and a very few intimate friends are to be present. It will be celebrated at the Pope residence by Archbishop Riordan, I believe, at noon on the nineteenth. There will be two bridesmaids, Miss Carolan and Miss Taylor. Mr. Grayson will be Mr. Murphy's best man. The ceremony is to be followed by a reception, for which a large number of invitations have been sent out.

* * *

The Taylor-Pope nuptials will be celebrated a week later. This will be a church wedding with everything *en grande tenue*. The bridesmaids are Miss Casserly, Miss Simpkins, Miss Cheeseman, Miss Carolan and Miss Mary Taylor. Miss Carrie Taylor will be maid of honor. Trinity Church is to be decorated for the event, and a large number of cards for both the ceremony and the reception to follow at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Taylor on California Street have been sent out. Mr. Sam Buckbee will be Mr. Pope's best man. Mr. Frank Carolan and Mr. E. M. Greenway, will be among the ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Pope will spend their honeymoon in Europe. They are to be absent about twelve months, I believe.

* * *

A wedding that promises to be interesting is that of Miss Maggie Kittle and Mr. George Boyd. It will be celebrated in the evening, at St. John's Church. Miss Lucia Kittle is to be the maid of honor, and among the bridesmaids will be Miss Helen Smith and Miss Mary Eyre. Mr. Duncan Hayne will act as best man. Another ceremonial is that of Miss Gertrude Ames and Mr. Woods, to be performed in Grace Church. The bride's sister, Miss Alice Ames, will be the maid of honor.

* * *

This series of announcements sounds like the prologue of a matrimonial carnival. It is certain the gowns of the several brides and bridesmaids will be both costly and beautiful, that the harmonies to be furnished by the choirs and organists will transcend those heard on former occasions. No detail that can add to the general effects will be omitted, so, altogether, there is a great deal to look forward to.

* * *

THE REGULAR CANDIDATE for the presidency of the Bohemian Club is W. E. Brown, a Director of the Southern Pacific Company, and a trustee of the Crocker estate. How rich he is, I have no means of knowing, but the possession of several hundred thousand dollars is commonly attributed to him. Besides, he is certainly the handsomest old gentleman in San Francisco, is courteous, and, though an excellent business man, has permitted himself to indulge a fondness for writing poetry. In fact, it would be impossible to find anyone more respectable for the place; yet he is the last man who should be selected. The Bohemian Club is regarded by people who have never attended a "jinks" as the headquarters of culture and good fellowship. It is the proud boast of the institution that its roll of membership includes the brightest men on the Coast.

* * *

Visiting celebrities are regarded as the property of Bohemia, and it is looked on as only just and right they should be dined and wined by the literateurs, artists, and musicians who are presumed to give the Club its character. On various occasions they have merry-making, jest, and wassail; extravagant things are done and extraordinary amounts drunk—in Bohemia. It is over this institution that Mr. Brown, who is the very pink of propriety, is to preside, though heretofore he has been identified with the Pacific-Union Club. It seems strange that this organization of brilliant men is unable to find someone identified with its traditions to hold the seat of honor. It is true Mr. Brown is a literary man to the extent of "Jack and Jill," which he published at Christmas; he has also drawn up, in excellent English, resolutions of regret and memorial to Boards of Directors, but neither count convicts him of Bohemianism.

* * *

The subject of the nomination is being discussed quite energetically in club circles, and half a dozen reasons are suggested to explain Mr. Brown's selection. The office was offered Captain McDonald, who refused it. His health is by no means good, and the time and work the position required, he felt he was unable to give. E. L. G. Steel, who, though a business man, claims most of his friends as members of the Bohemian set, was next in line. He is rich, can entertain, can speak, and was the publisher of Bierce's book. He has been prominent in the club for years, and as President, would have done well. It appears, though, that Mr. Redding does not look on Mr. Steel with favor—the result, that Chairman Rutherford and the attorney of the land department of the Central Pacific hit upon Mr. Brown.

* * *

I must not be understood as disparaging this gentleman. Quite the contrary. Doubtless he will make an admirable President. He has tact and discretion—in fact, he is absolutely impeccable, but in one's wildest

flights of fancy it is difficult to think of a position he is less suited for.

* * *

Speaking of Bohemia, reminds me of the anniversary dinner to-night. It is an occasion to be brilliantly celebrated, and President Phelan promises an interesting programme. The Directors have issued a circular announcing "the pride of adolescence has crowned the golden years," which some one has converted into "the gold of the long-eared crowds out the promise of Bohemia's adolescence." I must confess failing to grasp the point of the original, though it does not follow that rich Bohemians are necessarily afflicted with undue length of aural appendage.

* * *

Someone could make a clever romance out of the life of the good old lady who, every year, sends to the Bohemian Club for distribution to deserving poets, the sum of $250. In her youth, doubtless, she perpetrated rhythmical sins of the type one sees in the *Call;* perhaps she had aspirations, yearnings, and flights of fancy, but no leisure to embody them in flowing verse. To escape the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, perchance she renounced her impecunious muse, married, and in due course of years became a widow. Now, her thoughts reverting to the days of her youth, she endeavors to alleviate the pangs of those who have been faithful to poesy. Her directions are that the amount be devoted to assisting the publication of deserving epics, or promoting the continued existence of famishing poets.

* * *

This year the amount was divided into four parts, and checks sent for the amounts to individuals who are better known but less prosperous than they deserve to be. I sincerely hope that it will not lead to the perpetration of anything lengthy.

* * *

At the Pacific Union Club there is a spirit of determined opposition to the regular ticket which the nominating committee has just posted. It is headed by W. E. Holloway, with C. P. Eels for Vice President, C. O. Richards for Secretary, and John McKee for Treasurer. For Directors, Colonel Benyard, H. H. Veuve, S. Hubbard, and Alfred Tubbs. Colonel Eyre was Chairman of the Nominating Committee, and he is credited with the responsibility of Mr. Holloway's selection. Otherwise the ticket is unimpeachable. The candidate for President is a member of the present directorate, and on him the responsibility for the series of unpopular changes that have been made in the rules is fastened. The worst thing his opponents have against Holloway, however, is the *a la carte* system that is now in vogue in the dining-room. The habitués vowed that not a single member of the Board that had countenanced so preposterous an innovation could ever hold office again. And they mean it.

* * *

In the Pacific-Union Club the opposition ticket is more frequently elected than the regular one. Who Mr. Holloway's opponents will select to oppose him has not transpired. Doubtless the other candidates will be brought forward on Monday next. It is difficult to induce the best men to accept the place. There is a great deal of work connected with it, for managing so large a club is no sinecure. Where this institution and the Bohemian make an error is in not hiring, at an adequate salary, a competent Secretary whose function it will be to run the establishment, and relieve the directors of all responsibilities. Then the honor of the presidency, for it is one, would be eagerly sought. This Secretary should not be an upper servant, but a member of the institution, and a gentleman.

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IT IS SO RARELY I devote myself to discussing the manners of the *jeunesse doré*, I may be forgiven for speaking about an episode that was brought to my attention at a recent party. It is not ordinarily the rule to dispense liquors freely, but at this affair the hospitality was pronounced. The gentlemen's dressing-room was a large and comfortable apartment on the third floor, and in it was a table covered with bottles. An inviting array of cognac, whisky, gin, and other "hard" liquors, besides an accommodating Japanese boy to keep up the supply of glasses; could anyone imagine a more delicate attention? The hostess was determined her guests should want for nothing. The result, alas, was contrary to her calculations. Half a dozen interesting young fellows made the room their headquarters, and never stirred until supper was announced.

* * *

It is true there was no especial demand for their individual vacuity in the parlors, but had there been, it would have made no difference. From the environment of that select array of bottles, wild horses could hardly have dragged them. A curious feature of the episode is that the particular young men who evinced such pronounced ill-breeding are among the most pretentious in town. They claim to move in the highest sphere of the local social system, and they have obtained more than a passing disrepute by the acidity of their criticisms. It is suggested that perhaps the assemblage down stairs was too mixed to meet their approval, but this objection seemed to cut no figure at supper time. They were among the first to find seats for themselves. If I imagined politeness could thus be inculcated, I would cheerfully identify these young gentlemen, but the effect would merely be to humiliate their relatives.

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I cannot be presumed to know a great deal about the Oakland maiden's peculiarities. It is enough to surmise the characteristics of Western Addition belles. I was much struck, though, by the graceful freedom of a certain pretty member of the Cotillion Club, who, one day last week, I saw playing "Crusoe" with half a dozen newsboys. It was on Wednesday afternoon it occurred, at the corner of Stockton and Ellis. She was very nicely dressed, this young woman who, standing beside the bootblack stand, was evidently awaiting the advent of someone. She watched the game for a few moments and then, extracting three or four dimes from a dainty purse, she asked leave to join. Naturally the *gamins* did not refuse, and I am sure she must have played for ten minutes before her small change gave out.

* * *

It was a funny spectacle. If her friends across the bay could but have seen her throwing a dime with solemn solicitude, they would have an interesting story to tell at sewing circles. I presume it was a freak, for to what other cause would it be possible to attribute the young woman's aberration?

* * *

The Blair residence on Van Ness Avenue is charmingly fitted for entertainments. There are several parlors *en suite* that are decorated in the latest style of interior art. Adorned with boughs of peach bloom and plum blossom on Friday last they were especially pretty. The occasion was a tea given by Miss Blair. It proved one of the most successful of the season. All the afternoon there was a stream of callers, who were received by the hostess and her mother, Mrs. Captain Blair, assisted by Miss Jolliffe, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Elise Kelly and Miss Fanny Crocker. Brandt's orchestra discoursed sweet strains, and in the dining-room delicious refreshments were served.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Miss Stephanie Whitney, of Oakland, and Mr. Sidney Cunningham, of Washington, D. C. They met at the National Capital, some two years ago, when Mr. Whitney was in Congress. Miss Whitney is now in Washington, but will return soon. I believe the engagement has been in existence about a month. Mr. Cunningham is said to be very wealthy in his own right, besides being the only son and prospective heir of his mother, who is a wealthy widow. Miss Whitney is well known across the bay. She is a daughter of ex-Senator and ex-Congressman Whitney.

* * *

Senator and Mrs. Stanford have left Washington for San Francisco, and will be here during the meeting of the Southern Pacific directorate. They do not expect to be in town more than two weeks. Mrs. Stanford is much perturbed over the illness of her sister, Mrs. Hewes, who has been very sick for some time past.

* * *

There is not a vestige of truth in the reported engagement of Mrs. Blackwell and Lord Digby. Mrs. Blackwell and Miss Holladay were at Singapore when last heard from,

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

and write that their trip has been a most delightful one. They have been very extensively entertained *en route*.

* * *

The Ladies' night at the Press Club on Tuesday evening was a great success, and the members have reason to congratulate themselves on the splendid inauguration of what promises to be a feature of the social life of the organization. The arrangements were in the hands of a committee, at the head of which was William Mitchell Bunker, editor of the *Report*, whose excellent management did much toward making the evening an enjoyable one. The clubrooms were charmingly adorned with palms, pot plants, and cut flowers, and each lady was given a bouquet, which, fastened with parti-colored ribbon, gave a pretty effect to the scene. Sigmund Beel gave a violin solo, accompanied by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr; Madame d'Arville, Miss Finlayson, and Tom Karl, of the Bostonians, favored the large audience with vocal selections, as did Mrs. Bermingham; Lucius Solomons did what he could with a very dull paper from some anonymous writer; Harry Tod told a few stories, and Max O'Rell charmed all with a short talk. The clever newspapermen present failed to see the sarcasm in Mr. Blouet's remark, "There are three kinds of journalists: The journalist proper, the American journalist, and Elliott F. Shepard."

* * *

Some clever lectures have been delivered this week. One, "An Hour or So in Mexico," given by E. McD. Johnstone at Calvary Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, was very bright. Mr. Johnstone possesses a quaint humor, considerable capacity for description, and an inimitable story-telling faculty. It was worth hearing, being instructive as well as amusing. Excellent stereopticon views, manipulated by Mr. Tibbitts, threw light on the dark places of the narrative. The Geographical Society of California is pushing ahead of its rival. Its lectures, so far, have been very entertaining and intelligent. On Tuesday evening next Edgar D. Peixotto delivers the third of the season's series on Holland and Belgium. Mr. Peixotto is quite capable of telling about these countries something that is vesy well worth hearing.

* * *

I am told that Mr. and Mrs. George Tiffany will shortly arrive on the Coast. Mr. Tiffany will be remembered for the excellent dinners he gave some years ago, and his wife will be recalled easier under the name of Mrs. Yznaga. Shortly after the divorce from Fernando, she married, and the wedding was followed at no great distance of time by that of her ex-spouse to a well-known and rich New York girl, who was probably attracted to him because of his brother-in-lawry relationship to the Duke of Manchester. Mrs. Tiffany is the sister of Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt. For some time past Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany have been living rather quietly, and the reports of their splendid entertainments have been somewhat tame. The young man has gone through three splendid fortunes, two of which embraced the pleasure-buying proportions of seven figures.

* * *

On next Thursday evening the Twenty-ninth Exhibition of the Art Association will be thrown open to the friends of the organization. Many pictures have already been hung, and early in the week nearly all the canvases intended for exhibition will be in place. The invitations are out for the opening, which will be, as usual, a Society event.

* * *

The opening of the summer resorts clearly indicates that the season is at hand when Society will take its flight from the city. Byron Hot Springs is receiving guests, and it is quite certain that all who were there last year will return this summer.

* * *

Albert La Montagne, who was in San Francisco some weeks ago as his brother's best man, is a very clever amateur actor, and took a prominent part in the performance of "School," at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, last week. He was very successful. The 150, the 400, in fact, the entire array of fashionables were present. In one of the boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne, *née* Catherwood, accompanied by Judge and Mrs. Simrall and Miss Nellie Simrall.

* * *

THE PARESIS CLUB is the latest addition to the list of social institutions. To belong, one must possess a magnificent forgetfulness, and a capacity for being of good cheer. The originator is Joseph Sheldon, who is authorized by the New York Club to organize a Pacific Coast branch. Some difficulty was experienced in finding a fitting President, until the name of Harry Bigelow was suggested. A delegation of charter members notified him of his nomination, and he was asked to meet the Club that afternoon. Of course, he agreed to do so. From two until four the new organization awaited the coming of "Pete." Two search expeditions failed to locate him. Finally his best friend was encountered, and the situation explained.

* * *

"Waiting for Pete?" he inquired, scornfully. "Why, he never kept an appointment in his life."

"The very man we were looking for," ecstatically announced Mr. Sheldon. "In New York the last President of the Club was forced to resign because he insisted on remembering meeting nights."

* * *

If the Rose Leaves imagine they have heard the last of the nimble yacht "Frolic" they are in error. A legal controversy is imminent unless each individual petal of the organization finds his share of the coin due Commodore Harrison. It seems the trifling obligation of paying the "Frolic's" rent was disregarded. This detail the wild, gay spirits of the members resented. The debt could not be met out of a depleted treasury. Commodore Peters has departed, and now at the point of a complaint, Mr. Harrison seeks what he believes due him—some $250. Notifications threatening dire consequences have been sent to each member by Attorney Wakeman. Now the "boys" are very anxious to learn how this myrmidon of the law acquired the roll of the Club. Whoever has given away the organization's secret will surely be ostracized.

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

* * *

The Concordia Club proposes a novel form of entertainment to wind up the season with. Being Leap Year, the Entertainment Committee has suggested a Ladies' Jinks as fraught with interesting possibilities. Though no decision has yet been come to, the chances are in favor of affirmative action being taken. There are any number of bright women connected by marriage or otherwise with the Concordia who are eminently able to contribute to what would prove an admirable programme. Music, recitations, amusing essays on sundry topics are all within the line of feminine endeavor, and I am ready to believe this especial "Jinks" would be far more entertaining than the one that preceded it. Mrs. Joseph Rothschild would make a charming "sire," and as a presiding officer could be as effective as her husband. I hope the Club will carry out the idea, and that the Ladies' Jinks will be the entertainment for April.

* * *

The directors of the San Francisco Verein deserve congratulation for the series of clever entertainments they have given this season. First came the Nieblungen fest, an interesting conception cleverly executed. Then followed the Kinder fest, which the children so much enjoyed, and finally, "Romeo and Juliet," of which I spoke last week. To put through entertainments so complex as these, requires genuine exertion. It is easy enough to conceive, but time is required for rehearsals and the thousand and one details that are necessary to make an entertainment successful. The season is now over, so far as the Verein is concerned, and I can only hope the winter of '93 will be made equally enjoyable.

* * *

There is a treat in store for music-lovers in the six concerts of the U. S. Marine Band, to be given at the Grand Opera House commencing on Monday evening. The organization has a national reputation, and its programmes are invariably entertaining.

* * *

I HEAR WITH REGRET that George W. Faylor, the celebrated plaintiff in the Boodle cases before Judge Wallace, is on his death bed. This will be good news to the legislative boodlers who received $6000 apiece for their work in the last State Senate, and it

may tend to cheer up those persons who believe in the interposition of Divine Providences. Faylor had been subpœnaed to appear before the present Grand Jury and again retell the story which caused so much commotion last summer, but it seems that something has interfered on behalf of the boodlers, and the leading witness against them has been stricken down. I do not mention Mr. Faylor's fatal illness for the purpose of pointing out the seeming fact that the Lord is on the side of our friends, the boodlers, but merely to announce an interesting piece of news. Faylor has been confined to his house for a month, and a few days ago his physician gave him up. His difficulty is heart disease, and it may end his days at any moment.

* * *

The two men who will most deeply mourn the loss of Faylor, outside of his immediate relatives, are ex-Senator James G. Fair and H. G. Davis, his partner in many business transactions. For years the celebrated boodle plaintiff has been the especial protege of Mr. Fair. He aided Fair in the Nevada Senatorial fight many years ago, and has since been in his employ almost constantly. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Faylor, at the direction of Fair, managed the campaign which resulted in the downfall of the late Senator Vrooman. This is an interesting bit of history, which has never yet been written. At the session of the Legislature of 1887 Vrooman, then a Senator from Alameda, was employed by Fair to represent the interests at Sacramento of the Narrow Gauge Railroad, then owned by Fair and Davis. He was paid a retainer of $2500 as a starter. During the session a bill was introduced permitting the Narrow Gauge Road to lay its tracks on Telegraph Avenue, Oakland.

* * *

The residents of the Avenue protested, and set up a vigorous howl. They organized a club, and raised a sack large to defeat the bill. Naturally they appealed to their Senator, who was none other than Mr. Vrooman. He took the money, and secretly opposed the measure. When the Senate adjourned it was found that the bill had died on the files.

* * *

This was what Fair called a clear case of perfidy; even the lawyer's license to take a fee from both sides could not excuse it. He learned subsequently the details of how Vrooman had duped him, and a year afterward, when that gentleman sought a re-election, Fair arranged to crush him. He sent Faylor to Oakland to ascertain the situation. It was found that William E. Dargie, editor of the Oakland *Tribune*, had become a candidate against Vrooman at the earnest solicitation of some of the younger element. Faylor reported that Dargie, with assistance, could defeat Vrooman at the primaries, whereupon Fair authorized him to draw on the Nevada Bank for any reasonable sum. Dargie was rather weak in the knees at first, for Vrooman was a formidable man in business and politics, but Faylor brought him over to see Fair and Davis, who guaranteed him all the moral and financial assistance he required.

* * *

Anti-Vrooman delegates were nominated in every precinct of the Senatorial district, and when the day of the primary election arrived Faylor went over to Oakland with half a hundred convicts, murderers, pugilists, loafers, firemen, and other toughs, among whom were "Big Necked" Smith, "Tom" McCormick, and "Big" Byrnes. They slogged Vrooman's men and stuffed the ballot-boxes all over the county. When the votes were canvassed it was found that Vrooman had been beaten two to one. He did not, in fact, carry a single precinct. Faylor sent bills to Fair aggregating $6500; Fair paid them without asking a question. A few months afterward Vrooman died suddenly of heart disease.

* * *

THE DRESS PARADE of the factions of the local Republican party, who for the past week have been exhibiting their political deformities to the public, has served to unmask the entire plan of the coming campaign. It is plain to the most obtuse understanding that nothing in the shape of what is known as "ward politics" can be administered to the party organization which will dislodge Kelly and Crimmins, and hence when I speak of the plan of campaign I mean the one they have inaugurated and purpose carrying out. How they can hope to win with it, however, I cannot see, unless they have concluded (which is extremely probable) that all virtue is dead in San Francisco. Let me bring forth from their ambuscade some of the leading spirits in the recent split of the County Committee, who, for three weeks, have been carrying on their operations in secret, and then contemplate the prospect. To do this it will be necessary to go back a little.

* * *

Last year when the Mayor and Board of Supervisors entered upon the discharge of their duties, it was found that E. J. Pillsbury, the legal adviser and friend of Mayor Sanderson, was the man to whom all looked for guidance and counsel. Kelly had imagined, in his innocent little heart, that he was to be the boss, and when he found that Pillsbury had supplanted him in the affections of the Supervisors he was very angry. But it availed him nothing to kick and swear, and I suppose to get even he simply slapped a heavier assessment upon his appointees to office. Everything ran along smoothly until after the passage of the Spring Valley Water order.

* * *

It was alleged that Pillsbury told the Supervisors one thing and the Water Company another with reference to this order, and that when the former awoke to a realization of how they had been fooled, they fired the lawyer from their confidence with a bang. Kelly then became their friend and counsel, and since that time he has directed them when to pass railroad franchises, special privileges, and other things which require the intervention of a boss. The feeling engendered between Kelly and his partner, Crimmins, and Pillsbury in consequence of the Spring Valley episode has constantly increased and still runs high. Kelly has never admitted that a lawyer with a practice like Pillsbury's, simply because he had a "pull" with the Mayor, was justified in taking the bread out of the mouths of two humble bosses like himself and Crimmins, merely because he had the power.

* * *

Pillsbury has fondly hoped that something would occur, notwithstanding all this, which would enable him to renominate his friend Sanderson. Indeed, he thinks the Mayor would make a good Governor, and there is no valid reason in his mind why the Bartlett-Pond record should not be duplicated two years hence with Sanderson. But up to the day that Dan Burns sprung his faction fight, Kelly has said to himself: "Oh, wait until I get a chance at Sanderson, I will smash him" —meaning, of course, that by smashing Sanderson he would smash Pillsbury.

It is an old saying, however, that time brings everything around to the man who waits, and so time brought to Mr. Pillsbury the faction fight. One morning he awoke and saw in the paper that at a meeting of the Republican County Committee Kelly and Burns had, to use a favorite expression of the baseball reporters, crossed bats without result. "Oh ho," he said, "Martin is in trouble. I will see about this." So he sent for Mr. Ruef, the young man who, at the meeting, had made himself a sort of a balance of power potentate. Ruef and he talked. What they said I do not pretend to know. What they did, however, is a matter of history. Ruef saw Mike Smith the bewhiskered saloonkeeper in whom Dan Burns reposed confidence to his great discomfiture, and it was agreed to hold aloof from both factions with the five or six votes they controlled, until one side or the other made overtures.

* * *

When the overtures came Ruef saw Pillsbury, and Pillsbury listened and nodded, and, at the next meeting of the County Committee, Ruef, Smith, and their adherents voted with the Third Street bosses. What were the terms of the bargain? I will tell you. Kelly and Crimmins agreed to bury the hatchet and assist in renominating Sanderson for Mayor. Not only this, but when the next Board of Supervisors is selected, Pillsbury is to become their private counsel, although if there is any "stuff" to be handled during the next two years Kelly reserves the right of supervising its distribution. He does not think Pillsbury is dishonest, but it is best to be on the safe side. It is true that Dan Burns disarranged the game somewhat by walking his fifteen machinists out of the

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

County Committee and starting an opposition party, but Kelly confidently believes that all differences will eventually be patched up, and that at the primary he will be able, as he forcibly expresses it, to "t'row down" Burns and Wilson.

* * *

You must understand that the present fight is a mere skirmish. It is simply a show of power—deploying for position as it were. The Municipal Convention primaries are still three months away.

An interesting fact, however, and one which shows how smart these bosses are, is this: During all the months last past, while Kelly has been denouncing Sanderson and Pillsbury, he has been praising Supervisor Ellert and predicting that he will be the next Mayor. The bargain with Pillsbury has not abated his admiration for the Supervisor from the Sixth in the least. In fact, that is a part of his game. He does not wish even his intimates to suspect how he managed to secure control of the County Committee, for it might involve embarrassing explanations.

* * *

He might have to tell that he had promised to make Mr. Ruef Sheriff's attorney and Mike Smith Chief Jailer, in addition to aiding Mr. Sanderson to become Mayor. But before I finish this paragraph I wish to make two remarks. Neither is of very grave importance, but both will put me on record as a prophet, and I am anxious to go on record as a prophet.

The first remark is this: If Mr. Pillsbury thinks he can make a Governor out of Mr. Sanderson he is egregiously fooled. The Mayor is a good man to obey orders, wrestle with herring boxes, mackerel kits, and bars of soap, but he can never reach the Governor's office except as a mere visitor. Indeed, his head is hardly large enough for the Mayor's office.

And this leads me to the second remark: If Mr. Pillsbury thinks he can re-elect Mr. Sanderson to his present office he is fooled again. The local corporations may want him, Kelly and Crimmins may want him, Mr. Pillsbury may want him, but his election is impossible. If Mr. Pillsbury don't believe this, let him try it.

* * *

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB has stopped its exciting chase after vacant offices, and is now disciplining a gentleman who is alleged to have told the truth about it. As the poets say, it is up in arms; while Mr. Pillsbury remarks that it isn't big enough yet to be anywhere else than in arms. Whatever Mr. Pillsbury may know about the law, he is evidently well acquainted with political ways when he states that the Union League Club's influence at the primaries would not weigh a grain of sand against the gigantic power wielded by his friend, Big Neck Smith. I have not the honor of intimacy with the gentleman of the enlarged torso, but if he is as astute enough to have gained the commendation of Mr. Pillsbury, he is a gentleman of singularly advanced ideas on methods of carrying elections.

* * *

It seems that Pillsbury was not asked to assist in the nomination of Governor Alger for President of the United States, at the Union League Club. This, of course, was an oversight that the Great Nominator could not brook, and he very properly stated that, inasmuch as he had not given the Club permission to name the candidate, the candidate could not be named. Mr. Pillsbury has, as is well understood, jurisdiction over all Republican nominations made in San Francisco, and his position is merely this: That the moment General Alger came to the city to seek the nomination for President at the champagne of the Union League Club, he was clearly within his domain, and therefore amenable to his law. That, of course, is proper, and when the champagne of the Union League Club was nominating Citizen Alger, it should have remembered that.

* * *

A champagne nomination, however, some of the members hold, is really not a nomination at all; and while it may appear binding on the gentleman who has accepted it, is merely made for publication, and is by no means an evidence of good faith. Mr. Pillsbury knows this, and yet he puts the Club in an awkward position, indeed, making it defendant in a charge against childish champagneiness. I am informed that Mr. Pillsbury has in training now a large number of candidates for the various positions in the gift of the people, and that he will adjudicate on their disqualifications, and nominate them accordingly.

* * *

THE BALDWIN ELOPEMENT has riveted public attention on the most curious *menage* in California. About this E. J. Baldwin's exploits one could write a Decameron. His matrimonial experiences have been frequent and eventful. Though he is sixty-five years of age, his passions are as violent as if he were but twenty-five. Baldwin's most prominent characteristic is a disregard of public opinion. The majority of men are sensitive about their characters and proclivities being known to their worlds. He is magnificently indifferent, glories in his disreputableness, and amuses himself in his own way. His children seem to have inherited the characteristics of their father.

* * *

Just how Mr. Baldwin is situated financially I am unable to state. He owes a great deal of money, and his assets by no means produce the income they could be made to. There is the hotel; in spite of its admirable location, it must run behind at least $100 per day. That is because he persists in managing it himself, and making it his headquarters. In the hands of a competent hotel man, it could be made to yield a very large revenue. On this property—on the ground, he owes about three-quarters of a million dollars. On the Arcade property, which he purchased recently, he has yet to pay $450,000. In Los Angeles his holdings are valuable, and yield him a good income. The ranch at San Gabriel is not worth nearly as much as it used to be. Had he cut it up at the time of the boom, undoubtedly he could have cleared $80 to $100 an acre. But those happy days are gone. I presume this property is worth about $2,000,000.

* * *

Mr. Baldwin owns a hotel at Lake Tahoe, and has other assets scattered around, but it would take shrewd executive management, if he should die, to disentangle his affairs. Even now, his credit among smaller dealers is poor. It is excessively difficult to obtain money from him. He is the terror and despair of collectors. A big legal contest over his will is anticipated, but I believe he has had this instrument drawn up in such a manner that it practically bids defiance to the efforts of the Probate Court. That is saying a good deal, however.

* * *

The hero and heroine of the tug boat nuptials will doubtless be happy enough. The husband, George Baldwin, is a nice handsome, smooth-spoken youth. Why the father would not listen to his suit is easily understood by those who know the young fellow. Anita is very pretty and her appearance must be familiar to theatre-goers from her frequent appearances in the left stage box at the Baldwin. A sylph-like, delicate creature, she dresses attractively, but in her large and beautiful eyes is the same light that appears in her father's. She wanted to marry she did. Young Marschutz admits she offered to run away with him, but he, being a good Christian Association youth, refused.

* * *

WITH MUCH PLEASURE I note the fact that the artists, musicians, and literateurs of San Francisco purpose giving an artists' dinner in the near future which shall serve as the inauguration of an annual gastronomic reunion. This is the material outcome of so good an idea that I am really astonished that no one was able to introduce it before. If I am not misinformed, the artists, musicians, and literateurs of New York, Chicago, London, and other large cities, meet around the banqueting board, and while discussing the viands, forget that they are the most jealous people on earth, and remember that God made them all—flower, still-life, marine, scenic, and house-painter alike.

* * *

I can heartily endorse the plan: Its success elsewhere, while not necessarily presaging a triumph for its sponsors here, excites the hope that, possibly, the artists, musicians, and literateurs of San Francisco will gather about the groaning table, and impress each other with the belief that because a man happens to be a poor painter he is not on that account a bad fellow. It also affords the young artist without influence a chance to get a good

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

view of the artist with influence who is on the Committee of Rejection. With genius and an intimate acquaintance with the Hanging Committee, nothing can stand in the way of an ultimate triumph for the student.

* * *

I regret very much that nature didn't shape my beginnings in a manner that would admit me to the ranks of artists, musicians, and literateurs. This misfortune deprives me of the pleasure of mingling on this occasion with artists like dear old uncle George Bromley, literateurs like my friends Louis Sloss, and Mr. Polk, and musicians like Colonel Hawes. The committees are made up of the foremost men and women in the professions of art, music, and literature; at least one-third of the names I find on the list are those of distinguished literateurs who can write checks for from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. Under such favorable auspices, the artists' dinner should be a success; the atmosphere is so Bohemian, so artistic and bizarre that I can only regret that the affair is not under the immediate patronage of the Bohemian Club.

* * *

REMORSE HAS FURNISHED the theme of many a dark, dark drama. A familiar figure in the literature of tragedy is the conscience-stricken hero, who moves under a weight of despair, a heritage of woe, who suffers in soliloquies the punishment of former sins. There is a phase of remorse, however, that will commend itself as a novelty. A few days ago, a well-known dentist was asked by a client of his if he would undertake a curious mission. He assented his willingness to do aught to alleviate the monotony of existence, and the next afternoon he and his friend were driven out to the Jewish cemetery—the former having in his "kit" some of the portable appurtenances of the profession. Arrived there, they were conducted to a grave from which a time-worn coffin had just been raised.

* * *

Two workmen were busy raising the lid as they came up. The corpse had been carefully embalmed, and looked as life-like as the circumstances demanded. Then the dentist's friend drew from his pocket a set of false teeth carefully wrapped up in cotton wool.

"I want you to slip these into place," said he, pointing to the gums of the deceased. The corpse had been buried four years.

"Mercy," said the dentist, "what is that for?"

"Ask no questions, but do as I tell you," was the answer. "You will be well paid for your trouble."

The dentist stifled his curiosity, and, after some tinkering, put into position the masticatory apparatus. His ghastly task finished, he says he is certain he detected a smile on the corpse's face. At all events, its appearance was materially improved. On the way home he endeavored to ascertain the wherefore of the episode, but received no information.

* * *

Here is a magnificent opportunity for the imagination. What a variety of motives may be attributed to the dentist's client. Perhaps the teeth were mislaid at the time of demise; perhaps they were stolen and worn by the dentist's client. The story is true, however, as any one who likes to consult the records of the Health Office may ascertain.

* * *

AMONG DISAPPOINTED MEN, W. N. Hart—"Billy Hart," of the *Examiner*—is foremost. He was the special "correspondent on the spot" who went up into Round Valley with the Regular Army, when that valiant body was sent to Mendocino to quell the insurrection, drive the settlers from the Indian Reservation, and restore peace to a revolver-ridden, about-to-be-blood-stained land. Of all the fiascos that this Government has ever engaged in, this is the worst, and has served o bring the promoters of the dragonnade into well-deserved contempt among the peaceable residents of Mendocino County. From the tone of the articles that preceded the invasion of Round Valley by the Regular Army, one would have thought that the people of that region were blood-thirsty ruffians, whose nails were allowed to grow long, and whose teeth had been filed to tear and rend their fellows. Mr. Hart assures me that the people of Round Valley are as quiet as the ordinary Kearny Street dudes, and that all the time he was there he had never seen a revolver nor heard the crack of a rifle.

* * *

The stories of murder and rapine that we have received from Mendocino originated in the fertile imaginations of the writers, or had basis in Trinity County. As a matter of fact, the outrages that preceded the gathering of the troops in the Valley should be charged to the account of Trinity, whose officers have been in the habit of shoving all murders and crimes committed there into Mendocino. Indian Agent Wilsey is responsible for the armed invasion, and, if I am not misinformed, was probably more anxious to secure a peaceful hold on a large ranch he purposes stocking, than in preserving the rights of the peaceful red man. His little scheme has cost the Government two or three hundred thousand dollars, and has brought it into deserved contempt.

* * *

THAT PRIVILEGED CLASS, saloon keepers, rarely complain of depression of trade. The community may be on the verge of bankruptcy, and there appear no diminution in the consumption of cocktails. I am told, however, by half a dozen authorities, that the liquor business is not what it used to be—a fact I cannot quite deplore. Especially is this the case on Kearny Street. The several palatial whisky dispensaries that abut on this fashionable thoroughfare are not flourishing as they did in days of yore. Not that the community is verging on temperance, for the cocktail brigade is no less thirsty than in bygone days. The explanation is—competition. Where there were two saloons, there are now ten. Along Market Street, where it used to be possible only to find deadly poison, one may now be refreshed in frescoed parlors at cedar bars, regaled with an art exhibition, a free lunch, and an assortment of plate-glass mirrors.

* * *

On Kearny Street, the Crystal Palace was the headquarters of the brigade. So tremendous was the demand for cocktails that they used to be bottled and simply poured out for each applicant. In the brief period between 4:30 and 5:45, the takings used to average between $125 and $150, which, it is unnecessary to explain, is mostly profit. Now, however, the route is longer. The population nor the demand has increased, but the supply has. That is the difficulty with most of this city's mercantile institutions. Withal, however, there are, perhaps, three establishments where the bartenders understand the details of their art. The rest, in comparison, are butchers.

* * *

THE PLEASANT FUNCTIONS given by Mr. R. P. Ashe at the residence of his brother have been the subject of much interesting gossip the past few days. At the Bohemian Club, especially, the parties have excited comment, and while one or two ladies have indignantly denied having been present at them, those who had that pleasure are not slow to express themselves in terms of warmest commendation on Mr. Ashe's hospitality. The details of the preparations for the affairs were delicately managed, and certainly the host is entitled to some credit for his excellent generalship in only inviting members of the same sets to meet each other.

* * *

It is not necessary to state how clubmen mix up terms in speaking of Society events; for instance, a horseman like Mr. Ashe will illumine his comments with sporting phrases, and a poker-player like Ed Hamilton will adorn his remarks with cullings from Hoyle. It will not be surprising, therefore, that when Mr. Ashe was making out his list of invitations one or two sentences were dropped that had no apparent relevancy to the guests. The list showed that twelve ladies and twenty gentlemen had been honored with cards.

"That," said Mr. Ashe, "looks a trifle one-sided, doesn't it? The 'string' will have to be gone over again."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Hamilton—and it is not necessary to say which Mr. Hamilton; "it doesn't 'stack up right.' You seem to be a few 'chips' 'shy,' Porter."

* * *

I cannot but commend the tact shown by Mrs. Captain Nelson and the directors of the Crocker Old People's Home. This excellent institution, though admirably managed, is full of people whom it is exceedingly difficult to direct and control. Their's is the irascibility and the impatience of advanced years. Trivialities they exaggerate; the rumpling of a rose leaf would seem a dire cause of offense to some of them. For some time

past, an old female—one of the charity pensioners of the Home—has made herself objectionable by her constant complaints. Warnings to desist were ineffective ; finally they dismissed her. The consequence was she commenced to make a great outcry. She posed as being ill used, and in reply to her accusations the lady directors invited all of the newspapers to send reporters to investigate the institution. It was done.

* * *

Then it was shown how utterly groundless were the old lady's complaints, and the journalistic inquisitors, when they had completed their labors, had nothing but compliments for the management. This recognition of the power of the press, speaks well for the tact of Mrs. Nelson and her associates. It is the senseless prejudice and opposition of the directors that are responsible for most of the scandals in public institutions. They endeavor to avoid instead of courting investigation. Then, there is a good excuse for sensationalism.

* * *

Football is really becoming popular in San Francisco. A series of spirited games would undoubtedly make it the favorite form of athletics. It is much brisker, more exciting, more vital than baseball. There is a proposition to invite the victorious team in the inter-collegiate match to visit San Francisco this season and play a game with an eleven picked from the Stanford, Berkeley, and Olympic teams. Princeton, the winner of last year's championship, and Yale will soon engage, and the question of superiority will be stubbornly contested. Undoubtedly, the visit of such a combination would create a furor in sporting as well as Society circles. To pay the expenses of the trip some $3000 would be necessary, but this outlay the gate receipts would far more than cover.

* * *

I understand certain members of the Olympic Club are now making an effort to collect the coin. I sincerely trust that those who are interested in this branch of athletics will respond very liberally.

* * *

ON PUNS Judge Joachimsen is the best legal authority extant. The neatest he admits having heard in a long time was one Joe Redding perpetrated in Police Court No. 2, the other day—that is his Honor's judgment place. A small boy, whose appearance and clothes indicated extreme poverty, was convicted of a petty crime. His manner aroused Joachimsen's sympathy, and he contented himself with exacting from the youngster a promise of reformation. A sympathizing policeman took the culprit down stairs and some charitable members of the "force" subscribed a few dollars to fit him out with a new suit of clothes. In the meantime Joachimsen was trying a fish case and the prosecuting attorney was reinforced by Joseph D. Redding. Quite an animated discussion on the merits of some disputed points was broken by the entrance of the policeman and the rehabilitated small boy, in whose hands was a bouquet of violets which he presented to his Honor.

* * *

"Mr. Redding and Mr. Prosecuting Attorney," said the Judge, sententiously, burying his nose among the fragrant flowers, "I would have you know that this Court has been fixed. Here is a case I have just dismissed, sirs, and the records show the boy was proved guilty." He smiled. So did Mr. Redding, who observed, deprecatingly :

"It is well known your Honor is inviolate."

* * *

THE EFFORT of my esteemed contemporary, the *Examiner*, to lionize the Bidwell brothers, forgers and convicts, is exceedingly pleasing, and is calculated to inspire the poor, honest, and unknown citizen with a desire to remain in his hunger-haunted, poverty-embroided state. The Bidwells are in possession of tickets-of-leave, which an unwise and sentimental government issues to persons who have given evidence of a wish to reform; they are expected, however, to leave their cards with the police in the cities through which they pass, and are further required to notify the civil powers of the countries they purpose visiting. The Bidwells have been exceedingly fortunate; they forged Bank of England notes to the value of $6,000,000; after a sensational trial they were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

* * *

If the *Examiner* is in the hero-making business, it might begin with other material. There are many good subjects in the city on whom it might practice, and I am inclined to believe that the Bidwells are not desirous of the notoriety that follows in the train of such crimes as theirs. If they are, then they should be given a long season of oblivion, more lasting than that afforded them in Dartmoor and Chatham. Of course, it may be a matter of pride to us that the Messrs. Bidwell are Americans, and that their forgeries filled the world with admiration; that they point with satisfaction to the fact that their progenitors came over to this country in the "Mayflower," and that their family is the oldest in Connecticut; but against this splendid record must be put the word "Failure." If the *Examiner* wants to make heroes of criminals, why does it take convicted ones? If my esteemed contemporary needs subjects, there is the present Grand Jury and the Board of Supervisors.

* * *

Of the San Francisco girls who have gone on the stage, no one has made a more pronounced success than Miss Margaret Craven. This young lady possesses remarkable dramatic instinct, and will undoubtedly take a leading position before long. She traveled the Northwestern Circuit with Frohman's "Men and Women" Company, and that astute Manager pronounces her the most promising debutante in his service. Though Miss Craven's experience has extended over but a few months, she has played all the female parts from that of Agnes Rodman, the heroine, down. This is certainly an achievement. She is a daughter of Mrs. N. R. Craven, of the Mission Grammar School.

* * *

In these days of anti-railroad sensation I suppose but few members of the Traffic Association recollect the interesting crop of failures that followed the last transcontinental rate war. There is nothing that so disturbs commercial interests as a break in rates.

* * *

THE FIELD of woman's endeavor is widening every day, and within a very short time will be as broad as that of her fellowman, limited only by her capacity to take advantage of opportunity. I have always thought that women should be in business and I would suggest the retail. They are able to grapple with the smallest problems, and are infinitely ahead of man in subtracting two from one and three-quarters. In buying they will pay ten cents in car fare to enjoy a one cent reduction on a package of pins; and in selling they will haggle an hour over a rolling-pin, and throw in a dough-pan if the intending purchaser shows an indication of going off without closing the sale. They value their talents above their reputations and will turn a dishonest penny with the grace of a footpad.

* * *

I have the honor of knowing a lady whose services as a songstress had been in some demand until it was understood that she charged for them. Her ability is far beneath her prices ; she is a retailer in music, and a

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Royal Baking Powder

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wholesaler in rates. Having some friends in the city, she was invited to some teas, the hostesses being informed that her talents would add materially to the success of their entertainments. Many of them had never heard of her before, and invitations were sent her as a compliment to her sponsors. At the teas she would be happy to entertain the guests by a few vocal selections, after each of which the hostess would thank her very heartily, and rejoice that she had added such an accommodating friend to her list. Within the week a bill would follow for services rendered. I am curious to see how the songstress will be received after Lent, but am assured that she will not adorn some drawing-rooms that have resounded to the trill of her exceedingly high-priced voice.

* * *

HAS THE GRAND JURY of my distinguished legal friend, Judge Troutt, been sleeping since its appointment, or is it determined to openly defy public opinion? For a few of the gentlemen on that useless, and, I believe, criminal body, I have some respect, and do not hesitate to say that six or eight or them are honest and determined to do their duty; the others are as corrupt as the men whom they have tried to assist; as dishonest as the boodlers, Street Superintendents, Supervisors, and Superior Court Judges whom they have whitewashed in the past, and for whose benefit they will continue to stultify themselves.

* * *

I am quite at a loss to understand why the honest men who had the misfortune to be chosen for Grand Jury service still continue members of that disreputable body. They can be of no service to the city; they do not control enough votes to find an indictment against a Supervisor, even, of whose malfeasance in office there is not the slightest doubt; even in the case of Mr. Elwood Bruner, of whom I speak with the highest respect, because of the reputation he has of being the most barefaced criminal out of San Quentin, they are unable to find an indictment. It would not surprise me to see some of the respectable jurors leave the herd, and give their reasons for so doing. They would afford entertaining reading.

* * *

The majority of the Jury is surprisingly corrupt. The influences that are at work to nullify the labors of the honest eight must be very powerful; it has kept the Grand Jury fishing for minnows, when the waters are full of whales. Whenever a vote is likely to be taken on an indictment there is either a fight for delay or a complete exoneration. The Jury has not even considered the city officers, it has not given a moment to the investigation of the Superior Judges, and is engaged in the furtherance of a "job" when it shows such an interest in the City and County Hospital.

* * *

The events of the past few weeks have proved what I said before, that this Grand Jury was chosen for whitewashing purposes only; the few men of integrity who are on it are there by mistake; they were intended to give an air of respectability to the gang, to act as burned feathers in the offended nostrils of the citizens. Their duty is plain. Let them leave the Jury and tell the people why they do it, and if their action is not followed by the appointment of a Vigilance Committee the citizens of San Francisco have lost their interest in decency, and have set the seal of their approval on corruption as rotten as any that ever disgraced a municipality. The Grand Jury has reached such a state of decomposition that I would not be surprised to see it fall to pieces of its own weight.

The Witness.

A SPECIAL EXHIBIT.

WHAT OUR WOMEN MAY DO AT CHICAGO.

Ever since the question has been mooted there has been commendable curiosity manifested as to what women could and would do toward making the Chicago Exposition a success. Even those men who have done battle royal in having women recognized on the various State Boards, have had vague and indefinite ideas as to what they really could accomplish. As a general answer to the fallacious statement that women do not possess creative minds the Executive Committee of the Lady Managers of the National Commission have issued instructions from headquarters that shall show in general that the industrial arts among all primitive people, were almost exclusively invented and carried on by women.

Archæologists admit that we originated the art of cooking and the preparation of food, including the grinding of grain and the making of bread; the curing of skins and furs and the shaping of them into garments; the invention and use of needles, and the twisting of various fibers into threads for sewing and knitting, the weaving of textile fabrics, the use of vegetable dyes, the art of basket making, the modeling of clay into pars and vases for domestic uses, and also their ornamentation and decoration.

Truth compels me to add that as soon as these arts became profitable the men took them away from us, but be it said to their credit that they took us along with them, actuated at first, no doubt, by our skill and usefulness, since which time they have grown fond of us, and it is now an open question as to who got the better of the bargain!

The time has also gone by when a woman feels obliged to deny that she is familiar with the alphabet, but it is to be hoped that her intellectual ability will never outrank her pre-eminence in the domestic sphere. Besides, who knows but the Chinese are right when they locate the seat of intelligence in the stomach? Their superior age and experience as a nation may have led them to this conclusion.

To make sure that we are right upon this point, and to assist in a practical way to secure the best possible advertisement for the products of California it has been unanimously agreed among the ladies of this State, who are members of the National Commission, to suggest a plan for a State banquet to be set in the California building, composed entirely of native products. This would be a unique special feature and one that could not be duplicated by any other State in the Union. There is nothing that the most exacting epicure could desire to eat that is not or cannot be produced within our borders, and with the exercise of a little ingenuity, the table itself, the napery, the porcelain, glass, and silver may also be a home production.

A little thought will convince any one that there is ample choice both of materials and designs to be found here. There can be several styles of tables and chairs made from as many different native woods, which, for convenience, should not seat more than twenty-four. For napery there are products of flax, silk, cotton, ramie, or wool, and there are also ample materials for souvenir *menu* cards. The porcelain and glass services will give more concern, not because there is a lack of all ingredients necessary for their production, but because their manufacture requires both time and skill. This project of a banquet has lain dormant for a long time, because its successful accomplishment lies in the hands of the ladies of the State Board, and they have been so recently appointed that it has been impossible to lay the matter before them for consideration and approval.

I regret this very much, because I know that it will require considerable time to collect the kaolin, feldspar, decomposed quartz, clays, and silicates of which porcelain is made, aside from the necessary time to manufacture and decorate. It would also be desirable to ask the porcelain artists throughout the State to compete for designs for the various courses, with the understanding that all designs shall be Californian. Our fish, game, fruit, and flowers, as well as historic marine and landscapes afford ample selections. Those who are clever with a needle can provide doily-sets and decorative strips for the centre of the table, while those who sketch from nature will find occupation in preparing characteristic designs for table cloth and napkin centres and borders.

Patriotic California men will compete with each other in every line of eatables and drinkables, but there should be no arbitrary rule against men and women both trying for first place in any line. There are men who design beautiful things and there are women who raise excellent fruit, vegetables, and other good things to eat.

It is claimed that Santa Monica sand makes a brilliant and durable art glass, and there are visions of a gold and quartz service and one of silver which shall be a marvel of the silversmith's art. At first glance this may sound like a visionary scheme, but a moment's thought will prove it both practical and economical. To provide a banquet for the whole six months of the Fair will tax each county three days each, *i. e.*, three meals for twenty-four persons. A plan of combination among neighboring counties suggests itself, which would make the work lighter and the result more satisfactory. Each county shall have the right to invite whom it chooses to partake of its hospitality, unless by conference and discussion some more acceptable plan should be adopted.

A concession for a café is already under consideration, thus insuring cooking facilities, and, by the cold-storage process, everything can be laid down in Chicago fresh and in good order, and it will not be difficult to secure capable persons to prepare and serve it properly.

There are many reasons why this is a feasible and practical way to call attention to our wonderful resources; it will add much to California's reputation for hospitality, and, should our other attractions fail to convince a privileged visitor that California is the best place in the world in which to make a home, it would be safe to say that a seat at that banquet-table would quite decide him. The inner man is an absolute monarch in his way, and humanity's destiny and happiness is largely in his keeping. It should be our special concern to demonstrate that this is the gastronomic Mecca of the world.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

CITY HALL CELEBRITIES.

The gentlemen whose portraits are presented below are well-known in the political and business life of San Francisco.

CHARLES S. LAUMEISTER.

It has well been said that there is nothing that brings out the qualities, good or bad, in man as well as a term or two in public office.

When, from that crucible, there comes a man with an untarnished record, there is no gift within the power of the people to bestow that is not justly his due. Such a man is Charles S. Laumeister, the present Sheriff of this City and County. Mr. Laumeister is now serving his second term, and every month that passes demonstrates more and more his value as a public officer, filling one of the most important positions connected with the local Government. Mr. Laumeister's record is spotless, and his personal traits are such that all who know him are proud of his friendship and esteem him highly. He is of German parentage, about forty-three years of age, and has resided here since 1858. Before accepting public office, Mr. Laumeister was engaged in flour milling, and he is still the leading spirit of that industry in this city. He proved himself to be an excellent business man, and when he became Sheriff, in 1888, he brought his valuable business experience into active play. His excellent record secured him a renomination and election in 1890, and he has since then proved that the confidence of the public in him was not misplaced. His public record has no blemish, and privately his character is above reproach. It is not likely that he will be allowed to retire to private life, if his friends in the Republican ranks can prevent it.

GEORGE A. CARNES.

Among the leading members of the Board of Supervisors none is more generally esteemed than George A. Carnes of the Seventh Ward.

Mr. Carnes was born in New York less than sixty years ago, and at the age of nineteen he graduated with honors from the University of New York. Mr. Carnes then took a course at Harvard, and subsequently studied at the University of Bonn. After a thorough tour of Europe Mr. Carnes returned to New York and assumed the editorship of the *Northwestern Home Journal*, which position he filled with ability for many years. Subsequently he entered the manufacturing business with Horace Appleton, now of Sonoma, and then came to California in early 'Sixties. After a period spent in the postal service, Mr. Carnes became editor of the Reese River *Reveille*, and in 1872 he accepted the position of Librarian of the Odd Fellows' Library, a position he now fills with credit. Mr. Carnes has many personal traits which have won him the friendship of all who know him. In 1889 he was elected to the Board of Supervisors from the Seventh Ward, receiving a handsome majority. He is a staunch Republican and his character as a man and official is without a blemish. His record in the Board will assuredly return him there. He is a man of culture and refinement whom it is a delight to know, but unlike most men conscious of their mental powers, Mr. Carnes is unassuming, affable, and generous.

JAMES J. GROOM.

Among the most conspicuous of local Republican politicians, and one who enjoys the thorough confidence of the public, is James J. Groom, at present Court Room Clerk in Judge Hebbard's Court. Gifted with unusual abilities, and possessing personal qualities that have endeared him to a host of friends, Mr. Groom has a bright and promising future before him; he is yet a young man and was raised in this city. After receiving a thorough schooling he entered the field of journalism, but in 1881 he deserted that profession to become the Chief Deputy under Coroner F. L. Weeks. He remained with Dr. Weeks until the expiration of his term in 1883, when he was appointed to the same position under Coroner Marc Levingston, an honor that was great, coming from a Democrat. On Dr. C. C. O'Donnell's election as Coroner, he appointed Mr. Groom as his Chief Deputy solely on the reputation he had won. On the election of a successor to Dr. O'Donnell, Mr. Groom was appointed to a deputyship under County Clerk W. Ruddick, and in 1888 he was the Republican candidate for Coroner against Dr. W. Taylor, but owing to a coalition against him, failed of election. As a proof of his popularity, however, it may be mentioned that he ran 1500 votes ahead of the Presidential electors on his ticket. Mr. Groom has served with credit under County Clerk Davies, as Clerk of Judge Wallace's Court, and, as stated, he now fills the same position in Judge Hebbard's Court. He is a leading member of several fraternal orders, and is Past Master Workman of Spartan Lodge, A. O. U. W. He is also a leading member of the Press Club of San Francisco. Mr. Groom's valuable services to his party will unquestionably be rewarded with a nomination worthy of him at the forthcoming Republican County Convention.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28 and 30 O'Farrell Street.

ARTHUR B. PIERSON is now located at 225 KEARNY STREET. Books and stationery.

REAL ESTATE NEWS.

[THE WAVE will publish a real estate article every week, and the attention of business men is respectfully directed to it.]

Real property sales for March were fully half a million dollars less than they were in the corresponding month of last year. There has been a large diminution in the aggregate sales for several months back as compared with the fall months of '90 and the opening months of '91, but at that time real estate was never in a more healthy condition in the history of San Francisco. For the closing week in March there was a brisker demand for all classes of property, but brokers find it difficult to bring sellers and buyers together, so that the past few days have been uneventful in large sales.

* * *

Money is abundant at the savings banks, but the loans on real estate for the week have not been large. A mortgage of $63,000 for one year was effected at 7 per cent per annum. The other amounts loaned were for less than one-half the above sum at the same rate of interest.

* * *

Several sales were made this week ranging in amounts from $2500 to $25,000. On Tuesday one of the leading firms sold to Joseph Hume the northeast corner of Third and Hunt Streets, lot 40x80 and a three-story old frame building for $34 000, which is the largest representative sale of the week. The property yields an income of $250 a month.

* * *

In March the aggregate of sales amounted to $1,700,000 as compared with $2,300,000 for March of '91.

* * *

At Oakland William J. Dingee, the real estate auctioneer, is holding a series of auctions of desirable residence and business sites in that city and in the suburbs. His latest sale under the hammer was very successful, the prices realized aggregating $59,450.

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MUSIC.

STEINWAY HALL CONCERT.

With the facilities for hearing good music more frequently the taste for it should grow in proportion. In chamber music there has been a distinct impetus towards the best serious standards for the past two seasons, and that awakening has resulted from the giving of the Steinway and Saturday Popular Concerts. The bi-weekly concerts are over for the present season, but will be resumed in September, meanwhile regular chamber music will not languish. The Steinway Hall Concerts, given once a month, will continue throughout the summer months, and there are also two concerts to be added to the Sunday Afternoon Series. For the continuation of the Steinway Hall Concerts the public is indebted to Messrs. F. M. Ludovici and John Parrott, whose interest and support have guaranteed these performances. If the financial aid of men of wealth and influence were enlisted in the same way as it is for the propagation of art, our music might readily be at the best standards. Without disclaiming the merits and needs of the painters and painting in San Francisco, music has quite an equal right to the assistance gained from the more or less unwilling hands of the wealthy, seeing there is no State or National support to appeal for. The musicians might easily suggest that the painting of pictures, pasty or otherwise, is not as good for the community at large as performances of great masterpieces, which, if not superb, have the advantage over indifferent art work of being transient, where the former stands with gaudy faults perpetuate. A city of San Francisco's growth and wealth, possessing no recognized orchestra beyond an amateur association, and to its credit, be it said, maintained entirely by the persistence and enthusiasm of its members, is, to say the least, scarcely abreast of the times in culture. The enjoyment of musical art does not come with money, as it happens, and the cultivation implied in such concerts as have and are being given is necessary; still the ambition to possess the best should animate the progressive element, however far that ambition is from present achievement.

The programme of Wednesday evening's concert recommended itself by being suitable only to an intelligent musical audience such as a cosmopolitan city presupposes. Two quartettes and two songs made up the numbers. Brahm's Quartette for piano and strings in *A Major, Op. 26*, and Grieg's String Quartette, *Op. 27, G Minor*. The Brahm's work had been given at a Sunday afternoon concert, but the Grieg Quartette was new. No greater contrast could have been found than these works point, Brahm's dignity, power, and classic development of ideas in the splendid inevitable form, and Grieg's originality, picturesque tone coloring, and intense personal note. Sensuous beauty then is not much in the *A Major* Quartette, while Grieg's work for the strings, has much of it, particularly in the Antermezzo and Romanzas. Brahm's Quartette is an intellectual and emotional picture, of profound insight; the Grieg number is programme music, rising to passionate utterance, though chiefly objective in its aim, and altogether made to express impression of the passing kind. The *Allegro non Troppo*, the Sonata piece of Brahm's Quartette and the *Poco Adagio*, especially the last, with the impressive subject responded to by the prophetic arpeggio passage for piano, are wonderful movements treated in the grand style. Grieg's quartette possesses all the novelty of style, interest, coloring, and melody expected of the composer; his genius for *cantilena* is, in the second and third movements, happily illustrated. A charming subject given to the 'cello has the quality almost Italian in smoothness in the latter of these two.

Miss Bacon was not in quite as good form as at the first performance of the piano quartette. Her work in the *poco adagio*, however, had a molten quality of tone rare amongst local pianists, whose technical studies usually select and develop a false point of resistance for tone production. The quartette was given with enthusiasm throughout. Mr. Brandt led the members of his quartette in his usual faithful style, and the performances were acceptable—the Brahm's number being, perhaps, most finished. Mr. Heine made the most of his delicate solo passages. The next concert of this series will be given on the twenty-seventh of April.

Miss Partridge, with her clever pupil Marie Wilson, gives her concert to-day, assisted by Mr. Brandt. On Friday, the eighth, Mr. Heine has his announcement for a grand sacred concert, the programme of which, as well as his own number, will be particularly attractive and interesting. A concert for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital in May is already spoken of, and is to be given at the Grand Opera House.

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LEAVE	FROM MARCH 18, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7 15 p m
7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†2.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7 45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9 45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11 45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and San a Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San Jose and Los Gatos	†8.05 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (san Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4 15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.05 a m
5 15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—The heroine in fiction is the most interesting type of her sex. I am not referring to any especial Amelia or Beatrix or Evelina—my admiration extends over the entire category, for in all I find some of the qualities that so much adorn one. Difficult as it is to sketch in words a true woman, it is far harder to characterize briefly the heroine. Obviously, she is created and not born, and however happily this dispensation may have resulted in certain notable instances, still one is more apt to thank chance than her author for stray gleams of naturalness. He endows her with faults and faculties, comeliness and contrariety, because these are some elements in feminine humanity he has discerned. But one cannot help knowing the deficiencies are mere concessions to balance, that the tendency of every man or woman who has ever embodied a heroine is to make her as perfect as prose will permit. The immense difficulty of being consistently inconsistent is obvious Success here is as much a matter of space as arrangement. I am told the only true women are those depicted in the Chinese drama, wherein whole days are consumed in exploiting the characteristics of the *dramatis personæ*. Still, the ordinary heroine is so charming a departure from the everyday female that no one should complain of such limitations. Neither in ballrooms nor in factories does one find the perfection of feature that is a common attribute of the leading lady in a novel. With a few pen strokes, she is endowed with a complexion far superior to what nature or cosmetics could supply. She is witty by implication, wise in description or by silence, and most effectively exhibits her unnaturalness by invariably marrying the right man. What a happy community it would be, peopled by the devoted couples united in climaxes. Yet I would rather live in Dakota or Heaven.

In my reading this week I have made the acquaintance of some very pleasant young women. She is an actress and her name is Annie Glover in "Back from the Dead." In "Denzil Quarries" she has made an unhappy marriage, has neglected to get a divorce, but lives as the hero's wife without those formalities that Society insists on. Her name is Lily and she commits suicide. They are English, these ladies. Freda, the charmer, who so illuminates the pages of "It Happened Yesterday," is a German. She is impressionable, excitable, enthuiastic, poor, too, and in the earlier stages of her career, she is represented as dreaming the unhappy hours away until called to Madame Jelle. To complete the list I have an American heroine who incarnates the virtues, and contrary to a natural custom, is as beautiful as the portrait of an actress.

Number 1. Annie Glover possesses the most pronounced characteristics of the collection. Quite a siren in her way, she was pale, slender, singularly beautiful, with big brown eyes, a wealth of dark hair, and a little willowy grace of movement. On two members of the company with whom she is playing are her full fascinations exerted, William and Henry Preston. The first falls in love with her in the initial chapters, but is thrown over for his brother, who becomes her slave a little later. This toying with their young affections, the charmer justifies by her own sad experiences. She had been jilted, her heart turned to stone and on males in general she was wreaking vicarious vengeance for the sin of one. All this is hard on William and Henry, who are led to quarrel, indulge in hasty words with most unfortunate results. Doubtless you have not forgotten the interesting effort of an early dramatist, the latter acts of whose play were performed by the ghosts of his *dramatis personæ*. Something akin to this occurs here. Annie, the Prestons, and the company are playing in a sea coast town during one of England's wars. Harry, the younger brother, is caught by a press gang and spirited to sea. His brother is accused of murder. A corpse is found in the river attired in his smoking jacket, whereupon William is hanged with due formality and left hanging by a hempem band to a tree.

At this stage of the story there are unimaginative people who think he is dead. The rope caught him under the chin, he is resuscitated, enlists as a sailor, and finds on the ship the brother for whose murder he was executed. While all this is occurring, the heroine finds she entertains a real sentiment for William and when he and his brother return they are happily married and she becomes the greatest actress in England. Denzil Quarrier's Lily is pale, pensive, youthful; she has dark gold hair, is very sweet and perfectly devoted to the gentlemen he is presumed to be married to. Rather a shadowy personage, yet she exerts a certain undefined fascination on the men she is encountered with, but is really not half so interesting as Mrs. Wade, a woman of mind who cuts somewhat of a figure in the narrative. That so nice a girl should have had so sad a fate seems to me like an unnecessary exhibition of the author's authority. The story is not uninteresting there being a certain freedom and loose strength about the sketch of the hero and his friend, Eustace Glazzard.

I must admit being deeply interested myself in the heroine of "It Happened Yesterday," which, if you will allow me, is a clever and exceedingly well written story. That it is within the range of possibilities I shall never meet a damsel of Frieda's type, is obvious, but my disadvantage is not a solitary one. Though in her initial appearance she lacks charm, no helpless chrysalis ever concealed a more brilliant butterfly. Under the tuition of Madame Jelle, who is strong-minded, but ambitious of being penetrated by Frieda's love of the ideal, she blossoms forth a beauty. As Mr. Marshall possesses a very flexible style, he has really succeeded in making her typical. They are all very theatrical, the characters in this book, especially Yaransk, the Russian, who possesses such strong magnetic powers. In order to prevent Jules Jelle from marrying the German maiden, he hypnotizes her. The effect on one of her temperament is very curious, and is expressed with considerable skill. This heroine is not climaxed into matrimony, and is available for future experiments.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Back from the Dead," by Saqui Smith. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Denzil Quarries," by George Gissing. Macmillan & Company, publishers. For sale by "The Bancroft Company."

"It Happened Yesterday," by Frederick Marshall. D. Appleton & Company, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Miss Bagg's Secretary," by Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, publishers.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, April 2, 1892.

OUR CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Those who do not already understand what the *modus vivendi* is will not be interested in anything that pertains to it now. It has, with its italcized mystery, plentifully besprinkled the campaign literature that has emanated from the political clearing house at Washington, and has made the documents to look like a filet of sole sown to black pepper. The able and dignified position that our Chief Magistrate has taken in the matter is a source of pride to every Republican office-holder and stockholder in the sealing company of this country. It clearly demonstrates that Mr. Harrison is a courageous, far-seeing statesman, who is prepared at all hazards to maintain the honor of this Nation, and run for a second term. It proves clearly that he will not permit the Government of Great Britain to dictate to the administration of the United States a policy that would lower our self-respect, or depreciate the value of the seal-killing rights, in which one or two of his blood relatives and many of his near friends are interested.

Mr. Harrison has exceeded expectation, and THE WAVE, although in some matters opposed to the President, will not deny itself the pleasure of doing him justice in saying that he has made glad the hearts of many Republicans, and distilled from the sad despondency of certain party defeat the sweet hope of probable success. Mr. Harrison has proved himself superior to Salisburyian tactics, and has shown himself capable of handling the most intricate problems of personal right. Never for a moment has he forgot that this is a proud, great, victorious Nation, whose Chief Magistrate must bow the knee to no man, except the party Boss; whose officers will not permit the privileges of its meanest subjects to be abridged, and which will declare war on any Government that permits piratical compatriots to kill a seal in which Mr. Russell Harrison has any financial or patriotic interest. I congratulate Mr. Harrison heartily on the fact that the hinges in his vertebral column do not bend, and that in his intercourse with foreign powers his back is stiff and straight; I congratulate the country on having a President who knows his duty, and who will do it; but I sincerely deprecate the fact that some mushy-minded citizens of this Republic have been deluded into believing that Mr. Harrison is not out for a second term, and that his pronunciamentos on the *modus vivendi* are not political documents. I could draw a touching picture of a procession of Bering Sea seals, each pointing a fin-tipping nose Britainward, and snorting pæans with the refrain: "Thank heaven, we belong to the administration," and I could ask what would have happened to those same creatures if in the sealing company there were no men whose warm blood does not flow in the veins of Mr. Harrison? But let that pass and vote.

THE SILURIANS.

The Silurians have been described as persons who are opposed to all public improvements. They are said to be in receipt of large incomes, but they are unwilling to expend any part of them in making streets, building sewers, or in supporting the different governmental departments which have charge of the public health, safety, and comfort. In some of the newspapers they are called "tax-payers," in others they are called "property owners," but everywhere a tender regard for their feelings is manifest. Generally, it is supposed, if the "tax-payers," or "property owners," do not want a thing done, it is not done.

In debating public measures the organs of the Silurians, who glory in dirty streets, flying filth, and stinking sewers, are fond of statistics. They never tire of blather about tax rates, tax eating, the cost of government here and elsewhere, and the amount of money that is annually stolen from the Treasury.

I do not intend to deny that tax-payers are good things in their way (I hope some day, with the permission of Kelly and Crimmins, to become one myself), but I am going to give the Silurians some statistics and then propound a question or two for the purpose of showing them their short-sighted selfishness and depravity.

The tax roll of this city has upon it 55,000 personal property assessments, or, deducting shipping and duplicates, about 40,000 personal property tax-payers. This includes every old woman's wash tub, every sewing girl's machine, and every man's watch and chain, shot-gun, and dog. It also contains 82,000 real estate subdivisions, or about 10,000 real estate tax-payers. A liberal estimate, therefore, places the total number of tax-payers in this city at 50,000. An analysis of the roll shows that of these 50,000 persons, 10,000 pay 75 per cent of all the taxes.

The last census gives the population of San Francisco at nearly 300,000. Deducting all the tax-payers there are, then, living in this town 250,000 people who pay no taxes. What do these people do? Clearly, they pay rent to the Silurians. Now, I wish to ask the Silurians—numbering at the very most not over 50,000—if these 250,000 rent-payers have not a right to demand decent streets, passable sidewalks, and clean sewers? But for the rent-payers there would be no San Francisco, and, consequently, no rent for the Silurians. It is no answer to the demands of the rent-payers for the organs of the Silurians to declare that *they* are willing to live in the dirt and smell-laden sewers the remainder of their lives. When San Francisco becomes a pestilential mud-hole, they are likely to have it entirely to themselves.

THE RAILROAD BUGBEAR.

Certain merchants and uncertain newspapers are wreaking vicarious vengeance on the Southern Pacific Company for depressed trade conditions in San Francisco. Because a few wholesale houses have retired from business, the city is said to be losing her supremacy, because competition is reducing the profits of supplying consumers in the country, the State is said to be on the decline. Because of over production in our staples and a consequent downfall in prices, farmers are threatening bankruptcy, and commission merchants are dreading collapse. Failing, for obvious reasons, to attribute to the right cause these effects, they have selected the railroad company for a bugbear and all the ills their own lack of enterprise and short-sightedness have brought into existence are calmly credited to the Southern Pacific.

The reason the big wholesale houses are complaining is because eastern business men are competing for the trade they have so long enjoyed. Refusing to accept lower profits than those they have been accustomed to reap for years past, they claim the interlopers are being favored and then retire from the struggle. The great fact to be borne in mind in this controversy, is that the Traffic Association is far more the effect of diminished interest on capital invested in merchandise than it is of reduced sales. This is the era of seven to fifteen per cent, as against the gala days when wholesalers were not content with a fraction under thirty.

When Californians realize that their own lack of energy and push are responsible for depressed trade conditions and not the Southern Pacific, then business will begin to improve and prosperity to return.

This city will have a competing railroad far sooner than any one anticipates. I am able to state positively that a combination of capitalists and real estate owners have subscribed a large sum of money for building purposes and that operations will be commenced before the year is out. *En passant*, it may be said Mr. Ertz has no connection with this scheme. The names of those interested comprise the representatives of the richest estates in San Francisco, and they mean business. My opinion is that a competing railroad will not build up San Francisco half as fast as the completion of the Nicaragua Canal. It is very true that railroads only compete long enough to combine, and this will be the fate of the new line when it begins to cut rates with the Central and Southern Pacifics. Time will show, however.

* * *

IN the course of a column dispatch from New York in the *Chronicle* of last Friday the name of the proprietor of that journal was mentioned fifteen times. However, there are seventeen paragraphs in the article.

THE MUMMERS.

DECLINE OF TRAGEDY.

Heaven has been very kind to the theatre-goer, killing almost in its infancy the tank-of-real-water play, and others of that ilk. There was a time—remembered as the nightmare of the drama—when a week could not pass that was not cursed with a play exploiting the performances of a broken dam, the adventures of a terrible tornado, or the eccentricities of a mine explosion. Within two years a remarkable change has been noted in dramatic—I was about to say literature, but I will say compilation. With the loss of appetite for the spectaculary realistic, the desire for tragedy died out, and we no longer demand a fair percentage of murders in each act of a play, nor do we ask that our ears be regaled with even the story of dreadful crimes. It may be that civilization is making us less blood-thirsty, or that we do not care to accept as pleasures the dismemberment of persons whose offenses are merely artistic.

It will be admitted that the average theatre-goer prefers to see on the stage a production of unfamiliar scenes; the ordinarily natural has few attractions, and the new and strange, even if bad, have more drawing power than the old and common, the reproduction of scenes we see every day. The public demands something new, and I am pained to note that its desires at present run in the comedy line. This certainly proves—if the statement that it desires what it has not got—that the unfortunate public is living in a world whose brightest tint is gray, and that its home pleasures are of a singularly meagre and unsatisfactory character.

It must be admitted that the comedy feature of life is becoming painfully extinct; the nineteenth century is civilizing all enjoyment out of it; and we are becoming thoroughly good, to the exclusion of all pleasure. Religion and civilization are synonymous; and the nearer we get to the pulpit, the further we get from those enjoyments that are seen now only on the stage. A truly religious man may be an excellent character in our landscape, but he is not good fun; that is to say, while he may afford himself considerable enjoyment, he does not contribute materially to the pleasure of others. I would merely recall to the reader's mind the experience of the playful lads who sought to have some innocent fun with an exceedingly bald-headed prophet; the satisfaction on that occasion was shared between the smooth-pated seer and the bear.

In these days we must look to the theatre for our pleasures, and the demand for comedy and farce is becoming more noticeable as the century draws to an end. The tragic in the world of fact is too apparent, too much with us, to need explanation on the stage; thither we go to use our ability to smile, to hear ourselves laugh, and to find something to laugh at.——

Next week the stage of the California Theatre will be adorned with a series of beautiful pictures of mediæval England, used in illustration of Marie Wainwright's production of "Amy Robsart." Eastern critics have united in declaring this to be the most perfect and elaborate stage setting that the American stage has ever seen. Miss Wainwright's success last year with "Twelfth Night" is still remembered, but her present venture is said to be even more effective. ——

On Monday evening "The Bostonians" begin the third week of their successful engagement at the Baldwin. On Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings they will give their great production of "Fatinitza," with Jessie Bartlett Davis in the title role, and Caroline Hamilton as Princess Lydia, and Barnabee, as the Pasha. On Tuesday and Friday evenings Bizet's creation "Carmen" will be the opera, with Jessie Bartlett Davis in the principal role, and Tom Karl, as Don Juan and Caroline Hamilton, as Michaela. On Thursday evening and at the Saturday matinee "The Bohemian Girl" will be presented with a very strong cast. On Monday night of the fourth and last week of "The Bostonians'" engagement "Dorothy" will be produced.——

One of the *piece de resistance* engagements of the Baldwin Theatre will follow "The Bostonians." It is the first appearance here as a star of Mr. Richard Mansfield. His first week will be devoted to "Beau Brummel," after which he will produce "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Don Juan," "Prince Karl," "A Parisian Romance," "Ten Thousand a Year," and "Nero." His engagement here is for four weeks, and he has only been seen in one play, "A Paraisian Romance." There is every indication that he will have a brilliant season at the Baldwin, both financially and artistically.——

Corinne has done unusually well at the Bush Street this week, and the management will continue "Carmen Up to Date" for another seven nights. The Company has been improved in some respects since its last visit. The dresses of the star are very fine. Following Corinne Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will appear at the Bush in "That Girl from Mexico."

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The Bland Silver Bill, after a stubborn fight by its advocates, was tabled in the Lower House this week, and from the present outlook there is very little hope that the bill will come up again, although Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has given notice to the Senate that he will introduce a Free Coinage Bill next Monday, but from the vote as canvassed, he will not be able to get a majority. Since the bill was tabled silver has declined to 85 cents, which makes the silver dollar as compared with gold only worth 66 cents. It is supposed the decline is attributed to the amount of silver thrown on the market by speculators who had bought for a rise, expecting the passage of the Bland Bill. At the present price of silver many of the outside mining districts like the Candelaria, Tuscarora, Bodie, and Colorado will close down, as only the high grade mines can afford to continue operations.

* * *

The most important event that has occurred recently in the interest of California mining, was the report this week from the Committee of Mines in Congress, favoring an appropriation of $450,000 for debris dams. Should this pass, or even a less amount be appropriated, hydraulic mining will be resumed in this State, and there will be a boom in the mining sections, such as has not been felt for years, and former prosperity will be our lot. There is no time like the present for the resumption of gravel mining, as gold is in great demand. The committee sent by the California Mining Association, consisting of Searles, Luttrell, Hobson, and McMurray, deserve the credit of getting attention at Washington to the needs of California.

On Tuesday the Executive Committee of the Association held a meeting and issued a strong appeal to the merchants and business men of San Francisco to support them by financial aid, as they are under heavy expense. By the resuming of hydraulic mining in this State the output of gold would be $10,000,000 per annum.

In the last issue THE WAVE called the attention of its readers to the importance of the work now under way in the middle mines of the Comstock, namely, Potosi and Bullion, and the likelihood of a rise in them. Quite a handsome turn occurred in both, Potosi advancing from $1.20 to $1.55, and Bullion from 75 cents to $1.00, and from every indication it is probable that higher figures will be reached.

There is not much change in the prices of the various shares of the Comstock this week, as speculation was rather dull. Con. Virginia shipped three bars of bullion to the Carson mint this week valued at $16,661, which makes the total shipments for March account $31,843; there were worked during the last week 980 tons that assayed $21.99 per ton.

The argument in the suit of the Hale & Norcross is still going on in Judge Hebbard's Court. The mine has now put on the full force of men to work and active operations will be resumed. During the month they milled at the Nevada Mill 780 tons of ore that yielded $12,255 in bullion. The connection between the south drift of the 1700-foot level of Crown Point and Belcher will be made in a few days; when this is finished the water can be lowered very rapidly in the Gold Hill mines, and the different drifts can be worked for ore, which is known to exist there.

The Belcher is now producing enough ore to about pay for the pumping expenses of the mine. Ophir shipped during the week $9711.

The Holmes, Mt. Diablo, and others of Candelaria, Nev., were shut down lately as they could not afford to pay the ruling wages to miners, $3.50 per day, but have received notice that $3 will be accepted. At the present price of silver, it may not be feasible to resume work. Stockholders in the Yellow Jacket who may wish to pay the pending assessment must do so two days before the sale day in Gold Hill, April 6th. This is the only incorporation listed at the Stock Exchange that has its head office outside of the State. According to law all mining secretaries must make their monthly statements next Monday, showing the financial condition of the various mines.

THE WAVE has received notice of a new excitement at Lordsburg, near Los Angeles. This silver find is supposed to be the famous Hines Mine, one of the lost mines that tradition locates in that vicinity. It is said that the ledge has been traced 3 miles and some assays made that went $1500 per ton. These rumors must be taken cautiously, as these finds are usually nothing more than newspaper talk or the work of real estate boomers, so the readers should wait for further development.

John W. Mackay is expected to arrive about the middle of April, and it is probable work will be pushed in the various mines in which the Nevada Bank is interested in.

During the week Confidence Mining Company was assessed 75 cents per share, and Gold Mt. $2 per share. The following dividends were declared on the several mines. Argyle Gold, 1 cent per share aggregating $10,000; Am. Nettie, 5 cents per share, total, $15,000; Col. Central 5 cents per share, total, $13,750; Homestake 10 cents per share, total, $12,500; Centennial 50 cents per share, total $15,000.

* * *

In local securities Spring Valley Water was dealt in extensively, 575 shares selling at from 98¾ to 99½ per share. San Francisco Gas, 100 shares @ 67⅝@67¾; Pacific Gas, 50 shares @79¾; Oakland Gas, 100 shares, @37⅝; California Electric, 280 shares, @14¾ to 15; Safety Nitro, 150 shares, @8¾; Geary Street Railroad 50 shares, 97¼; California Street Railroad, 10 shares, @ 116½; Omnibus R. R., 10 shares, @ 50; Hawaiian Com., 80 shares @3½; State Investment, 10 shares @ 85. These were the main transactions of the week, and are a good indication in the present dull state of money matters. The total amount of dividends declared during the month of March was $300,300; in the corresponding month last year it was $502,750.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

With all the denunciation of rebating that the members of the Pacific Insurance Union indulge in, they are curiously lenient in punishing offenders. On several occasions well authenticated cases have been proved, but the Executive Committee has stultified itself by refraining from inflicting the requisite fine and punishment. Of course it largely depends on the office to which the rebater is attached, what is done to him. If he works for an insignificant agency he is at once disposed of without apology, but if his premiums are turned over to any one of the big English or American managers, there is extreme hesitation before action is taken. It is well known that most of the trouble in the Compact is the result of rebating. Otherwise everything is on a comparatively sound basis, and affairs are running more smoothly than they have in years. It is evident, however, that if efforts are not made to suppress this particular evil the old complaints will break out again. This means the recurrence of rumors about disruption and the general uneasiness of feeling to which they give rise.

* * *

There is general complaint among underwriters of the quietness of business. There seems to be a falling off both in lines and in risks, a state of affairs that does not tend to raise the atmosphere of California Street. Several of the offices have been compelled to reduce forces and if the depression continues there will be a good many applicants for insurance positions around.

* * *

The Western Agents of the New York Life Insurance Company had a convention and love feast in Chicago early in March at the Auditorium; about 200 were present. Papers on different subjects connected with the business were read at the sessions and the whole terminated with a grand banquet on the evening of the tenth. The new President of the Company came from New York to meet the agents, and made a sensible and forcible after dinner speech, outlining the course of management he purposed pursuing. He was enthusiastically welcomed by the western representatives, and presented at the banquet with 1300 applications for insurance, amounting to over four and a quarter millions of dollars. This, as stated by Third Vice-President Perkins, is the largest amount ever presented at one time to a life insurance company.

In a very happy speech Vice-President Perkins alluding to the Company's troubles, told this story. During the *Times* struggle, a New York Life man departed for the hereafter and on arriving was surprised at the surroundings similar to those he had departed from. This he thought, strange. Not a familar face around. At last he saw an old Northwestern friend who apparently had become a Gentleman Angel. He said, "How is this? No change. Why, I feel as though I was home working for the New York Life. Is there no way I can let the rest of the boys know that if they do die during the *Times* fight they can still get here to heaven?"

"Heaven!" said the Gentlemen Angel. "Heaven! This is not Heaven; this is Hell."

This same Vice-President Perkins is an insurance genius. Though only thirty years of age he has worked up to his present position from the position of office boy. Doubtless he will be heard from hereafter.

* * *

The State Investment has filed with the Insurance Commissioner its corrected statement. The assets are reduced $13,329, leaving then $660,929. The liabilities are increased $31,907—the books showing unearned premiums above the total presented in the statement. The capital stock of the concern is 400,000. It can by law stand an impairment of 25 per cent before the Commissioner can withdraw its license. Now the impairment is shown at $40,857. This is a moderate estimate. There is some talk of the deficiency being made good, but this means that the stockholders put their hands in their pockets and produce the amount. This is improbable. The best course to pursue would be to reduce the capital to $200,000, cut off all but the premiums collectable, and commence to build up its business on a firm basis. Perhaps the best policy, should a course of this character be decided on, would be to change the management. An underwriter at the helm might revive the concern's fortunes.

LOCAL.

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Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—April 18th, 1892, S. S. "Geo. W. Elder."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Tuesday, April 5, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, May 21, at 3 P. M.

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ALEXANDER CENTER,
General Agent.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"I'm sure it's true! I saw the names in the list of passengers by the *Hydaspes*, and the old bearer told my ayah that there was a 'memsahib' coming."

Mrs. Commissioner de Forret and Mrs. General Gupper were discussing in the ladies' reading-room of the club at the Indian station of Noluck the surprising intelligence that was electrifying the community.

There was no longer any doubt about it. Mr. Hurrell, the judge, who had gone home to England on three months' privilege leave, was returning with a wife. It was astonishing, incredible!

Let the European reader at once disassociate any idea of the venerable majesty of the law with an Indian judge. Specimens are to be found as young as briefless barristers nearer the shadow of the Law Courts. One has obtained undying fame as a polo-player, and another as a pig-sticker. Mr. Hurrell emulated none of these. His outward man was of uncertain age, heavy-looking, and plain. But the Society of the South-Eastern Provinces, in the commission of which he was, cherished him as one of her brightest ornaments. As a wit and a *raconteur* he was sought for at every big and little dinner. Noluck, which had now rejoiced in the light of his countenance for some months, was—especially the female part of it—in despair.

Not that any of the unattached had ever in their wildest dreams aspired to marrying him. No one could ever associate Mr. Hurrell and marriage together. But of flirting capabilities there was no end.

There was mourning in the messes and clubs—Hurrell was such good company. Both sexes sighed for the snug little dinners (such cooking, such stories!) which would now be things of the past.

They arrived (yes, it was they, beyond a doubt), and the following day she loomed, large and fair and placid, upon the horizon of the Noluck world, driving up the Mall in the judicial barouche, with red-turbaned grooms armed with yak's tails whisking the flies off her golden tresses.

Two days later Mr. Hurrell took her round, calling, after the good old Indian custom, in the very heat of the day, between twelve and two. Society was instantly divided in its opinions about her. The women were captivated by her new clothes. ("Paris, you may be quite sure," said Mrs. General Gupper, whose frocks were all made by a cross-legged tailor in the veranda.) The men, on the other hand, were taken with this beautiful, calm, Juno-like creature, with exquisite complexion, and speaking eyes, languishing under half-lowered lids. And such a neck and shoulders!

"Only much too much of a good thing, I should say," sneered Mrs. Commissioner de Forret, after a big dinner she had given in the Hurrells' honor, and on whom the Indian climate has a disintegrating effect.

But as the men predominated over the other sex in Noluck—as, indeed, they do everywhere in Indian Society—Mrs. Hurrell had a success, especially among the younger men, who, as a rule, like well-ripened charms.

Another point in her favor, and which went far toward disarming the women, was the discovery that Mr. Hurrell was in no wise deteriorated by marriage. His wings were not in the least clipped—in fact, he soared to flights as brilliant as before, or more so. The little dinners were resumed. His fair friends found themselves as welcome as ever, while all the world was chuckling over the last new funny story that Hurrell had brought out from home.

Of course, as regarded Hurrell, all this was admired and applauded. With the usual immunity of his sex, he might commit larceny over any quantity of quadrupeds. But woe betide madame if the Mrs. Grundys, the self-constituted lord chamberlains and guardians of the morals of Noluck, had found her even hovering near the stable gate.

But no fear. Mrs. Hurrell, with exquisite seamanship, trimmed her sails precisely so as to float as near the wind as possible, and yet so as not to raise the faintest breeze which might flutter the dovecots of Noluck. If there is anything in the old proverb about safety in numbers, Mrs. Hurrell was as safe as a church. But then a pretty woman has no difficulty about numbers in India, which is always the flirt's happy hunting ground.

But as the merry month of May drew near apace, Noluck (in the physical meaning of the word alone, be it quite understood) grew too hot for her. Houses were being taken in the hills, the feminine portion of the European population was packing up, and men's thoughts turned to the slaying of pigs, and of leave home.

Naturally, Mr. Hurrell was entitled to no leave; his thoughts ran on club hot-weather whist. But a man would have been a brute who should condemn a complexion like Mrs Hurrell's to the shriveling effects of the hot weather. Mrs. Hurrell went to the hills.

There must be something very enervating, morally as well as physically, to the European constitution, in the atmosphere of that naughty little nook among the rhododendrons, Simree. A few hundred English men and women, with mostly nothing to do, are crowded together over a few square miles of mountain side for weeks on end, as on a large ship—and we all know who it is who then sets to work, chuckling, to provide mischief for the idlers. But, perhaps, if Mephistopheles were to run up thither for a few days from the Lyceum, he would return with a melancholy arching of his eyebrows and declare the place too bad for him.

When Philip Avebury, a subaltern of the Dumbartonshire Regiment, was sent up to Simree, on two months' leave, after a bad attack of fever, his evil star led him to put up at the Highcliffe Hotel. This was the very headquarters of all the fun and the racket and the noisiness and the naughtiness of Simree—in fact, it had been honored with a little stanza all to itself by the local Bunthorne when the Amateur Dramatic Company put "Patience" on the boards. It ran thus:

A Highcliffe Hotel young man,
A kiss-and-don't-tell young man,
A take 'em to Morrison's and feed 'em on bonbons,
A do-himself-well young man.

Philip Avebury was a dark-eyed, melancholy youth of pensive appearance and slightly artistic tendencies, and with plenty of money and good prospects. He posed as the interesting invalid. As such, it was, of course, very much better for him that he should ride out quietly by the side of Mrs. Hurrell's palanquin, through quiet ravines and along lonely mountain paths, than tire himself over cricket or tennis with the giddy throng by the Assembly Rooms. They said they were collecting butterflies, of which gorgeous specimens are to be found in the Himalayas. But Mrs. Hurrell had made rather a good collection of her own, among the human specimens, before Philip Avebury's arrival. But she put them all away now, and devoted herself to helping him.

Mrs. General Gupper was spending a rather dull hot weather at Noluck. The station was very empty, save of men. There was no one to talk about. Imagine her delight when the post brought her a real ripe bit of scandal from her friend Mrs. de Forret at Simree.

"I should never have believed it—no, never! But it's perfectly true. Colonel Smith met them riding down the hill together to the railways as he came up, and the woman actually bowed. Poor, dear Mr. Hurrell, I quite feel for him! Such a blow! And they say she hasn't paid for a thing in Simree, and has bills all over the place; and you know how she dresses! That Mr. Avebury is certainly a very good-looking young man, I must say. People say they've gone to Australia, and that he has sent in his papers. Of course he'd be obliged to; the Dumbartonshire couldn't stand it. Well, I am surprised! But it really serves Mr. Hurrell right. At his time of life, and with his knowledge of women, how could he——?" etc.

The story was all over the north of India in a few days, for Hurrell was a well-known man. With amendments and embroideries various it grew and grew, forming a pleasant topic of conversation now the rains had set in and everyone's spirits languished. It had been such a flagrant, open, and above-board elopement. Now, in India, great virtue is attached to a rider locally added to the seventh commandment, "if thou be found out."

But this affair was done in the light of day. There was not even any finding out required (worse luck for the gossips). Under the circumstances, it was naturally irresistible for the residents of Simree to have a fling at the culprit, notwithstanding the fact that many of them resided in glass houses.

How Mr. Hurrell took it—whether it was indeed true that he had rushed up to Simree on the first hint of the business—that the two *dak gharrys* had met *en route* at a change of horses, and that Mrs. H. had had to lean back in her carriage to avoid being recognized by her husband—Noluck never knew; for just at this crisis the Goddess of Red Tape who presides over the Government of India swooped down upon him and carried him off, in her peculiarly sudden and unmeaning fashion, to officiate for somebody or other somewhere else.

En revanche, at the beginning of the cold weather, with the departure of the punkah-coolies, the advent of the globe-trotters, and the return of the dwellers in the hills, Noluck and Mrs. de Forret experienced a really startling sensation. The Dumbartonshire Regiment marched in to relieve the Duchess of Devonshire's Scilly Highlanders, and with them came Lieutenant Philip Avebury, and with Lieutenant Avebury came—Mrs. Hurrell!

Society at Noluck, including, of course,

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everybody who had known her there, and those who had been with her up at Simree, drew their virtuous garments around them, and passed her by on the other side.

A great personage, who was there playing at soldiering in the East, and as such ruled supreme in Noluck cantonments as brigadier-general, was much scandalized and perturbed. Being himself a pattern of domestic virtue in a family which, both in the present and past generations, had not been noted for the same (though his mother had always been a great stickler for propriety), he felt himself bound to send for Avebury, and remonstrate with him on the presence of Mrs. Hurrell in his bungalow. If he could only have seen how the yellow-haired one laughed, when she read the official letter delivered in hot haste by the orderly!

Avebury arrayed himself in uniform and sword, and cantered leisurely down to the General's bungalow. He was a man of few words, and the latter had to do all the talking, which embarrassed him, as he was not used to giving wiggings.

"Mr. Avebury—um—I have sent for you—um—to remonstrate with you on the presence—um—um—um. I have been creditably informed that you have—um—a lady—um—living with you—um, um—a Mrs. Hurrell——"

"Pardon me, sir, not Mrs. Hurrell."

"What do you mean, sir?—the wife of Mr. Hurrell, the judge—I am—um—not aware that he has instituted any—um—divorce proceedings—um——"

"No, sir," replied Avebury quietly. "He couldn't do that!"

"How—a—what? Please explain, Mr Avebury."

"Well, sir, she was never was his wife to divorce——"

"Not his wife! What do you mean? Who is she?"

"Mine, sir, now. We were married last month."—*From "Indian Idyls."*

A TRUE ARTIST.

C. F. DAVIS.

A maiden I know, of emotional mold,
Who might, perchance, capture my heart,
Were it not that an obstacle stands in the way,
She's been wedded this long time to Art!

On chiaro-oscuro effects she dilates,
Till I tremblingly wonder, what next?
She is good for an hour, whenever she takes
The impressionist school for a text.

O'er "a nice bit of canvas," she frequently raves,
And she prattles of Rembrandt effect;
Indeed, when once started, with art for her theme,
I hardly know what to expect.

I think, though, she's really an artist at heart,
For, in talking of Titian, she said:
"It was such hair as yours that he most loved to paint."
It had always before been called red.

A FINE CHANCE.

The attention of capitalists and investors generally is called to the splendid opportunity offered for investments in the auction of that fine property fronting on Broadway and Fourteenth Streets, Oakland. This property is located in the heart of the business centre of that city, and will, without doubt, materially advance in price from now on, as Oakland is going ahead in point of population and improvements quite rapidly.

The Grand Central Wine Rooms are located at 16 Third Street. Here can be found the choicest, oldest, rarest of wines and liquors. Call at this famous resort and satisfy yourself.

LAWN TENNIS.

The first club tournament of the California Tennis Club for the elegant silver cup presented by that organization, to be won five times before becoming the property of the winner, took place three months ago, and was won by C. P. Hubbard, of Oakland, and from that time on the members, particularly the younger element, took a lively interest in the quarterly event.

The second event for this trophy took place on Saturday and Sunday last at the Club's beautiful courts at the corner of Bush and Scott Streets. The rain on Saturday evening made the courts quite damp, which caused quite a delay in Sunday's programme, and it was owing to this that the final match had to be postponed until to-morrow, something not usually heard of in connection with the California Tennis Club, who have established an enviable reputation for finishing their many tournaments without any postponements.

The playing on Saturday last was of the tiptop order, and the younger players, who have been practicing considerably for the event, showed to good advantage.

The playing of Hobart and Harry Stetson was remarkably brilliant throughout; the latter succumbing to Hoffman, only after a hard battle, by a score of 9-7; 4-6; 6-4. A difference, in the aggregate, of only two games.

Wilberforce and Tobin met in what proved a surprise party to all present, owing to the easy manner in which the English player walked off with the contest by a score of 6-3; 6-3. Tobin played in his usual style, but Wilberforce drove the sphere past him repeatedly, and this, coupled with his unusually clever smashing and placing, was too strong a combination for Tobin to solve.

Gus Taylor met Harry Haight on Saturday, this being the third time that they were pitted against each other in tournaments, the first of which was won by Haight and the second by Taylor. The latter very much unlike his brother, is not what may be termed a reliable player, but there are occasions where his playing is on a par with the best players in the Club; in this contest and throughout the tournament, until beaten by Collier, his placing, driving, serving, and smashing, was a revelation to the spectators; he not only defeated Haight, thus establishing his much doubted (by Oaklanders) superiority over this player, but also disposed of Wilberforce in what proved to be one of the closest contests ever witnessed on the Club courts; the score at the finish reading 7-5; 1-6; 7-5. A curious thing about the score is that Wilberforce won sixteen games to fifteen for Taylor.

W. B. Collier, Jr., one of the Club's most enthusiastic players, and a player who practices with more care than any of the local players, found great consolation by defeating both Harron and Hobart, two very promising players, but his subsequent victory over Gus Taylor was entirely unlooked for. Collier played a steady game throughout; his returns of many of Taylor's best drives seemed to disconcert his opponent, and after winning the first set by 7-5 he found it an easy task to capture the second set by a score of 6-2.

Hubbard was lucky in drawing against easy snaps, with the exception of Ogden Hoffman with whom he had his hardest match. In the first set, of which, as usual, Hoffman played a brilliant game, especially at the net where some hot rallies took place which reminded a great many of the clever first set that these players had at San Rafael last year. Hubbard's strokes seemed to improve as he warmed up, and after winning the first set by a score of 7-5, went straight ahead and won the second in capital style by six games to three.

The only match left to be played between Hubbard and Collier, was by the consent of both parties postponed until to-morrow, when a large crowd will, no doubt, witness the final struggle.

Unless something unforseen should happen, Hubbard's name will again be placed upon the cup, and unless W. Taylor or Yates should enter in the next three tournaments there is a strong possibility of five straight victories going to the Oakland man.

George V. Gray left last week for the East to be absent for about six weeks, he may possibly find time to engage some of the Eastern cracks in a contest. Gray, known as Slocum of the Pacific Coast, would give the original Slocum, of New York, an interesting go.

W. H. Taylor, Jr., and C. P Hubbard, Coast champion and winner of last year's all-comers respectively, have played some interesting sets of late at the California Club grounds.

It looks as if every club in the vicinity of San Francisco will copy the Stetson scheme that will soon be tried by the California Club.

President Linderman, of the California Club, since his return from Mexico, has been seen often on the courts where he wields his racket as usual to the dismay of all who have the nerve to play on the opposite side of the net.

The contract let by the Oakland Tennis Club calls for the completion of the courts by April 18th, but it is quite probable that the grand opening will be deferred until some time in May, when it is thought that some of the best players on the Coast will meet in exhibition contests. The new clubhouse of the Oakland Club, with a high and lower balcony for spectators, will be a new fad in local tennis architecture, but not new to the Coast as the Santa Monica Casino has such a clubhouse on their courts.

Tom Driscoll, of the Oakland Club, left for a visit of three months to China on Saturday last, he will be here in time for the championship contests, however.

The Madison Club members were out in force during the past week. English, the Club champion is rapidly improving his smashing stroke and promises ere long to equal Hubbard in this respect.

The new Oakland courts will have the Linderman straps on their nets instead of using the wire rods. It is strange that the other clubs do not adopt the clever ruse of holding the nets at the proper height.

The scorer's stand and desk of the Oriole Tennis Club, San Lorenzo, is the neatest, most complete affair of the kind that has yet been seen on this Coast and was constructed on the ideas of one of the lady members of the Club.

The membership roll of the Oakland Tennis Club is filling up rapidly, the list at present containing about 150 names.

This year's championship singles will begin on July 1st, and the finals will take place on the 4th.

McGavin will not take part in any of the championship events this year.

Tobin has not practiced much of late, but will soon commence in earnest to prepare himself for July 4th.

The doubles event promises to be very exciting in September next, and, although a far way off, it would be well for players to select their partners and practice in doubles instead of giving all their attention to singles. In past tournaments doubles have been sorely neglected, and it is about time that San Francisco should have at least four capital teams to hold its own against those of other towns.

Should Wilberforce continue to improve his game it is more than likely that he will prove quite a factor in the championship games next July.

The mixed doubles event of two years ago were won by Miss Susie Morgan and Ogden Hoffman at San Rafael, and were very exciting; it is probable that this event may be put on the programme next September in addition to the other events.

The good showing made by Collier was no doubt brought about by many pointers given him by Champion Taylor previous to the games.

THE SCORER.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

They are still harping on Hill. The Stockton *Independent* says: "There is still a 'plentiful lack' of confirmation of Hill's withdrawal from the Presidential race. Democratic papers are naturally suspicious of the rumor, which rests on the authority of a Republican paper. Hill is likely to plague the Cleveland faction until the end."

This is the talk! It's a trifle early; but the San Jose *Phœnix* wants it to be in time: "The citizens, for the present, unmindful of Democratic or Republican national issues, have temporarily cast aside party predilections and united against the corruption in the management of our city government."

San Jose seems on the verge of an election. Here's some advice from the *San Josean*, given free to every subscriber to that bright journal: "Every Democrat in San Jose should use his best efforts to carry the election for his party this spring."

The tariff still lives to confound the Philistines. The *San Diegan* says: "The adoption of a policy favoring reciprocity is a confession on the part of the Republicans that their protective tariff policy was wrong, and we need not fear that the party of arrogant pretensions and unbounded cheek will derive any great amount of benefit from this confession of former errors."

The *Inter-Ocean* says: "Minister Salisbury was so busy looking for a division in America on the seal fisheries dispute that he neglected to look at the situation in England. He has discovered that it is quite as important to know his own country as that of the enemy."

There will be an immediate exodus to South San Francisco. The *News*, a new, bright paper in that section, makes this liberal offer: "A life-time subscription, free of all cost to the first Native Son or Daughter who will condescend to be born during the next month in the city of South San Francisco. The same inducement holds good to the first couple of our citizens who will unite themselves in the bonds of holy matrimony within the specified period."

IN A MIRROR.

No, my boy, you won't find a mirror here. I haven't the vestige of one in my rooms. I comb my hair by instinct, and adjust my necktie by rule. You think it odd? Well, I do not blame you. I suppose I am exceptional in that respect; and it is not an evidence of my lack of vanity, either. I can remember the time when a cheval glass was indispensable to me.

That was years ago, old chap, when I was young: and the glass was as necessary for my visitors as it was for myself.

Women, you say. Exactly! You have, I observe, some perspicacity. O, yes. They used to say I was a devil among the girls. It must surprise you to find a devil turned saint—or, let us say celibate, rather.

The explanation? I fear you would laugh at it. You are so practical, you know, and—well, there is just a grain of the romantic in the story, and something more than a suggestion of superstition.

To tell the truth, old fellow, I don't care to rake up the past, but as I talk to you it seems but yesterday that it happened.

She was a very beautiful girl—Madeleine. A daughter of the people, with a soul above her class. It was down in—but no, it does not matter to you where I met her. I suppose the grass grows as green in other places as it does there; the skies are as blue; the apple blossoms are as fragrant. But—ah, my boy, I doubt if ever two people loved as Madeleine and I did in those sunny days when she was wont to steal away of an afternoon from the little cottage at the end of that old elm-shaded lane, and meet me in the quiet nook we had together discovered just where the orchard merged into the wood.

It was surprising how much she knew about poetry, and how she could quote—and understandingly, too—those ancient verses of Herrick and Spenser, giving to the quaint phrasing such a pleasing interpretation by way of voice and accent as, oftentimes, to take me out of myself and carry me back two or three centuries into old English rural scenes and surroundings.

I seemed to be living in another world with her. I imagined myself Daphnis and she my Chloe.

How the summer sped away I scarcely knew, but at length a letter—a very pressing letter—called me back to town and to the prosaic grind of an artist's life, only to find that I had made but few sketches and that my material for a winter's work was considerably limited.

I began to curse myself for my weakness. It was, I admitted, a very jolly summer, but I had neglected my art to serve my indolence, my love of ease and my—yes, I do not wish to disguise it—my lower nature, my passion.

In order to make amends, I set out with a new resolve and sought an altogether different line of work in the autumnal scenery of the Canadas.

The year was midway into its last quarter when I returned to my studio to find—yes, I have it yet, stowed away somewhere—a letter from Madeleine.

Would I come to her? she asked. She needed me so very much. She was in such distress. She feared—Ah! What did she not fear?

The temptation was strong, but I put it from me. No, I said, I have already wasted too much time. My reputation depends upon my working steadily. Already I have missed one of the exhibitions. Unless I get out a picture in very short order I shall miss another.

And so Madeleine's appeal was allowed to go unanswered.

Then she came to me.

I recall it as though it were but yesterday. She was very pale, and her great blue eyes had in them a look of reproach as she came into my studio that evening just as the dusk was falling. I was fatigued with a hard day's work, and I had thrown myself down on a couch for a half hour's doze before going out for dinner.

"I have come," she said, "to ask you to keep your promise to me."

"My promise!" I repeated—ah, how well I remember my words!—"my promise? I do not remember any."

She did not reply, but I saw every semblance of hope die out of her face as I spoke.

Then she turned away, and I watched her for a moment standing before my cheval glass, as though she wished to see for herself the agony I had caused to be traced upon her features.

For a second I was on the verge of springing up and taking her in my arms. The next moment she had turned, and like a ghost she flitted from the room.

I was then, for the first time, really alive to the situation. I got up and rushed to the door. I could only hear her dainty footfalls as they descended the last flight of stairs two floors down.

"Madeleine! Madeleine!" I cried.

There was no reply. The footfalls grew fainter and died away.

I crossed the studio intending to light a lamp that stood in a far corner. In so doing I passed in front of the cheval glass, upon which the early-risen moon, now peeping through my bull's-eye casement, was shedding a weird silver light.

The spectacle presented caused me stop suddenly. The mirror still retained the reflection of the girl whom, not a minute before, I had seen pass from the room.

I stood transfixed. The reflected figure was actually moving. Yes, there was no doubt of it. In her hand I descried a small glittering revolver, which she deliberately raised to her temple and—

The next moment the sound of a shot, quite sharp and clear, rang out, seemingly from the street below my windows, and at the same instant, I saw the flash in the mirror, which, simultaneously, cracked into a thousand pieces.

The report seemed to rouse me to my real self. I flung open the casement and looked out. Already a crowd had gathered, and in its midst, her dead face turned towards me, I discerned the prostrate body of the woman I had wronged.

From that day to this, my friend, I have had no use for mirrors—cheval glasses in particular.—*Town Topics.*

THE RESIDENCE SUPPLEMENT.

ROUNTREE BROS.' BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

So much has been written and said about the excellent work of the well-known firm of Rountree Bros., and so familiar are the home-seekers and property owners with the numerous blocks of houses they have erected in the last few years, that it would be superfluous for THE WAVE to review it. Sufficient to say that of the 150 odd houses erected by them, no two are alike in style or architecture, and every one is a model in its particular style. When it is said no two were alike, it is not meant that they were simply painted with a different colored paint, or that the filigree work on the front porch or baywindow was different, but that the contour of the whole structure, the interior arrangement of the rooms, decorating and trimming is entirely different. Each new block seems to surpass in beauty and convenience the one just completed. After a look through the one of which an illustration appears as the supplement to this issue, one can scarcely imagine that there is any room left for improvement, and, indeed, there is not, unless one should feel inclined to spend a large fortune for a home. To this young firm is San Francisco indebted for the evolution which has taken place in the style of architecture of the homes within the last two or three years, and which is such a relief to the eye, from the old square box with a baywindow on the end fronting the street, which one was accustomed to see upon almost every thoroughfare of the city.

A brief description of the block illustrated will be of interest, standing as they do upon a light eminence, easy of access, upon Pacific Avenue, between Scott and Devisadero Streets. The houses command from the front a grand view of that aristocratic thoroughfare, Golden Gate, Bay, Alcatraz Island, and the shores of Marin and Alameda Counties, while from the back windows of the houses, that great portion of the city, the Western Addition, Mission and Potrero, present to view one of the grandest panoramas that the eye can see or imagination conceive. The entire block is nearing completion, and three of the homes are already occupied. As will be seen by the elevation, each one differs materially in size and contour from its neighbor; they range in number of rooms from fourteen to twenty-four, to convey a correct idea of these houses they would have to be described separately, but space will not permit; take the smallest one, for example, which, by the way, contains twelve rooms, exclusive of the basement, which contains a large ballroom, servants' room, storeroom, furnace-room, wineroom, and laundry. On entering the house, through a large tiled vestibule and oaken doorway, you are received in the entrance hall, and the first things that strike the eye are the beautiful inlaid floor, grill arch, and frescoed ceiling (real hand painting); this leads into the reception hall, 18x24 feet, with its wood-paneled ceiling, grand staircase, and mantel; on either side are folding doors leading. on the one side, into the drawing-room—beautifully finished in white and gold—and on the other side, into the dining-room, finished in quartered oak, the sideboard, mantel, and paneling being of elegant design and richly carved; through a large, spacious butler's pantry, which contains a sink and shelves and drawers galore, the kitchen and breakfast-room are reached, and are large and well lighted, being, in fact, the brightest rooms in the house, as they should be, and contain all the conveniences known to modern architecture. From these rooms the basement and rooms upstairs are reached by a well-lighted rear hallway and staircases.

The upstairs portion contains seven chambers and two bathrooms, all furnished in natural woods and decorated. The plumbing is made one of the principal studies of these houses, the vents all being on the outside, and all open work and exposed pipes in interior being encased in nickel-plated pipes; the bathtubs are of porcelain, and the closets are of the finest eastern bank patterns.

Three of these elegant homes will be for sale on the instalment plan, for a short time only.

Rountree Bros.' office is at 303 Montgomery Street, where they can always be found, or Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., at 407 Montgomery Street, who have been appointed their agents, will be glad to furnish particulars. In addition to the above Rountree Bros. are erecting four magnificent residences on the corner of Washington and Buchanan Streets, which will cost, when finished, from $20,000 to $35,000 each. They will be illustrated in THE WAVE at a later date.

SOME OF BELVEDERE'S ADVANTAGES.

It seems not a little strange that the people of this city should have so long been in ignorance of the advantages that Belvedere has over all other summer resorts about San Francisco. Within thirty minutes of the city, this charming island enjoys a climate peculiarly its own, entirely free from fogs and cold winds, and as balmy as that which blesses the Peaceful Isles. Within a year, Belvedere has come into prominence, and villa lots are eagerly sought. Some of the prettiest residences in the State have been erected there, and next week work will be commenced on many new houses. There is certainly no more delightful place in California for a country home, and the weather is so moderate that many persons live there all the year round. A trip to the island will repay you. Carriages meet every boat arriving at Tiburon, and visitors will be shown over the property. Every convenience and comfort is found on the island. The water is sweet and pure, the sewerage is first-class, the roads are the best in the State, and there is an excellent hotel and restaurant.

NEW STYLES IN STATIONERY.

The splendid assortment of stationery shown by Sanborn, Vail & Co., is the largest and most varied in the city, and the business done in this one item since this firm moved into its spacious store on Market street, opposite Grant Avenue, is probably larger than that done by all the other dealers in the city combined. Whatever is necessary to the correct appointment of a lady's secretaire is found here, in pretty profusion, and in all the latest styles. Among the novelties are Hurd's Bond paper, a full line of Crane's superfine papers, sealing wax, paper cutters, and whatever else is needful. The excellent assortment of Easter cards will tempt you to buy here; the varieties are so numerous that the most opposite tastes will be satisfied. Artistic novelties for decorative purposes are always in stock, and the many excellent etchings and engravings should be seen. In every department Sanborn, Vail & Co. show the latest and best art goods.

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San Rafael, - - - Marin Co., Cal

Will Re-open on May 1st

For Accommodations, apply to

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O. M. Brennan, Mgr., Hotel Rafael

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HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE GRAND OFFERING OF BUSINESS PROPERTY

—FRONTING ON—

Broadway and Fourteenth St., - - Oakland, California.

At Auction, Saturday, April 9th, 1892, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the Grounds.

Carefully Weigh the Grand Opportunity of this Sale!

13 LOTS

25x100 FEET EACH

In the Business Centre of Oakland!

NOTE THE UNUSUAL TERMS!

One-Tenth Cash, One-Tenth on June 9th, 1892, and the balance in Four Equal Yearly Payments, with interest at 8 per cent per annum on deferred payments.

Ordinarily, such property as this would be sold entirely on a Cash basis, making it impossible for any one to purchase except Capitalists with large amounts of ready money. The Easy Terms we offer place the **Finest Business Lots in Oakland** within the reach of the Merchant and parties who have money in savings banks and other securities. Think of it! One-Tenth Cash and Four Years on the Balance.

CENTRAL BUSINESS PROPERTY

Is always the safest investment, and the steady rise in values, which is sure to come to the property at **Fourteenth and Broadway**, will make the person wealthy who purchases one or more of these elegant lots.

Absolutely the Highest Rents in Oakland can be had from Stores on these Subdivisions.

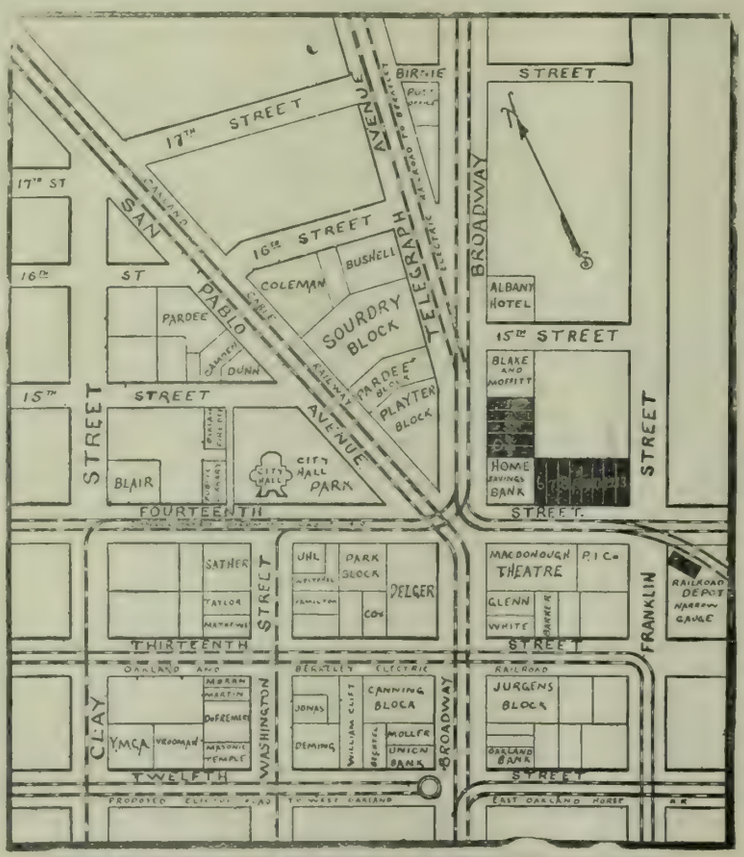

Diagram Showing Property to be sold SHADED BLACK and Numbered from 1 to 13 Inclusive.

MERCHANTS

Can own their own stores by taking advantage of the Easy Terms on which this property is offered, and make the interest on the unpaid portion of the purchase price act as their monthly rent, and thus secure to themselves the large increase in property values which is bound to take place.

THE NEW MACDONOUGH BUILDING and THEATRE

Which will cost about $300,000, is being constructed upon the opposite corner, and a new

STEEL BUILDING

Four or Five Stories high, will immediately be erected by **The Home Savings Bank**, which recently purchased the corner lot in this property. These improvements alone, together with the

SOLID BRICK STRUCTURES

On all the other corners and in the immediate vicinity, will act to the great advantage of purchasers of these elegant lots, and will make the property for all time to come the Business Centre of Oakland.

Those who have money invested in Savings Banks: Do not be without one or more of these lots in the Most Central Business Block in Oakland. Banks may fail, and stocks may depreciate in value, but never in the History of the United States has first-class Business Property gone backward; but on the contrary, has steadily appreciated.

DON'T FORGET THE DAY!

Saturday, April 9th, 1892

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M., ON THE GROUNDS

Make arrangements beforehand and come prepared to buy in the best business block of Oakland. All the street-car, cable and electric lines leading out of the city and draining a population of at least one hundred thousand, can be boarded directly in front of this magnificent corner.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE, 460 and 462 Eighth Street, OAKLAND

OR EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO., 638 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

It is with the greatest satisfaction I note that ginghams—sweet, dainty, becoming ginghams—are to be chosen in preference to all other summer fabrics for morning costumes at the seaside, in the mountains, or, in fact, at any place where an excuse can be made to don a cool, airy frock. Now the girls have only to exercise a little judgment in the matter of color and make, and the result cannot fail to be satisfactory alike to plain Miss Smallpurse, or that most fortunate being, the Maid of High Degree, with a good substantial bank account all her own.

* * *

But let me beg that you will not make the fatal error of having your frock made as though the design were intended for a woolen or silk material. Gingham is the most satisfactory wash goods in the world, and consequently, it is quite the proper thing to have if made up to suit that purpose. Simple skirts should be the rule, and for trimmings handsome embroideries and heavy laces are the favorites on the French models; and the belts—don't forget them. But you can't, as they are indispensable. Your fancy can have full scope in this item if your allowance will permit. One of those flexible, silver girdles would be charming with a light violet gingham, or if you cannot venture into such extravagance, and you have chosen, for instance, a pink and white stripe, like a dainty Scotch make I saw in the City of Paris window last week, have a narrow golden brown velvet belt with a small silver clasp, and let your hat be faced in brown velvet and trimmed in clover blossoms, and you will be delighted with the result. Then there are dainty white leather belts, studded with silver fleur-de-lis, lizzard skin in broad bands, and pig skin in narrow, and the girl who is fortunate enough to possess one of the Russian girdles in gold and enamel is sure to be gazed at with envy by those less fortunate. Please do be cautious, however, and remember that if your waist be long and slender you should wear a belt exceeding two inches in width, and for the little woman with a short waist the narrowest should be selected.

* * *

The spring girl (writes a New York authority) is with us as sweet as the forced violets she wears on her breast. She is tall, superbly tall. She has to be to wear the striped skirt she affects, with its lines zigzaging around her. The skirt is dark rather than light in color, to contrast happily with the box coat of palest tan, and is just long enough to make carrying it in the hand imperative, for beneath the skirt is the bright bit of color in the petticoat that completes the costume, as high lights finish a picture. The coat is extremely mannish in every detail, and is finished with two rows of huge white pearl buttons down the front. The hat is of straw, quite large and dark, that it may not detract from the effect of the light coat and bright ruffles of the petticoat. Of course, she must have a tightly rolled red or blue umbrella, a pair of Russian red gloves, and with a bunch of violets, or one big American rose on her breast, she is a thing of beauty, and a joy to gaze upon.

* * *

To be fashionable one should wear only a suggestion of a fluffy bang on the forehead, and to be elegant the hair should be loosely but entirely confined from the face.

MME. X.

Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Its Agents are found throughout America, and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established.

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J. B. LEVISON, Marine Sec'y — LOUIS WEINMANN, Assistant Sec'y — STEPHEN D. IVES, General Agent

FIRE — THE CALIFORNIA Insurance Company. — MARINE

CASH ASSETS - - - - - - - - - $1,316,535.73

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Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London
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Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets - -	$9,031,04
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America -	$1,956,53

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Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

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SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980 251.00

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Finest Wedding Cakes.

Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty.

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These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages aside from the fit, are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances, injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak. Perfectly free from any poisonous ingredients. Its application is followed by a quick relief, and a few applications produce a cure. **A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.**

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Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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FRESNO GOSSIP.

DEAR WAVE—The past week is on date as the quintessence of inactivity. If this is the "time of times" when our thoughts and deeds are all of goodness and repentence, I wonder when the time is more propitious for wickedness to creep into us? His Satanic majesty could find an expansive field wherein to furnish mischief for idle hands in this section of the world. Our 150 is compelled by force of circumstances to (outwardly) observe Lent, which puts a quietus on any fun we might indulge in, and we are too lazy or selfish to indulge in small charities of the sewing or poor visiting club kind, consequently we suffer most maddening *ennui*. So long as I am compelled to remain in town, to keep my eagle eye on the $400, I really believe I'll have to get up a mild flirtation with Lee or Frank. They aren't hampered with that insufferable creatnre, "a best girl," so I'll not incur the hatred of any of my sex if I indulge with them in a drive or a dainty dinner at the Barton Café, which, by the way, is about the only place in town where one can have all the dainties and delicacies of the season and perfect service, in exclusive quarters, without losing one's reputation.

Speaking of reputations, reminds me of a story a guest of mamma's told last evening; she said she met a lady in San Francisco, who had recently visited Fresno, and on telling her of her contemplated visit to our lovely city, the lady held up her hands in horror and said: "Well, if you have such an antiquated thing as a reputation and you value it, for Heaven's sake put it under lock and key when you go to Fresno, or you'll lose it." Now, just imagine our Society having such a reputation abroad. I am quite sure if visitors here display a proper appreciation of the word, we would be the last to take their reputations from them, and I know of some cases where folks have come here without a thread of that so-called antiquated article, and we have, after trial, so appreciated the reformation in their characters that we have patched up quite a respectable apology for the aforesaid antiquity and presented it to them. Then anyone dares say a reputation is not safe here, ugh! That makes me mad! If outsiders must give us a dig, let it be through the triangle, for the Lord knows we deserve all people can say of us for permitting such an offensive thing to exist in our midst.

The Union Club isn't flourishing as I thought it would; it seems there are but few men willing to carry another club on their shoulders when it's to cost several times over the yearly assessments of the Tennis, Driving, and '89-'90 Clubs. I don't believe in it anyhow; men have "excuses" enough for late hours without adding this last.

Little Jimmy wasn't so far off after all, when Arsnic corroborates his choicest bit of gossip by saying, "She knew it long ago and could have told you so." Well, if someone doesn't give a social affair worth chronicling soon I'll have to let Mr. Jimmy resume his occupation, for he can furnish more news when there's nothing to write of than any one I know.

I believe Mrs. Dr. Maupin did entertain her married friends at an afternoon tea last week, and two or three small, dull dinners were given.

Handsome Herbert Austin engineered a picnic party to the river last Sunday. The rain dampened the girls' pretty spring hats, but not the spirits of the jolly crowd. Herbert found the seat quite wide enough for three, when the pretty school marm was the third. Wonder when that wedding is coming off between pretty Effie and "Herbie dear."

The Drews will be here Friday evening. I trust Society will get out of its shell for this event at least.

In April we have the Marine Band of Washington, that's a treat worth anticipating, as well as the Bostonians, with considerable pleasure. As ever,

IMP.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Martin, Morrison & Co., at 118 Geary St., have refitted and now have the finest funeral parlors on the coast.

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

Where Summer lingers all the year;
Nature's own garden,

BELVEDERE

California has no more charming spot than this, the Opal of the Bay of San Francisco. It

IS

Bound to be the Tuxedo of the West; the haunt of the Society of California, in a

VERY

Short time. Its natural advantages are unexcelled; no fogs, nor high wind; good water, splendid roads,

BEAUTIFUL

Vistas, soft and balmy air, temperate climate, in which grow all tropical fruits and flowers. You

NOW

should visit the Peninsula; carriages meet the Tiburon boats, to carry those who desire to see the splendid villa lots. Some very handsome houses have been erected here.

TEVIS & FISHER,

14 Post Street, are the Agents.

SYSTEMS—"Slattery" Induction: "Wood" Arc. FACTORIES—Fort Wayne, Indiana: Brooklyn, New York.

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Estimates furnished for Electric Railways, Electric Light and Steam Plants, House Wiring, etc. Marine Work a Specialty.

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Searby's Hygienic Skin Soap

A most excellent article for general Toilet use. Is bland, gratefully perfumed, cleanses well but does not dry the skin; is fine in texture, yet gives a rich lather. Excellent for the hands and a luxury for the bath. 50 Cents a Box (4 large cakes).

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Face, neck, bust and abdominal massage a specialty. PHYSICIAN'S orders scrupulously followed.

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M. AND MME. ROECKEL

Have resumed their Private Lessons and classes at their new Vocal Rooms,

1170 Market Street, Above The Maze (Elevator)

MME. ALICE WALTZ GREY

Pupil of Signor Errani, New York, Dr. Leopold Damrosch and George James Webb, New York.

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Will receive pupils for Voice Culture at Kohler & Chase's 28-30 O'Farrell St., and is prepared to accept engagements for Concert and Oratorio.

For Terms, Etc., Call or Address

Mme. Alice Waltz Grey, 510 Taylor St., S. F

SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

STOCKTON LIFE.

MY DEAR WAVE:—Society is still in sackcloth and ashes, but thank the gods, it will not always be Lent. The 400 are busily engaged in "making" over old gowns and re-trimming their new spring hats.

Mary W—— and Mrs. George E. W——have, "like the swallows," gone south for a month, which surprises every one, considering that "Jessie" cannot be in total ignorance of what all Society has known for years, that "brown eyes" on the "Avenue" has not lost any of her old power, and that she never fails to use it when opportunity offers. It is to be hoped Mary will secure some "hay seed" who will propose, and consent to live in the "big house" with a ranch thrown into the bargain. "Matie" looked forlorn without her "friend" to-day. The "wise ones" shake their heads solemnly and say such a "pity" and "pity 'tis, 'tis true." There are those in our Society who will understand just what is meant, but should I tell you, WAVE, your propensities for "tattling" would give the tiny secret away. Some day you may know it all.

The members of the 400 who have the extremely "great honor" to have Mrs. S—— upon their calling list, are much relieved that she has finally started to the "Islands;" people have grown "nauseated" over hearing of the state of "Jessie's" health, and also what "Estelle" and "Bertha" are going to do while "mamma" is away. She canvassed the town in search of "any one" who knew "somebody" who lived in the Islands.

Eugene W——has become weary of living with "mamma," and is going to build a fine residence in the "Sperry Addition," near the "big yaller" house where dwells the "loveliest" of her sex.

Mrs. Dr. Whitney (sweet Louise Elliott) has come home on a visit, bringing with her a little golden-haired "fledgling" who may in future years entrance with her singing the old friends of her mother as *she* has done in the past. Society fondly hopes that "our own Louise" will sing for us before she returns to Boston.

It was rather an unusual occurrence for young "ladies" to come out and make speeches at a serenade. But nothing the C—— do need occasion any surprise. Kitty really married a Stockton boy.

Arthur Noble is renovating his dwelling and it will be very imposing when completed. Why do people say "poor Arthur" so much? Has it any thing in common with a "distillery" or is Society merely *retrospective?*

The Unitarians had a fine Sunday night service, "Doad" performed upon the violin and "Stately" Gertie sang in her powerful and finished manner. They are "firmly rooted" here despite the big orthodox cathedrals and their eloquent teachers.

The "swellest" club in town is going to move the majority deciding in favor of the Yosemite Theatre. Funny manner of voting they have. "Yes" for all absent members. Politicians will please take notice.

Since the press failed to benefit "Ikey" he will probably find his Appomatox at the avenging hands of an outraged father.

'Tis "murmmed" by idle "gossips" that George Langridge is again parting his hair in the middle since certain members of Fresno's 500 have returned to our city. "The memories of the past my heart with longing fills."

'Tis said that pretty little Ida Fox has been suffering from remorse of late. Why should she mind what Mrs. Grundy says, so long as "Eugene" is true. She will probably not dress so nicely as in days gone by. But "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

The Simpson "cinch" party was of no consequence whatever, so we Society people are still busy in wondering what will happen to prevent stagnation. Anywhere but Stockton, the city of the great white marble house of Justice, a public officer's failure to perform his duty is looked upon as something to condemn, and to remove him is forthwith proposed. Not so here, they not only waive all re"sponsibilities" of their office, but publish in the paper the amount paid them for "standing aside" that special administrators may control an estate.

Some people were furious at what I said last week, dear WAVE, at which I marvel much, since nothing but truth is ever mentioned by ARIADNE.

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SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

DEAR WAVE:—Although this is supposed to be the season of Lent, we have been very gay since you last heard from me. The "tea" given by Mrs. Higgins to the wife of our Governor was a great success; the house was beautifully decorated, each one having one particular color predominating, and our handsomest matrons assisted in receiving. The final party of the "Esoterics" proved most enjoyable, the hall was bright with gay streamers; what will the dear girls do now that summer is coming and they can no longer dance? Mamie Denning looked just too sweet; and I don't blame Will C— for wearing such a proud look. Frank appeared beaming and happy with Mary K—; he may yet succeed in winning Pa's consent; after all, when one gets used to it changing religion is not so hard, and I rather fancy Frank would make a good Catholic. The handsome dentist strutted around with his usual air; I was glad to see he showed such good taste in his selection, however, for Eva is one of our very nicest girls. So Effie and Charley have made it up; why don't they arrive at some decision; the men here do hang fire so, it is positively painful for the lookers-on. Altogether, there were not as many girls as there should have been; but the usual contingent of young married women was present. There is weeping and lamenting among the girls over the loss of their erstwhile companion, the genial principal of the High School; just to think of his engaging himself to that girl whom no one knows, when the marrying men are so very scarce; it is positively too dreadful. Mrs. Will Marvin has been visiting her former home, as Maye Kewen she was one of our most popular girls; always ready to act as Captain in those drills which were famous for the grace and beauty of the girls. Delia Magaun returns with her to remain for several months; she is sure to make many friends and have a thoroughly good time. Mrs. Van Fleet's "tea," given on Saturday in honor of Miss Lorenz, of Toledo, Ohio, was very pretty; the decorations in beech-wood being very unique and attractive; her sister and Mabel Cluness assisted in receiving the guests; as usual, the men were in the minority. Mr. Burke actually emerged from his usual obscurity; wonder what the attraction was, and the young physicians and dentists all showed themselves; what would the girls do without them? How pretty Ella Deming is! There is a young man, recently arrived here, who seems to think the same; he has deserted all his former loves and even accompanies her to church; the very surest proof of devotion. I hear the elder sister is to leave us soon for the Southern part of the State; she seems to have more of the good things than the younger one. We have had several whist parties lately; the most pleasant one being given by Mrs. Williams; among others there were several church people present, who are supposed to be doing penance. Mrs. O. was there; it seemed queer not to see the family friend and admirer with her; she was just as happy, though, without him, and rushed around in her usual gay manner. It does seem queer not to see Mrs. Hubbard this winter; she will probably reappear next summer. Until next week adieu. Yours,

NINA.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—As predicted in my last letter, the *mi-carême* was what the Judge would call a success, though when I received my invitation I had no idea whatever what it would be like and went prepared not to be surprised at anything from a candy pull to a ballet by the Friday Morning Club. I asked some of the older girls what *mi-carême* meant, they did not know for sure, but thought it was the Latin for fancy dress, and as everyone appeared in domino or fancy dress I guess that's what it is. I don't remember ever having seen so much originality in the selection of characters and acting them throughout the evening as was displayed by our upper-crust on this occasion.

Lack of space forbids my describing the costumes of each one of the hostesses' relatives, who represented the Twelve Tribes. Lieutenant Collins made a great hit as Jack the Giant Killer, rivaled only by Monty as Little Boy Blue, while Eddie Tufts, as the Adams Street Avenger, added another to his already long list of social triumphs, and with the exception, probably, of Frank, who went as Jo-Jo, Ed's was the best sustained character on the floor. Chadwick, as the Wandering Minstrel, showed his usual cultivated taste in his get-up. During the evening he sang "God Save the Queen" in a rich full basso voice, and immediately he began to sing the guests filed up to say good night to the hostess or strolled down to the beach to listen to the swash of the waves. The Major represented Boodle, but his disguise was penetrated as soon as he entered the room. The Cole boys, as the Two Dromios, George Denis, as Buffalo Bill, Jim Wienston, as Shylock, Dr. MacGowan, as Mephistopheles, acquitted themselves in a manner which showed they had given much study to their respective parts. By far the greater number of girls wore dominos which at best are ill-becoming and very warm. I was, indeed, glad when the time came to remove mine, for I began to feel like a boiled toad. However, it is better to go out and suffer than not to go out at all. The Judge says he is going to take us to dinner at the club, and if he does I will hear all the news, and will have food for a nice long letter for next week. Ever your,

DEBUTANTE.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, March 31st. This week has been spent in a frantic endeavor to house "The Lost Pleiad." The entire Normal School is enlisted and Principal Childs goes about like a man bereft of his senses. I don't see anything to prevent O'Connor from giving this lost lady a fine house. It seems a little odd that she should require such a fine residence unless it is intended to re-instate her in good Society. That practice has succeeded here before and those who have gained the entrée to the big houses have never said a word in regard to antecedents—ever after. The Millionaire might contribute well for this object and he could assist in adorning the walls with some fine paintings.

Astley Cooper is going away very soon. It is a good thing he immortalized the beauty of the blonde, before she changed her wig. Black isn't half as becoming as blonde hair, anyway, but then there were so many curious eyes watching the stairs.

A good many of us will miss the delightful gatherings at the Studio. Some of the most daring escapades have been celebrated there; all in the interest of art, mind you.

We are preparing for an unusual number of weddings at Easter—as Lent has furnished plenty of time for courting. Dr. S—— isn't going to marry Kathryn after all. It is Rose D—— that is to be the bride. *He* is to be envied and *she—nous verrons.*

Frank Wright and his bride elect, Miss Davis, of San Francisco, are counted among the happy couples whose future has a golden aureole. Frank is building a handsome house on Santa Clara Street, in which to commence his double blessedness. He ought to have followed W——'s example and let papa-in-law build the house. It would be more economical.

Al Flickinger has captured a Gilroy belle, who will be an acquisition to our best circles.

We have been having some quiet fun lately in watching the attempts of some people to mount a little higher. You must know that it only requires a strong nerve and persistent push to force an entrance into the very sanctorum of 400dom. So if the Doctor's wife on Julian Street keeps on, she'll "get there." She is breaking her record in her attemps to get into the Murphy clique. She is courageous as the tailor's wife and tries to camp there. To see her seated in the fine new carriage, ("the gift of our son-in-law") her face wreathed with smiles, her head airily poised, and a distainful curl on her lips as she recognizes some of her early friends, is to see a picture you will not soon forget. But she better be wary, Mrs. M—— is not a woman to take kindly to scandal because she is the embodiment of Christian charity, and some day Mrs.—— will be dropped. Rumor says that she is the one that started the stories about Mrs. Dr. P——. Dan told her in a moment of fatuous folly and she repeated it everywhere. Poor Mrs. P—— could not understand the averted looks of her friends, but murder "will out." By the way, Mrs. P—— is home from a long visit East, and was actually seen out riding with her husband.

Tennis circles begin to develop some activity. Dr. L—— called a meeting of the Club of which he is great Tycoon. Tom says a wonderful change has come over the spirit of the Doctor's dreams. He used to be severely pious, but now he is a first-rate fellow—drives a good horse, plays a good game of tennis, dresses well, and if he wasn't married would really be dangerous.

I see that the beautiful Mrs. W——w, spent a little time in your city and without Jane. She probably went to refresh herself after the severe exertion of trying to understand De Guerville's French, and the exposure of posing as Cleopatra.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, March 29, 1892. DEAR WAVE:—At last some one has come to my rescue, and I don't have to drive to San Leandro to find out about Will Meek's matrimonial intentions, but I do have to thank an unknown correspondent who, out of a tender feeling for me, or a deep interest in Will Meek's love affairs, took all the trouble to send me an anonymous letter. There is something wonderfully exciting about receiving such a communication from one whose identity it is an absolute impossibility to discover and I do hope that some more of my admirers will do likewise, but you want to hear what this unknown has to say about Will. Well, "being rich he considers himself quite a catch, and is making desperate efforts to get married." As you know, dear, he was engaged for a short time, to chic Miss Maud B—— of your city, but we all know that such an engagement could not last, as it would be out of the question for such a swell young lady with brilliant opportunities to make a worldly match, to marry a poor little Alameda County rancher, whose fortune is only a half a million of dollars, but it does seem almost incredible that he was rejected by two Oakland girls last season, for, you know, that we have the reputations of saying "Yes; and thank you" to any kind of a man that may propose to us as most of our married belles have proved. Now, "Will drives at least four time a week with a certain Eighth Street belle who is wearied by his too ardent attentions and does not like to have him around so much," so my correspondent says, but if such is the case, why does she make it so attractive for him? I dined there not long ago, and saw no signs of any displeasure; so far as I could see the young lady was flattered by his attention. Anyway, if I were Will Meek, I would bring matters to a crisis, and know my fate before another week, and if he is rejected by Miss Eighth Street, he easily can find solace at the home of Miss San Pablo Avenue, where he will be received with open arms, and gladly accepted as a son-in-law by the *paterfamilias*.

By the way, have you heard of Fannie Gamble's engagement? She is the *financée* of a Boston gentleman, and it is such a strike of good luck. She caught him on her trip to the Islands. She had better luck than the last year's party—they didn't even have a bite, and it now seems that none of them are going to be able to capture Andy. Why does he not surrender? Mamma attended the luncheon that Mrs. Frank Smith gave to the Eothen ladies and she says that it surpassed any ever given before by the charming hostess. Hetty Tubbs Henshaw was one of the guests, but did not appear at her best, possibly because she had not entirely recovered from the fatigue of her recent trip, and then her husband was only convalescent from "an attack of *la grippe* which he contracted in Russia." Doesn't that sound real foreign? The assortment of ladies in the Eothen Club always strikes mamma as being so ludicrous. They are so utterly unlike, and all have so many eccentricities, some are so painfully good and others just a little bit naughty, but I will spare their individual traits and only give their names as a club. Of course Mrs. Frank M. Smith leads the van which is followed by Mesdames Fish, Tubbs, Sessions, Phillips, Rosborough, Nichols, King, Starr, Whetherbee, Hinckley, Henshaw, White, Jackson, Lechie, Webber, Wellman, Nagle, Powning, Goodfellow, Ransome, Moore, Sessions, and mamma. Mrs. Pedar Sather enlivened the *mi-caréme* days with a card party last Friday evening, and was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Reme Chabot, Mrs. Rob Knight and Josie Chabot. The prizes were bouquets, and with my usual ill luck, I succeeded in capturing nothing but our male beauty. George Wheaton presented me with his prize, which was a lovely bunch of forget-me-nots. With a very few exceptions, only the most ultra swells were in attendance, viz., the Millers, Knowles, Deerings, Ralstons, Remillards, McKees, Mhoons, Browns, Kirkhams, Simpsons, Ransomes, Whitneys, McNears, F. M. Smiths, and many others. Kate K—— is quite sweet on Harry East Miller. What seemed strange to me was the absence of Mrs. G. W. Grayson. Can it be that the little difficulty that came up while abroad is still unforgiven? One can scarcely believe that two such lovely and Christian ladies would allow the seeds of malice and hatred to take root in their hearts, yet such seems to be the case, and they both belong to swell churches where different doctrines are supposed to be taught. Come to think of it our handsome nightingale, Ed Vingent, was not there. Why not? At one time Dame Rumor had it that he was to become the liege lord of Mrs. Pedar Sather. What could have been more *apropos*? She is fond of youth and beauty, and he—well he don't care anything about money, or he would never have allowed the prize to escape him. Do you know, dear, I am alarmed, as, by reputation, I am known as a gossip—a reformation will be the next move made by your friend FROU-FROU.

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7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
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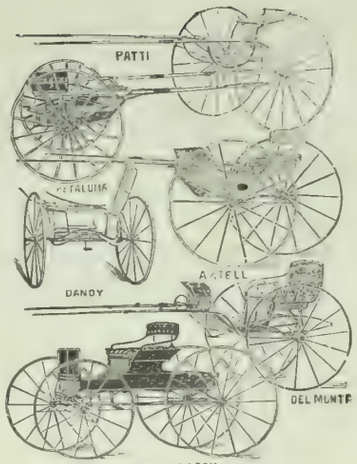

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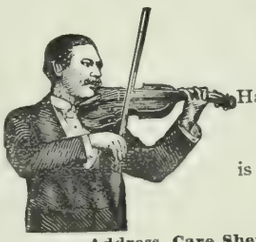

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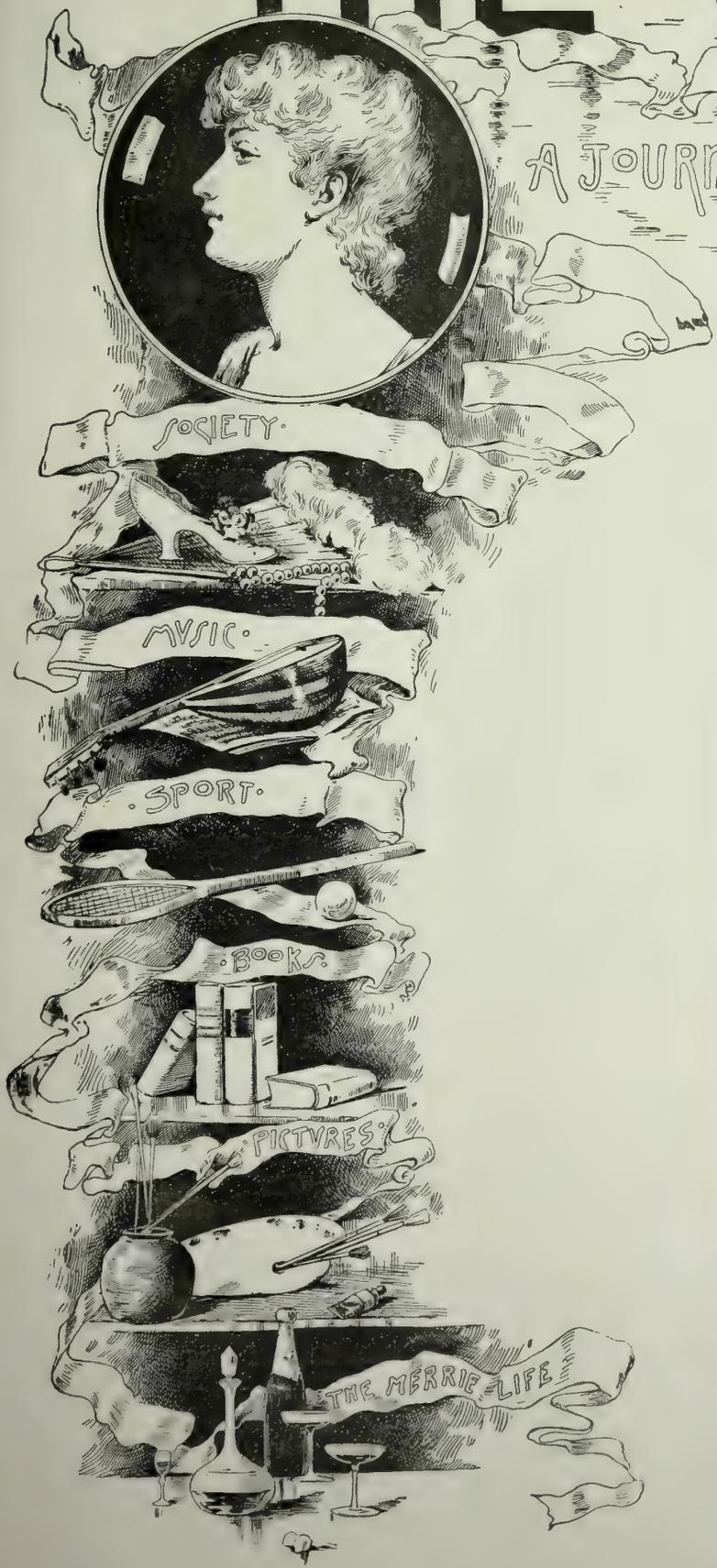

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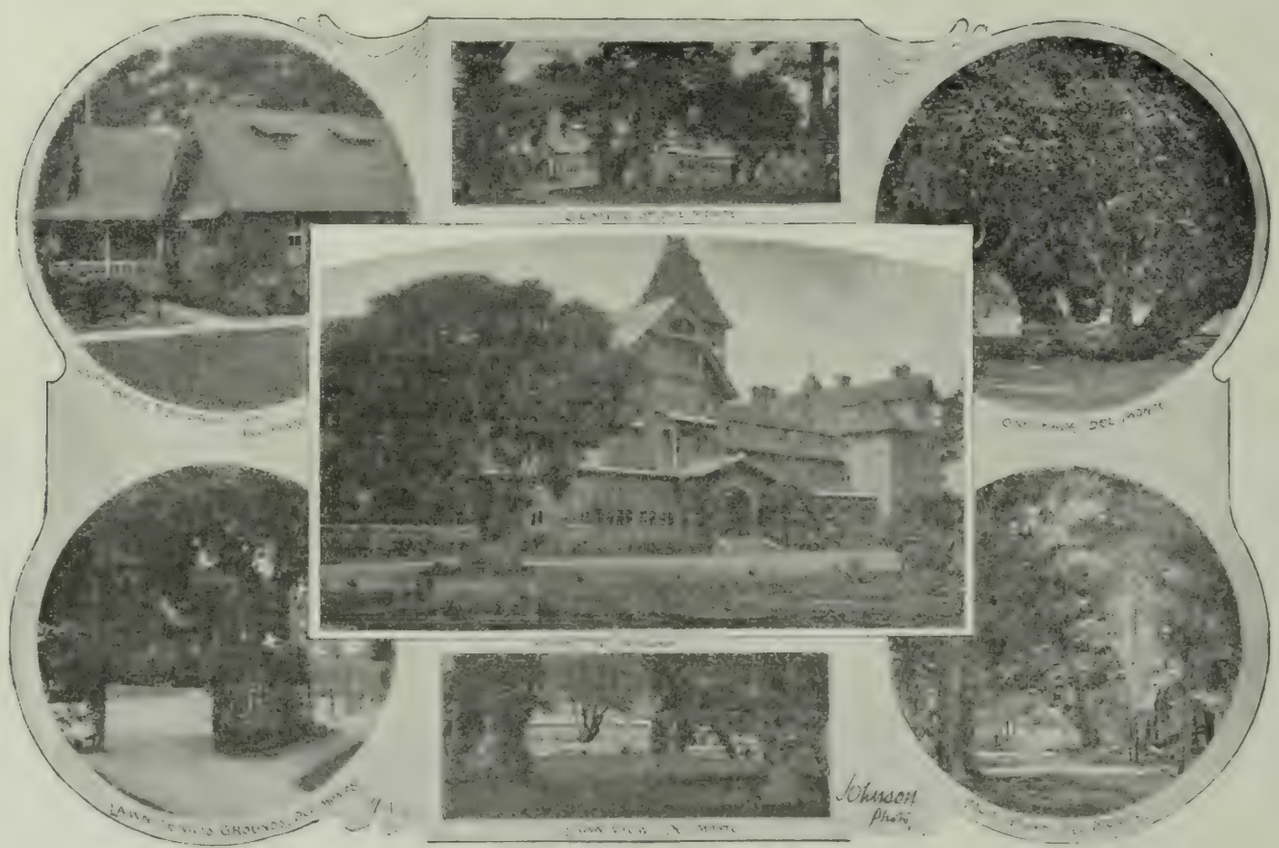

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 9, 1892.

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SPLASHES.

OUR LOCAL HERO-FOUNDRY, the Bohemian Club, is working constantly on the raw material, and is turning out the manufactured product as rapidly as the Americans produce tin-ware. The quality of hero, however, is not very good, and I must admit it does not "size up" well beside the article made in other clubs. There is something unique about the methods employed in Hero-making by the organization that has so lately removed from its coat-of-arms the owl which has been replaced by the keg of axle grease, transversed by a dollar mark rampant. There is not among the Bohemians a gradual dawning, a slow, fruitful growth of hero; one day the person is unknown, in the evening he tells a story, and that night occupies a seat with the gods of Olympus.

* * *

The Bohemian Club Heroes have strange, uneventful histories. The man who aspires to, and is endowed with a godship there, may be an exceedingly inferior person outside. He may have a hatful of head and a headful of sawdust, but with the slightest modicum of sense, a tolerably fair memory, and a pretty good delivery he may stand apart as one to be worshiped by the gentle Bohemian who writes insurance policies or sells nails in the day time, and in the evening pours forth libations of wine to the intellectual Deity. Airy persiflage, rollicking humor, *bonmots*, and good jokes, carefully prepared in advance, flow spontaneously from the lips of the wits. Inoffensive and unresponsive members are made the victims of sparkling sarcasm cooked the night before, and jokes that are heavy laden with years are resuscitated with a few drops of localism and made to appear as new in the Halls of the Keg of Axle Grease.

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A member of the Bohemian Club is hero only to his fellows, and the way to innoculate the members, and cure them of their strange regard for the Great One, is to make him President. The path of oblivion in the Club leads directly past the Presidential Chair. What has become of all the wits and humorists, who, having made the Club to resound with laughter, were elected to the first office as a reward for their merry-making? Are they dead? Have they moved, or are they occupying that large sphere not wholly filled by the superannuate street car horse? They are not all dead, nor have all of them joined Father Verdenal's flock of chickens in New York; they have merely been found out. How many heroes who have been made President have retained their godship after a year in the chair, and have been re-elected. Take the sad case of Peter Robertson, who was a hero without reproach, a President par excellence. A month in the office rubbed his gilt off, two months completely denuded him, and a third month left him in the position now occupied by Jimmy Phelan.

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Among the wits Redding, Ashe, Mizner, Gerberding, and The Hamilton hold high places. With one or two exceptions, these gentlemen are always humorous at the expense of one who exercises repartee only after the method of the well-known Oriental. It has just been hinted by some girls that Bohemian Club wit borders so close on rudeness that it takes a trained and cultivated taste to enjoy it. While it is a pleasure to listen to Mr. Ashe "guying" some gentleman of his intimate acquaintance, the enjoyment may not find lodgment in the mind of the victim, and Mr. Redding's "chaff" may be a source of uncommon pleasure to all but the chaffee. However, the unfortunates may have real cause of complaint; the greater number find mirth in the exhibition of humor, and the victims should take that, and the other fact that they are making heroes, into consideration, and thank God that they have been selected for such a noble work.

* * *

W. E. Brown has withdrawn from the race for President. Next to refusing the nomination, this was his wisest course. Last week I intimated that this gentleman was hardly the proper person to stand as the representative of Bohemianism in San Francisco, and I rejoice to see that even if he is a member of this Club he has the good judgment to accept a hint. Mr. Al Gerberding, the well-known Bohemian Bank Commissioner, has been put in his place, and as there is no opposition candidate, his election is assured. Aside from his eminent position in financial circles, Mr. Gerberding is quite acceptable, and will make a very beautiful President. He is possessed of numerous Bohemian instincts, and is a Bank Commissioner more from necessity than choice. His reputation for a wit is, I am assured, unassailable, as he is ready to give proper credit to the source from which he gets his good stories. As a speaker, Mr. Gerberding is deservedly popular, and probably The Hamilton is the only man in the Club who is his superior. At present, the Bohemian element is quite dead in the Club, and the Rose Leaves have become a term of reproach.

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THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S anniversary dinner was eaten with due eclat last Saturday evening. As festivities go, it was a success. The select orators discoursed in their own accustomed way about the good beer days of yore and contrasted that period with the champagne era of the present. All this is very entertaining when you have never heard it before, but this glorifying of the inglorious to-day is the favorite topic of certain fixed stars of eloquence who are never so happy as when dilating on the poverty-stricken past. It cannot be said that any one speaker delivered himself of an epigram worthy the occasion. The ambitious attempts that were successful failures I am not going to rehearse. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the entertainment, after the *menu*, was the new clubhouse agitation. The lease of the building on the corner of Post and Dupont Streets expires next year, and it is desirable that Bohemianism has some place to air itself.

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The corner of Sutter and Mason Streets has been bonded and there it is proposed to erect a clubhouse that will, indeed, be a clubhouse. No perfumery or underwear stores underneath nor offices above enter into the calculation. From cellar to attic it will be a Bohemian

home. Some $51,000 has already been subscribed. Mr. Phelan has signed for $10,000 worth of bonds. So has Captain McDonald. The other capitalists contributed their share, and it is hoped that early in 1893, a graceful structure sacred to the stock in trade traditions will rear an artistic front for the edification of travelers on Bob Morrow's railroad. This pleasing ambition deserves encouragement, but, as President Harrison, of the Olympic Club discovered, the distance between desire for fine headquarters and American dollars is greater in the concrete than at banquets.

* * *

THE SUMMER SEASON will open earlier this leap year than it did in 1891. Already a number of people are preparing to leave town, and by May a goodly colony of San Franciscans will be located at San Rafael, Sausalito, Larkspur, and San Jose. Why the exodus should commence so soon I cannot guess. The country, indeed, is looking charming, and the season has been gay. Over at Sausalito there promises to be plenty of excitement. Already most of the lodging houses and cottages are full. The demand for rooms far exceeds the supply, and if some thrifty capitalist would only put up a set of small cottages, he would be able to derive from them a rich revenue during these summer months.

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At San Rafael, the season opens in May. The usual contingent will renew its allegiance to the lovely village at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais. Cottages are already undergoing a vigorous dusting, and furniture is being refurbished in preparation for the summer. The Hotel Rafael opens its doors on May 1st, and the prospects are for a very prosperous season. The demand for accommodation is satisfactory to Manager Brennan. At San Jose, the Vendome is preparing to handle more visitors than ever before. Manager Snell has already had some of his best suites engaged for months ahead.

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It seems to me that those who desire to spend a portion of their vacation in San Jose could not do better than to go at present. Santa Clara Valley never looks lovelier than in its spring garb. The meadows are gorgeous with wild flowers, and the orchards are masses of pink and white bloom. For Del Monte the prospects never were better. Those who desire to spend the season there will exhibit discretion by writing at once for accommodation. There is no time to be lost, as most of the best suites have already been pre-empted. During the season there will be a great deal of entertaining done. Some of the matrons have come to the conclusion that the quietude that ordinarily reigns there is a reflection on their capacity as hostesses.

* * *

They have decided to turn over a new leaf, and, already, I hear of prospective picnics, moonlight and otherwise, teas on the lake, and a Leap Year Cotillion to be given early in July. Most of the people who spent the summer months at Del Monte are going back there, besides many more. I anticipate a very gay season.

* * *

Larkspur Hotel, to which many of our best-known Society people were attracted last year, has again thrown open its hospitable doors, and the register already shows a number of names of prominent San Franciscans. The improvements that have been made in this charming resort promise even better accommodations than last year. The cuisine, which was a feature of the hotel, has been, if possible, improved; new billiard tables have been added, a bowling alley is in course of construction, forty additional rooms have just been completed, additions have been made to the bath-houses, many pleasure boats have been put on Corte Madera Creek, and whatever else that good taste and a knowledge of the desires of the patrons could dictate, the management has done to make Larkspur inviting. The grounds have been laid out in a charming manner, and a hotel, only twelve and three-quarters miles from San Francisco, gives all the comforts of home, has an entirely different climate, and is yet so near that business men have their offices almost at the door. There are nine trains daily from town to Larkspur.

* * *

Society preserves an air of awful calm throughout this solemn season. From the utter absence of events one might imagine a tendency for religious fervor had taken hold of the fashionables. This is not the case, however. The churches are not suffering an increase of attendance, nor are the demands on the attention of the leading exponents of our city's sin growing exacting. Were it not for the theatres, Society would languish and mere weddings alone would be powerless to compel the *beau monde* to believe Easter had come. The prospects for a return of gaiety on a larger scale for the latter days of April are slender. There are no big parties in contemplation. The tendency is to rest on laurels already won. A few teas, perhaps, a dinner or two besides the inevitable receptions to crown the array of nuptials and the season closes. Not ingloriously by any means, for the winter of 1892, for San Francisco, has been notably brilliant.

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An informal reception was given by Mrs. Walter Castle on Saturday night last, in honor of her charming sister, Miss Minnie Weill. With music and dancing the evening was spent most agreeably.

* * *

The latest fad is the cake walk. It has been introduced into Society and now no evening entertainment is complete without one. The course of procedure is the same as that which proved so satisfactory at the Pavilion. Judges are selected, and then the couples promenade up and down until the moot-point of superior grace and elegance is decided. Prizes of value in proportien to the host's bank account reward the winner. How much more amusing this form of diversion is than progressive euchre or the other innocuous games "the swim" indulges in, can readily be understood.

* * *

The Porter Ashe dinner was the event of Lent. Of that there can be no question. A bizarre affair it was, worthy of the brilliant minds who conceived it. The *menu* consisted of a series of admirable contributions from the guests. One man brought to the shrine turkey, a second supplied oysters, a third ice cream. The *tout ensemble*, however, was inimitable, for the viands were prepared by one of the best *chefs* in town. At dessert, speeches were indulged in, and Ed. Hamilton, who for the first time in his life appeared in a dress suit—a touching tribute of his affection for Mr. Ashe—made an oration that lived in the memory of those who heard it like a bad headache.

* * *

A german, led by Mr. Ashe, followed. He exhibited a Terpsichorean dexterity his dearest enemies dared not credit him with. The evolutions he executed were worthy of Harry Le Grand Cannon at his very best. Then came a cake walk. The guests deployed in couples and promenaded up and down in front of Massa Hamilton, who was appointed Judge. He awarded the prize to "Lansing Miznah and lady," in the neatest of nigger dialect. Altogether it was a very striking affair and had the merit of originality, which, in these dull dog-days, has been elevated to a cardinal virtue.

* * *

From the present aspect of affairs in the Concordia Club, it appears the chances for a ladies' jinks are slender. The committee has about concluded that its work is done, so this leap year festivity will doubtless go over until November. The San Francisco Verein purposes celebrating the approaching summer by means of a tug party. Ben Arnhold and E. M. Heller have the affair in charge. Sunday, the first day of the merry month of May, is set as the date.

* * *

Preparations for the series of post-Lenten weddings resound throughout dressmakerdom. So far, there have been few preliminary festivities, due to the chastening influences of the holy season, whose dominion extends a further period of seven days. However, there have been a few affairs. Mrs. Owen entertained Miss Carrie Wadsworth, her bridesmaids and ushers, at dinner on Tuesday evening. It was a very pleasant affair, and the health of the prospective bride and groom was drunk several times and several times happily responded to.

* * *

Has prospective Papa-in-law Pullman purchased the Colton house? If some one will throw light on this moot-point, it would be conferring a favor on Society. That the mansion has been on the market is a certainty, but so has the Hopkins castle, and half a dozen other aristocratic palaces. If Mr. Carolan is to have this residence as his San Fran-

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

cisco headquarters he is to be congratulated, for it is certainly one of the most attractive houses in San Francisco.

* * *

The announcement of the engagement of Frank S. Johnson and Mrs. Robert Hastings cannot be said to have provoked surprise. That he was decidedly *épris* of the charming widow was no secret. As both are well known there is little new that can be said of either. Mr. Johnson is a very able business man, full of energy and push. He is head of the Johnson, Locke Mercantile Company, and is one of the most successful merchants on the Coast. Mrs. Hastings is the widow of the late Robert Hastings. She is very pretty and fascinating and has had scores of admirers. She goes to Europe about May 1st, to purchase her trousseau and drink the waters of Carlsbad. The marriage will be celebrated in August, probably at Philadelphia.

* * *

A number of people are going East to spend the spring and summer. Among others Miss Florence Reed and Miss Hilda Castle. Miss Reed goes first to New York to her aunt, Mrs. Paran Stevens, and later to Kennebec Cove, where her grandmother has a cottage. Miss Lillian Reed will spend the summer at Auburn, where Mr. Reed has recently erected a residence.

* * *

Miss Jennie Dunphy is expected home from Paris very shortly. Her stay in the French capital has been a protracted one, and I am told she has been a most industrious student. Vocal music she has studied with Mme. LaGrange, and her voice has gained, both in volume and in richness, under this lady's tuition. I believe she is to spend part of the summer at Monterey.

* * *

Mrs. Volney Spaulding leaves for Europe about the first of May, and will be gone for two or three months. She will go to Carlsbad after two or three weeks in Paris. Mrs. Robert Hastings goes with her.

* * *

Owing to the death of Sam Lachman, the bride's uncle, the marriage of Miss Belle Louisson and Gus Simon was very quietly celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Louisson, instead of at the San Francisco Verein as was intended. On Saturday evening a dinner was given in Miss Louisson's honor by Mr. and Mrs. Grinbaum. Unfortunately a very severe cold prevented the appearance of the prospective bride at the festal board.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Haxton will not return to San Francisco this summer, preferring to spend their time on the continent. I am informed that Miss Sibyl Sanderson, between whom and Mrs. Haxton there is quite a friendship, had an interesting visit to St. Petersburg; where, although generally acknowledged to be the best-dressed woman in Paris, her wardrobe did not create a great sensation. Miss Sanderson says the women of the Russian Capital dress infinitely better than those in the sister Republic.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington arrived on Monday evening, and are now installed at the Palace. The President of the Southern Pacific seems to possess the secret of perennial youth. He looks as full of vigor and is in as robust health as if he were thirty years younger. Mrs. Huntington has been busy receiving delegations of callers since her arrival.

* * *

The Country Club shoot promises to be a bigger event this coming August than even last year's was. To further the enjoyment everything imaginable in the way of fireworks and illuminations will be arranged. Besides, invitations have been sent to two of the swell gun clubs of New York, and a delegation of crack shots have agreed to come West for the occasion. Here is something to look forward to.

* * *

Dan Murphy was given a farewell-to-bachelordom dinner on Tuesday evening at the Pacific-Union Club. About fifteen of his best friends sat down, and after the solids were disposed of, his desertion was deplored by several orators, his good qualities commented on, and wishes for future happiness showered on him. Incidentally, of course, his health was drunk several times.

* * *

The annual election at the Pacific-Union Club came off on Tuesday last. There was no great excitement, nor no very deep expressions of sorrow over the defeat of the regular ticket, which W. E. Holloway headed. The members' ticket was a good one, and its components voiced the protest of the majority against the changes made by the present Board. The annual meeting has not yet been held, but, doubtless, Major Rathbone will be selected as President of the Board, J. B. Crockett as Vice-President, W. F. Russell, Secretary. The others elected are Sam Hubbard, H. S. Platt, Colonel Benyard, Harry Veuve, and J. Scott Wilson.

* * *

It was no easy matter making up this ticket as there was a vigorous disinclination on the part of the members to serve. The younger element is not represented, but doubtless they will survive it. The new Board proposes to abolish the *a la carte* system in the restaurant at once and to return to the old *table d'hote* which proved so popular. Other changes will be made but this is the main one. Harry Veuve will be chairman of the wine committee which will ensure at least a better quality of claret than the inferior grades the present committee was seduced into buying. To-night the annual dinner takes place. It will doubtless be a very enjoyable occasion.

* * *

I am in receipt of a very pretty little brochure, "Rose Ashes," poems by Carrie Stevens Walters. This well-known writer has given, in the past, indubitable evidence of the possession of strong poetic fancy, and this little work confirms the first belief. The book is for sale everywhere.

* * *

MILITARY BANDS coming here find little in the way of comparison to detract from or accentuate their efforts. The recollection of a very enthusiastic performance of Lohengrin excerpts by the Zapadores Mexican Band is the last thing to be recalled in military band-playing. Mr. Sousa's organization is equally well equipped in the strength of reed and brass, particularly the latter, and bears favorable comparison with the Mexican players, for tone, quality, and volume. The electric enthusiasm, sometimes noisy, however, of the Mexicans, is not equalled by the Washington band, though the performances do not lack precision or degrees of nuance. Mr. Sousa leads his people, many of them brilliant and tasteful soloists, without sign of effort or needles exertion, indeed, with an agreeable ease and firmness, and his tempi are singularly free from exaggeration.

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In Mdlle. Marie Decca the band finds relief in the form of a real light soprano of cultivation. With the soft distant bell quality of the upper register, the singer makes effects in good taste and of the flexible kind. Her medium and lower tones come with tight vowels and slightly imperfect intonation, and are themselves unequal in quality. Mdlle. Decca's singing, by reason of training and gifts in one direction, is interesting, and some of it quite artistic.

* * *

On Thursday evening the programme, an interesting one, had, among other things, excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," with well-written popular numbers like "Idylle Gypsy Life," Thiers, and "Characteristic Scenes at a Fandango," by Desarmes. Nothing better than the excellent horn solo in the Idylle has been heard here for years; in other numbers the trombone, flageolet, cornet, and clarionet solos were very ably given. The Marine Band is an institution of great capacity, which is hardly tested by the popular nature of the programme. Why Chopin's *Op. 64 Valse* should have been given, when the most flexible of orchestras fail to find an approximation to the real Chopin *rubato* is hardly to be guessed. It became a gyration of elephants under this treatment.

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DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS several of my loathsome journalistic contemporaries have discussed the defects in the new Senatorial apportionment law, and its bearing on the coming United States Senatorial election, with great wisdom and ability. When I say with great wisdom and ability, I mean

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

such wisdom and ability as they possess. But not a single one of them mentioned the interesting fact that it saw the first news of the defects discovered in the law by Stephen M. White in these columns. Of course, I did not expect the credit; that is why I am now taking it myself. Before, however, I proceed to confer on these loathsome contemporaries another bit of political information, which I hope will keep them in editorial "grub" for another two weeks, I wish to make a remark conerning this Senatorial question. I am not a lawyer, and, therefore, I have reason to think that I know something about it.

* * *

The other day Mr. Garrett McEnerney wrote a letter to the *Examiner* to prove that the twenty hold-over Senators, elected two years ago for a term of four years, are, under the decisions of our Supreme Court, *ex-officio* private citizens. The Supreme Court pretends to be bound by its decisions, but it is not; as a matter of fact, it reverses itself constantly on all subjects and in every conceivable way. In the Boodle case it reversed itself twice within a period of six weeks. Hence I do not think any man, not excepting Judge McFarland himself, knows what the law is from day to day. But I know one thing: The very decision by Judge Myrick in 1884, quoted by Mr. McEnerney, knocks his whole case into a cocked hat.

* * *

In 1883 the Legislature passed an apportionment act which provided that the Senators then sitting should hold for four years, at the end of which term there should be an entire Legislature chosen. The Senate was almost unanimously Democratic and the object was, of course, to save the United States Senator to be chosen in 1885. At that time all the Senators were elected from the districts made under the census of 1870. Two and sometimes three Senators were chosen from a single district, and counties were combined in a most grotesque manner. For instance, San Francisco elected ten Senators from five districts and with San Mateo chose a joint Senator.

* * *

In 1884 the Republicans procured a writ of mandate against the Election Commissioners of San Francisco to compel them to order an election from the odd-numbered districts as required by the Constitution. The Supreme Court held in that case that the terms of the sitting Senators from the odd-numbered districts were actually shortened by the Constitution, and granted the writ. The effect was to annul that portion of the act which provided for the holding over of the entire forty Senators of 1883, and to legislate twenty of them out of office. Thus the twenty remaining did just precisely what Mr. McEnerney claims the twenty hold-overs will do this time, namely, represent territory which is no longer a Senatorial district or leave unrepresented that which is a Senatorial district.

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There is this difference, however. In 1885 the Senate was the worst mixed up body that ever pretended to represent anything, owing to the contrariety of the two plans of apportionment. Yet the Supreme Court declared that uniformity would be produced by the legislation it put forth in the opinion, and that was sufficient. The main object of the decision was, however, accomplished. The Republicans upset the Democratic game and captured the United States Senator who turned out to be Senator Stanford. I suppose, therefore, reasoning by analogies, that Mr. White will have small hope of impressing his views on the judicial machinists who now ornament our court of last resort.

* * *

But I started out to confer on my loathsome contemporaries a bit of political information. Of course, it is well known that Mr. White is not raising his technical objections to the apportionment act for fun. He is ambitious of going to the United States Senate himself, and this discussion is intended merely to clear the way. I am a warm admirer of Mr. White. He is a broad-gauge, well-poised, able, intelligent man. In his case man is almost entitled to be written with a big M. In giving to the world his plan of campaign, therefore, I hope I shall not be charged with a desire to "queer" (as the politicians elegantly express it) his prospects.

* * *

Mr. White will first lay before the Supreme Court the case of the apportionment act. A decision that forty Senators are to be elected this year will gratify him, but, win or lose, he purposes going before the people as a candidate for the Federal Senate. First, he will appear in the Democratic State Convention with a section of platform committing the party to the election of United States Senators by popular vote, and then he will ask the delegates to do the next best thing to electing a Senator by the people, namely, nominate him for the office and pledge the Legislature to elect him if the Democrats succeed.

* * *

Mr. White made this request of the Democratic Convention at San Jose two years ago, but various things interfered with carrying it out. The principal thing was the candidacy of Senator Stanford. Boss Buckley was enlisted for Stanford, and he declined to permit White to go upon the hustings in opposition to the Menlo Park statesman. How much Buckley received from the Republican campaign fund for his services I do not know, but, as he rarely worked for nothing, the sum may be reckoned as considerable. Mr. White left San Jose disappointed, but he is determined to try again. If he is nominated this year he will tell every voter in the State, from the public platform, that he has no money, that he is a California boy with a clean record, and that he wants to go to the Senate. In short, he will make the issue sharp and clear between poverty and brains, and boodle and corruption, both of which latter are sure to predominate on the Republican side. I hope Mr. White will succeed. I hope he will arouse the latent virtue of the country people, even if he cannot make an impression on the sluggish rascality of the city; but I fear for him.

* * *

Already the pin-heads are out against him. They say it will not be wise to nominate White for Senator before the meeting of the Legislature, because it is likely to injure the tender feelings of other politicians who might enter the fight. The supposition is that if the Senatorial question is left open, several expectant Democratic "sacks" can be tapped during the campaign. In other words, the legs of several fat Senatorial aspirants can be "pulled." It is proposed, therefore, in lieu of indorsing White, to submit a list of names from whom the Legislature will be pledged to select a Senator. This list will include Mr. Bill English, Mr. Tom Clunie, Mr. A. C. Paulsell, Mr. E. B. Pond, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Mr. Campbell, P. Berry, and other Misters of the same kind.

* * *

The effect of this will be to disgust the people, obscure the issue, and perhaps cause the electors to vote with the boodle candidate. After all, there is nothing on earth like a pin-headed, muddy-brained, selfish politician. If the Democratic Convention submits this list in lieu of White's name, I hope the people, like the Roman Emperor who had his horse chosen a Consul of the Empire, will elect the stallion Palo Alto to sit with Mr. Stanford in the Senate. Palo Alto certainly weighs enough, and, like Mr. Felton and Mr. Stanford, he hails from Menlo Park.

* * *

MY PEDANTIC FRIEND, the editor of the *Chronicle*, "is at it again," like the flopping wife of the late Mr. Jerry Cruncher. He is sloshing around in that portion of Webster's Unabridged devoted to the elucidation of foreign words and phrases, and is splashing globs of misinformation on his readers. I was pained to note that Mr. De Young, in writing his Sunday editorial on the Bering Sea trouble, took occasion to apply inoffensive epithets to an humble worker in his own profession, and I should not have refrained from replying had I thought that any one besides myself had seen them. Merely because it was intimated in these columns that the readers of the *Chronicle* had the same means of discovering all about the *modus vivendi*, the *cassus belli*, the *persona grata*, and the *mare clausum* that were at the command of the *Chronicle's* editor, he made a brutal and unprovoked attack on me with the assistance of some vile English.

* * *

A great daily, every one knows, is an educator, or, rather should be an educator, and if the editor sees fit to grow drearily didactic in his editorial columns it is, of course, nobody's business. I was hasty in calling

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

attention to the manner in which he gained his translations, and was properly taken to task for it. It would have been much the same, and I should have laid myself open to the same rebuke, had I said that the *Chronicle* is done now with the encyclopedia, which it offers as a premium to subscribers, having squeezed that orange of useful information quite dry. The splendid foreign correspondence that appeared in the columns of my captious contemporary, while it was compiled from the encyclopedia, was of some interest, and it does not really matter where it came from. But Mr. De Young was unnecessarily severe in his editorial, which he will probably explain.

* * *

THE SENSELESS PREJUDICE of the daily press against the non-voting Chinese was illustrated in a very beautiful manner on Tuesday, when, with one or two exceptions, they attacked the Mongolians because of their alleged connection with the disappearance of Emma Wacker. The moral and physical lepers, so the papers said, had decoyed the child from her home, and had abused her fearfully. With diabolical ingenuity these brutalized heathens, or heathenized brutes—I can't recall the exact language of the writer—enticed the girl into their loathsome dens, and had foully wronged her. One of the journals suggested that the whites should "clean out" the festering sore of San Francisco, which, I am led to believe, was a covert way of saying our citizens should loot Chinatown. Emma Wacker was not decoyed from her home by the Chinese; she was not abused by them; and in all this beautiful city of Christian men and women the loathsome Asiatic alone gave her shelter or offered as much as a crust of bread.

* * *

The course that the daily press pursues toward the Chinese wearies and discourages me. It certainly cannot be for the public good that all these papers are of one opinion. You can always be assured that when the press is a unit on any proposition that some other motive than the good of the people is the incentive. I do not desire to intimate anything to the prejudice of journalism, but I must say that when newspapers of opposite political faith join forces on a matter that is clearly within the field of politics that a shrewd guesser may hazard an opinion on the influence that causes the unanimity. The Chinese have been hounded by the press of California in a merciless and brutal way; their crimes have been enlarged upon, and their offenses inflated; the explosion of a firecracker in Chinatown has been written up a high-binders' war; a stabbing affray, such as occurs daily in the saloons of the educated and civilized whites, is evidence of a blood-thirsty battle; a fan-tan game is made to appear a universal gambling hell; and a little girl, driven from her home by the barbaric treatment of Christian brothers and sisters, is "decoyed away by the ruffianly Chinese," made to serve their bestial desires—and proves to be as pure as a babe, and in the debt of those dastardly Mongolians for food and shelter.

* * *

The press has aroused public sentiment against the opium habit; for which it deserves praise. But what is the difference between an opium smoker and a whisky drinker? What matters it if a man goes to the devil that he takes the opium instead of the whisky road? Does the press withhold its power to stop the liquor traffic in order that some charlatan may make a million dollars a year on a cure that removes the disease by killing the diseased, or because the people engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquor are able and willing to pay for that immunity from prosecution that opium makers and sellers do not seek? Will my esteemed and honorable anti-Chinese contemporaries tell me how many people died of whisky and how many of opium last year? Will the *Report*, for instance, or the *Chronicle*, publish the statistics of crimes committed during 1891 in this country that are directly traceable to liquor, and put by their side those caused by opium? And will those journals tell me why they are so extravagant in their denunciation of opium, and so silent on the matter of whisky?

* * *

May I ask Mr. Bunker of the *Report* and Mr. De Young of the *Chronicle* to tell their readers how much money is spent for liquor and how much for opium in San Francisco in a month? I beg they will include the sums expended in advertising the products. If they go into details, will they mention what percentage of the working men spend their earnings in liquors and what percentage spend them in the "opium joints?" While Mr. De Young and Mr. Bunker are at this, they might devote a paragraph to the Home for the Cure of Opium Fends, if there be one, and to the number of patients in the Home for Inebriates; and some figures on the causes of insanity might be acceptable. The journalists I have mentioned dare not put the figures side by side, and tell why they denounce the sale of opium and support the traffic in liquor. There is more money, more political preferment, and hypocrisy in the anti-Chinese fight than Horatio dreams of.

* * *

LLOYD TEVIS is a most imperturbable personage, but I am sure he would be astonished if some one told him a few of the stories now in circulation about his retirement from Wells, Fargo & Co. Every imaginable contingency has been assigned to explain it. From one source I learned that he had "squeezed" his partner, J. B. Haggin, and had obtained possession of the firm's properties in Kern County. In retaliation, the latter had arrayed the directors of the concern against his old associate—the result, he was dropped. Another equally veracious yarn alleged a tendency on the part of Mr. Tevis to discount the bank's best paper. It was said he entertained an ambition to found a rival express company, and had sold out his Wells-Fargo stock so he would lose nothing in the event of such a contingency. There was talk of a lease expiring in a short time which there had been no effort to renew. Thereon followed a request for the Tevis resignation.

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

* * *

There are half a dozen more that it is not worth while repeating. These are the most important. The facts are, Mr. Tevis resigns the $20,000 per annum that the position of President of this corporation is worth, voluntarily. He is a very rich man, and his own private banking business, besides the care of his other interests, more than occupies the portion of the twenty-four hours he devotes to work. I have it on the best authority that there existed no other reason. There was no desire to have another man in the position, for Mr. Tevis has served Wells-Fargo's so long, and with so much ability, that he could have remained at its head for the term of his natural life. His reputation as a financier and his great experience have been factors, not only in directing the affairs of the express company, but in building up the business of the bank, which is one of the richest on the Coast.

* * *

The Board of Directors of Wells, Fargo & Co. does not hold office by virtue of a controlling interest in the stock of the institution. On the contrary, they represent a handful of shares. Mr. Tevis owns no interest in the corporation and has not for years. Colonel Fred Crocker has ninety shares—the interest his father held was disposed of long before his death. Mr. Huntington sold his about the same time, and Senator Stanford, as a Director, represents one hundred shares. The stock of the institution is widely distributed, and is mainly held in the East. To control it would be difficult, for the largest individual holding is but 500 shares. Of the original owners Mr. Fargo is the only one who is interested in the concern, and his place on the Board is as Trustee for the holding of the American Express Company of which he is President.

* * *

Thus it is evident that the impression so generally held that the Southern Pacific is a factor in Wells, Fargo & Co. is erroneous. That the big four had once the control is a fact. It was conceded them in return for the exclusive right to conduct an express business on their system of roads. The lease granted the corporation then will expire before long, and I have no doubt will be renewed. The relations between the corporations are cordial, and there are at present no other applicants for the right, nor is it probable there will be, for the profits of the business are not so enormous as is generally supposed. Seven per cent is paid upon the stock which is quoted as 140—the surplus earnings go to the bank. Who will succeed Mr. Tevis is a question the Directors have not yet discussed.

* * *

I presume Mr. Valentine, who has so long

devoted his attention exclusively to the affairs of the express company, will remain in charge. He is said to be one of the ablest men in that line in the country. But he makes no pretense at being a banker. Doubtless the positions will be separated, and some local financial magnate of experience and distinction will hold sway in the office that Lloyd Tevis has had his headquarters in for so many years.

* * *

LUCKY BALDWIN, I am informed, shows no disposition so far to forgive his self-willed daughter and new son-in-law. He is storming round his hotel like a wounded bear, and his denunciations of the interesting George are not only loud but deep. Whether he will keep it up is another question. Round the hotel they are of the opinion that Lucky's wrath will not last. Anita was his darling, and it is hard, at his time of life, to stand out against one's own flesh and blood, especially when it is a very pretty daughter with eyes like stars. But he is not a nice person to deal with, and even when the twain are pressed to the parental heart, George had better be careful. This tug-boat episode has precipitated a fine aggregation of yarns about Baldwin. Among the rest is one that tells how he obtained the magnificent Santa Anita Rancho, which is the backbone of his possessions.

* *.*

This splendid expanse of vineyard, orchard, and grain field, eighteen years ago was nothing but a sheep ranch. It fell into the hands of a Jewish firm, the Newmarks, who, much to their regret, were compelled to foreclose a mortgage they held on it for $90,000. A bad bargain they considered the transaction. About this time the Bank of California failed, and among other institutions that went down with it was the Temple Bank at Los Angeles. Its failure threw on the market Temple Block, then the most valuable piece of improved real estate in the Southern metropolis. Mr. Baldwin purchased this property for $135,000, but being anxious to own a ranch, he exchanged it for Santa Anita, much to the Newmark's satisfaction. Both imagined they had the best of the trade. Since then the Temple Block has paid huge interest on a sum much larger than it cost Baldwin, while there was a time when that individual could have disposed of his ranch for $6,000,000.

* * *

EXTRA ILLUSTRATING is a fad of extraordinary popularity among book lovers in older communities. It is an interesting diversion, far more entertaining and instructive than collecting mere stamps or relics. A volume adorned as was a biography of Millet's shown me the other day, possesses an intrinsic value far above an ordinary book. Extra illustrating consists in gathering pictures of scenes and characters spoken of in the text of the novel or history selected. These, mounted on leaves cut the same size as those of the book, are bound into the volume. William Doxey, who is an authority on the subject, has been engaged for years extra-illustrating Foster's "Life of Dickens." This original work is in three volumes but the mass of pictures inserted swell it to five. In neatly inserting the caricatures, vignettes of London, and the various drawings the utmost skill is required.

* * *

If the illustration is merely stuck in, the book is swelled to uncomfortable dimensions. Therefore, out of the centre of the sheet, a space the size of the insertion is cut, the edges are beveled and then the picture is pasted in. Besides the biography, Mr. Doxey purposes also illustrating Dickens' novels. "Pickwick," he has completed ready for the binder. Another volume thus beautified is Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler." John R. Jarboe is also devoted to extra-illustrating. For many years the "French Revolution" has been the subject of his research, and besides books he has made a marvelous collection of pictures of Paris and of the men and scenes made famous by that great social upheaval. He has already expended several thousand dollars on the subject and there yet remains a great deal for him to obtain.

* * *

I don't believe Captain Lees has time for much extra-illustrating, but in his library are more volumes on California than are to be found in any other collection, save, perhaps, that of Hubert Howe Bancroft. Indeed, the Lees library contains many books that cannot be found elsewhere. For years past he has personally attended, or has had an agent at every book sale where chance of picking up a California book existed. What he intends doing with his library after he resigns charge of the city's detective force, I don't know. He may be persuaded to place it in the museum that Mrs. Hearst is to erect in Golden Gate Park. The extent of Captain Lees' financial resources is not generally appreciated. He is a very rich man, the result, it is said, of lucky investments in outside lands.

* * *

THE ARTISTS' DINNER was the event of the week, and fearing that some of my readers who are not artists, musicians, or literateurs may become sarcastic, and say *that* is always the event of the week in which it comes, I will state that only artists who could pay for the honor sat cheek by jowl with our bankers, merchants, millionaires, and other Bohemians. The gathering was quite a distinguished one, and the number of artists present was really much larger than could have been expected. The dinner was very good, and there was an adequate supply of wine; but the affair never should have been held in the marble room of the Palace. Speeches, that I have been told were witty, eulogistic, and eloquent, were not heard a dozen feet from the speakers.

* * *

Theodore Wores occupied an armchair, which was really the only insignia of the honorable office to which he had been called, that of Presiding Officer. His opening remarks were like the decorations, simple; and he was good enough not to attempt to slay time with his voice. Joseph D. Redding was toast-master, and introduced our fellow townsman, Irving M. Scott, who stated that Keith was the foremost landscapest in the country; Lee Lash spoke familiarly on matters connected with art; James D. Phelan referred in a complimentary way to the painters; Uncle George Bromley said their efforts were certainly quite praiseworthy, and Frank Pixley would have patted them on their manes had it not been that he had to leave the festive board in time to catch the last car on the Union Street Line. Solly Walters spoke feelingly on art, and considerable interest was taken in his remarks when it was known he was an artist.

* * *

Mr. Redding pronounced a blessing, in the course of which he spoke of Miss Curtis as the presiding genius of the dinner, whereat everybody arose, and, to the accompaniment of the band that Sir Henry Heyman had kindly stationed out on the Point Lobos Road, sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Previous to this Neally O'Sullivan indulged in music. The meeting then broke up in great order. I have been asked to say whether I think art has been advanced by the dinner. Truthfully, I do not think it has. It was no more an artists' dinner than it was a merchants' luncheon; I should suggest that it be called in future The Banquet to Give Bohemian Club Members a Chance to Make Speeches. Has art no voice that it may speak for itself? Is Keith's voice stilled because his brush is eloquent? Does Yelland know nothing that might benefit art? When art is the subject is Mathews too modest, Joullin too diffident, Bush too retiring, Peixotto too young to say something in its praise? If the artists desire to advance art, let them paint pictures.

* * *

The opening of the Spring Exhibition at the rooms of the Art Association always attracts a large crowd, and Thursday evening Society went thither as a relaxation to Lenten duties. It has always been my pleasure to speak highly of the display of pictures made by our local painters, and I have never failed to say that each exhibition was better than the preceding one. Mathews has the place of honor, and I must rejoice that the Hanging Committee thought as I did of his large canvas, "Plucking Game," of which I have spoken in these columns. He shows four other pictures, a portrait, some still-life, and "Judith." This young woman has not the splendid dignity of pose or face that characterized his treatment of the same subject last year. Mathews has an ideal, and I believe he is getting away from it in the matter of this canvas. Judith's austerity has degenerated into a pout.

* * *

Keith has half a dozen splendid canvases on the walls, "Clearing Away" being the best, I think. It is a magnificent treatment of storm and cloud effects. His "California Oaks," weakened as it is by the figures in the foreground, is as fine a landscape as has ever been seen in California. His other canvases show the awakening of a new power.

Lash shows, among other works, two portraits, one of Rupert Schmid, very good, and the other execrable. Why Mr. Lash consented to put it on the walls I am unable to state. Yelland has one or two good pieces, in his usual style, and Tom Hill is unmistakably present in "Crescent Lake." Some of the pupils of last year have become professionals, and Miss Frolich and Miss McCormick show some good still-life pieces. Bush is represented by marines and Central American scenery.

* * *

Dear old Brookes gazes down on the collection; the portrait is by himself, and was one that he took much pleasure in showing. Keunath plods steadily on, doing heads with a regularity that argues profit. Narjot's large Mexican picture has a good place, and almost opposite it is a marine by Mershfelder. Joullin is still thinking of his Chinese painting. Wores has some charming Japanese studies, and Guy Rose has a pastoral piece in which he has used rainbows for palings. Peixotto's salon picture will attract attention. Alice B. Chittenden and Eva Withrow are well represented by some acceptable canvases.

* * *

THERE ARE TWO APPEALS to be considered by the Supreme Court in the Blythe case, the first the question of law in regard to the legality of Florence Blythe's adoption, the second the question of fact as regards this young lady's parentage. The first appeal was taken up by the Supreme Court on Tuesday, and gathered before the tribunal was a masterly array of legal talent. Dr. Taylor was earnest and vehement on behalf of the Savage heirs. After discoursing for two hours with earnest eloquence he asked for two hours more to conclude.

* * *

"You have submitted a brief, Doctor?" queried Judge McFarland.

"Yes, sir; here it is," replied Dr. Taylor, running his fingers along the edge of a bulky document.

"You have fully explained in that all the aspects of your cause?" continued the Judge.

"Yes, your Honor," returned the Doctor.

"You are perfectly satisfied with the manner you have set forth your contention?" pursued the Judge.

"Perfectly," added Dr. Taylor.

"Then I, for one, refuse to sit here and listen to you talk for four hours when I'll have to read your immense brief. No, sir."

The rest of the Court concurred.

* * *

IN HIS WEEKLY LETTER Arthur McEwen fiercely denounces the tendency of lecturers and novelists to exalt the intellectuality of the "American girl." "Out of print she does not exist," says Mr. McEwen, "save as a distressing effort when abroad to live up to what she has read." He goes on to speak of being seated on a California Street car beside two swell Society maidens. They rode from Buchanan to Kearny Street, and though an animated chatter was maintained, neither uttered a word "that betokened an intelligence above that of a ten-year-old child." It cannot be said he overstates the case. "In the swim" there are a few bright girls. There are any number of sweet, pretty creatures, but of those gifted with intelligence it is easy to take the census on one's fingers. This handful is possessed of individuality. They have been known to say clever things, and when in their company the ordinary youth is in fear and trembling lest he give himself away.

* * *

Another feature of the Society maiden is her lack of accomplishments. In the 400 there are not three girls who can play the piano so any one would care to listen to them. A few make an attempt at singing, but their efforts are intensely amateurish—this though the city is overrun with music teachers. A slender minority can tinkle a little on the mandolin and the guitar, but their performances are feeble in the extreme. Recitation has gone completely out of fashion; to know aught about politics is to be a bore. Strange as it may seem the handful of intelligent maidens are not the ones whose charms are matrimonially recognized. On the contrary, stupidity is always first to the altar. This is actually a fact, and those who are intelligent and "in the swim" know it best.

* * *

John Fiske, whose historical lectures have been so successful in this country and Europe, will appear before the Channing Auxiliary at the Unitarian Church next week. This gentleman has been before the public for nearly thirty years, and has achieved an international reputation as a historian and philosopher. His subjects are "Alexander Hamilton," "Thomas Jefferson," "Daniel Webster," and "Schubert." He will, assisted by Miss Alice Bacon and Hermann Brandt, sing the "Rondeau Brilliant," *Opus 7*.

* * *

The Saturday Morning Orchestra waxes more enthusiastic as it gains in efficiency. There is no diminishing the interest of the performers who are all becoming better players as time rolls on. On Saturday next Mrs. Dr. Younger who has been elected Vice-President will entertain the orchestra at lunch at her residence on California Street. It will doubtless be a very delightful reunion.

* * *

Miss Lydia Hamm, a debutante of talent and a pupil of Mr. Aloy Lejeal, gives an invitation piano recital on the twenty-first at Steinway Hall. An ambituous programme including Schumann's Carnival, Chopin's Andante and Polonaise, *Op. 22*, and pieces by Bach, Grieg, and Liszt, and other numbers will be given.

* * *

On Sunday the First Extra Musical Sunday Afternoon takes place, and the programme has never been equalled in ony of the interesting series. Beethoven's Septette alone should draw a large audience. A Haydn quartette Norwegian piano solos, and well-chosen songs add still further interest.

* * *

Lieutenant and Mrs. Oyster will be enabled to live in San Francisco for some time to come. He has been appointed Professor of Military Tactics at the Stanford University, and will commence the discharge of his duties at once. The students are very fortunate in having the tuition of so competent an army man as Lieutenant Oyster. He was an instructor at West Point, and during his years of service has always been more of a student than a Society man.

* * *

SAM LACHMAN'S DEATH removes from the wine business the most interesting personality in it. He was, indeed, a "character"—a very little man, almost as broad as he was long, strikingly unaffected, and so mild in manner that it was hard to persuade the majority of people he was a millionaire. Mr. Lachman was not in the wine business because of a profound knowledge of viticulture. He made his money in the mines, and invested it in clarets, Zinfandels, and Rieslings, which he disposed of at a good profit. He bought as low as possible, and his innate shrewdness taught him how and where the best prices could be obtained for the commodity. He died rich; the extent of his wealth has not yet been stated, for the value of the immense vats of wine stored in his vaults is hard to estimate. One million would be a low valuation, however.

* * *

For years past, Henry Lachman has been

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the moving spirit of the business. The old gentleman, however shrewd, knew nothing about accounts, and preferred leaving his clever son to handle the firm's customers. Consequently he found little to do round the office, and for want of better employment he would go into the cellar and mop up the floor. No one who was not familiar with Sam Lachman's peculiarly mild face would believe the little old fellow, with sleeves tucked up to his elbows, his small legs encased in overalls, busily engaged in washing bottles, was the wealthiest wine dealer on the Coast. There are a dozen curious stories told of him. Here is one: It was a hot day in the early summer, and Mr. Lachman, in the garb of a porter, almost concealed in a pair of huge rubber boots, was engaged, hose in hand, in flushing the sidewalk. So absorbed was he that he never raised his eyes when some one addressed him with a vigorous "Hello, there."

"Vell, vat do you want?" he asked.

"Is old Sam Lachman in?" The speaker was a drummer, attired in the latest Eastern tailoring.

"Does you vant to see him?" queried the porter wine merchant.

"I do; must see him personally. What does he do around here, anyway?"

"Vorks." The old man never looked up.

"Is he in the office?" was the drummer's next query.

"I haf not seen him dere."

"In the cellar?"

"He vas in de zellar, but he's not dere now." The old man never looked up.

"Where am I likely to find him then?" The drummer raised his voice.

"He's out on de sidevalk." The nozzle of the hose was plying a thick stream in the vicinity of the drummer's patent leathers.

"I don't see him. What is he doing?"

"Vashing de pavement," was the quiet answer. Then Mr. Lachman looked up.

* * *

For many years the Lachman vaults occupied the corner of Market and Fremont Streets. It was a splendid property, and, as values increased, came to represent a large sum of money. Indeed, Market Street real estate had gone up so in comparison with lots elsewhere, that many capitalists disposed of their holdings, satisfied the top notch had been reached. Mr. Lachman, however, steadily refused to sell. One day his most intimate friend called on him, and said:

"Sam, you're a fool. You must sell that property now. It will never get higher. Take my advice."

The old man drew himself up. "Vat," he said, "zell de roof ofer my shildeen's het! Vat you take me for?"

The subject was never again broached, and to-day the Lachman Building rears its four stories of brick above the sidewalk.

The Witness.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

The close proximity of the Easter season, with its accompanying festivities, reminds me that a few suggestions relating to that ever popular mode of entertainment, the ladies' luncheon, are quite in order. A recent entertainment of this description given to nine ladies in Washington, seemed particularly unique. The round table of polished mahogany shone defiantly without the conventional cover of linen or silk. In the centre was placed a broad wreath of pansies in which the pale lavender and yellow ones predominated, and thrown carelessly across the tops of the high-back mahogany chairs were smaller wreaths of the same flowers, tied with bows and long streamers of violet moire ribbon, on each was the name of a guest in silver lettering, placed within the wreath. On the very centre of the table was a silver candelabrum burning violet candles shaded by little silk affairs of the same color, and, by the way, let me add, there is no more becoming color for the light to shine through than that much avoided violet. It must be of that tint that has just a suspicion of pink in it, but with that qualification there is nothing more satisfactory for a lamp shade, boudoir hanging, or parasol.

* * *

A very jolly afternoon entertainment for very young ladies is called "Old Maids' Tea." All the guests are dressed as the traditional spinster, with mittens, caps and spectacles. Each brings her cat (borrow it if necessary), and each her own little teapot in which she brews her individual beverage. With a little enthusiasm these little affairs can be made very successful.

* * *

The veil we have with us still, and if we wish our new Easter hat or bonnet to appear at its best from a fashionable standpoint this accompaniment will be indispensable, and certainly no complaint can be made of the variety we have to choose from. The long veils are still being imported by our leading milliners, and there is a prospect of favor being found for them after all, though these lace streamers, a yard or more in length, are scarcely adapted for outdoor wear in our summer climate. Another veil sure to be worn by the girl who has fine eyes is scarcely more than a quarter of a yard in width. The half to be worn over the upper part of the face is of sheerest net, the lower half so dense in design or so closely woven as almost entirely to conceal the mouth and lower portion of the nose. This gives the same effect as the peculiar and usually becoming veils worn by Turkish women. Perhaps the most striking novelty in face covering for this season is a deep scant flounce worn around the edge of straight, broad-brimmed hats and caught up in front directly in the centre to the tip of the brim by a little jeweled pin or buckle; this style, however, is almost too conspicuous for any except carriage wear. Then there is the half-circle net veil, with two, three, and sometimes four rows of plaiting all around the bottom, and a score more such fancies.

* * *

Hats, this season, vary so in shape, size, and color that one is almost sure of being in the fashion, no matter what style one may choose; still, the broad brims, with very low crowns, will be the favorites. All the hats will lie close to the head without the little band of velvet or ribbon underneath, so much used last season. Ribbons and flowers will be almost exclusive trimming, and these are so exquisite in colors and make that one is content with this limit, though if you can add to the trimming of your best hat a tiny diamond dagger or fleur-de-lis you may be happy in the knowledge that you have quite the correct thing, even though it would be considered very poor taste to appear on the street with the very same little ornament at your throat or on your wrist. This much for the caprice of fashion.

MME. X.

A TRAGEDY WITHOUT WORDS.

ACT I.

SCENE: A masque ball at the Madison Square Garden. A sixteenth century knight and a highland lassie are seen to approach each other with hesitation, yet evident familiarity.

Knight (whispering guardedly):.....?

Lassie (tremblingly):.....!

Knight (closer):.....?

Lassie (nodding and leaping confidingly toward him:).....!

(They clasp hands rapturously, and wander off to one of the little nooks behind the tall rows of palms.)

ACT II.

SAME SCENE: The knight and lassie after some moments of ecstatic hand-squeezing, emerge from their retreat and get in line with those unmasking.

Knight (unmasking):.....?

Lassie (screams):.....!

Knight: ! !.....† †..... ! ! (astounded).

Lassie (unmasking):.....(horrified).

Knight: † * * * * ! ! * * ! ! (tears his hair out).

Lassie: !.....!!! * * ! * *.....† † (prances like a Pawnee squaw at a snake dance).

(They clinch and are separated by friends amid general cries of: ".....! ! * * ! !" by the multitude.)

ACT III.

A Dakota court room, Knight and Lassie to the bar.

Judge (gravely):.....?

Knight (savagely):.....! ! (points at Lassie with unutterable scorn).

Lassie (weeping tears of rage):....! !....! * * * ! ! * * † † (faints).

Judge (solemnly):.....!

(They each receive a huge document which they shake in each other's faces, and exeunt.)—*Town Topics.*

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—However easy it is to conceive the existence of a perfect villain it is difficult to depict one. There is a tendency to exaggerate, to accentuate in the wrong place. Sin and wrong-doing are all relative. The man who bribes a jury may be a tender parent. In estimating the portrayal of a scoundrel it is necessary to remember how many exceedingly agreeable people have committed crimes. To sketch an ordinary jail bird is comparatively simple. His characteristics are all in the rough. About him there is no subtlety, no delicacy. He is always discovered. This is not the type for the artist. His villain may be only so in thought. The sphere of his wickedness, perhaps, is the family circle, but therein, if he is handled properly, he may seem the worst of sinners.

In "Corinthia Marazion" an exceedingly lengthy but rather well-written novel by Cecil Griffith, there is a Dr. Lockyer whose portrayal illustrates this point. He is a country doctor, a man of fine understanding, cultured, of excellent family, for whom, had he exhibited good judgment, a bright future awaited. He is engaged to his cousin, a magnificent type of femininity, a noble woman, nobly planned, with whom as a boy he had been in love. After a separation of years they come together, and Dr. Lockyer finds his ideals have changed. He no longers cares to marry Corinthia, though morally bound to do so, and he permits his affections to be captivated by Georgia Hildersleigh, the daughter of a rich country family. She is beautiful, tall, round, slender, the outline of her face delicate and clear; dark eyebrows, and under the largest and blackest of curling lashes the eyes of a fawn. Full of life, warmth and love, this lovely maiden forms a strong contrast to the serious, strong-brained woman she succeeds in Dr. Lockyer's heart. By a subterfuge he breaks the engagement and then commences his downfall. Georgia promises to marry him. She loves him, apparently, but a Ralph Heldersleigh, her brother, interferes, and the girl, at the command of her relatives, denies her adorer. In the last scene between them there is intruded a detail that throws the Doctor's character out of balance. Playing for the highest stake, a man of great self-control, cool, ambitious, he is yet foolish enough to become involved in a racehorse scrape, and asks Georgia for money. That is an error no man of Lockyer's calibre would make. It is a pity this author does not study the art of omission. There is an immense amount of excellent work in the novel. The heroine is a difficult type, and yet is consistently sketched. In Martin Heatley, the minister, the touches are very true, but if they were less fully set forth would gain in effect. Ralph, the strong-minded young Englishman, who comprehends Corinthia's worth, is a mere shadow.

Another type of villain is Tom Brennan in Hamlin Garland's new book, "A Member of the Third House." Mr. Garland is laboring under the unfortunate impression that good work is done rapidly. He fancies himself possessed of a mission and his later novels have become tracts. This book is a story of legislative corruption and its exposure; incidentally it is a love story, and primarily a study of Mr. Brennan, a clever, capable young Irishman who is secretary of a great financier. The State or city the scene is laid in is not specified. A charter for a railroad is wanted, a Legislature has to be purchased and Mr. Brennan, assisted by the president's attorney, Mr. Fox, and backed by the great man himself, undertakes to do it. This especial villain is a jovial, pleasant fellow, tremendously ambitious, who has worked his way up from the position of office boy to his present place of trust. Like some Irishmen he is a born manipulator, careful but quite unscrupulous, an adept at corruption, yet, though the especial sin of which he stands guilty is one that a hundred men in San Francisco have committed, he is set forth as a dangerous type. His key note is the sentiment "Give me $100,000 and I'll capture *anny* Legislature in this great and glohrious—" Time and again capitalists in the position of Davis are compelled to protect themselves in just this way. The story is dramatic in its way, but lacks the literary tone and value that made "Main Traveled Roads" a success. There is plenty of scope for refined and finished treatment in the institutions of this country, but to avoid the suggestion of vulgarity and coarseness incident to the subject, it is necessary to have a verbal instrument as clear and as trenchant as that of De Maupassant.

A delightful book is "A Day at Laguerres and Other Days," by F. Hopkinson Smith, the man who wrote "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." Few writers of English have the literary skill, combined with the sentiment, that the first short sketch in this volume evinces. In it there is a delicious blending of description and character presentation, a touch of a story, and a suggestion of love making. It is so easily and gracefully done. One feels how delicious it must have been, sketching beneath the willows, the turquois sky filled with soft, white clouds above and, away off under the hot sun, the yellow green of the wasted pasture. There is an impressive stillness in the air, broken only by the low murmur of the brook behind, and the ceaseless song of the grasshopper among the weeds in front. Down stream are patient cattle with patches of sunlight gilding or bronzing their backs and sides. One envies the painter that *filet* with the mushrooms, the green pease, and the olives besides the bottle of Chateau Lamonte, '62, which he ate under the grape vines. How clever, too, is the Venetian sketch. One is willing to pursue the narrative of Venetian life for the faint mystery that is exhaled from the personality of Espero, the gondolier. "Under the Minarets" is amusing and singularly lucid. The descriptions of Constantinople have a graphic power. Of Bucharest and Cordova, described in other sketches, one is given the very atmosphere—a most difficult literary achievement. There is a Mexican episode that comes nearer the standard of the French prose pastels than anything I have read in a long time. It might have been written by Loti. "Captain Joe Hutchins" and "Six Hours at Squantico" are up to the same artistic level. Altogether it is so clever, this volume, that I wish I had it to read over again. As a specimen of bookmaking it is admirable.

"My Guardian," Ada Cambridge's latest, tells about a stupid, but beautiful and eminently proper young woman, whose capacity for nursing wins her a husband. A dying mother requests her son, also a good creature, to marry this exemplary young person. He does so, but, on the day of their wedding, declares his love for his ward, a striking beauty of a different type. The effect of this heedless announcement is to precipitate an attack of brain fever from which the lady dies. The guardian then marries his ward. I am reading a very interesting and well-written volume of essays by John Vance Cheney, "The Golden Guess," of which I will tell you more later on.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Corinthia Marazion," by Cecil Griffith. J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Member of the Third House," by Hamlin Garland. F. J. Schulte, publisher. For sale by the San Francisco News Company.

"A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days," by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"My Guardian," by Ada Cambridge. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, April 9, 1892.

IS A CHANGE IMPENDING?

The bond election in Oakland has more significance than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the Silurians who triumphed, or the boodlers and schemers who were crushed in the contest. The vote was taken after a campaign of unusual virulence; the day was rainy, and the election machinery was in the hands of the politicians, and yet a larger vote was polled than at any municipal election for years. What does this indicate? Unless the augurs fail, it indicates a civic awakening—the dawning, so to speak, of an era of disaster for political freebooters.

I know nothing of the merits of the bond question in Oakland. For the sake of securing some valuable improvements at once, perhaps the people would have been justified in mortgaging their property for twenty years, and paying two dollars for every one borrowed; but they did not think so, and that is their affair, not mine. The fact that they turned out *en masse* on a stormy day, in a time of profound political peace, to smash this plundering job—for all bond schemes are plundering jobs—shows that a spirit of unrest prevails among the people across the bay. Government was not the result of a contract or convention on the part of Society. It grew out of the wants and fears and weaknesses of individuals. When the people in any form of government, and especially in a country governed like this, manifest a concern for the safety of their firesides, it is time for the politicians to run to cover. There is surely trouble for them in the wind.

History shows that Oakland feels the coming of political revolutions long before other communities around the bay. In 1878 the election of the sandlot candidate, Senator Bones, in Alameda County, presaged the storm which broke the following year and nearly threw the State into the hands of Dennis Kearny and his plutocrats. This bond election is undoubtedly the opening squall of a similar political hurricane.

And why should we not have a political hurricane? The Government everywhere is in the hands of boodlers and thieves. The servants of the people take their orders from corrupt political bosses; legislators arraigned for accepting bribes are screened by the Supreme Court; Supervisors sell water-rate orders, gas contracts, and franchises to the highest bidders; school directors debauch the public schools, and corruption reeks at every pore of the body politic. If the time is not ripe for overturning the party in power, then the people are, indeed, patient asses, whose backs will sustain any load their despoilers can heap upon them.

LEEDS IN POLITICS.

The Traffic Association is, doubtless, an excellent institution, and Manager Leeds a very capable railroad man, but how is it possible to reconcile the initial objects of the organization with its present course? The Association was called into existence to compel a reduction in trans-continental rates. This was to have been effected by routing the united freight of the members in one direction or another, so as to compel concessions. Nowadays one hears nothing of the overland tariff. The outcries against the Trans-continental Association are stilled, and it is local rates that Manager Leeds is agitating himself over.

Does he expect better results from this latter policy than rewarded his original efforts? It seems now the organization is assuming a political character. Its participation in the coming elections is anticipated by both parties. Perhaps Mr. Leeds has an idea he, himself, would make a capable commissioner. The attitude of the Association has actually become demagogic, and undoubtedly it will defeat rather than further its purposes if maintained. It is good policy to make one fight at a time. Surely it cannot be that Mr. Leeds having failed to justify his $10,000 per annum existence, so far as the Trans-continental Association is concerned, is searching for easier fields of conquests?

A CLEAR CASE OF BUZZARD.

The coolness with which Martin Kelly, Dan Burns, Mike Smith, and young Mr. Ruef have sat down and parceled out the plums of San Francisco among themselves, according to a secret agreement, has not been paralleled for pure cheek since Bismarck and Beaconsfield, thirteen years ago, divided up Turkey in Europe after the Czar and Sultan had closed their bloody dispute. The most comical feature of the division, however, is the part taken in it by the twenty-five "merchants" selected by Kelly to make his County Committee respectable. These gentlemen are evidently having their "legs pulled."

The feeling of the Republican masses with respect to this compact must be similar to that of the Indian who went turkey shooting with a white man, with whom he agreed to share the spoils. The Indian bagged a buzzard and a turkey, and the white man bagged nothing. At night when the time for a division came the white man said to his fellow sportsman: "You take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey; or, I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard." "Ugh," said the Indian, "that very funny; you never say turkey to me once." The Republican masses bagged the game two years ago, but these bosses have not said turkey to them once. In fact, they are to have no choice whatever. The buzzard is going to be forced upon them.

It is astonishing how little entertaining is done by bachelors in this city. In the East, young men with good incomes go in generously for hospitality. In their apartments, which are furnished in a luxurious manner, they give delightful dinners, jolly suppers and breakfasts, which prove a most agreeable feature. It would be easy enough for half a dozen men, who have comfortable and commodious quarters, to do likewise, but somehow they shrink from the exertion. There is an opportunity for someone to make a reputation by giving Sunday morning breakfasts, and having bright literary men, artists and musicians, attend them. Some one should take the hint.

* * *

The Republican jubilation over the result of the election in Rhode Island is a trifle strained. "Little Rhody, O. K" the party papers yell; the plurality is something like 300 votes!

* * *

Attention is called to the political information contained in The Wave this week.

* * *

The "pull" that has been so successful in the Police Courts of San Francisco so long is likely to drag some of our well-known citizens to San Quentin. Give it a chance.

* * *

Free wool! Congress must be crazy, to rob the poor capitalist in the interest of the workingman. But, thank heaven! the Senate stands between the millionaire and financial ruin.

* * *

Inconsistency is a jewel! We admit the Hungarian who works in the Pennsylvania mines at starvation wages under the protection of the police, but we exclude the Chinese who ask no police assistance. The Hungarians, however, are voted in blocks of any dimensions. Give the Chinese a vote, and watch how our love for him will develop.

I offer this, from my esteemed contemporary the Oakland *Times*, as the best editorial paragraph that has appeared in a California paper this year. Who has a better? "The recent cyclone indicates that the wind has finally escaped from the Cullom boom."

Poor Walt Whitman: now that he is dead, the purps are barking. The Sacramento *Bee* says: "Walt Whitman lasted seventy-three years. His spasmodic poetry will not live that long."

The Stockton *Independent* makes this pertinent remark: "A great many members of the House of Representatives have taken occasion, during the last two days, to show to their fellow members and the world how much they do not know about silver."

Tourist.—So you teach the young idea how to shoot, eh?

Texan school-teacher.—No, stranger, pistol practice hain't one of the reg'lar studies at our school, but I think it ought to be, by jinks!—*Kate Field's Washington.*

MUSIC.

MISS PARTRIDGE'S CONCERT.

Moschele's Hommage a Handel for two pianos, served two interesting purposes. Mentioned frequently in the autobiography of the composer the composition has become almost famous, and its performance brought reminiscences of the pianist whose fame was at one time above all others. Given by the pianist and her pupil, Miss Marie Wilson, the work had interest of a personal sort. After hearing the two movements made up of motive and subject treated in styles thematic and contrapuntal, the impression remains of a composition, very good, but like good things in the aggregate, a trifle dull. Formal without the concentration of effect developed in pieces of this kind, the duo is not suited to the taste of audiences accustomed to richness of color and rhythmic subject of more recent composers. The *Allegro con fuoco* was the more interesting of the two movements. Nothing less than virtuoso execution would be sufficient to make this work a popular success. Miss Partridge has not that height of accomplishment. Without making many exactions, there might have been fidelity to the text, and mature phrasing; much of the playing suffered from impure articulation. Miss Marie Wilson has facility and the musical sense in no small measure, and delivers what will ripen with time into a broad open tone. For her own solos Miss Partridge gave Liszt's Liebestraum, played so frequently by D'Albert while here with his wondrous soft, full, and penetrating tone, and numbers by Rubinstein and Jensen not at her best. The pianist's performances bore little trace of finesse or individual conception. Her technique, though without distinction, is in the modern school and aims well. Mr. Brandt gave valuable aid in a Romanza of Svendsen and joined Miss Partridge with Grieg's *Op. 13* Sonata. Mr. Osgood Putnam sang with emotion as intense as limited in gamut modern songs written in the best vein. This singer unites good ideas of artistic expression and absolute distinctness of speech with remarkable faults in breathing and tone pitching which might easily be overcome.

"CARMEN" AT THE BALDWIN.

"Carmen" occupies a place in the affections of the opera-going public similar to that the wire drawn "Camille" drama filled in the regards of the theatre-goers years ago. In every way a stronger creation, the opera has for opera the rare merit of being distinctly an opera of character. "Carmen" is as much a figure as "Becky" and of the two the more interesting as a human being. The genius with which Bizet has invented a musical atmosphere to express this woman of the strong irresponsible class, is, perhaps, overlooked by the audiences who care principally for the brilliance and strong color of his melody.

Realism of the artistic kind is the key of the fascination this work has upon the public as well as its vigor and superb invention. As Carmen is the spring upon which everything turns, liberty of sentiment, not nobility, holds queer and tragic carnival in the work. In developing the character, the actresses draw out to the fullest measure the duplicity and strong cunning of the gypsy. Her loves are pictured faithfully enough in their imperious selfishness, but the side of the character craving freedom is lightly passed over.

Carmen, it will be remembered, with impassioned force urges José to wander free over the hills while still she loves him, in what might be a burst of gypsy tamelessness. The actresses fail to make a point here. Carmen is made by them to feel only the desire of conquest over this man whose honesty remains obdurate. The playing of this scene has much to do with the impression of the opera as a whole, which is generally that an ideal art has been debased into illustrating a character without shame or a glimmer of feminine nobility. Jessie Bartlett Davies brings to the character a personality in itself extremely attractive, and her talents as a singer and actress are equally excellent. Her Carmen is buoyant and brilliant, and the personal magnetism she necessarily invests her conception with, makes the performance remarkably vivid. The woman's craft is, however, always paramount, and Carmen only in the *finale* loses her supreme selfishness. Distinct and lifelike the character is drawn with artistic power.

The quality of the singing is variable. Mrs. Hamilton, as Michaela, sang in her best style. Her voice was, perhaps, never better suited to show its youthful, gladsome quality; there remains something to round off in the playing of the character. Karl and McDonald, with Misses Ulmer and Finlayson, do their most earnest work to make the production a satisfactory one, and the chorus and orchestra are equally faithful in their efforts to make a good performance.

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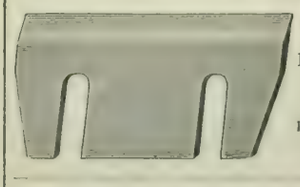

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THE MUMMERS.

"AMY ROBSART" AT THE CALIFORNIA.

Between the critics there seems to be a difference of opinion regarding Marie Wainwright's production of "Amy Robsart," one saying the play and the players are exceedingly bad, and the other saying the players and the play are exceedingly good. The public, the great Judge which cares little for what self-appointed critics say, announces, by the indubitable evidence of a large attendance, that the presentation suits its taste. However, while one may regard the public as the umpire in disputes of this kind, I would not advise the critic on whose side it has given its decision to boast too early of the victory over his fellow; the public's judgment is wrong in matters of dramatic productions almost as often as his own.

The audience on this occasion is not entirely right, although it has crowded the California Theatre every evening since "Amy Robsart" was put on. Audiences judge, usually, by quantity; they take productions as a whole, and if the ensemble—the scenery, the story, and the star—is pleasing, they will not stint their praise nor stay their applause. They look for virtues, and the critics seek for faults. That, really, is the only difference between the audience and the critic. One or two of my friends who are busily engaged in the labor of educating the people to regard plays in the way that they do, have, to my certain knowledge, not said a good word of a dramatic production for some years, and are still anathematizing the public for its perversity of taste.

In my opinion Miss Wainwright is not fitted for the part of "Amy Robsart." Its dark and sombre background does not make a fit setting for her style of histrionic ability. While she fills the part acceptably in the greater number of the scenes, she falls lamentably short in others. She has not the dignity of the Countess of Leicester, when the noble Earl of that name says she must be known as the wife of Richard Varney. She heard the humiliating and degrading command with much the same appearance that would have fitted his refusal to buy her a new snood. In the earlier scenes she is very beautiful, and, where no great demand is made on her dramatic power, she is a very pleasing personage; but, when the lines bid her be great, she proves to be a little more than mediocre.

The support is, unfortunately, bad. Mr. Hill is strangely indifferent to dramatic necessities. He will not still the throbbing desire to occupy the entire stage, and is so generous with his gestures, facial contortions, strides, and flourishes, that I can think of him as nothing but a histrionic pedant. He shows so much knowledge of it all that he positively excites ridicule. If Varney had looked or acted as he does, he could not have deceived a mummy. His villainy is very transparent, and he insists in flaunting it in the faces of people whom he would naturally be expected to try to deceive. Miss Walsh is very pretty as Queen Elizabeth, and her performance is a pleasing feature of the production, which is, scenically, as imposing as anything we have seen here this season. "Amy Robsart" will be continued next week, and will be followed by "Hallen and Hart" in a new version of "Later On."——

In their line of comedy, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who will make their first appearance in San Francisco at the Bush next Monday night, as stars, have made a most decided success. The name of Drew is synonymous with that of comedy, consequently we may well look for something of an amusing nature in the double bill consisting of "In Honor Bound," and "That Girl From Mexico," as both the stars belong to clever families and are clever themselves.——

Beginning Monday night, April 18th, Miss Agnes Huntington will present for the first time in this city Planquette's beautiful opera comique, "Paul Jones," assuming the title role herself, as presented by her 346 times at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in London, and many times recently in New York, Boston, and other American cities. Miss Huntington has in her Company over 70 artists, including many English singers of high repute. The scenery, which is particularly fine, shows the harbor of St. Malo, the Chateau of Kerbignac, and the Governor's Palace on the Island of Estrella.——

The next attraction is for Easter Monday when Richard Mansfield opens in his most successful play, "Beau Brummell," which had a run of 200 nights in New York. The manner in which this play has been received in the East presages a profitable season here. Mr. Mansfield's treatment of the character of the exquisite is said to be a remarkably fine piece of work. The second week will be divided between "Prince Karl" and "A Parisian Romance." Eight years ago, at the old California, Mr. Mansfield made his only appearance in America. Although a very young man then his portrayal of the character of the Baron gave him a reputation.

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TWO STRINGS.

At home in the Park in England it was white waistcoat weather, when women appear in sweet cotton frocks, when the social air buzzes with cricket and yachting talk, and men begin to feel their gout, and to say they must go to Homburg. Up in the Himalayas, where the little collection of *chalets* dotted about the precipices among the ilex and the rhododendrons form what is called a hill-station, the monsoon was at its height. Drip, drip, drip—hammer, hammer, hammer—for sometimes a day and a night at a stretch, down upon the corrugated iron roofs of the bungalows, came the rain. The frogs and the leeches, the fungi and the ferns, grew and multiplied, but it was enough to damp the cheeriest, giddiest nature that ever reveled in the ceaseless round of frivolity and fooling that goes on at Murree.

Ten o'clock at night. A wood fire made of damp logs that decline to burn brightly. The wind howling among the deodars, the rain pelting, the shivering servants rolled up in rugs asleep in their own log huts—not a soul stirring in the draughty little bungalow but herself. It was most depressing; the kind of evening when every worry, every error, everything you would rather not have said, assumes magnified proportions and haunts you.

So it was with Queenie Vayle, though a more unlikely looking subject for the horrors of remorse and depression did not exist. Such golden hair—the true dark gold color, such appealing brown eyes, and a nose just the least bit *retroussé* to give piquancy to the face, and only one and twenty.

They had considered themselves engaged ever since Queenie was in short frocks with a pigtail of gold-brown hair; and the hideous uniform of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, did its best, though unsuccessfully, to take off from Reggy Vayle's good looks, and well set up, manly figure. Then, in order to prevent the possibility of their ever changing their minds, or coming across anyone they liked better than themselves, they were married at the end of Queenie's first season, and prepared to make the acquaintance of the world together. It was tempting the gods, and the usual result followed.

Two years later Vayle's regiment was ordered to India. Queenie's baby died—the young mother and the ayah together muddled it to death; she got fever and the doctor packed her off to the hills. Reggy could get no leave.

To the Mayo Hotel at Simree that season, sent up to recover himself in the cool from a polo accident, lame and interesting, came Cis Lorrimer, the ugliest fellow in the Crimson Cuirassiers, and the most popular and the most fascinating. He found himself sitting at the *table d'hôte* next Mrs. Vayle, and he forthwith took her under his charge. She was so new to India, to life in general, and such a refreshing change from most of Cis's female friends. Queenie's silly little head was soon perfectly turned by the attentions of a hero such as she had never met before; a man who, when his foot was upon his native Piccadilly, was one of a set royalty affected, whose every nod and word was accepted with effusion by the *elite* of Simree Society. In India, where the table of precedence is ruled by the number of rupees drawn, a little flavor of real aristocracy goes a long way.

Under the influence of Lorrimer, Queenie Vayle developed wonderfully. She had come to Simree a simple child; before many weeks were out she was a woman—and a woman devoured with the great passion of her life. The glamor of Lorrimer was over her; Reggy became more and more commonplace and uninteresting, because so familiar; her letters to him fewer and fewer.

At last, however, he got one, the penning of which was, of all the foolish things Queenie had done in her silly little life, the most foolish. She wrote and told him that she found she no longer loved him as real love goes, but, having met the one man in the world for her, she was off on a trip into Cashmere with him. She was very sorry, but she couldn't help it, and hoped he would forgive her; or words to that effect.

Reggy Vayle—an honest, straightforward, and very young Englishman, grilling away at Punkahpore—did not prove of the ordinary type of patient, acquiescent Anglo-Indian husband, who calls his wife's "bow-wow" by his Christian name, and takes care to give a few days' notice before he runs up to the hill-station on leave.

There was a fearful scandal. Society in India winks at a good deal, but the law makes up for it by severity. The Cashmere trip had to be cut short; the case came on in the High Court; and Cis Lorrimer had to sacrifice everything, and make a bolt of it to somewhere—Japan or Australia. The Court gave him two years and mulcted him handsomely. He was absent without leave, and, after the usual interval, the *Gazette* recorded that her Majesty had no further need of his services.

* * * * * * *

And now another monsoon had come round again, and Queenie Vayle sat solitary, listening to the rain, utterly alone in the world. Lorrimer made no sign, and her family at home had cast her off as completely as her husband. She felt so utterly wretched that she would have given anything for a kind word from anyone. But women looked askance at her, for in India great importance is attached to the new commandment—thou shalt not be found out; and as to kind words from men, well, it hadn't quite come to that yet, though it might soon, Queenie felt. For life was intolerable.

It was well-nigh intolerable to someone else, too—a man who had arrived that day from the plains, and was going on to-morrow into Cashmere after big game. Reggy Vayle felt in the thoroughly British mood, for killing something. He could not kill Lorrimer, for he did not know where he was to be found. So he was going te kill ibex.

It was a mere chance that in the hotel reading-room he saw Queenie's name in the visitor's list. He had no idea she was up at Murree, and the shock of the surprise gave him the oddest impulse. The memory of Queenie rose up before him as she had been a year before—pure, lovely, his own; and a great hunger came over the man just to see her once more, not to speak to her, not even to let her know he saw her—only to see her for the last time.

In the dark veranda of Queenie's little bungalow stood a tall figure, the rain running off his mackintosh in streams, on to the flooring. There was a chink between the curtains, and, by pressing his face against the pane, he could see her distinctly. The gleam of the lamp caught her golden head, as she sat, with hands clasped on her knee, gazing into the fire, looking utterly dejected, a lonely little figure. A great feeling of pity and remorse stole over Reggy. She looked so young; he had sworn to love and to cherish her. Instinctively, he stretched out his arms toward her, when——

A sepulchral cough sounded from the corner of the veranda. It was the watchman, the *chokedar*, who is supposed to guard each bungalow at night, rousing in his slumber and announcing his alertness. Reggy had no choice but to fly precipitately.

Indian postal officials are crassness itself. Vayle's servant had been to inquire for his master's letters as soon as the latter had arrived at Murree, and they were lying on the table in his room when he returned from his Enoch Arden visit. He opened them mechanically. One began, "My own darling Queenie," and was signed, "Yours, as ever, Cecil Lorrimer." The address on the envelope was *Mrs.* Vayle, but neither the post-office people nor Vayle himself had noticed it. A check for a large sum fell from its folds.

It was a good letter, and showed the writer in a better light than he had appeared in before. All being lost for both of them—for Queenie, home and fame; for him, his position in the world, in the dear old corps—Lorrimer, who had been getting his affairs straight, wrote to ask her to come out at once to Tasmania to marry him and start life afresh. It was a straightforward kind of a letter, and it was more. It was a love-letter. Queenie had not been to him merely a toy, to be played with and cast aside.

Vayle sat with the letter in his hand going through a great fight with himself. He had imagined that Queenie was utterly dead to him; that he had cast her off forever. But now, with this other man's offer lying before him, a queer feeling of jealousy came over him! He saw her again as he had just seen her—lonely, sad, desolate. He remembered her in the old years; his little wife she had called herself, ever since she was in her teens. All her treachery was forgotten; he felt he could not let her go.

Lorrimer's letter fluttered into the fire, and curled to ashes among the logs.

Ten minutes later Queenie starts at the sound of an opening door. All the windows are doors in India, and none are ever locked. She turns and shrieks, for a man stands in the veranda with a passionate look on his face. He is kneeling before her; his hands clutch hers convulsively. For she looks to him just the same as she did that Christmas when she blushed and told him she was getting too big to be kissed under the mistletoe—just the same as she did in her bridal veil in the village church at home.

"Darling!" he pleads, hoarsely, "darling! will you forgive me? Will you come back to me?"

Far away in Tasmania the other one, waiting and longing, is not "in it." It seems so natural to rest her head on Reggy's shoulder, and there lay down the weary load of care and desolation which oppressed her, and shut out forever the hideous nightmare of the last few

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

months; and they are remarried within a few days.

* * * * * * *

The scene changes to the Park and white waistcoat weather. Cis Lorrimer, landed at Charing Cross that morning, stands in a quiet corner under the trees with his hat tilted over his eyes, and sees ghosts. Ghosts of the men and women he has known in town before the Crimsons sailed for India five years ago. Men grown stout, women gone off; men grown bald, women with unmistakably increased hair. Frocks new and wonderful; a new curve in a hat brim. Familiar forms; strange faces. But there, flitting down, chatting gaily to nice-looking women, a well-remembered face with golden hair, but looking happier, more peaceful, than when he saw it last.

He watches her across the Row, and put into a hansom at the corner by her friends. Then he jumps into another and follows it to Gargantuan Mansions.

That evening, when the sunlight, darkened by the awning over the balcony, casts deep shadows in the little drawing-room of the flat, Queenie Vayle sits alone, toying with her tea.

There is an electric ring, a footstep in the tiny passage, and a voice—well remembered—speaking, makes Queenie start to her feet.

The maid, without a word, is showing someone into the dim room. Hands are held out toward her.

"Queenie! Queenie! at last I have found you!"

She gives a low cry of pain and half turns away.

"Won't you speak to me? You never answered. Speak to me now; do, Queenie. I'm doing well; a different fellow; and—and—I want you, Queenie."

She looks up at him for a few moments, and then a light breaks upon her.

She motions him away.

"You mustn't speak like that, Cis. It can't be! It is all over!"

His face grows hard and set suddenly, as if he had been struck a blow.

"What do you mean, Queenie? Has anyone come between us? Good God!"

She moves to the door that divides the drawing-room from the little dining-room and opens it very softly.

There is an odor of tobacco about the room, and Reggy Vayle lies back in an armchair enjoying an ante-prandial nap and snoring slightly.

"Yes," she says, pointing to him, "someone has—my husband!"

She crosses the room on tiptoe, and, bending her fair head over the back of his chair, kisses him lightly on the forehead.

When she goes back to the drawing-room it is empty.

* * * * * * *

Everyone knows how Cis Lorrimer, late of the Crimson Cuirassiers, got into the Mounted Infantry in Egypt, and was killed at the Ghazi Dhru Wells business.—*Indian Idyls.*

EASTER NOVELTIES.

The large stock of Easter goods and novelties imported by Sanborn, Vail & Co., should be seen by our citizens who are in the habit of purchasing the best. The display is very large, and the endless variety of religious pictures suitable for Easter gifts, cards, publications, and novelties will afford an excellent choice for everyone. One of the prettiest and most artistic illustrations of the season, is a photogravure of Easter morning by Jennie Brownscombe. It has attracted much attention, and in composition and treatment is a charming work.

Besides the Easter display, Sanborn, Vail & Co. show an immense stock of fancy goods, and special attention is directed to their stationery display, visiting cards, and card cases. This firm does the best work on copper-plate in the city.

DR. G. W. DAYWALT.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

Among the physicians of the city, none enjoys a better reputation in the profession and with the laity than Dr. G. W. Daywalt.

Although he has only been in this city for a few years, he has a splendid practice, which is increasing daily, and which comprises some of our leading citizens. His success with the most difficult cases that have been noted by doctors has brought him into special prominence, and is sufficient excuse, if such be needed, for this short sketch of what has certainly been a useful career. By birth and early predilection, Dr. Daywalt was fitted for the practice of medicine, and while still a very young man began, in a systematic way, the study that has given him a foremost place among the members of the profession.

Passing through the different grades of education, Dr. Daywalt attended Rutherford College, North Carolina, and eleven years ago graduated with honors. He had taken a number of supplementary courses, which, in addition to the regular routine of the institution, was a severe tax on the young man, but the vigor with which he prosecuted his studies, and the splendid record he made, gave a true index to his character, which is such that to him no difficulty is insurmountable. The supplementary courses were all taken by Dr. Daywalt with a view to fitting him for the study of medicine, and having received his diploma from Rutherford College he matriculated in the State University of Tennessee. His progress was rapid, and in 1884 he graduated with distinguished honors from the Medical Department, standing high in his class. But he was not yet satisfied, and went to New York, where he took a post-graduate course in the best hospital in the treatment of the nose and throat. His splendid abilities were recognized at once, and he had every prospect of gaining a lucrative practice, when a desire to come to California made him change his plans. He abandoned his opportunities in the metropolis, and took up his residence here, winning at once a high place.

Dr. Daywalt, whose splendid offices and libraries are at 1236 Market Street, in the Murphy Building, has given much attention to the diseases of women, and to those maladies that attack the mucous membrane in contradistinction to the diseases of the skin; catarrh, diphtheria, etc. Dr. Daywalt has given a great deal of attention to these troubles, and his published works on them are regarded as the best authority extant. They have been widely quoted abroad and at home. It may be stated that out of 126 patients afflicted with diphtheria treated by Dr. Daywalt, the disease has only been fatal in three cases. When one considers the percentage of deaths from this dreaded malady, one can form an estimate of the abilities of the physician. Dr. Daywalt is exceedingly fortunate in his domestic life, and has a charming home at 2123 Jackson Street.

THE NURSERY FOR HOMELESS CHILDREN.

There is an infinite pathos about childhood under the happiest circumstances. About the young of the human species there is something unutterably helpless and weak. If this is true of the offspring of the rich, how much more so is it the fact of the babies of the poor. A few days ago I visited the Nursery for Homeless Children located at 327 Bryant Street, and in the midst of the crowd of little ones it was impossible not to think with sorrow of their hard lot. This institution is not the only one of its kind in San Francisco, but the number of its inmates comes in the light of a revelation. To conceive there is dire poverty in San Francisco is hard, to imagine poverty that compels mothers to resign the care of their offspring to an institution however good, is bitter. The Home is crowded. Its quarters are small and absolutely ineffective for the purpose. There are only narrow rooms where large dormitories are a necessity. The offices—kitchens, dining-room, scullery—are inadequate to the requirements of half the number of inmates.

The Home occupies the old residence of Sydney V. Smith—a tumble-down rookery whose sanitary conditions are the reverse of excellent. If it were not for a legion of good friends, the institution would have had to go by the board long ago. Just how the 500 odd dollars per month necessary for its maintenance is obtained I have no conception. It is a fact, though, that in spite of drawbacks, the little ones look well.

A score or two of them, boys and girls, were gathered on the veranda, on Saturday last, when I visited the Home. They are delighted to welcome visitors, these youngsters, who, in spite of their misfortunes, look healthy, and are evidently kept clean by repeated applications of soap and water. Downstairs the boys' rooms are located; above, are kept the girls and the infants, who come Heaven knows whence. There is so manifest a determination to make a little go very far that it seems to me some of our charitably disposed might direct some of their contributions in this direction. None of the luxuries, only the bare necessities of life the little ones are fed on. Those who can afford to buy fruit, those who have old clothes, cannot do better than to remember this Nursery for Homeless Children, on Bryant Street. There is where real good can be done, for better is it to devote a few cents to these worse than orphans than contributing dollars to foreign missionary funds—Poor little babies.

The Nursery is under homœopathic management. The Ladies' Committee, that does so much good, is composed thus: Mrs. James Dunn, President; Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Vice President; Mrs. Tripler, Secretary; and Mrs. W. W. Young, Treasurer. The Board of Physicians in attendance is as follows: Dr. J. W. Ward and Dr. J. E. Lilienthal, Consulting Physicians and Surgeons; Dr. Florence Saltonstall, Orthopedic Surgery; Dr. Guy Manning, Attending Physician; Dr. Grant Selfridge, Occulist and Aurist.

The lady managers will only be too delighted to receive contributions of money or food for the support of the Nursery. There is no worthier object for charity in San Francisco.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Martin, Morrison & Heyl, 118 Geary Street, are the only undertaking firm on the Pacific Coast employing a graduate female embalmer and dresser.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

If something is not done for that excellent institution, the Pacific Insurance Union, there is an admirable prospect for trouble. Rebating has reached such a point that a stop must be called. Certain big concerns are indulging in the practice to an extent the majority of their competitors are only beginning to realize. In the present condition of the insurance business in America, it would be very disastrous to have this Coast Compact go to pieces, but this is surely its fate if measures are not taken to prevent the further spread of the evil. Without specifying the company, it is sufficient to say that a large English corporation that has acquired by the purchase of expiring locals, a large Coast business, has, in its efforts to keep the risks it finds on its books, indulged in the lax methods of the concerns it has succeeded. These companies were forced to extremities in order to hold their lines; the English company finds itself in the same predicament.

* * *

The question is, what is to be done about the matter? If half that is rumored is true, then the particular English company I allude to has no business in the Compact. At a score of points it is violating the constitution of the Union. It seems to me the time is ripe for action. British underwriters are more sensitive over American losses than they have been since the Chicago fire. The records of the last few years have been unprecedentedly bad. Only the Pacific Slope and Chicago have made fair records. They will be willing to make any concession for the sake of maintaining the organization that enables profits to be made here. If the Compact goes under it is good-bye to California as a field for successful underwriting. Let the recalcitrants be called to time now. There may be a little trouble, but it will pass. Rebating must be stopped, if not alone for its pernicious effects but for the danger of the example.

* * *

Insurers who have policies in the State Investment Insurance Company are invited to compare the present Directorate with that which ruled the concern in the past. The Company is entirely in the hands of that competent financier and shrewd underwriter, President Brander. The capitalists who previously composed the board have been retired and the assets are completely under the control of this able gentleman and his associates. He has been so successful in the past that there is no doubt his future management will be crowned with equally agreeable results. The Board now stands as follows: Brander, President; Cushing, Vice; C. N. Blair, Secretary. Directors: J. B. Mackie, of Anglo-Nevada fame; C. A. Van Arnam, General Agent at Chicago; J. W. Murphy, Agent at Stockton; B. Ackerman, identity unknown.

Thus composed this concern is overpoweringly able to stand off outside attacks on its resources. In the meantime it would not be uninteresting to know how much it costs to have 10 shares of stock washed at 80 every week, also to learn the extent of the Company's losses at New Orleans. There was a good deal of talk about repairing the impairment when the announcement was first made, but no efforts appear to have yet been made in this Direction. Can it be possible that this admirable and reassuring directorate has not money enough to execute all its desires?

* * *

Neither the Fireman's Fund nor the California are losers by the New Orleans fire. Fortunately for themselves they were not writing heavy lines in the South. The total loss will be in the neighborhood of three and a half million dollars, quite a considerable figure after the experience of such a year as 1891. It is said some of the marine companies are hard hit, a few of them having recently inaugurated the policy of taking risks on cotton from the press to England. This would cover the warehouse period and these active competitors will be put in the curious position of having to pay fire losses.

Among prominent underwriters in town is Henry Evans, of the Continental. Mr. Evans is Third Vice-President of the corporation and he is a young man of great force and ability. There are not many underwriters of his calibre in this country, for he possesses that aggressive push and energy that bring men into the front rank. President Chase, of the Hartford which competent insurance critics speak of as the typical American Insurance Company, is expected on the next steamer from Honolulu. Mr. Chase was accompanied there by J. B. Coffran, one of the firm successfully representing the Hartford on this Coast.

* * *

There is but little news current in underwriting circles. Nothing to speak of is going on. There are no changes nor rumors thereof, and the street has less to talk about than ever. LOCAL.

REAL ESTATE NEWS.

Notable among the real estate incidents this week, is the extension of railroad communication on D Street, beyond Seventh Avenue, and it is only a matter of time, which cannot be far away, when the ocean will be reached by a further extension from Seventeenth Avenue. In connection with this improvement in traveling facilities out that way, a vast area of sand hills will be leveled and put in condition for building purposes.

Business property investments are scarce, and holders decline to name any price for them.

On Monday another large suburban tract, known as Union Park, was cut up and placed before the public. It is situated on the line of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railroad. No large sale has been effected since our last report.

Money is plentiful at the banks, but the largest loan on real estate negotiated during the week was a private one.

While the building contracts for March did not come up to the aggregate of March of last year, the volume of business engagements was a large one, amounting to over $650,000.

It is hinted in real estate circles that the Masonic Temple, at the corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, will likely go to James G. Fair, at a figure in the neighborhood of $500,000.

PURE FOOD IN CONGRESS.

ACTION WHICH HAS RESULTED IN THE OFFICIAL DETERMINATION OF THE BEST BAKING POWDER.

The Act of Congress authorizing the examination of the baking powders has resulted in a most unprecedented compliment to the Royal Baking Powder. The tests were made in the Government Laboratory at Washington, and the official report shows that the Royal is superior to all others in leavening strength—being over thirty per cent above the average. The report also shows the purity of the Royal powder, and the wholesomeness of its ingredients.

This is probably the highest compliment of an official character ever paid to a proprietary article, though no more than the great army of baking powder consumers would expect in behalf of their old friend and favorite.

The result of the official examination, as thus determined, will, of course, make the "Royal" the standard for Government purchases.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

The following motion of the Oakland *Times* has been duly made and seconded; all in favor will say "aye!" Heavens! what a roar: "Minister Egan has been granted a leave of absence. We move to make it permanent."

The Los Angeles *Herald* knows what Southern California needs, and asks for it: "But no matter where it is located, we ought to have a penitentiary, and a little energy upon the part of the members from the South in the next Legislature will secure it for us."

The subsidized press is becoming a thing of the past. The *San Diegan* says: "The press of this country is becoming more and more free from corporate influences, and no effort to check this good work and bring it into temporary subjection to such domination will succeed."

Mrs. Young-Husband—Dear, you will have to give me ten dollars extra this week.

Mr. Young-Husband—Why, Clara! Did I not give you the necessary amount, eighteen dollars? That is three dollars a day.

Mrs. Young-Husband—Yes, but I have been trying some of those recipes published in the papers for keeping a family on six dollars per week.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

The *Chronicle*, fully conversant in an encyclopedic way with facts in France, says: "There is no direct cause assignable for the recent acts of the anarchists. It is asserted that they want to inaugurate a reign of terror, but it is not easy to see what they expect to gain by it. In an interview some of the anarchists have attributed the outrages to harsh treatment, but that is merely a subterfuge, as there has been no harsh treatment of which they could complain."

The Stockton *Independent* has a grip on the Lion's tail. That journal says: "When any Englishman attempts to point out the superiority of British justice or its administration, the sentence of Mrs. Montague should be presented for his admiration. One year for killing her own child by cruelty such as is forbidden, even in the navies of civilized nations, is the latest evidence of the superiority of that justice."

BALLADE OF YE GRASS WIDOWERES.

Soon as ye garish lanterns swing
And sputter their electric light,
Grass widoweres who'd have their fling
And gaze on what is out of sight,
Who'd twist the neck of Holy Night
And jibe the stars, and guzzle beers,
And eat and drink all man may bite,
Go forth—ye poor grass widoweres!

All's one to their fell appetite—
All birds that have a leg or wing
And every fish that swims a-right
And every beast with tooth or sting—
My! how their liquor makes 'em sing,
And rant and sigh in maudlin tears
And shout until the rafters ring—
Ye poor, forlorn grass widoweres!

The ballet-master's ting-a-ling,
What time his bell calls for the white
And whirling legs of maids to spring
And sprawl in modesty's despite,
Summons ye widoweres too! Ye tight
Fills their large hearts with hopes and fears;
God save 'em from the locust's smite—
Ye poor, forlorn grass widoweres!

ENVOI.

To drink and brawl and sing and fight,
These are the joys of younger years,
And also when their wives take flight,
Of poor, forlorn grass widoweres.
—J. P. B., *New York Truth.*

CAMELLINE.

Camelline has been so universally indorsed that it hardly needs a further mention. It has no equal for preserving and beautifying the complexion, and has almost entirely superseded creams, balms, blooms, and powders, than which it has been found to be infinitely more efficacious, and does not possess any of the poisons that have made its rivals so dangerous. It imparts to the complexion that youthful and glowing appearance so much to be desired, is absolutely pure; softens and beautifies the skin. Physicians have carefully analyzed Camelline and declare that it not only is harmless, but that it is positively beneficial to the skin. It has the largest sale of any face lotion, and a trial will convince the ladies that it is indispensable to the toilette.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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LAWN TENNIS.

Nothing of special interest has taken place during the past week, with the exception of the Alameda tournament, which was brought to a conclusion on Sunday last. The contest, as was expected, narrowed down to Hellman and Dr. Younger, but the game put up by these players was far below the average, Hellman finally winning by a score 6-4, 2-6; 6-2, 6-1.

The contest between Sidney Allen and Dr. Younger previous to the Hellman-Younger match was a very interesting go, and brought out some very clever tennis from both sides.

The players of this club are quite active at present in anticipation of the Stetson continuous tournament, which will be given a trial shortly.

The California Tennis Club courts show great activity as usual; the five courts are in daily use. Young Adams, the new player of the Club, who beat George De Long in the recent Club Tournament, is rapidly improving his game, and gives promise of advancing to the top during the coming season.

Bates, Neel, and other crack players of the Oakland Tennis Club are not practicing at present, and will not start in until the new courts are completed, which will be the latter part of this month. They will then practice for the annual championship games, and are confident that a prize in this contest will go to the new organization.

The Olympic Club Tournament will take place tomorrow at the Club's outdoor grounds south of the Park, providing the rain does not interfere. A number of players from the California Club will participate, and Ollie Haslett will take part also, and as this player has practiced during the week with Professor Daily, his chances are considered as good for at least a place.

The Haywards tennis players are taking great interest in the game at present. John Crooks is the most promising player of the Club, and will be seen in the July singles.

The winner of the All-Comers this year will have the benefit of a rest from Saturdry, July 2d, until Monday, July 4th, and, therefore, will not have the usual kick of having to play the champion immediately after the finals of the All-Comers.

Professor Daily has at last, to the edification of his many friends, discarded that old standby of a hat that he has worn for some years past.' The latest addition to the Professor's headgear is about a *fac simile* of the former one.

Now that the Oakland Tennis Club are about to open their new and handsome quarters at East Oakland, it would be a good idea for the Madison Club to erect that much-talked-of clubhouse, or the chances are that some of their members will desert them for the new club, where the necessary facilities, such as lockers, etc., will be sure to be of the best.

Hubbard is now practicing at every opportuuity, and is doing the bulk of his work at the California Club courts, where Wilberforce, O. Hoffmann, A. Taylor, Tobin, Yates, and many other cracks are preparing for the championship series.

It is hoped that some of the Eastern cracks will enter this year at San Rafael, and it is not at all improbable that one of at least two names will be received from the far East.

Professor Phillips, who made such a clever showing in last year's tournament, may be expected here in time for the games, and, providing that he has had any practice since his last appearance, it is safe to say that he will surprise somebody.

The management of the hotel should see that the scorers' stand is more properly shaded this year, as the hot July sun makes it very disagreeable for the scorers.

Very little playing has been done on the Lakeside courts owing to the soggy condition of the courts from the late rains.

A great many players will go to San Rafael a week or so previous to the tournament, so as to get used to the courts, etc.

Collier, since his defeat of Gus Taylor, is confident of doing still better, and is practicing hard with a view of meeting some of the more prominent players in the next tournament. He will probably play with young Robert Harrison in the Double Championship event.

The programme of events to take place at the opening festivities of the new Oakland Club's courts is to be carefully arranged and an interesting time will be had.

THE SCORER.

The Grand Central Wine Rooms are located at 16 Third Street. Here can be found the choicest, oldest, rarest of wines and liquors. Call at this famous resort and satisfy yourself.

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STOCKTON LIFE.

MY DEAR WAVE:—The power of wealth is at present being thoroughly demonstrated in our most exclusive circles. People who are not initiated, wonder why so many of our matrons, especially those who have pretty daughters, have so suddenly evinced such a desire to inspect the magnificent wood finishings of our new Court House, and particularly the elegant room of the County Clerk. Of course, the fact that Johnny Bargeman is a part owner in a certain rich gold mine in the "North Countree" has nothing to do with the interest taken in the pride of San Joaquin by the above-mentioned ladies.

And it is nothing more than what is justly due to Arthur Levinsky that I should say to "Society" that it wrongs him deeply by insinuating that he and "Ariadne" are one and the same, for he does not approve of her "gabbling." I assure you that "the Stockton lawyer" has long been a convert to the doctrine of Dr. Copeland, "that men are gods," and "Arthur" has always known how and where to classify *himself*.

"Society' understands why Milton Kile was so delighted with the "quaint negro dialect" of the "Jubilee Singers," for did it not fascinate him long ago "way down in Tennessee," much to the chagrin of more than one of "our girls?"

The young "bloods" of our "select Society" have felt rather forlorn since "Ida" has shown such a decided preference for "Colonel Dordie"—"he" of the "dark Spanish eyes," which have effectually "routed" all past favorites.

W. B. S—— is at his "old tricks" once more, but I'll not tell you, WAVE; you "blab" everything. You have even told certain members of our "aristocracy" who "Ariadne" is, and it is now pretty generally known that it is a "bold, bad man" who is telling all the "Society" gossip to THE WAVE.

The "high and mighty" manner of George Nillwit is no longer incomprehensible to his friends. Pretty Belle McKinnon will soon be the object of much envy, as she will, after Wednesday next, be known to our "Society" as Mrs. Tom Weber, much to the mortification of certain old gossips in the "North" part of town.

Mrs. S. M. Cross gave a "swell" party last week, at which I was one of the favored few; there is no disposition to criticise the lady's "function."

C. Bee Hart is not just the closest friend one would wish, when one's private affairs are such that one would prefer the public should be in total ignorance of certain attitudes assumed when one contemplates suicide. All "Society" is fully aware of how interesting Marion looked when kneeling at the feet of his "Mama-in-law" elect.

Henry Earl is really going to exterminate me. He need not feel frightened; no honorable person ever tells all he knows. For instance, every one is aware of the fact that Stockton will present to the next Democratic Convention a candidate for Governor. "Who is he?" you ask me. No, you are too curious by half; the truth is known only in political circles, and, being a politician of great local celebrity, it is a great secret, even with

ARIADNE.

SONNET.

BY FRANCIS SALTUS.

I once could weep when women wept; their tears
Whether of joy or pain, or love for me,
Moved all the meekness of my soul; for fears,
And terrene guiles had spared me; I was free

And pure of holiest thought, yet young in years.
My lips breathed freshness and its sympathy,
The coreless skeleton of Time now leers
Upon the threshold of my soul. I see

Callous, indifferent, scenes of blood and crime
The poor despair, the wicked upward climb;
My trusts in love and youth I long have spurned,
My sinning life-tides slowly Deathward creep,
But oh! how has my skeptic spirit yearned
To shed one simple tear when women weep!

—*Chicago Figaro.*

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HORRIBLE DICTU.

We met on the "L,"
I gave her my seat,
She was terribly swell,
Young, fair and petite;
But my thanks for that seat
Was a frown fraught with woe.
As I rose to my feet
I trod on her toe. —*Town Topics.*

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

Though Bland failed to make his silver bill pass the House, others have taken care to keep the subject alive, as Senator Morgan did this week in the Senate, when he made Sherman take notice that it was his intention to see that the various candidates for the presidency should take cognizance of this important question and industry.

As this subject is now prominent, and as many of THE WAVE'S readers may not be familiar with the mode and manner in which the Government buys its silver, which it must do according to law of August 13, 1891, to the extent of an average of 150,000 ounces per day at open market rates on specified days, a few words on the subject may not be amiss. All offers, telegraphic or otherwise, must be in English. The Directors of the Mint takes them to the Secretary of the Treasury and the Silver Commissioners make the awards to those who offer to sell at the lowest prices. The highest price that has been paid by the Government was $1.17; the last purchases were April 6th, 220,000 ounces; 17,000 at $.8620; 14,000 at $.8622; 84,000 at $.8630; 25,000 at $.8635; 50,000 at $.8637; and 30,000, at $.8640.

Few men have studied the silver question with more studious care and energy than Simeon Wenban, probably the largest individual silver-producer in the country, and owner of the Cortes mines, Nevada; and from his judgment of the case the Government can safely adopt free coinage. So satisfied is he that some beneficial solution of the question will be arrived at, that he has not sold an ounce of silver during the last four months. This can be better appreciated when it is understeood that his mines produce $600,000 per year.

Several of the mines at Aspen and Telluride, Col., will shut down, and the largest silver-producer in this State, the Waterloo, of Daggetts, in the Calico District, threatens to follow suit unless silver rises to 90.

An innovation will be made by the California Miners' Association, as they have appointed a committee to take the Educational National Convention that is to be held here in May, up to Dutch Flat to view the hydraulic mining. For that purpose a claim will be run an hour or two.

This has been a disastrous week for the operators on the Comstocks, and notwithstanding the assays of Con. California were over $3 per ton more than last week, the bears, under the leadership of Morrow and Walls, started in and sold right and left until many stocks looked as though as Eastern blizzard had struck them.

The shrinkage for 23 of the leading mines on the Comstock for the first 3 days of this week was over $500,000, and during the same time there was dealt in the five main stocks of Con. Virginia 9000 shares at 5¼ to 4.50; Ophir, 2800 shares @ 3 to 2.65; of Potosi, 1800 shares @1.35 to 1.10; Belcher, 2500 shares @ 1.05 to 85 cents, and Best & Belcher, 1500 @2.75 to 2.30.

There are various reasons to give for the decline and break in the market; first, there will fall due assessments on the Nevada mines for the month of April $330,000, and again Con. Virginia, the leader and main factor in the market did not make the showing for the month of March as was expected.

The total amount of bullion produced by Con. Virginia for the month was $75,556, of which $47,271 was gold and $28,294 silver. There was crushed by the Morgan Mill to produce this amount 4277 tons, and though the operating expenses at this time are not in, still they can be guessed at.

The $28,294 in silver bullion at a discount will reduce the amount about $7000, which would leave the $75,556 to $68,500; it cost them $7 per ton to mill the 4277 tons, about $30,000, leaving $38,500, and as the mine and supply expense is about $40,000, it would consume the whole amount, leaving only the sum on hand carried over from the month before about $11,000. Another reason may be given for the shutting down of the Morgan Mill on April 1st, and the starting up of the Eureka Mill which has 60 stamps, but only 40 were put in operation, when it was expected that all would be used. It is further rumored that Mr. Mackay will dot arrive here this month.

Two assessments were levied, Silver Hill 10 cents per share, and Challenge Con. of Nevada, 25 cents per share.

Local securities were quiet and small in demand. There was sold of Spring Valley Water, 680 shares @100 to 90¼; San Francisco Gas, 170 shares @68¼ to 67¾; Oakland Gas, 37½ bid; California Electric Light, 110 shares @15¾ to 15¼; Pacific Gas, 130 shares, 80¼ to 80; Safety Nitro Powder, 8¾ bid; Bank of California, 20 shares @267½; Geary Street R. R., 94 bid; Hawaiian Commercial, 400 shares @ 3⅞ to 3¾.

Home Mutual Insurance Company will pay its monthly dividend of $1 on April 11th.

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A special first-class excursion train will leave the Oakland ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco, on Saturday morning, April 16th, 1892, at 8 o'clock A. M. sharp, reaching Lodi at 11:30 A. M. Free carriage from Lodi to the property. Free collation on the train each way. Returning excursion train will leave Lodi at 6:30 P. M.

Tickets, round trip, from San Francisco to and from Lodi, $1.50.

Tickets from Stockton on the 8:40 A. M. train to Lodi returning on the excursion train, 50 cents for the round trip.

Tickets obtainable from Easton, Eldridge & Co., 638 Market Street, on Friday, April 15th, all day, and at Oakland ferry on morning of excursion, Saturday, April 16th, 1892, from our representative up to hour of leaving.

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SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, April 6th. DEAR WAVE:—You should have heard me murmur "yes" when the Judge said "you, your ma and pa come dine with me at the club." I went straight up stairs, got on my things, and was ready to go before he had the shadow of a chance to change his mind (for you note this is one of the things for which the Judge is noted); this time I was too cute for him. Well, when we entered the ladies' dining-room—which, by the way, is known as the "menagerie"—I really thought I had struck an Army Post. For many years pa furnished prunes and beans to a garrison, during which time my popularity was almost as great as pa's profits, and so when I found myself in a room full of generals, colonels, lieutenants, etc., I felt at home, and as hopeful as a real army girl. We had such a good dinner, and the champagne put the Judge in a happy communicative humor. He told us such a funny story about the recently married son of one of our heaviest financiers, who, being pleased with the improvement in his son's behavior, and desirous of starting him out well, called him into his private office and said to him: "Whenever your house is ready for the furniture, etc., go up town and select whatever you need, but bear in mind that money is tight, and go easy." The young man had no idea of what was needed, so he told his wife what pater had said. Furnishing a house was directly in her line, so long as pa furnished the necessary, and she proceeded to furnish it on a scale several degrees higher than she was accustomed to in her own home.

In due time the house was most elaborately fitted, from cellar to garret, and pa got the bills; simultaneously pa got mad, then profane, and forthwith demanded explanations from the shop-keepers, from whom he derived the satisfaction of finding out that his son's wife had ordered the bills sent to him; whereat he swore he would not pay the bills, as he was not in the business of buying out furniture companies; nevertheless, he wended his way to the palace of his son. Then there was a lively scene. "I shall never pay these bills, sir; and as for you, madame," addressing the wife, "your extravagance will be the ruin of my son."

"Well, what of it? What do you suppose I married him for?"

The bills were paid.

The Judge says this is merely a tempest in a teapot compared to the row the widow caused at Santa Monica; he says in twelve hours she almost broke up two families, but that the details are being carefully muffled.

After dinner we attended the Seventh Regiment N. G. C. Inspection, expecting there was going to be a good big riot, but the ex-Colonel, though on hand, came to the conclusion that it were wiser to live on and fight some other day, and the affair that promised to be so stormy culminated in a simple inspection, the United States Army officiating as head-spanker. The drilling and dancing were both quite up to the high standard of the Regiment, and it is to be hoped the hatchet will be buried, never to be dug up, and thereby relieve a patient and long-suffering community. DEBUTANTE.

SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

SACRAMENTO, April 6th. DEAR WAVE:—For the past week Society has been very quiet; presume the 400 are engaged in planning their Easter bonnets and dresses, and they will appear on that Sunday like the lilies of the field, arrayed in all their glory. What has become of Ethel? L—— looks disconsolate without her chum; by the way, how dark that young lady's hair has grown; too bad, for it was really a most beautiful shade. Sophie has returned after a pleasant visit in the city; she is not the favorite up here that her sister is, though just as attractive; but the dear men do like gush; it goes a very long way with them. The Cluness girls have the dearest cart; the only stylish one in town; but contrary to the usual custom here, they only ask the girls to drive. I do wonder if there is anything serious between Laura and Will; am sure that would please both families; then it would be such a satisfaction to the gossips, who have been saying "I told you so;" joking aside, though, they would make a very nice couple, and I am sure you would agree with me, dear WAVE, if you knew them as well as I. Young Miller has returned from the East, and the girls have a new beau; he is a pretty boy, and will probably become very popular. We actually have two more young gentlemen; the handsome young doctor, who more than fills Dr. Billy's place; at least, we girls think so, if the married women don't, and the Capitol Cannery young man, who is not nearly so important as he thinks himself. But, at any rate, three new men are a great boon to us girls; should think Daisy would have a fine time; wish I had a popular mamma, who had so many young men boarding with her; it takes the young married women and widows to appreciate such blessings; some of the members of the new bicycle club, for instance. A number of our most popular young men seem to be living in seclusion; M. S—— has not been heard from for months; presume he misses Ethel. M. L—— is devoting himself to music, and dear Horace has positively not had a new flirtation for quite a few months, unless it be *sub rosa*; it would be a shock if he announced his engagement, when we least expected, like the Professor, but *nous verrons*, time will show. Am pleased to hear that the Felter family are to remain with us; it would be a loss to have Emma's voice taken from us. Some one should tell the dark-eyed Mr. L—— to try and control his temper; if he is jealous, other men have been the same and kept it to themselves and why can not he?

Why don't some of our girls set up to the rich widower? He is not so very old, and I have no doubt they would overlook that; then his house has been all painted and frescoed and is delightfully situated; his sister and niece, who live with him, would most likely object to making a change.

The exhibition at the Art School was very attractive. It rained on the first two evenings, but on Monday there was a very large attendance. Two of our most popular and attractive girls have returned, Lucy and Leila. Adelaide has been at home more than usual this winter; a great gain to Society.

Minnie Clark is having a delightful visit in Washington. She will leave there soon to visit her brother and sister-in-law in Pittsburg. Etta has been rather quiet of late; presume she is stacking her mind with sarcasms in order to crush the too presuming. Mary T. has returned for one of her brief visits. Those girls never do stay at home for any length of time, probably if they did they might be more popular. Sacramento is beginning to put on her spring dress, and no place could be more lovely, especially on moonlight evenings. There has been several parties made up for Oak Park. We had great fun strolling around gathering the yellow flower peculiar to our Golden State. I must bid you *au revoir*, until next we meet. NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—Onest more my weather eye is on Sassity, and you bet I got lots to tell you, too. Imp soured on her posish cause she aint got nothin to write about this week, so I says, "I'll write for you," and she says, "it's a go." Mebby you think I aint just been aching to tell you lots-I know. Well, to begin, you know what I told you the last time I wrote a letter, bout a certain couple what come here with the Sassity matron last fall. Well, that jest aint *nothin* to what's come out since, and if there aint the bigest bum exploded in the 150 soon, then my name aint Jim. It seems as how they has been getting money under what the lawyers call "false pretenses," and they been giving their creditors, here and in San Francisco, checks on their folks in the East, and the checks all come back from the East, saying there aint no such folks there—nor no money, neither—and some business men here what's had dealings with the husband has been getting letters from an Eastern paper callin the husband a string of names as would fit a bum better than a Sassity gent—see? But the best joke is, the Sassity matron aint the only one what's been bled, cause I heard a young swell of our 150 got roped in with the rest; not to say nothin of a swell jewelry house in San Francisco what say that all the wife's *elegant* jewelry aint the real stuff at all, but jest fine paste. Ha! ha! Oh! *How* we Sassity folks has been taken in! Aint we? Just say "Sucker" to Gen'l M—— ef you wanter see a Fourth of July. Dan B——and his pard and the hotel men here and in San Francisco, have been exchangin black edge cards this week. If all these things is true what's being talked bout down here, then we'ull soon be so scary of strangers we'ull ask for their birth and marriage papers before we'ull take 'em into our swell set. But the end of this affair ain't come yet, as I heard the boys talkin bout er breach of promise case and a divorce in high life as well as er black mail case before this is through, just think what a fine time we are having talking all this over—at the theatre Monday night that's what everybody was talkin' about. Lots of folks was out to see "All the Comforts of Home." Shep and Allen was in the loge with two pretty girls. Tom *wasn't* in it (the loge I mean), but had pretty black-eyed Lizzie, in orcraster seats. Dan, Nick, Sam, and Charley was in the bald-headed row, the B——'s had a box, and Imp says as how "Boston air sorter yellows a girl's hair."

Friday night Emma Juch Opera Company ul be here, next week Wainwright, then the Unity Society gives a fancy dress ball, and I'm goin as a "Capitalist" and catch a lady. See? It is going ter be a invitation party so I aint afraid of rubbing my swell togs against any adventurers, or folks outside the 150.

The '89-'90 Club is going to spend piles of cash on the comin ball, and you bet it'll be *out er sight*, too. Some paper was written about how our "only Count" got himself disliked, and Imp says it's cause the Count believes in lettin his right hand know what his left hand's doin; what she meant I dunno. Allen says "his best girl" is comin here soon, but if he aint on the marry any quicker'n Will S—— is, then we'll grow gray waitin fer a Mrs. Will or Mrs. A——. Imp says ther girls aint in it, when the boys can flirt with the rafts of married ladies at a down-town hotel here, but it strikes me that some of ther husbands is as bad off as ther girls. Our 150 's got a name up for innocents, cause I just heard my friend, Judge Creighton, was taken in a la the M——'s by the same sorter man from the East, too. Poor Judge paid fifty dollars to cut his eye-teeth. Wonder what fellar'll be the next sucker? Your JIMMY.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, April 6th. DEAR WAVE:—Despite the miserable weather some small festivities were celebrated; the Judge's folks made the greatest display; they gave a swell dinner in honor of the Baron and the Banker; I do believe they gave it just to make me out a story-teller, because after I had given my solemn assurance that they never used "geraniums" they decorated with them. I call that downright mean.

Tom can't understand how they contrived to get the Baron and the Banker together, but I tell him there are a number of things not necessary for him to understand—that it was probably a rehearsal of the "Casket Scene" from "The Merchant of Venice." The Baron must have been charmed with some of the guests: there was the polished Bill D——, who shines in the social sphere like a star of the first magnitude.

Speaking of "Music Hall," it is a great pity that the "march of improvement" (isn't that correct?) has altered so many spots dear to our memories. Now, if those old walls could speak, what tales would be told, what ghosts would walk out of the back rooms and glide down back stairs. The dressmaking rooms have given way to lawyers' offices; the rink is a thing of the past; the studio has sought other quarters; the noble figure of the handsome Captain no longer ornaments the pavement in front of the building, and no more handsome women come down the stairs looking right and left, to see which way is best; but the *memories*, they linger, and some of us are grateful.

We have had a brief visit from our former beauty and singer (no, no, our "Infant Mayor" didn't go down to the hotel). Los Angeles has improved her; the matronly style is becoming, and she is just as demure and correct now as can be. All is forgiven and forgotten, now that she has married a *rich* man. We are all good Christians, and forgive every rich sinner.

One thing is certain, riches do not spoil every man. There is the millionare. He is the most generous, the most confiding man I ever knew. It is a good thing no envious Iago has his ear, or there would be a fracas. She has a brain for strategy, or she never could prevent a duel. Some day he will learn how he is deceived, and then "blood, Iago, blood." But at present, the situation is delicious to lookers on, and as for Mr. Millions, why "He that is robbed, let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all."

The *Mercury* has ended the long agony of the teachers, and pretty Miss Calhoun goes to the Islands. I am glad of it. She deserves well.

Madame Jenness Miller has been here, we have seen, and some of us, notably Nick Bowden, have been conquered. Didn't he have *cheek* to slip back into the hall when all male monsters were ordered out? I suppose Mrs. B. will be arrayed "like one of these" very soon. I don't think it was nice in Madame Miller to say she had come "to reform our women." Tom says there never was a place where the women were so angelic, not since the days in the Garden. We are not prudes, to be sure, and we are somewhat frisky, but reforming—"Let me not think of it," or I shall go mad, on the honor of a

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—Gracios à Dios! That horrid old bond question is at last settled, and once more we may occasionally expect to have a call from that monster—man, but isn't it a fine joke on Dr. Woolsey, Will Dargie, Edson Adams, John Adams, Tom Prather and Frank, that we are to have no boulevard bonds? Tom and I are in a dreadful dilemma over the horrible fate in store for us. You know, dear, that all the wise (?) men said that we would sink into an absolute state of lethargy, and the few inhabitants of this burg would die of malaria, and lots of other horrid diseases, if those bonds did not pass, so what are we to do to get into the good graces of the world again? There is not another place on the Coast with such a disgraceful reputation, but really it is not so bad as pictured. Just a way that the men had of frightening the ignorant into acquiescing to all that might be suggested. There is another fracas about the buying of postage stamps elsewhere than at the office. If so much revenue is lost, why not bring the postoffice in town? The 150 do all their buying in San Francisco, or at the small stands, for the simple reason that the office is out of town, and one is compelled to walk miles to get to it. Do wish that Mr. Dingee would stir up the question, and get the office on his Fourteenth-Street property, it would be so near the new theatre and Athenian Club. He is such a sensible and ambitious man—would that there were more like him. Have you ever met his wife? She is the most charming woman on this side, a perfect woman of the world, capable of talking intelligently on all subjects—something that can be said for but few of our Society butterflies—the majority are not even accomplished coquettes, they make me tired. Mrs. Remi Chabot is a shrewd business woman, and manages the estate left her as successfully as Remi ever did, and increases her income all the time. Her daughter, Mrs. Rob Knight, intends taking up her abode at Vallejo. Rob has charge of the waterworks there. They are owned by his mother-in-law. Isn't he a most fortunate man? The prettiest girl in town for his wife, an heiress, too.

Ex-Governor George C. Perkins gave a delightful dinner to his friends last Saturday evening. Mamma and papa were there, and it was awfully swell, but then, George never does anything by halves. Isn't his wife a quiet little woman? She lets the cares of life rest lightly on her shoulders. Mamma says that in George and his wife you can scarcely recognize a vestige of the youthful grocer boy and his little rural sweetheart.

How perfectly unselfish our boys are! They are always doing something to amuse us, and they always make sure that the amusement is what we care for most—they never consider their own feelings. The latest is a baseball club organized, for our especial delectation, by well-known members of the Reliance Club. Alec Rosborough told me all about it—he says they intend giving invitation affairs for the pleasure of their "sweet lady friends"—and only those belonging to the 150 will be invited. Here is a hint for our thoughtful young men, who do not take part; it will be their Christian duty to see that these same "sweet lady friends" and their chaperons have escorts to these gatherings that are intended for our pleasure alone. Do I hear you ask "Who are the members of the club?" My memory is treacherous, but so far as I can recall the members are our woman-hater, Frank Drum, gallant and chivalrous Arthur Pope, "Brick" Wheaton, "who hopes to be bald some day," Adolph Uhl, with the glorious eyes, Alec Rosborough, "the funny," and, oh dear, I've forgotten the others, but will find them out before my next. The Athenians intend giving a "chirps" on Saturday. Where are the monthly entertainments that they promised us girls? Suppose they think that to shine in a reflected glory is sufficient for us. Perhaps so, but they can rest assured that if they don't provide more amusement for us, we will seek it elsewhere and get in mischief too, as did the wife of—but oh, I promised not to tell, and if I should betray her the explosion would be more than startling to our Society angels.

Billy and Ruby have returned from their wedding trip and both are as happy as happy can be. Do you know, dear, he doesn't seem half so attractive to me as of old? Isn't it fortunate, but don't go and tell him that I said so, for it is such fun to have him think that I am dying of a broken heart. He is really grief-stricken over the thought. The Knowles and Goodalls have also returned from Coronado. Phil Remillard, Gus McDonald, Will Powning, and Belle Crellon have a "Bostonian" craze, and that one particular star that takes them to San Francisco every evening is Flora Finlayson. For personal appearance they need not go so far away from home, as Nannie Prather is her living image and for temper can equal Flora's any day, but she lacks that *diablerie* which men find so winning. I'm cultivating it and find it takes, particularly with Harry East Miller, Rhodes Borden, and Donald Y. Campbell.

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*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4 30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5 00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
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8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
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*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
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Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6.10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
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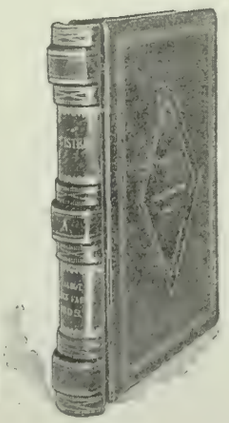

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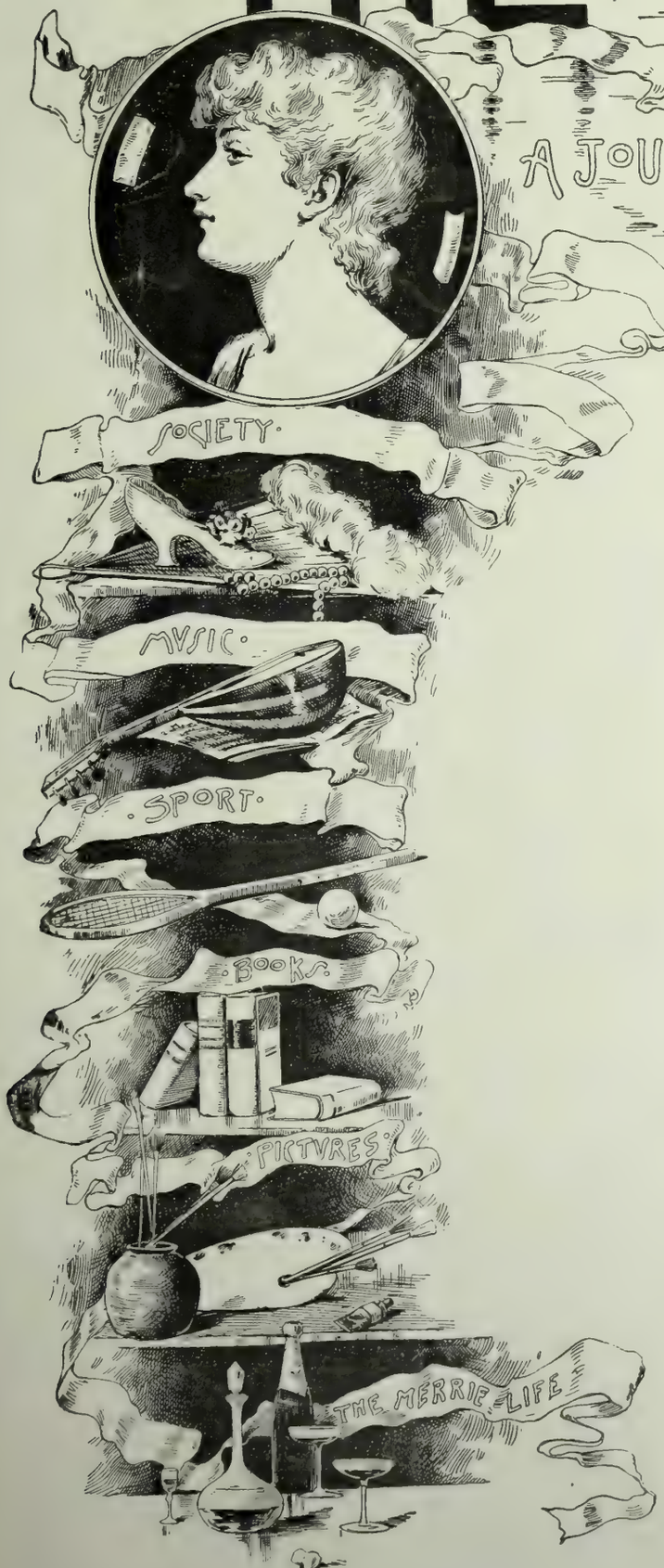

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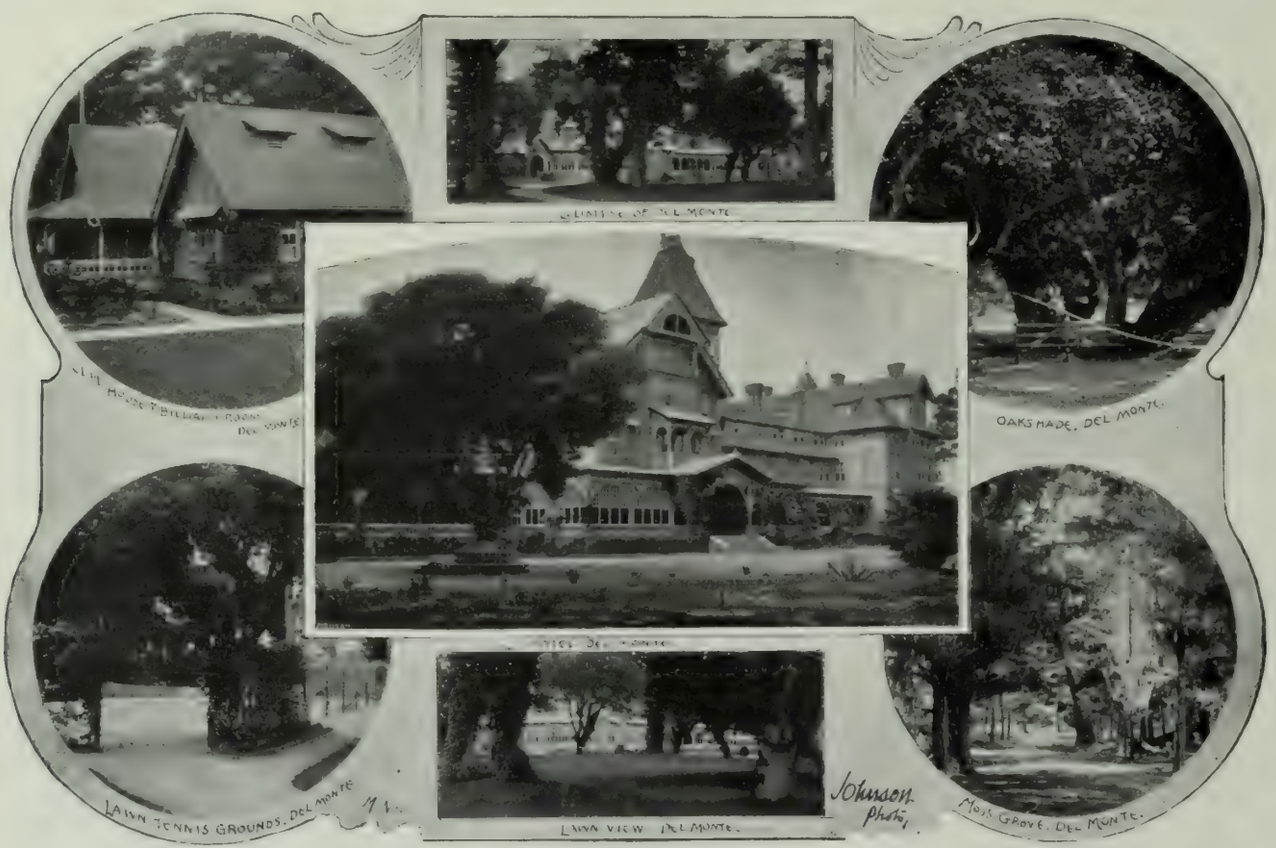

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 16, 1892.

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Prominent before the public this week is ex-Judge J. F. Sullivan, whose portrait adorns the cover. Mr. Sullivan has for some years occupied a high place in the public estimate, long ago having gained a well-earned reputation for probity and ability. His service on the Superior Bench made him many friends; he administered justice fairly, honestly, and without discrimination. Ex-Judge Sullivan has been honored in many ways by the citizens of San Francisco, and if his splendid practice permitted him to be a candidate, could be elected to almost any office in the gift of the citizens.

SPLASHES.

ECHOES OF THE ELECTION conflict at the Pacific-Union Club are still in the air. Over the defeat of the *a la carte* regime no sorrow is expressed. Some few gossips have whispered that the friends of the gallant Holloway put him up for the purpose of throwing him down, but I am not given to believing all I hear. The record ot the old Board would have defeated any member of it. The Club expects to have a loss in the restaurant, but not $3000 per month as the system just out of vogue caused. Then, too, the institution has been ridiculously administered. Instead of purchasing in quantities down town, the steward has dealt at the California Market and from the most expensive retail establishments. Sam Hubbard is to have charge of the catering, and, as he is thoroughly posted, the *gourmets* are contemplating the future with satisfaction.

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The many failures of the old Board are credited to the frequent absences from town of both Russell Wilson and Mr. Holloway. Directors' meetings were rare and no one seemed to think it his business to look after the Club's affairs. Then, too, there were a few who had an idea Holloway was coming to the front a little too rapidly. There were questions about his achievements which remained unanswered, and so the opposition ticket was sprung and the good-looking merchant was snowed under.

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By the way, what has become of the new Social Club? This swell organization that was to succeed the Pacific-Union, perhaps drive it out of existence, is no longer heard of. Can it be possible it has expired before it passed the "idea" stage. The *cognoscenti* attribute its failure to the identity of the projectors. None of them had any following, and, with the exception of Dan Murphy, they were not clubable men at all. Still, some sixty or seventy names were secured, and I believe if a popular committee were to attempt the organization they would meet with more success. Still, the necessity is not very obvious.

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THE MURPHY FAMILY, I am told, is on the verge of peace. Efforts are being made to compromise the will contest, of which the engagement in the Alameda tribunal was merely the prologue. Mrs. Murphy died worth over half a million dollars. She made no will, but expressed intentions regarding her possessions in a letter to her lawyer. Pending his decision whether it constituted an effective testament or not, she departed this life. In this letter, she divided the property between her three unmarried daughters, excluding Lady Wolsley, whom her husband had provided for. Dan Murphy took the ground that this was not fair to the latter nor to his brother Sam, and on this ground commenced the contest. All that has been touched so far is merely the question of domicile, this to settle the matter of personal property. The Misses Murphy claim their mother was a resident of Alameda County.

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Mr. Murphy's attorneys are arguing the contrary. They claim she was a resident of London. I am told Dan Murphy has given his sisters to understand that, personally, he does not care for the property. If they will consent to an equitable distribution he will forego his personal claims. He is said to be worth several hundred thousand dollars—more than he is generally credited with. The family property consists of a half share in the Murphy-Grant Building, some 6000 shares of gas stock, the Murphy Building on the corner of Market and Jones Streets, besides several lots and buildings elsewhere. In the big dry goods firm the family interest was disposed of long ago. Dan sold his one-sixth because he found he could make better use of the money and because he had no voice in the management, representing so small an interest.

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The marriage of Mr. Murphy and Miss Pope will be celebrated by Archbishop Riordan at noon on Tuesday next. It will be quite an affair. The bride's costume will be very rich, and her bridesmaids, Miss Carolan and Miss Taylor, will wear exceedingly pretty gowns. For the reception that follows a large number of invitations have been sent out. The happy pair will leave for Europe, where the honeymoon will be spent.

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THE FLORAL FESTIVAL at Santa Barbara, the largest exhibition of this kind ever held on this continent, will open on Tuesday, April 19th, at Santa Barbara. Millions of flowers will be used to decorate the carriages and their occupants participating in the procession, which, if the expectations of the Board of Trustees are fulfilled, will be two miles in length. It is the intention of the people of Santa Barbara to carry out every detail of a flower carnival as held in Nice, in fact, to rival that famous festival of the European home of Flora. The festivities will open with a horticultural display, and then upon the arrival of the Goddess Flora, attended by a bevy of nymphs from her Thracian home, the grand floral procession will be formed and the battle of flowers commenced.

* * *

During the five days of the carnival there will be tournaments at the fair grounds, jousting by mounted knights before the Goddess Flora, feats of horsemanship, equestrian exhibitions of ladies and cavaliers; on the twenty-first there will be a grand carnival ball in the evening, and as invitations have been issued to the French warships "La Champlain," H. B. M. S. "Warspite," and the United States ships, "Baltimore" and "Charleston," to participate in the festivities, many brilliant uniforms are expected to grace the floor. During the progress of the ball a floral dance will be executed by the Goddess Flora and the nymphs of her suite, and, altogether, it is intended to make such an event in the history of California and of the annals of Society not to be easily forgotten.

* * *

FROM THE CALLIOPEAN CLUB nothing, it seems, is to be expected this season. For some reason the projected social has been abandoned and the hosts of pretty maidens

who turn out on such occasions are repining. In other years the organization has been good for at least two balls. This winter but one is down to its credit. Some of the members explain their inactivity on the score that there have been no private parties to speak of this season, and consequently there is no reason why the Calliopeans should assume the onus of entertaining. That there is a good deal in this view of the case is undeniable. No family has distinguished itself by any especial hospitality. The doors of most of the large mansions have been closed.

* * *

The presumption is that club parties are given to repay social obligations. Parents of marriageable daughters are expected to keep Society in circulation. It devolves on them to do so. If they fail in their duties, then the necessity for reciprocity ceases. However, I believe the Calliopeans are talking of giving some kind of a summer outing. The shape it will take is still under consideration. There is a probability that the headquarters of the Club will have to be changed. The lease of the corner of Pine and Polk Streets expires very soon and arrangements will then have to be made for a house or a flat as agreeably located.

* * *

Miss Babette Fleishman, who is being boomed by the press generally as the most patriotic of American heiresses, was in San Francisco, a few weeks ago, with her father, Brewer Fleishman, of Cincinnati. Just how many millions he is worth, I cannot guess. His line of endeavor is whisky—being proprietor of a large distillery in Ohio. She was engaged to an Austrian noble, Count Logitetti, and because he refused to forswear his allegiance to Francis Joseph, and become a citizen of this republic, she renounced him. I believe he denies this explanation, but refuses to furnish another. She is quite a pretty girl, and was extensively entertained here. It seems cruel to deprive her of the credit, but it is whispered that the good looks of a certain member of the Concordia Club are largely responsible for Miss Fleishman's patriotism.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB election is over. There was no excitement to speak of. The regular ticket was apparently acceptable with the exception that the Election Committee as nominated did not suit the views of the majority. As a result, an opposition ticket was made up and mailed to the members. It was headed by Al Gerberding and the others, but some objectionable names were omitted and others less exacting substituted. It scored the majority of votes. Doubtless Mr. Gerberding will make an acceptable President. On him devolves the task of building a new clubhouse. He will find it among the most arduous of undertakings. All agree that it would be delightful to have a fine building, but very few are willing to pay for the privilege. He can succeed, perhaps, by devotion and persistence, but in no other way.

* * *

Ex-President Phelan, though he is not now as popular as when he was elected, has made one of the best presiding officers the Club ever had. In a thoroughly business-like way he has administered its affairs, and the financial statement he presented was the strongest the Club has had in years. Unlike others, it could be analyzed, and the surplus found not to be made up of bad debts. Besides, Mr. Phelan has given the institution a great deal of his time. He has brought to the Club and entertained nearly all the prominent visitors whose temporary headquarters San Francisco has been. In preparing the "jinks" he has always taken a share; they have been uniformly successful—some of them very good. Personally, his hospitalities have been very liberal. In the service he has made improvements, and altogether has done well. Three months hence his term in office will be viewed with more respect than the talking majority seems anxious to regard it at present.

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GEORGE L. BROMLEY is seventy-five years of age, and the Bohemian Club will celebrate this important anniversary with a "jinks" to-night. Uncle George, as a wit, is rather out of date, but his personality is so genial and kindly that he is, without question, the most popular man in the Club. He has admirable tact at turning away wrath. In disputes he is always the peacemaker—a faculty rarer than most people suppose. The "jinks" to-night will be one of the most elaborate the Club has given. Between eight and nine, Uncle George will hold a reception, and then, on the shoulders of the oldest members, he will be carried over to Irving Hall, escorted by a procession of Bohemians. There the high jinks will take place. General Barnes speaks, a poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes will be read, letters from Isaac Bromley, the veteran's brother, and from a host of celebrities, are to be sprung on the assemblage.

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Supper will be served in the *café*, which will be elaborately decorated for the occasion. There the low jinks will take place. They are to be impromptu. Experience has shown that programmes are productive of stiffness. Mr. Gerberding and the other members of the Committee will preside.

* * *

THE COSMOS CLUB has elected a very effective directorate. President Fred. H. Green is a capitalist, and in the past has devoted a great deal of time to the institution. He has had charge of the improvements that have been made, and his services have been most useful. John M. Cunningham, the new Vice-President, is a son-in-law of the late Nicholas Luning, and is well known in business circles. W. R. Wheeler is Secretary, and Colin M. Boyd is Treasurer. Will Macondray, who has always been a most efficient Director, has charge of the House Committee. The prospects of the Cosmos Club were never brighter. Some time ago it was suggested, as a good plan, to start a subscription toward wiping out the floating debt, which was then in the neighborhood of $10,000. A list was opened and the result has been surprising. One man headed it with $1000; others have contributed sums from $75 upward.

* * *

Now, the institution's total indebtedness is only the $13,000 worth of bonds which the members hold, and on which 6 per cent per annum is paid. This $10,000 floating indebtedness was sustained in improving the club service, in putting in the grillroom, etc. This has proved a success; between ten and midnight there is always to be found a crowd there. A change has been made in the prices charged for meals. Dinner now costs $1; luncheon 50 cents—an advance of 15 cents in each instance. Wine is extra. Unlike the restaurant of the Pacific-Union this department at the Cosmos did not run behind to a material extent, and it is now on a paying basis. That of the Bohemian Club only shows a deficit of six or seven hundred dollars, which is a decided improvement.

* * *

On Thursday evening next the Olympic Club gives a "ladies' night" that promises to be quite a treat. An interesting programme of athletics precedes an amateur performance of Sullivan's opera, "Box & Cox," in which Messrs. Wilkie, Fortescue, and Mills take part. Mr. Stewart will attend to the music. A stage is being constructed in the gymnasium, and the rehearsals indicate a satisfactory entertainment. To-day is the Club's field day, and at the out-door grounds a fine programme of events will be given. The athletes have been in training a long time, and great record breaking is anticipated. If the weather is respectable, there will surely be a great gathering of sisters, cousins, and aunts of the membership, lots of enthusiasm, and frequent iterations of the new club cry.

* * *

COUNT FESTETICS was at the Pacific-Union Club on Saturday last and attracted general attention. About his appearance or manner there is nothing suggestive of the Austrian *haute noblesse*, and in this regard he is a disappointment. People expect so much. He is young, very; it is true he has a mustache, but it is of the downiest. Of English he is blissfully ignorant, and he has a Teutonic ove for malt liquor. He dresses as though his wardrobe was purchased in Paris. Louis Haggin is piloting him around and will take him to Monterey, to the Yosemite, and other places before the season is over. It is said Festetics moves in the inner circle of the most exclusive Society of Europe—that of Venice. Just how strict it is one obtains an excellent idea from Mallock's new book, "A Human Documemt."

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As an American of good birth, Countess Festetics will be received in her husband's set Had he married a European girl whose descent was not noble, she would have been outside the pale. Of Americans, an exception is made for the reason that the government recognizes no distinction of persons. Mallock tells of the wife of an Hungarian

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

Prince, an Englishwoman, granddaughter of a Duke, and a dear friend of the Queen, whom Viennese Society refused to have aught to do with because her father was a brewer. He was a Statesman, too.

* * *

UNCERTAINTY is the only certainty. A man may successfully withstand the most ardent assaults, establish a reputation as a confirmed bachelor, and then, when he is classed among the impregnables, suddenly succumb and announce his engagement. There is Henry Sahlein, for instance, who is worth at least $5,000,000. For years past he has not even been considered by matrons with marriageable daughters, and now his betrothal to Miss Carrie Fisher is announced. He is one of the three children of the late William Sahlein, and a relative of Levi Strauss. His sister is Mrs. Jake Stern, and his brother, Moses Sahlein, resides in New York. The million or so he inherited he has used with marvelous success in a series of speculations.

* * *

Miss Fisher is well-known in Jewish Society. Without being a beauty she is very popular and inherits a great deal of the sagacity and intelligence of her father, Phillip Fisher, the confidential clerk of Levi Strauss. Mr. Fisher ranks with J. C. Stubbs, A. N. Towne, and Irwin M. Stump as the highest salaried men in San Francisco. * * *

Being averse by nature to pointing morals, I will attempt no deduction from the events of the coming week. There are marriages for every day but Friday, and all that preserves it is a superstition that the period of twenty-four hours thus individualized, is unlucky. On Monday, the wedding of Daniel T. Murphy and Miss Pope will be celebrated at the Pope residence on Van Ness Avenue. On Tuesday, that of Miss Gertrude Ames and Mr. Wood, at Grace Church. On Wednesday, that of George Boyd and Miss Maggie Kittle, at St. John's Church, that of E. Avery McCarthy and Miss Lillian Wagner at 8:30 P. M. at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Joseph Wagner, 1004 Jones Street. * * *

For the coming week the staple entertainment is marriage receptions. Save a tea to be given by Miss Hager on Sunday afternoon, there is nothing in prospect. Quite a number of Society people are going to Santa Barbara for the Flower Festival, however.

* * *

C. P. Huntington will return East in June but purposes ere long to make a lengthy stay in California. His extensive railroad holdings in the East he is disposing of as fast as possible, and those that remain he is negotiating the sale of. His wish is to spend at least twelve months in the State, and to give his entire personal attention to the development of the Southern Pacific. How soon he can effect this he is uncertain, but it is probable that he and Mrs. Huntington will be residents of San Francisco before next winter.

* * *

Lieutenant and Mrs. Schwerin, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Huntington from New York, will remain in San Francisco. Lieutenant Schwerin is to enter the service of the Southern Pacific Company as purchasing agent. He is said to be one of the most capable officers in the navy, and his resignation was very reluctantly accepted by the Secretary. Mrs. Schwerin comes of an excellent Maryland family. Before her marriage she was one of the belles of Baltimore, and reputed the best-dressed girl there.

* * *

Claus Spreckels, his wife, and Miss Emma Spreckels have returned to town and are installed in their Howard Street residence. The Sugar King is in excellent health and thoroughly satisfied with the magnificent results of his struggle with the sugar trust. Now that his father is home John D. Spreckels purposes to relieve the tedium of business life by a trip to Europe. He has, during the past two troublesome years, worked quite as hard as any struggling clerk in the firm's employ, and certainly deserves a holiday. He and Mrs. Spreckels will set out early next month

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The engagement of Colonel Edward A. Belcher and Miss Stella B. Walthall, daughter of the late Madison Walthall of Stockton, is announced. The wedding will take place during the Christmas holidays; meantime Miss Walthall will visit France and Germany in company with friends for purposes of musical study, arranging her visit to Germany so as to be at Bayreuth at the fall festival.

* * *

Rumor whispers the engagement of the beautiful Miss Rosalie Meyer and one of the Lazard frères in Paris. Miss Meyer is now in Lutetia, and though her relatives deny the story, there are a good many whom it is presumed ought to know, who seem to think there is some foundation. The Lazard frères are the well-known bankers, whose firm is represented here by the London, Paris and American Bank, of which Mr. Eugene Meyer is Manager. * * *

Lieutenant James E. Runcie has been relieved of his duties as Engineer Officer attached to army headquarters, and has gone East to join his regiment. This is preparatory to retiring, for Mr. Runcie has made up his mind that for a man of his capacity the service of Uncle Sam is a mistake. He is today one of the ablest and most accomplished officers in the service. He is a linguist, a mathematician, a competent engineer, and a lawyer. To the latter profession I believe he purposes devoting his energies. He will return in a few weeks, and rumor says he purposes joining Joe Redding. If brains and intelligence secure success in the law, Mr. Runcie will have a very large practice within a year or two. Lieutenant Lovering, now one of General Ruger's A. D. C's., a very competent officer, succeeds Mr. Runcie.

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The Woman's Exchange has in contemplation a very pleasant method of entertaining its friends. It purposes giving a tea and outing at Angel Island on Saturday, May 7th. The management is indebted to Colonel and Mrs. Shafter for the opportunity of extending to their patrons an invitation to attend this unique entertainment.

* * *

I learn with regret of the death in Australia of C. C. Naughton, a brother of W. W. Naughton, the well-known sporting editor of the *Examiner*. The sad event occurred at Bourke, a short distance from Sydney, where Mr. Naughton was visiting. He was prominent in the social and business life of Sydney and was also well-known in New Zealand, where his father was for sixteen years Police Commissioner and Resident Magistrate.

* * *

THE HONEST MEMBERS of the Grand Jury have done exactly what I urged them to do two weeks ago. At that time I said: "Their duty is plain; let them leave the Grand Jury, and tell the people why they do it;" and I am glad to see they have had sense enough to take my advice. The impregnable integrity of the Honest Eight was too much for the gentlemen who were on the jury to save their friends; time was wasted in trying to secure indictments; and the minority took the only course open to them. I believe they asked to be discharged just in time; the Superior Judges could not continue to hear the foreman spoken of as an unconvicted criminial, and they called a meeting to discuss a way of disbanding the body. Had the Honest Eight delayed their petition a few days they would have been branded for life as no better than the others. No one will lose sight of the fact that Mr. Le Count was a client of Mr. Troutt, now Presiding Judge.

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On Tuesday there was an exciting time in the Grand Jury room. There were sixteen or seventeen members present, seven of the Eight being in attendance. The report of the meeting of the Judges had been circulated, and the Eight feared that the order of discharge would come before they could get their petition in. Scott was unavoidably absent, and his confreres were not anxious to proceed without his sanction; when he arrived it was found that Dutton was not present. Then Flageollet said that Dutton authorized him to sign the petition in his behalf, and the paper was handed in. The leader in the movement was probably Alfred Bouvier, and the petition bears a close resemblance to his business-like communications. I should like to hear from Judge Wallace on this subject of another Grand Jury.

* * *

A VICTIM of Boss Buckley in the last campaign was Hiram B. Cook, who resigned from the Auditor's office the other day. I happen to know how he came to be placed on the Democratic ticket for County Clerk, and how the late boss played double

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

with him as well as with nearly all the candidates. Cook has since figured the thing out for himself, and what I shall say is no news to him, at least. Some years ago Cook refereed the celebrated fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan at the Pavilion. He did so at the request of Buckley, who secured the permit for the fight from the Board of Supervisors, and he was interested in the gate receipts. This favor made Hiram quite "solid" with the boss, and when the late lamented F. F. Strother became Auditor, Buckley was one of his most ardent backers for the position of Chief Deputy. For six years Cook served in this place. During all that period he was, in fact, the Auditor. As District Engineer, formerly Senator, Jack Dougherty would remark, "Strother merely sat in the office, picked his teeth and looked wise."

* * *

Year after year Cook went out and hustled up votes for Strother until he became weary of the work. One day he said to the boss, "Say, Buck, isn't it about time that I was promoted? I would like to make one canvass for myself before I quit." The boss ruminated a moment and said, "Well, Hiram, we have promised to make Strother Mayor this year, and I don't see any reason why you should not be Auditor. Speak to him about it."

Cook did so, and found that Strother not only was agreeable—he was actually enthusiastic. So it was all fixed for Strother to be Mayor and Cook Auditor, and the latter informed his friends, with many injunctions of privacy, of the secret arrangement. Time rolled on, and the Convention met. The fact that Buckley had promised to nominate Strother for Mayor was kept dark as long as possible, but there came a time when it had to be announced. Then there was a general howl on the part of press, politicians, and public. Buckley's machinists merely ejaculated "WHAT?" in a loud tone of voice.

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After due reflection Buckley sent for Strother. He is said to have said: "Mr. Strother, I have made this promise, and I will keep it, but, in my judgment, it will kill our whole ticket to nominate you. In a word, this is not your year. Now, consider the situation, and give me your answer. Do you want this nomination with defeat staring you in the face?" After due reflection, Strother concluded that he did not want it. It will be remembered that the place was offered to Colin M. Boyd, and declined; also to Frank McCoppin, and declined; and finally accepted by W. F. Goad, who was simply wiped out at the election.

* * *

But when Strother had concluded to stand from under, he asked the boss, feverishly, "What is to become of me?" Buckley did not know. The auditorship had been promised to Cook. "I will reason with him," remarked the boss. Hiram was sent for and reasoned with. At first he was highly indignant, and declared that he would not be set aside simply because Strother imagined he had a "sure thing" on the Auditor's office. Buckley elucidated the political features of the situation, flattered and argued until finally Cook concluded to be placated.

* * *

So the Convention met that night and nominated Strother for Auditor and Cook for County Clerk. Then Hiram sought an interview with the boss, and told him the truth. "Chris," he said, "you cannot elect Strother again. At every election, for six years, I have got him over a thousand votes which he will not get this time. Two years ago my friends said they had voted for him on my account for the last time. They would have voted for me for Auditor, but they will not support me for County Clerk, believing that you have jobbed me. The Republicans have nominated the weakest man in town for Auditor, but he will easily beat Strother. I tell you this now so you will not charge me with treachery. I do not expect to be elected myself."

* * *

At the ballot boxes Strother lost by two and Cook by three thousand majority. David Stern, the successful candidate for Auditor, retained Cook as Chief Deputy, solely because of his capacity as an accountant, and to this day Strother believes that Hiram conspired with Stern, Kelly, and Crimmins to defeat him. Cook and Strother have not spoken for a year.

* * *

AFTER GROPING in the political wilderness for many months, Auditor Thomas Jefferson Longfellow Smiley has at last found his way into camp. The Auditor is a queer compound of selfishness, sagacity, boldness, humility, and fickleness. He was thrown into office for the first time by the grace of Governor Waterman, who appointed him Registrar of the city. He held that important position during a turbulent campaign, and made a brilliant record by his apparent nonpartisanship, and the stubborn manner in which he opposed the arrogant dominion of a Democratic Election Commission. He did such good service that when it was reported that Governor Markham intended to dismiss him and substitute Soda-Water Brown, the entire local Republican party cried out against the consummation of such an outrage.

* * *

Dan Burns, however, demanded the appointment of Brown, and Smiley was forced out of his snug berth. Of course, he was naturally bitter against Colonel Burns, and vowed vengeance. Shortly afterwards Auditor Stern died, and Smiley was at once mentioned as his successor. Crimmins and Kelly could have prevented the Supervisors from selecting Smiley, but they did not interfere, and he was chosen unanimously.

He has never shown the slightest appreciation of the kindness of Kelly and Crimmins, but has always refused to recognize them.

* * *

As a member of the Election Commission he never lost an opportunity to show his dislike for Registrar Brown, and it was predicted that, during the campaign there would be some very lively sessions of the Commission. The politicians agreed that Smiley was on the fence, and that the circumstances were such that he could never declare a truce with either side. He fought Kelly and Crimmins by his attacks on the Fire Department, and displayed his enmity toward Burns by his antagonism to Brown. But a truce has been declared, for by the exertions of that clever curb-stone diplomat, Jeremiah Mahoney, the Auditor is now sitting complacently beneath the folds of Colonel Burn's banner.

The promise of a nomination effected the compromise. This explains the dismissal of Hiram B. Cook, and the appointment of John. B. Martin as his successor. The latter is the brother of Fire Commissioner Martin.

* * *

IT GIVES ME PLEASURE to announce a new candidate for Mayor on the Republican side. He is no pin-head, I can assure you. He is a politician whose generalship sweeps the horizon from Nob Hill to Tar Flat, and whose statesmanship encompasses the commonwealth from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea. A remark of his which I shall presently transcribe, shows that he is also a practical man of affairs—that he knows, in fact, how to make a "fight" and win. I hesitate to name him, however. The jealousies of his contemporaries and the envy of his rivals will, I fear, be aroused. But I suppose I must divulge his identity sometime, and here goes. The new candidate for Mayor is Mr. Frederick A. Hyde, President of the Board of Education.

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Now that the secret is out, I suppose everybody will take a shot at him, but I can assure the narrow-minded citizens, whose hostility I challenge, as well as the "chumps" whose jealousy will be excited by the mention of Mr. Hyde's name for this great office, that he cannot be vanquished by mere words. The fact that he created and now commands the miserable little ring in the Board of Education which does the dirty work of Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins, does not, by any means, exhibit his talents in their strongest light. Mr. Hyde is capable of greater things.

* * *

Let me transcribe the remark I have already alluded to. It will illustrate his strong sense in most brilliant colors. A few days ago Mr. Hyde was discussing the subject of his ambition with a friend. "Well," he remarked, "I have seen enough of politics to know that this la-de-dah business is all humbug. In every city each party has a boss who runs things. It is foolish to talk about anybody he does not want nominated for office. When I get ready to run for Mayor I shall hunt up the man who is boss for the time being, and say to him, 'Sir, I wish to be Mayor of this town. How much is it?' He may say $10,000 or he may say $20,000. Whatever it is, I shall

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

fork it over, and go about my business. When the votes are counted I shall be Mayor. That is the way to do that business."

* * *

I submit that any man capable of taking such a bed-rock view of things as this cannot be thwarted of his ambition by any ordinary means. Hence, in naming him thus early I fear no hostile criticism. The shafts of envy and malice are certain to fall harmless at his feet.

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MINING STOCKS took another tumble last week when the "Grand Cross" was played successfully in Con. Virginia. A rumor floated that the insiders were gobbling up the loose shares, and the action of several brokers showed that Mr. Flood was buying. The street was tight and shares were hard to get and those that were offered advanced over a dollar. The outsiders began clamoring for the stock, and when the voices were at the loudest the market slumped, the cause being the dumping of big blocks of the coveted property. When the board closed, the outsiders discovered that the shares had gone down a couple of dollars, and that they had been the victims of a successful "Grand Cross." As everyone knows, the "Grand Cross," when worked by an insider, consists in sending agents out to buy a few shares, which sends the quotations up, and when they are at a high altitude, dumping on the street stock enough to beat the quotations to the ground.

* * *

Bodie is feeling bad, indeed, almost in the same condition that it was in 1879, when old Louis Teese made the fortune that he lost a short time later. Teese was a gambler; he'd take chances on stocks, cards, dice, horses, or anything else that luck had anything to do with. One day he sat in a poker game that is memorable. Four or five other mine-buyers were with him, and Fortune's smile was cold and forced so far as Louis was concerned. It did not matter what he had before the draw, some of the others would "pull out" on him.

* * *

Teese stuck to the game; he had money and he had credit. The property on the corner of California and Kearny, which he owned, was good for all he lost. But the hour was getting late, and when somebody proposed a round of jack-pots, consent was unanimously given. Teese lost again, and his last deal was made. "I'll open," said Teese, pushing in a note for fifty dollars. The other players stayed, and Teese announced that he was "pat." He bet the limit. A well-known gentleman saw him, and wanted to raise, but his money was all out.

"What's 1000 shares of Bodie worth?" he asked.

"You can put it up for ten dollars," said Teese.

"All right; I'll raise you ten dollars," cried the other, throwing into the pot a certificate of 1000 shares of Bodie.

"Raise it fifty," said Mr. Teese, quietly.

There was a thunderous silence for about half a minute. The owner of Bodie stock hesitated. "Louis," he said at last, "I think I've got you beaten; but I'll 'lay down.'" He threw three queens on the table. Teese put down his hand; a pair of jacks. Three weeks later Bodie jumped, and Teese's stock was worth $100,000.

* * *

THE RACES have not been as successful as they should have been this week, and the reason is obvious. There has been a steady decline in the popularity of the race course for some years in this city, and the gentlemen managing the Pacific Blood Horse Association, with the cause before them every season, are apparently determined to do nothing that will stay its wane. Although some records have been broken at the Bay District, it is yet a fact that many of the horses that waddle around the track would not be considered presentable on the Eastern turf. In every race there are horses that are considered thousand to one chances, but San Francisco has seen so many of them engage in hopeless struggles against time and stall-mates, that they are tired of the sight.

* * *

The reason, however, that the races are not well patronized does not lie wholly in the character of the horses; indeed, a slow race if it is a close one, is just as exciting as a fast one; and expert horsemen are unable to tell across the track whether a record will be broken or not, without taking the evidence of a watch. The cause is entirely in the accommodations, At the Bay District they are simply vile. The Directors of the Association seem anxious to cater only to the man who wears blue jeans, who would have no conscientious scruples about sitting down on a newly-painted park divan. The grand stand on Saturday was as dirty a place as one could easily find; the seats wore the shroud with which time covers all things; leaves, dirt, and sand had accumulated in the corners, and to sit down was to risk the spoiling of one's clothes, and the entire loss of one's dignity.

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The accommodations at the Bay District are worse that those to be found on any track in the country. No effort is made to please the public, and the patrons of the turf, who go to the races merely to enjoy the excitement of a well-contested heat, must stand up, or sit in the dust like the ancient Hebrew children when lamenting a death in the household. No one would be foolish enough to take a lady to the track; aside from the races there is nothing to interest or amuse the patron. There is no well-kept lawn, no bright flags or bunting, and the only music to be heard is the clatter of the beer glasses and the rattle of the clam chowder dishes. If the Directors of the Association believe they can make the race course popular under these circumstances, they are very green. They have made the book-makers comfortable; they have removed everything that is likely to interfere with betting and drinking; they charge the same entrance fee as is asked at other courses, and give no accommodations. Gentlemen, you cannot make a success by such means.

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

* * *

BADGER BAITING must cease. While I must deprecate the uncharitable course of the *Examiner* in publishing the names of the gentlemen who witnessed the entertainment at Joe Dieve's place, still it is not a gentle sport, and should be put an end to. It seems hard, though, that "men about town" should be pilloried in so degrading a connection, seeing that a certain member of the Monarch's staff, who had a share in the identical badger, was expected to assist at the entertainment. Much to his regret he could not get off, and his animal fought without his assistance. Considering his unaffected interest, the astonishment of the combination whose names appeared in such full-faced black type can better be imagined than described. An indignation meeting was summoned and an explanation demanded. I forget what ghost-story he told them; the "boys" retired satisfied, but were thoroughly broken-hearted when the fight against them was renewed.

* * *

One victim, Mr. Louderback, was summoned to the fracas by a business telegram. He hied him to the spot with Jim Lake and the rest, amid the regrets of other members of the gang who could not join them. Returning home, he told his wife that business had detained him all night at Santa Rosa. Next day, the *Examiner* had the dreadful story and Mrs. Louderback came to her husband's room, paper in hand and demanded innocently:

"Where did you say you were the other night?"

"Up at Santa Rosa seeing about that sale," glibly answered Mr. Louderback.

"The *Examiner* says you were at a badger fight at San Leandro," said the lady producing that journal and exhibiting to her astounded spouse his name in black "caps."

Curtain.

* * *

THE VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION who is to preside over the State University, is agitating great minds here and in the East. The Regents have had a hard time finding a fit man for the position. Had Diogenes been a member of the Search Committee, even he would have given up the task long ago. However, a thorough investigation of the big educators is about completed, and one of two men will be chosen. They are Professor Schurman, Dean of the School of Philosophy at Cornell, and Professor Burdick, of the Columbia Law College. Both are distinguished men. Mr Schurman possesses great mental vigor, and his attainments are far out of the ordinary. Tall and of imposing physique, he is a strong speaker and would certainly lend dignity to any position he might occupy.

* * *

He is connected with the Stanford University in the capacity of a non-resident Lecturer

on Ethics. The series he has just delivered there proved very impressive and were listened to by both professors and students. Mr. Burdick is also possessed of great force of character and administrative power. He is an attorney by profession, and was elected Mayor of Utica on a reform ticket. Thence he went to Cornell as a Professor of Law, and eventually to Columbia College. He would undoubtedly make a success of the University of California. The Regents are determined not to make a mistake this time, and I am sure if the right man is found he will not find them standing in the way of any improvements he desires to make.

* * *

NOTHING that has happened in the political world for many a day has at all equaled in tearful pathos the recent efforts of what my esteemed contemporary, the *Examiner*, calls the "Buckley contingent" to break its way back into the Democratic party. These poor fellows are disgraced political outcasts and they know it. Charged with being creatures of Buckley and responsible in part for the treachery of the last campaign, they have not even had the proverbial cheek of the discredited and repudiated politician to hold up their heads and cheer for the Grand Old Party. They have acted from the start as becomes political criminals. All they have ever asked from anybody has simply been the poor privilege of picking up the crumbs that will fall this year from the table of the Reorganized Democracy. In appealing to the State Central Committee for a chance to become Democrats once more they showed neither an arrogant nor a rebellious spirit. They acknowledged the odium of Buckleyism and pathetically pleaded that the attainder be not fastened upon them for life.

* * *

The only man, as far as I have observed from the reports in the papers, who showed any disposition to rebel was Jim Neal, whose reputation as a gun fighter, who never shoots, entitles him to some consideration. Jim arose during the deliberations of the State Central Committee and declared as a preliminary proposition that he was a Democrat—just as though a hoary old bluff like that would go down with an intelligent audience. "Put him out," shouted a man in the back part of the hall. Jim glared around him like an enraged tiger. Then he shook his fist at the chairman and bellowed defiantly, "I'd like to see the man that can put me—" I suppose he was going to say "out," but the word died on his lips, for Billy McMann and Max Popper, appalled at his rebellious utterances, yanked him by the coat tail into his seat.

* * *

It is a mystery to me how the Sutter Street "contingent," to use the Monarch's figure of speech, could refuse, as they have done, to take this meek and lowly "Buckley contingent" into their warm and comfortable camp. Nothing but the most insufferable conceit, born of a boyish idea of practical politics, or the arrogance that arises from a vealy view of the affairs of the world, could induce any set of men desirous of winning on election day to brush aside a considerable body of voters, however humble and unimportant. The object of parties and platforms and speeches, and, in fact, everything in politics is to procure votes.

* * *

The worst the "Buckley contingent" ever did was to wear the collar of the boss, but all Democrats did that at one time, and many of the Reorganizers, to my certain knowledge, not a great while ago cheerfully voted his ticket. How long is it since Secretary Charley Weller worshiped at the shrine of the Bush Street potentate? Where was William D. English when Buckley ran the local party? Was he not Chairman of the State Central Committee, and did he not go to the Bush Street saloon almost daily to "consult?" As a matter of fact, English never became an anti-Buckleyite until he failed to receive the vote of the "Buckley contingent" for Governor in the San Jose Convention. And where was Cammy Brownheart, the toothpick drummer, not very long ago? He is now a blatant Reorganizer and shivers when his pure and unsullied garments come in contact with the polluted robes of the "Buckley contingent." I well remember seeing Sammy's name in the paper as one of Buckley's lambs even so late as the San Jose Convention. Are not Max Popper, William McMann, Andrew J. Clunie, and his brother Tom, the General, ex-Senator Donovan and others I could name, worthy to associate with men who take in such imperfect specimens of political reformation as Sammy? Why, Sam is even a member of the famous "Executive Committee."

* * *

If I understand it aright, the Sutter Street Reorganizers started their party to win at the ballot boxes. How can they expect to do that after refusiug to bow to the will of the State Central Committee, the acknowledged party authority? If the native sons with foreign names, who are running this party, will stop to reflect a moment they must see their error. They have an organization of which nobody can become a member without subscribing to their creed. In some respects their plan is disreputable; it is a weak imitation of the Tammany Hall organization of New York, the worst machine on earth. They propose to evolve from it a delegation to attend the Fresno Convention. Suppose the State Central Committee, whose authority has been set at defiance, should direct the repudiated County Committee to hold a primary and elect another delegation? Which one would be recognized at Fresno? I think, beyond all question, the one chosen by the people at the primary would be admitted. It is said that the "Sutter Street contingent" as organized chiefly to promote the chances of Stephen M. White for United States Senator. Unless the callow youth now running that "contingent" soon change their policy from arrogant bossism to amnesty and conciliation, they will not be likely to aid him much in his campaign.

* * *

AS A GUARDIAN of professional ethics, the Bar Association does not deem it within the scope of its duty to interfere with the established mode of selecting jurors. There has always been a disagreeable suspicion that some of the most prominent legal firms in town would not be half so successful in their practice if they did not tempt the cupidity of susceptible jurymen. In this connection I am reminded of the story of San Francisco's most famous lawyer, now deceased, who was approached in his office by a citizen who had been summoned to Court to be examined as to his qualifications to act as a juror in a case in which the attorney was interested.

* * *

The citizen inquired as to the attorney's terms, and the latter fairly swelled with indignation as he ordered him out of the office, and hurled after him the most opprobrious epithets. As the door closed upon the man, the lawyer turned to his clerk and said, "Run after that blank scoundrel and offer him $250 for a verdict for our side. Don't lose him."

The lawyers for the defense in the case of M. B. Curtis, charged with murder, did not deem it any breach of ethics for a member of the firm to which one of them belonged to play whist every night pending the trial with one of the jurors. Of course, he had no nefarious motive in engaging in this pastime, but nevertheless he was filled with chagrin when this juror voted for conviction of murder in the first degree.

* * *

I have often thought that Judge Coffey could give some very interesting instances of how professional ethics have been complied with in his department by the energetic attorney who represents estates, and who is constantly finding an excuse for appearing in Court so that he can render a formidable itemized statement of services rendered when the time for fixing his fee arrives.

Attorneys recognize in Probate practice the most lucrative branch of their profession. It is a field in which the opportunities for taking advantage of the credulity of a client are numerous, and in which members of the bar derive keen satisfaction, and many coins of the realm. In Probate practice there is as much opportunity for deception as in the whole field of medicine, and lawyers are not less averse to play the fakir than doctors. In formulating a will for a client they can resort to many little schemes by which proceedings subsequent to the testator's death can inure to their benefit.

* * *

But, of course, it is not the business of the Bar Association to interfere in these matters. Nobody has ever considered it advisable to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. An association that finds no fault with a member who advises a client to go into insolvency, become the assignee, and settle with the cred-

itors for about twenty-five cents on the dollar, while the assets are equal to the liabilities, cannot be expected to take any radical measure for enhancing the moral condition of the profession.

* * *

THE STATEMENT of a contemporary that the *Minna Street Gasp*, edited and illustrated by that distinguished ex-humorist, Mr. Thomas E. Flinnflam, was dead, seems to be premature. Mr. Flinnflam has been at some trouble to personally inform his few subscribers that the journal is not dead, but merely sleeping. Since the *Gasp* began catering to the Minna Street element, I am informed that it has lost its Western Addition subscriber, but this is more than met by the increased circulation in the classic purlieus of Minna and Clementina. The statement that the Bernal Heights subscriber wrote to have his paper stopped is untrue, Mr. Flinnflam tells me, because, as he says, the *Gasp* never had a subscriber in that district. Mr. Flinnflam also states that he has been pained to learn that some people have said he had lost his grip on his humor; he says that as the funny-man of the *Chronicle* he never had any need for humor, and that in the consumptive condition of the *Gasp* a joke would be dangerous.

* * *

It is certainly a matter of great pleasure that the *Gasp* has fallen into such large hands. The staff that Mr. Flinnflam has gathered around him is one of the best in the city, and is calculated to make successful the most desperate venture, such as is the *Gasp*. On the editorial staff is Judge J. J. Maloney, the well-known authority on law, who edits the cartoon department; his versatile genius has been confined to pictures pertaining to the prize ring lately, but he promises some elegant reproductions from Eastern papers in the near future; Mr. Split-Lip Collins has entire charge of the Society columns, which, under his supervision have become widely known in the Potrero; Mr. Monkey Dimond, our esteemed fellow townsman, edits the political department with much success; the sporting news is "personally written" by Mr. Chaw Casey, who is second to none in this particular line; in the near future the religious column, which has been such a success under the supervision of Mr. Brick McPherson, will be revived, that gentleman having returned from his vacation. In the meantime, the hours that Mr. Flinnflam can spare from editorial duties are devoted to a high and noble purpose; he has a music box that plays airs from "Carmen" only, and he is engaged in teaching it to warble "Down Went McGinty" and other Irish tunes.

* * *

THE VICISSITUDES of California life are admirably illustrated in an editorial I read in Charley Shortridge's paper—the San Jose *Mercury*. It was a humorous leader playfully commenting on the birth of a young Mr. Shortridge, and it went on to say that the baby had come in time to witness the lighting of the huge electric light mast by the *Mercury* in the same city where his father had lit the gas lamps at twenty dollars per month. This is actually a fact. Young Shortridge inaugurated his career as an employee of the gas company. For a pittance he made the rounds daily. But he was made for better things. Step by step he advanced inspired by the most indomitable energy and ambition, until to-day, though not much over thirty, he is rich and owner of the most successful and prosperous of all the interior journals.

* * *

The rival electric light companies failing to adjust their differences over the huge light mast, so long a featuere of San Jose, Mr. Shortridge offered to pay for illuminating it himself. This offer was accepted, and for ten years to come the brilliant white lights of the tower will tell, in luminous tones, the story of the *Mercury's* generosity.

* * *

YOUNG MR. TIFFANY, so shortly to arrive here with his handsome wife, is described as the most fascinating of men. His characteristics are about as far removed from saintliness as it is possible to conceive, but he is none the less charming on that account. The list of his conquests is embarrassingly long. In fact, he has always regarded himself as quite irresistible. He comes very near being so, too. Mr. Tiffany is good-looking, to begin with. He is also bright, entertaining, and witty. Eyes whose glances are eminently magnetic, a voice, soft, agreeable but manly, are in his repertoire. This coming is by no means Mr. Tiffany's first visit to San Francisco. Like Mr. Borrowe, he has been here before—indeed, was engaged in business with the late Mr. Coulter. The story of his engagement to Mrs. Yznaga is almost romantic. At the request of a friend of his, he met her once on her arrival from Europe. Their interview was not a protracted one, however agreeable.

* * *

It must have been effective, for when they encountered one another again after her return from California, they were married. If both desired to surprise their friends I think they must have been delighted with the result. The talk and gossip precipitated would have satisfied the most aspiring seeker after notoriety. To the happy pair Cornelius Vanderbilt gave a hundred thousand dollars, on which they went to Paris. Such a delightful life they led there while the money lasted; there was nothing they did not have. Their lovely home was the headquarters of the gayest American set in Paris. Dinners and dances, theatre parties, besides trips to Nice and Monaco, however, soon dissipated the present of the good Vanderbilt, and then, it must be admitted, the current of their lives and true love did not run so smoothly.

* * *

Mr. Tiffany has many good friends, however. They came to his rescue when the brother-in-law proved obdurate and—well, the interesting couple are soon to be here and I have no doubt a good many entertainments will be given in their honor. During her enforced sojourn here, Mrs. Tiffany was made much of by several of our first families. Of the Coast 400, indeed, she obtained more than a glimpse, and to some of her dear friends she confided a list of delicious nicknames invented for sundry matrons. Some of them were really clever and strikingly appropriate. One in particular clings to my memory; she used to speak of a certain personage whom everyone knows as "Sitting Bull."

* * *

The stories that come to me from New York regarding Mr. F. S. Chadbourne are exceedingly encouraging. It is reported that the splendid rise in painters' supplies in the metropolis are entirely due to Colonel Chadbourne's presence there. I am credibly informed that a large consignment of paint has been sent thither by Colonel Sanborn, who, since the departure of his friend, has had little need of it. Colonel Chadbourne will return to the Coast within a few weeks.

* * *

MR. SEARLES has decided to give up the Hopkins' castle to the city. This can be authoritatively stated. To what purpose it is to be devoted, he is not yet decided. Half a dozen equally worthy objects have been suggested and considered. Personally, Mr. Searles favors the establishment of an art gallery, but it must be remembered the mansion is of wood, and there is a strong prejudice against locating in so vulnerable a place valuable paintings. The same reason holds against the establishment there of a library. A training school for art students to replace the Art Association is a third suggestion. In case of fire the pupils would have no difficulty

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

in making their escape. I presume, when the estate is settled up, Mr. Searles will make some more.

* * *

As it stands, the house is but a burden. It represents a dead investment of at least one and a half millions, and on it taxes have to be paid, and they amount to a considerable sum annually. In fact, Tim Hopkins had considerably the better of the bargain in receiving a cash bonus in lieu of the castle.

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The Saddle o' Mutton Club is laughing over this, Harry Veuve's latest story. Mr. Veuve has a young friend who lives ten months of the year on a large ranch his father is owner of up Colusa way. His parents permit him to spend the remaining eight weeks in San Francisco. It is unnecessary to say he enjoys life in an animated, exuberant manner and repays his days of abstinence by nights of pleasure. One morning of last week Mr. Veuve met his young protege strolling aimlessly up Sutter Street accompanied by his dog, a very excellent example of fox terrierdom. Someone's birthday had been celebrated the previous night and he looked pale and dejected.

"Well, me boy, how are you?" was Mr. Veuve's greeting.

"Seedy—very," returned the youth. "Just had breakfast and am getting over it."

"Yes," said Mr. Veuve becoming interested.

"Oh, ordered a cocktail and a beefsteak. Good cocktail."

"And the beefsteak?"

"Oh, that was for the dog."

The Witness.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

If your brother's shoes, gloves, collars, and ties would only fit, all you would have to do would be to borrow them, and you might be certain you had quite the correct things for this spring's outing. Fortunately for your brother, however, this proposition is probably out of the question, in three cases, at least, of the four, so the next best thing for you to do is to examine these articles minutely, and secure for yourself the counterparts in reduced size.

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A flat heel, heavy sole, pointed toe, all patent leather, ankle tie is decidedly correct in shoe-wear, as is also the Russian leather shoe of the same model. The latter will be almost exclusively used for out-of-town wear during the summer.

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Gloves to be worn with your tailor suit should be of bright tan or dull red Russian leather, with lapped seams, and fastened with four large bone buttons.

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The collar of the season is, in the words of the young man of the period, "a high turned-down collar that is higher than the stand-up collar," and is attached to pretty linen or silk shirts that are still greatly in demand. The ties to be worn with these are usually of soft silk, tied in a large bow, or a tight little four-in-hand knot. The time-honored polka dots still figure conspicuously among the latest goods opened.

* * *

By the way, if fashion continues in its caprices we will soon have completed a most marvelous exchange of wearing apparel between the sexes. Now, while the girls are searching for the heaviest and thickest of gloves, the recent male arrival from over the sea (barring the Anglo-maniac, of course,) brings the daintiest of suédes, which he wears on all dress occasions, and, too, though he may protest a thousand times that it be false, if he be remarkably well dressed (that being the case, it is quite safe to conclude he does not belong in San Francisco) he wears stays! Yes, a well-boned article that enables his dress cutaway coats to fit to perfection. There is the summer girl, and the summer young man: Observe their modes of dressing—she with her trim, white corduroy or striped serge, the stiff shirt front, prim little tie, and she may even add a sunset hat, and vest with all accompanying pockets; while his soft silk shirt will be daintier in color and texture than ever; his necktie large and fluffy, and his sash would be the envy of every girl if girls wore sashes now.

* * *

If you have not already selected your summer hats or hat the description of a few that have recently arrived and are the perfection of beauty and style, may assist you in your choice. The first had a deep brim of shirred navy blue tulle, which is becoming to nearly every face; the low crown was entirely covered by two large bows of wide red ribbon, at one side was placed a graceful erect bunch of ragged sailors and field poppies; the back of the brim was caught up with a bow of red ribbon with wide ends falling below the waist.

A delightful little evening bonnet was of white hair braid, with a little pointed crown. The front was covered with an arrangement of rich old lace, which was quite flat and scant on the sides; nestling in the lace and directly in the centre of the bonnet were two little humming birds; two long ends of net edged with the narrow lace were fastened to the back of the crown by a tiny emerald and diamond buckle.

An exceedingly stylish yet simple hat of the revised gypsy shape was of exceedingly rough and openwork straw in mixed fawn color and sage green. There was no brim facing, and the only trimming was formed by a wreath of exquisite dull green foliage and stiff rosettes of velvet ribbon in fawn color, sage green and bright red. Still another stylish hat was of black chip with several rows of narrow black lace quilting underneath the rolling brim, a soft crown of black net was circled by pink roses of many shades and sizes. To be in the fashion your hat pin must match your hat, consequently a hat pin collection is now in order—for your violet trimmed hat, pins are imported with violet heads, and those with pink, rose corn flower, morning-glory, and a score more blossoms can be obtained, and these form a sort of trimming by themselves.

* * *

Remember, when ordering your summer frocks, the sleeves are to be larger, in fact it seems impossible to get them too big this season, but standing straight out from the shoulder instead of high, as they did last season.

MME. X.

HER FALL FROM GRACE.

"Whoever would have thought that I, Rosalie de Caverly, Countess Highflown, of Madison Avenue, New York, daughter of Sir Christopher de Caverly, of London, and wife of the Count de Highflown, of the French nobility, should come to such a pass as this? I, who am supposed to be as proud, and haughty, and scrupulous as those blue-blooded old aristocrats there on the wall who are responsible for my existence, and whose faces seemed clouded with reproach for me, now find myself on the very verge of social disgrace, and contemplating my actions with the calmness of a—a—brazen woman. None could be more astonished at myself than I. I seem to have lost all sense of my position, my pride, my womanhood. Not hastily, or impulsively, or thoughtlessly is the step taken, but cooly and deliberately I commit this social sin, fully conscious that discovery means my irretrievable ruin.

"I stand before the great mirror in my luxurious boudoir, and survey myself with astonishment. I am beautiful—tall, regal, and shapely. My hair and eyes are black and brilliant. Perhaps their ebon lustre is more significant of my true nature than that enforced calmness of demeanor by which I am commonly judged. I believe I am a woman who would willfully deceive her best friend. The gleam of my white teeth speaks of cruelty. I have done many a *risqué* thing—yes, many a *risqué* thing—but never have I tempted the gods as I am about to do now.

"The Count is old and indulgent. He married me for—well, to save money, perhaps—to gain money, surely. I have known luxury every day of my life. I have been tempted a thousand times, and have resisted. It seems strange that I should fall now. What would the Count say if he knew? He is always so particular with me. I do believe he would renounce me. What would my friends say, my Society friends who, however, kind to me they have been in the past, would be severe in their judgment now? Ah, they would cut me dead in the street—they would ostracize me as though I were a felon. Women's opinions in such matters are as cruel as steel. The men would be more lenient—they might even say I was justified, that I should have done it before. But I doubt it—I doubt it—all humanity is unreasonable. Nobody seems to understand. Ah, I am tottering on the brink of a dreadful chasm.

"I have studied the situation carefully, and my mind is made up. I shall take the step to-night, let the consequences be what they may. No one shall learn my secret from my lips, and perhaps in all the gay throng of the assembly ball I shall not be discovered.

"May the graces favor me, I pray.

"My suffering is done.

"Melisse, *loosen my corset at least an inch!*"—*Town Topics.*

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—If I were only faultless, like some of the people I read about, what an interesting place this world would be. No regrets then, and no repining. My conduct would be regulated by the most correct considerations, and about the possibilities of wrong-doing I would not have to think. As it is, however, I have no impulses that are not yielded to my energy is spasmodic, and a new novel is, to me, a new temptation. Have you ever enjoyed the fearful pleasure of stopping in the midst of an engrossing duty and stealing ten minutes turning over pages? Ten minutes it seems, but how the moments fly. Before you know it they are hours. Then down goes the finished volume, for, of course, you have read it to the end, and your conscience begins to exert itself. For just such sins as this, what lectures I have delivered myself. What piles of resolutions have I built on a wasted afternoon. And they have all gone down again before the next new book. It becomes a vice, does novel reading; there is no Keeley cure for it, no remedy save isolation in a region where Stevenson and Crawford and Hardy are unknown. If I had the resolution to go there I would possess also the force of character that would render my departure unnecessary.

Alas! the only way I know to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

Mallocks's latest, "A Human Document," I read in the interval between two columns of figures. You are not accustomed to regard me as a business personage, but I have occasionally to add. A long interval—in fact the result of the second is still an unknown quantity. It is a love story, and an agreeable one. The phase of passion presented is not conventional; it is the species that in theological treatises is frowned upon. Yet, it is vastly fascinating—the more so, because Granville and Irma Schilizzi belong to such rare types. He an Englishman, a poet first, then a diplomat; she a Hungarian of noble birth, married to a Greek engineer who does not love her. They meet in an old Hungarian castle, and insensibly fall in love with one another. It has occurred before this. About the situation there is no striking novelty. You who read know how hard it is to be original nowadays, but Irma is a creation. She is like a beautiful bud developed by the sun of love. She possesses a marvelous sensibility; an exquisite refinement of intellect; she is so unconscious. To Granville, as he drives with her through the forests, she seemed to bear the same relation to the beauty and the happiness of nature that an echo does to a voice. She filled his ear with a soft, magical music. It is delicious love-making, theirs. About it there is an almost spiritual charm. It is hopeless, too. For her he abandons his career, sells the old home of his family. The end of it is not told. Besides the mere human interest there are delightful descriptions of old Hungarian castles, and a dissertation on Viennese Society—the most exclusive in Europe—that you, as a leading member of the 50, will read with pleasure. In an environment so romantic as Lichtenburg the divine passion would almost be natural. It is written in a style refined, smooth, subtle, pure. Read it. With "Hirtha" I am afraid you will not be deeply impressed. It is the typical German novel, it is by Eckstein, and might have been written by any other of the great school of Teutonic literateurs. The heroine is a beauty and an heiress. She goes to visit Gruthenau Castle, and meets there several lieutenants, a group of Counts, Baron von Weylburg, and a personage about sixty years of age, Colonel von Auzendorff, with whom Hertha falls in love. Perhaps it is unnecessary to explain she is very lovely, tall, stately, with large, intense dark eyes, and a romantic disposition. With an ardor unexpected in one of the Colonel's age, he falls in love with this damsel of eighteen, marries her, and all goes happily until Roland Kessinger, a great artist, appears. For him she has a grand passion. The Colonel, who is a very fine fellow, kills himself, she marries Roland, who tires of her, ill-treats her, flirts with others, and she—she goes mad. Rather a melancholy sort of ending. That curious German atmosphere, so unreal, so romantic, made up of gold braid and lace, Counts and Barons, professors and artists, pervades the volume.

I wrote you of "Indian Idyls," a half-clever collection of short stories abont life in Rudyard Kipling country. Here are some more by the same author—"In Tent and Bungalow." They are ghastly beside the brilliant, vivid work of the creator of Mulvaney. The heroes are army officers, the heroines sweet little English girls who have come out to visit relatives. About flirtations at Simla and at Nynee Tol, in the Himalayas, about "bow-wows," about designing married women, and broken hearts, etc., there is a great deal. One good story there is "A Pious Fraud." The rest are interesting enough to read, though, as a whole, the volume is not up to its predecessor.

"Some Children of Adam" contains nothing especially commendatory. There is in it one character, however, so clearly sketched that the book is redeemed from low grade mediocrity. It is that of a French adventurer, Achille Renaud. He is a scoundrel, or rather, a personage born without conscience, lacking a moral sense, desperate, daring, hypocritical, cynical. As I told you last week, there is nothing quite so hard as to depict a perfect villain. This Renaud is really admirably bad. A gentleman by birth and education, he is an utter scoundrel by impulse, and he never neglects a temptation. His death is the result of a misstep made while preparing for the murder of his daughter. On his deathbed Mr. Renaud delivers himself of some philosophical reflections on people and the world, that, from a literary point of view, are well done. The girl he would have killed, kneeling beside his bed as his life ebbs away, begs him to turn to God. "That would be a foolish proceeding, Désirée," he says, "if there is a God, I have no fear of His wrath. You say you forgive me, and though your forgiveness be a thing of no value whatever, yet I do not doubt the magnanimity of God will be equal to your own and of greater practical benefit. Let us avoid prosy subjects." That is rather clever, is it not?

By the way, you will find the April *Current Literature* and *Short Stories* are unusually good. In the former there are half a dozen interesting articles that you will do well to read. Of course, you dutifully run ever the *Review of Reviews*. One has to read it, nowadays, to keep posted on events.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Human Document," by W. H. Mallock. Cassell Publishing Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Hertha," by Ernst Eckstein. George Gottsberger Peck, publisher. For sale by all booksellers.

"In Tent and Bungalow," by an Indian Exile. "The Unknown Library," Cassell Publishing Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Some Children of Adam," by R. M. Mauley. Worthington & Co., publishers. For sale by all booksellers.

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The Wave

SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, April 16, 1892.

A WORD TO THE UNWISE.

The Sutter Street Democracy, which for twelve months has occupied the public ear with the noise of its own virtue, has had its professed principles brought in contact with its hunger for office, and its principles have fallen flat in the mud. There can be no doubt that, a week ago, the Reorganizers held a superior place in the public mind, and it is equally certain that to-day they occupy a position in no wise different from the ordinary political herd. Everything that for twelve months these political Pharisees have charged against the system of Boss Buckley is now true of them. Their speakers have proclaimed, with stereotyped regularity, that they represented the people; in fact, that the Democrats of San Francisco were almost a unit behind them, but that the wicked machine in the form of the County Committee prevented taking a vote to test public opinion. For the first time in the history of party affairs in this State the State Central Committee accepted the statement of a voluntary organization, and set aside the official government of the party. The Reorganizers were invested with the entire party control, the only condition being that they should employ the party machinery to let the people vote.

Had the motives of the Reorganizers been proper, they would have accepted this trust with gladness. But, instead, the leaders rolled their eyes to heaven, sent forth a lot of sound about their characters and intentions being above suspicion, gripped the main chance with both hands, and stampeded the Committee in the direction of the offices.

The Wave has, qualified by candid criticism, from time to time steadily favored and supported the Reorganizers, because it believed that they were opposed to the vices of Buckleyism. The platform of the Reorganizers declared their intention to vest public affairs in the hands of the people; to bring out the Democratic vote and obtain genuine expression of party preference. It was charged, and truthfully, that Buckleyism did not represent the people. That by controlling the machine the Boss, supported only by a small minority of voters, was paramount in party management.

All these charges were absolutely correct. But what can be said of the Reorganizers who, knowing the sins of the Boss so well, follow directly in his footsteps. The Boss would not allow the people to vote on their party management, neither will the Reorganizers. The Boss defied the majority in order to hold the machinery of politics, so do the Reorganizers. Of course, the Sutter Street patriots invite everybody to vote, but they refuse to give them anything to vote for. They will not permit them to express their wishes as to how they shall be governed or who shall govern them. A Democratic Reorganization based on the principle that Democrats shall not be permitted to vote is a novelty indeed. The names of this Executive Committee should be preserved. They are political Dogberrys of the most unique type, and even though they fail to secure the offices in the New City Hall, they have achieved, if not fame, a certain comical notoriety.

SEND THE SMUGGLERS TO JAIL.

The rich and despicable thieves who have been robbing the Government, underselling their rivals, and making criminals of poorly-paid officials should be sent to jail. The lesson they should be made to study while behind the prison bars is: "The way of the trangressor is hard," whether he be as wealthy as they are or as poor as they would have been had they continued honest. These smugglers and bribers, who live in mansions, and enjoy the luxuries that their nefarious trade has brought them, should be made to feel that there is but one law in the United States, and that it operates against the merchant who surreptitiously imports thousands of dollars' worth of goods as well as against the man who brings in privately a few taels of opium.

It is no uncommon sight to see the entire machinery of the Federal Courts set in motion to convict a sailor who sought to smuggle a few pounds of tobacco into this port, and San Quentin's records are freighted with the names of unfortunates who got long lodgings there because of offenses committed against the internal revenue law. But here is a gang of rich criminals whose business it has been to bring free into San Francisco valuable goods, on which the duty is high, the members of which are likely to escape punishment. They can use the interest on the money of which they have robbed the Government to secure legal talent to keep them out of prison, buy jurors, bribe lawyers, and even sway the judges before whom they may be tried.

Such men as have been caught defrauding the Government are a menace to our institutions. They undermine the foundations of Society; not honest themselves, they corrupt all with whom they come in contact; they spread the web of their infamy over all who are connected with them; they tempt the hirelings of the Government, and refuse to pay them the percentage of their mutual wrongdoing.

Look at the honorable business men who have been engaged in this attack on the Treasury of the United states; you will recognize among them merchants who have done nothing to build up the city; merchants who have been in business distinctly for themselves, and whose employés have been underpaid and alien in spirit and fact.

ANTI-RAILWAY AGITATION.

In considering the effect of the prevailing anti-railroad agitation on forthcoming legislation it is as well to remember that the attacks of the local press are not reflected in the country. The spirit of antagonism to the Southern Pacific which the *Call*, *Report*, and *Examiner*, and the Traffic Association exhibit, is a San Francisco symptom. The farmers are not complaining. How important this is, the majority of people who are exciting themselves over rates do not realize. Anti-railroad fights are no novelty in this city. They recur at fixed intervals. Invariably inaugurated in a period of depression by some journal that is not receiving as much advertising as it desires, they are never effective save when the State takes up the cry. Then the result is legislation similar to that which created the Railroad Commission.

Those who are considering the situation of affairs in California should remember, further, that the depression so clamorously proclaimed is confined to wholesalers. Never was the retail business in San Francisco more prosperous. In dry goods, in furniture, in groceries, a huge business is being done. The dealers are purchasing their goods direct from the manufacturers—not in town. There is no mining being done. The trade of the North and South is cut off. The further fact is that by reason of adherence to antiquated methods and a covetous regard for huge profits, the "down-town" merchant is being eliminated. But he refuses to attach the responsibility where it belongs. Then is the ancient bugbear brought out– The Railroad.

This is the most envious community in America. The prosperity of any man or set of men renders them odious in the sight of others who are less fortunate. If this were merely a negative quality, of itself it would give a jaundiced tone to comment, but it is not only felt, but expressed. The greatest patriot is he who most vehemently exclaims against the banks, the corporations. That there is nothing here which answers to the public spirit of Chicago, and other large cities of the East, has often been remarked. Our rule is to denounce success, not assist it. So long as this is the rule, so long as the railroad is the favorite bugbear, so long as business methods remain as they are, so long as merchants are satisfied with the systems of '49, so long will this depression continue. What is wanting is a business revolution, new men, new ways.

Young Housekeeper How can this carpet be beaten, Mr. Window Shade?

Window Shade—By buying a better article, madam.—*Chicago Figaro.*

The burglar has a taking way,—
Away his way he takes;
But the way he's taken on his way
Gives other burglars shakes.
—*New York Truth.*

MUSIC.

SUNDAY MUSICAL AFTERNOON.

Pure melody is the burden of Beethoven. Septette and melody of the kind that unhappily died with Schubert. So well known through more or less exact piano transcriptions for four hands, the Septette is, perhaps, the only composition in Chamber music which has become popular in that form. The irresistible beauty of the work remains unalloyed to those familiar with every movement and subject from childhood; Keats might even have coined his most celebrated line in its honor. Written in the golden time when Beethoven was unacquainted with affliction, when the moods of grace, nobility and humor, expressed by Mozart and Haydn visibly affected him, the Septette bears the impress of the happy period. The floating mysteries of the *adagio* are untinged by any shade of gloom, while the variations and scherzo run over with mirth, dainty, liquid and unctuous. The whole work is a tribute of genius to the privileges of health and joy.

The gratification of hearing the work at all was sufficient to excuse faults in its performance. The quick movements were given with some haste which proved too exacting for the French horn, especially in the *variations*. A fine clarionet passage in the *adagio* of firm round tones produced without the distressing effect of impact, common to the performances on that instrument was remarkable. In general the horn might have done firmer work. As a whole, however, the performance was sufficiently satisfactory, and it is to be hoped will soon be repeated. The musical public owes the opportunity of hearing this and kindred performances to the interest and enthusiasm of Mr. F. W. Ludovici, in this alone no small service in the good cause of musical art. The Quartette for the afternoon, Haydn *Op. 33, No. 2*, for strings, made no demands upon Mr. Brandt and his players and was given conamore.

Miss Magda Bugge brought her ability to bear upon three compositions by Scandinavian composers, with whom she is in sympathy. "At the Ball" by Agathe Grundahl, and a "Norwegian Dance" of Olsen, clever and picturesque pieces played in a style at least original, were cordially received. Miss Anna Miller Wood sang with less of the glottic stroke an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and Reinecke's effective "Spring Flowers," with violin obligato played by Mr. Brandt.

"DOROTHY" AT THE BALDWIN.

Without having a distinct musical personality in his opera of "Dorothy," Cellier has left a work of much charm and a smooth honest quality of melody. His rhythms are sufficiently robust to catch the popular ear and are never coarse, two things hard to combine in the composition of comic opera it would seem. This opera has a national flavor not achieved by returning to the manners of madrigal and glee writers of an earlier time, but the outcome of a genuine simplicity and truthfulness in every respect. The plot is developed in a sketchy fashion and many of the numbers are dragged in, *nolens volens*. Some blots, too, there are. The chorus of old women is neither musical nor in itself humorous, the *finale* to the third act is shut off as curtly as may be, and the repetition of the chanticleer melody is something of a weakness. The airs are ingenuous and generally effective and the quartette in the first act is bright and agreeably planned. Not by any means difficult, the opera is well within the means at the disposal of the Bostonians for a successful performance.

As Dorothy Bantam Mrs. Hamilton does clever work, though her singing is not as successful as in the role of Michaela—chiefly through using a white quality of tone. Jessie Bartlett Davis is as acceptable in this opera as in everything she appears in. Intelligent, natural, and with a reliable method of singing, her efforts are capably carried out. Big bass voices like Mr. Cowle's command respect for their power, not their beauty, though his is used with discretion. The performance given the opera was quite adequate, and Edwin Hoff, MacDonald, and Maud Ulmer do all required of them.

On Wednesday evening, the twentieth, Signor and Signora Ursumando give a concert. Talented people, both of them, they deserve support. Signora Ursumando is one of our most able pianists, and her numbers will be specially interesting. Miss Marie Withrow gives a pupils' song recital in the near future, and several debutantes of great promise will appear.

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THE MUMMERS.

"THAT GIRL FROM MEXICO."

"That Girl from Mexico" is an exceedingly "tough," brazen, unlady-like person, who is totally unfit to associate with refined or cultured people. I am really at a loss to understand how Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew have the hardihood to produce such a play, or why Mrs. Drew can consent to appear in a character that is totally outside of her talents. The play is absolutely barren of interest; there is not a character for which one has the slightest regard, and the going or coming of the people is a matter of total indifference to the observer.

It was most unfortunate that Mr. and Mrs. Drew chose this drivel as an introduction to San Francisco; we expected more of mummers bearing the name they do, and had precedent for believing that they would present a play that would bear the light of analysis. If "That Girl from Mexico" gave Mr. and Mrs. Drew the slightest opportunity for showing ability that they undoubtedly have, the dissatisfaction at its production would be lost, but it forces Mrs. Drew to portray a character that is unpleasant and disagreeable, coarse, vulgar, and uninviting. I may be in error, of course, in this estimate; it may be that the fault is not with the character, but with the manner in which it is resented. Temper may be expressed variouswise. It may be the haughty outburst of a high-bred Castilian, or the common scolding, face-distorting, foot-stamping of a Barbary Coast dame. Mrs. Drew chose the latter methods of expressing what she cannot feel, and her characterization of Diabella Smythe is as unpleasant and disagreeable as anything I have seen for some time. The play, as I have intimated, is utterly bad, and not even Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew can draw a fair audience to the Bush.

Turning from the contemplation of this mass of rubbish to the curtain-raiser, "In Honor Bound," is a pleasure. Grundy's one-act play has never had a happier interpretation, and I can only regret that this charming little piece did not follow instead of precede "That Girl from Mexico;" one needed something to take the bad taste from one's mouth. The story of "In Honor Bound" is too well known to require repeating. It has enough of the interesting in it to carry an ordinary company, but when presented by Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew it rises to the dignity of a splendid drama.

Mr. Drew is a clever, conscientious actor, whose attention to detail, "business," and lines is singularly pleasing. He rises far above the ordinary mummer in his presentation of Sir George Carlyon, and fills the stage with the excellence of his presence. As Lady Carlyon Mrs. Drew is artistic, and the sincerity of her characterization is refreshing after the florid presentations we have seen. Following their work in this play, the unhappy production of "That Girl from Mexico," is very depressing, and I am strongly of the opinion that, whatever it may have been in the East, it will be far from a success in San Francisco. It is not a little strange that of all the plays written in America last year, nothing more suitable to Mr. and Mrs. Drew could be found than this deadly New York success.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew will present as the curtain-raiser next week Lorimer Stoddard's new one-act play "A Summer Storm," in which they are as good as in "In Honor Bound."——

Richard Mansfield's opening at the Baldwin on Monday is of considerable interest to theater-goers; the repertory is a strong one, and the season will be a success. For the first week, "Beau Brummell" will be presented, a play that had a splendid run in New York. Indeed, it is the chief object of curiosity to amusement lovers, as it has been talked of and written about for some time. "Prince Karl" will be played the first three nights and matinee of the second week, and "A Parisian Romance" will occupy the stage the remaining evenings.——

The musical event of the season will be the appearance of Agnes Huntington and her Opera Comique Company at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening in "Paul Jones." Aside from the personality of the charming actress, "Paul Jones" has enough interesting music and efficient humor to make a success, but this combination with Miss Huntington has been productive of a triumph everywhere. The principal comedy parts are played by James and Mestyn; the principals, chorus, and scenery have been brought direct from London, and the dancers are the same that have made a hit everywhere.——

Marie Wainwright has done well with "Amy Robsart" at the California; she will give place to a production of another sort. The much-abused and popular style of entertainment, called farce comedy will be represented next week by two of its most successful followers.—

Next Friday and Saturday evenings, Mdlle. Rosella La Faille will make her debut at the Bijou in "Mary Stuart," assisted by a competent company of professionals and amateurs. The young lady has great talent, and as she has been a pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Carden for some time should make an excellent debut. Mrs. Carden, who for years was leading lady with Modjeska, will play Queen Elizabeth; Mr. Dana, a well-known Society man, will essay the role of Leicester, and Emmie Wilmot and James Carden will appear in the cast.

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Daily and Tuesday and Thursday Evenings.

THE MAJOR'S MESS SUIT.

In Major Munnie, Paymaster of the Royal Scilly Islanders, was to be seen one of those few remaining specimens of Crimean officers still to be found floating about the subordinate ranks of the British army. His contemporaries, the men with whom he had scaled the heights of the Alma or shivered in the trenches before Sebastopol, had mostly gone up higher in every sense of the word. But lack of gold, in the days of purchase, had kept poor Munnie from rising; and now for years he had been seated, metaphorically, in our pay office, the lawful object whereupon the impecunious subaltern might vent alternately his powers of importuning and wheedling. He was a shrunk, dapper little man. His little remaining hair had run to seed in floating gray whiskers, such as Leech's warriors wear in old *Punches*, at the period when only "plungers" went in for what they termed "moustachios." He was a good old boy, and we of the Scilly Islanders all loved him; and in converse proportion, we all loathed Mrs. M., his better half. And his better half she was in more than one sense, though not in all. To begin with, she would have made about two and a half of the little Major; and secondly, even to the most casual observer, it was apparent that she had, indeed, bettered her position in life when she married him, though who she was and how it had come to pass was a secret, forever locked in Munnie's bosom. Mrs. Munnie exhibited a tendency to cultivate upon her upper lip the hirsute appendage which his ancient traditions forbade to the Major. She was also, in her domestic way, quite as great a financier as her husband.

Report said that the poor little Major, who all day long dabbled his fingers in the coin of the realm, never had an anna he could call his own, but that madame doled him out such as she thought good forhim, and kept a stern eye on his mess bill. He had all our sympathies, especially toward the end of the month, when pay-day was approaching and we wanted him to let us overdraw. We would be profuse then in our invitations to come and dine with one or other of us at mess, and in other small ways try to give the poor old boy a little fun on the sly.

At the time when this veracious history took place the Scilly Islanders had just been moved to a capital station, which I will call Guramghur. The Munnies took up their abode in a corner bungalow, facing the barracks, and Ruffleby and I chummed in the next corner bungalow. Between us and the Munnies, back to back, as it were, with the latter, and so facing our bungalow, resided a black-and-tan family of the name of Hooper. Hooper *père*, who wrote the magic and elastic initials P. W. D. after his name, was thin as a lathe. Madame, on the contrary, after the manner of Eurasian women of middle age, presented the appearance of a feather-bed tied round the middle with a bit of string. Their two daughters, however, were only whitey-brown, and as pretty a pair of little girls as you could wish to see. Ruffleby and I soon became acquainted with our neighbors, for they lived a good deal in the veranda, where madame was constantly to be seen, in an appalling state of *déshabille*, rowing her servants from the depths of a huge arm-chair. In the cool dusk of the evening Ruffleby and I, riding down the Mall, would walk our ponies by the side of the little "Hoo-poos," as we had christened them, who tripped daintily down the watered roadway in patent-leather shoes and white stockings.

On Sundays, the Hoopers, along with the rest of the dubious complexioned population of Guramghur, occupied seats in the gallery of the station church. It was an old-fashioned Georgian edifice, probably built in the time of the first Afghan war, and with a melancholy association to all who studied the graves in the white-walled cemetery close by. All the European garrison of Guramghur were at church parade that fateful Sunday in May, 1857, when the mutiny broke out in the native lines across the canal, and were minus their arms. The rebels seized the latter, shooting down their officers, and decamped for Delhi, leaving the European troops defenseless and powerless. Since then, in Guramghur as well as all over India, the British troops take their rifles to church with them and lodge them in sockets in the seats in front.

But to return to our Hoo-poos. We subs, who herded together in a seat behind our superior officers, soon established a system of signals and telegraphic messages with the fair ones in the gallery, which somewhat militated, I fear, against the benefit we should have derived from the chaplain's discourses, especially when in addition MacQuinsie, our funny man, would make his own interpolations.

Soon after our arrival at Guramghur, our sergeants gave a dance in barracks, to which, of course, they invited the mess, on a card of leviathan proportions. Having ascertained that the little Hoo-poos were to be among the guests, we laid ourselves out for a lark, and invited some equally festive spirits among the gunners to come and dine and go with us. As Ruffleby and I went out for our evening ride, we passed on the Mall the Munnies' barouche and seedy pair of gray country-breds. Mrs. M. was taking the Major out for his drive. The poor old boy looked dreadfully bored.

"Look here," I said to Ruffleby, "let's ask the Backsheesh Sahib to dine, and take him with us to-night. He looks as if he was very down on his luck."

"Happy thought," rejoined my companion; "I must get a hundred rupees advance out of him next week, or I shall be on my beam ends, so it'll be as well to get him in a good temper."

"We'll tell him he'll meet the little Hoo-poos. I'm sure he's rather smitten in that quarter, for I've noticed he always sits and smokes in his back veranda now, so that he can look over into their compound and watch the fair young things at play. But, by Jove, Mrs. M.'ll never let him come!"

"Leave it to me, I'll square her," cried Ruffleby, and he cantered after the carriage.

"Have you met the Colonel, Major?" he cried. "He wants to see you particularly; was asking where you were just now, when I left the mess."

Unsuspecting Mrs. Munnie had the heads of the grays turned messward, and Ruffleby joined me hastily.

"Once in the mess, I'll keep him safe. You ride back to his house, and tell his servant to send his mess clothes over to the mess at once. He must dress there. Quick! Before the old girl gets home!"

Our plan succeeded admirably, for the prisoner was only too willing to be caught. The bearer and the clothes arrived, and with the assistance of a stiff peg the Major was emboldened to send a note back by him, to the effect that he was going to dine at mess.

We had a very festive dinner. The paymaster's hilarity almost equaled that of our guests, and he became a different man. Ruffleby whispered to me he should ask for two hundred at least.

Dinner over, we adjourned to the sergeants' mess in little companies of twos and threes. Some drove, some rode their own or other fellows' ponies, some tried to walk, and at least three mounted on Derehurst's old gray Arab commonly called The Omnibus, because he was in the habit of conveying two or three fellows to mess.

The sergeants' mess was a bower of beauty, tastefully decorated with evergreens and pink paper roses. The gallant non-coms were deep in the seemingly endless mysteries of the Circassian Circle when we arrived. This was succeeded by the Triumph and Payne's First. Out of consideration, perhaps, for everyone's toes, round dances were in the minority. Between the dances there was no sitting out in dark corners, such as was wont to obtain at some dances which we Scilly Islanders have given. The warriors, in stiff tunics buttoned up to their throats, promenaded round and round the room with their partners, or conducted them to the peg table, and gave them hot sherry.

"And now, Mrs. Maacartney, an' what'll ye take?"

"Thank ye, kindly, I won't take anything. I had a thurst, but I've quinched it."

Into this paradise of decorum, inhabited by fair creatures with divers-colored necks and gorgeous frocks of aniline hues, we, the new arrived, imported, I am sorry to say, an element of rowdyism. We introduced each other all around, to such fair ones as attracted our individual attentions, under high-sounding names, and the promotion was most rapid in the Scilly Islanders that night.

I had just finished, notwithstanding the scowls of a leviathan bombardier, in presenting "Lord" Derehurst to a pretty little woman in a red dress, the exact shade of her red arms and neck, when I felt my elbow nudged. The paymaster jerked his head toward the little Hoo-poos.

"Introduce me to our fair neighbors, my boy."

I steered him across the room to the vicinity indicated. Why will Eurasians always dress in white? They looked very pretty, all the same, preening and bridling, with orange bows in their dark hair, for all the world like the cheeky little crested hoo-poos who infested the veranda. They were twittering in their soft *chee-chee* tongue to a circle of admirers who made way for us.

"Miss Hooper, allow me—introduce Major-General Munnie, C. B.—Aide-de-Camp to the Queen (whisper)—who—most anxious—make your acquaintance."

"Oh, my! You don't say! No? I never

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AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

did one real general know, at all!" And the dark eyes were fixed reverentially on Munnie's bald head.

Here my color-sergeant collared me and led me off to drink more hot sherry, after which the regimental sergeant-major and the pay sergeant repeated the process. I have no very clear or exact recollection of the events of the ball. The temperature of the room was a hundred and something, and the betunicked sergeants shone and trickled and mopped, and then shone and trickled and mopped again. The floor was very heavy for dancing, and very hard for falling. I was charged in a wild polka by a Hussar sergeant about six feet two, and ignominiously floored. I have a vision of old Munnie standing up in Sir Roger about two A. M. (the dance had begun at eight sharp) with one of the Hoo-poos, whom he tried to kiss as he turned her round. Imagine Mrs. M.'s feelings, had she seen! I could not exactly say what time most of us got back, somehow, to our own mess for some grilled bones. Ruffleby and I escorted the paymaster thither.

"In for a penny, in for a pound, you know, Major. Must have some supper. None waiting for you at home, you know!"

The vision of what was awaiting him at home, poor old boy, was so appalling that his spirits only revived again after supper and champagne. Then, somehow or other—one never knows how these things begin—there was a good deal of promiscuous bear-fighting, and a slaughter of the ante-room chairs and settees. I know I had one lamp shade, two tumblers, and a pane of glass down in my next mess bill. The couches and chairs we shared equally. I also had a bruise on my left shin, which nobody paid me for.

While Ruffleby was dancing a fling down the mess table (the marks are there on the mahogany to this day) some of us trussed old Munnie and the Doctor with billiard cues, and set them to cock-fight. It was the event of the evening. I backed the paymaster, and lost my money. A wild chorus of the last new comic song was going on round the piano, to which Derehurst was giving a brandy-and-soda, because he declared it was out of tune, and wanted picking up, when some of us had to lend a hand to pack our guests the gunners into one of the *tikka gharys*, or flies, which had been parked out patiently in the compound all night. We laid Ruffleby on the roof, full length, as we could not make him sit up anyhow, and he eventually got to his bed, I believe. Then I found old Munnie at my elbow again, very dejected.

"Look here, my dear boy, whatever am I —do? Daren't go home like shish—think of the missus."

He, indeed, presented a pitiable sight. There was a huge knick in his trousers, besides rents where there had once been brace buttons, one sleeve of his mess jacket was torn out, the shoulder straps were wrenched off, and it was split up the back, the result of his trussing. What was to be done, indeed!

"You won't leave me, my dear boy; see me through it, there's a good fellar."

I swore never to desert him, and we wended our way somewhat disconsolately down the road in the light of the glorious Indian full moon.

"She musn't shee 'em. Never let me dine at mess again. What shall I do? Sure to find them to-morrow. Always looks into all my drawers," moaned poor Munnie, as we approached his residence.

"She *shan't* find them, Major," I said; "we'll hide them, and you can telegraph to Calcutta for some more. She must not find them at any price."

"No go, my dear fellar; always looks everywhere. Keeps my keys, you know."

We were standing actually in the gateway. In another minute we should rouse the slumbering *chokedar*, and see the dreaded vision of Mrs. Munnie prepared to welcome us in the veranda. Suddenly an inspiration seized me. I dragged the paymaster into the shadow of a tree and tore off the remains of his mess jacket.

"Quick, Major!" I exclaimed, in a whisper hoarse with the awful gravity of the situation, "Quick! Slip off your trousers. Cold be hanged! We *must* get rid of them. We'll bury them here in this flower-bed."

Two Eugene Arams engaged in concealing some hideous deed of darkness could not have worked with greater alacrity and trepidation than we two did there in the shadow of the mango tree. Happily the ground was soft, having been just dug and irrigated by the *mallee*, and in a very short space of time the last vestige of scarlet and gold lay concealed beneath the surface, and we breathed freely.

The shivering Major skipped, in his airy attire, out into the moonlight and up the steps. He was nearly knocked down in the veranda by a rug hurled at him from behind a half-opened door, and a voice thundered:

"Take that on to the drawing-room sofa For it's all you'll get this morning."

When I ran against Munnie coming out of his office next day, his face lit up with a smile and a wink as he flourished a telegram at me.

"All serene. The new ones'll be sent up in a week. I'm saved!"

Ruffleby got his advance without a word of demur, and the sky seemed clear.

Not quite, though. We had a misunderstanding with our little Hoo-poos, which led to their transferring their fickle affections to two fellows in the artillery. It came about on this wise.

My stable companion and I had arranged, the one an early morning walk, and the other an early morning ride, with our fair neighbors. At six A. M., Hoo-poo number one, tired of waiting, for her tryst with me was for 5:30 A. M., sent over to my bearer to awake me by force.

Knowing, by experience, how utterly futile is any attempt to din a European name into a native's head, she merely told him to rouse the little sahib. There is a matter of a few inches between Ruffleby's height and mine. But the valet was more than usually crass.

He awoke the wrong man, and, after a lapse of twenty minutes, returned to Miss Hooper with hands clasped, and a *désolé* expression.

"Missy sahib, your honor, protector of the poor, I have done my best. Four times have I got the sahib out of bed—once, even, have I got one leg into his trousers—but he always turns into bed again, and says he is not the man!"

My Hoo-poo declined to accept this explanation. A coolness ensued, with the above mentioned result. A few days later, as I left barracks, the adjutant asked me to follow the paymaster over to his bungalow and mention to him some official matter which had escaped him.

I found Munnie and his lady seated in the veranda, the former refreshing himself after his arduous duties with an ante-tiffin peg. Madame received me grimly, I thought, so I hastened to broach the subject of my visit.

I was interrupted by the bearer's appearance with the daily post, and a brown paper parcel came by parcels post. Munnie looked at me and seemed embarrassed. Mrs. M. regarded him sternly.

"What have you got there, Munnie? Open it at once, and let me see what extravagance you've been up to now."

The paymaster obediently but nervously cut the string. I wished myself anywhere else.

"It's only a new suit of mess clothes, my dear," he faltered; "mine were getting rather shabby," and the neatly folded garments fell on the matting before him.

Mrs. Munnie rose to her full height, and advanced, glaring at him, repeating in tones of thunder, "Rather shabby, are they?" and she disappeared into the house.

I looked at Munnie; Munnie looked at me.

"Don't go, my dear boy—you're not going!" implored my accomplice, seeing me glance round as if to escape.

At that moment the *mem-sahib* reappeared suddenly. Her expression was enough to quail the stoutest heart, and she brandished aloft before our conscience-stricken faces the exhumed mess clothes, muddy and tattered.

"Rather shabby, are they?" she repeated. "I should rather think they are."

I was a base coward, for—I turned and bolted. Ever afterward, the poor old Backsheesh Sahib was never allowed to dine at mess, except on Christmas and other rare occasions, when we had a ladies' dinner party, and he could be accompanied by Mrs. M.—*Indian Idyls*.

CHARACTER IN WEDDING CARDS.

The character of a wedding card is usually the index to the position in Society occupied by the bride and groom. Fashion decrees that cards shall be of a particular kind, and the difference is usually in the quality. At the present time Sanborn, Vail & Co are doing more copperplate work than any firm in the city, and the excellence of the work has recommended them everywhere. Some of the neatest cards sent out by Society people have been executed by this firm.

The splendid display of writing material made in the large store of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, should be seen by those anxious to have the correct styles in correspondence. Some of the handsomest paper to be found anywhere is kept in stock. Crane's kid finish paper is used extensively in the East, and, to meet the demand sure to be made for it here, this firm has made large orders for it.

The display of Easter novelties is very pretty, and there are in stock the very things you want for presents.

A FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

The California Hotel has achieved a wonderful success within the past year, and has made itself famous as the only one in the West that has a restaurant that approaches those so properly renowned in New York. In every detail the restaurant of the California equals the best in the metropolis. The service is the handsomest in the country, the waiters are adepts in their trade, the tables are tete-a-tete, and the cuisine is above reproach. The *chef* is an artist, and has maintained his reputation as the finest cook in San Francisco. The dinners are especially tempting, and the prices are exceedingly low, when the excellence of the *menu* is considered; but, although some pains are taken to make this the meal of the day, especial care has made the luncheon a feature of the restaurant, and here may be found the *bon-vivants* of the city every day. After the theatre a large number of our best citizens go to the California restaurant, and every night there are two or three supper parties there.

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C. R. MASON, MANAGER

REAL ESTATE NEWS.

There is very little change in the market for real estate since my last report. Dealers expect a continued lull until something more definite is known of a competing railroad into San Francisco. The report which was published during the week, that a strong local company has been organized for that purpose is encouraging so far, but something more tangible must be known in regard to the programme to be pursued by the company before its effect is felt in real estate circles.

In local railroad building there is an activity which promises to bring the outskirts of the city into prominence. Two electric roads are being pushed to completion, and it is announced that one of them—the Joost system—will be opened for traffic from the foot of Market Street to the cemeteries on Monday, the 18th instant. Suburban lands along the line of the road will be strengthened considerably.

Contracts for the road-bed, power-house, etc., of the Metropolitan Electric Road terminate on June 30th, and it is, also, expected that by the middle of July the road will be open for regular business from the junction of Market and Eddy to the Park.

During the week Easton, Eldridge & Co. held a public sale of real estate in the neighborhood of the Park with fair results. The firm has established a special agency at the Ocean Beach for the sale of Park lands.

McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond propose selling under the hammer at the Real Estate Exchange, on the 21st instant, some choice Park residence sites. The offering comprises a subdivision of the Watson Block on H and Hugo Streets, and Second and Third Avenues, fronting the Park, just south of the Children's play grounds. Several companies are building railroads in that direction and the location is especially attractive owing to the fact that visitors to the city's great pleasure resort will alight at this point.

No change in the local rate of interest has occurred, and the principal loan effected this week was a renewal of the mortgage on the Odd Fellows' Building for $175,000 for a term of three years.

On Tuesday a sale was consummated of the northwest corner of California and Polk Streets, 31:3x 87:6 for $21,000. REALTY.

A SPLENDID SYSTEM.

The Souther Farm system of training horses by swimming will be shown on Saturday, April 16th, beginning promptly at 1:30. To get to the farm, take the twelve o'clock Broad Gauge ferry-boat, from foot of Market Street, San Francisco, for San Leandro, where conveyances will take all comers to the farm, returning in time to allow all to reach San Francisco at 4:45.

To drive to the farm, go to Oakland on the Creek Route ferry, take the county road toward San Leandro, and turn off at "Stanley Road" where a signboard of the farm is placed, three-quarters of a mile north of San Leandro.

On this same day the horses that are to be sold will be shown to all who may wish to see them. The sale will take place on Wednesday, April 20th, presisely at noon, and sixty-five well-bred colts, fillies, brood mares, and road animals will be sold at square auction in the Souther Farmway, without limit, by bid, reserve, or delay of any sort, shape or description.

The story of our shame has reached Fresno. The *Republican* says: "The present San Francisco Grand Jury appears to be made of the same sort of material as the late Sacramento Grand Jury, which so artistically whitewashed Mr. Bruner. They will both go down to history as the boodlers' friend."

WHAT IS THE BODEGA?

A depot for the sale of California's purest Wines and Brandies, in any quantity, from a glass to a cask, in the basement of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, on Pine Street. Call, or send for catalogue.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

Martin, Morrison & Heyl, 118 Geary Street, are the only undertaking firm on the Pacific Coast employing a graduate female embalmer and dresser.

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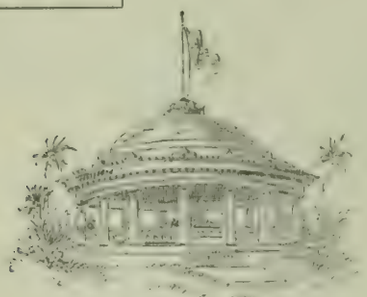

NEW MERRY-GO-ROUND.

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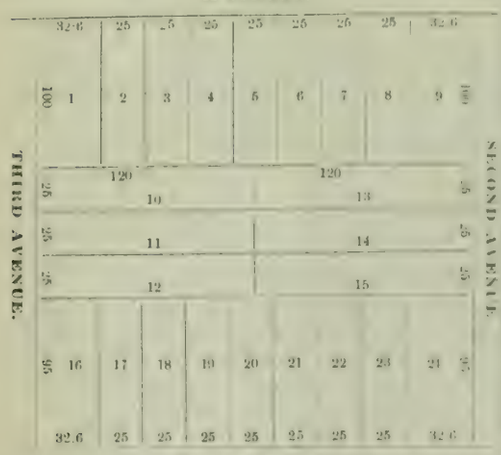

These superb lots are at the Third Avenue entrance to Golden Gate Park.

They front on H Street, Hugo Street, Second and Third Avenues

The main driveway, and in fact the only thoroughfare to the district south of the Park, passes these lots.

The steam dummy on H Street is shortly to be supplanted by a cable line.

The Page-Street cable, now in course of construction, has its terminus one block from these lots

The electric road, now building, is but a block and a half distant.

Adolph Sutro's million dollar library and museum will be erected near this property.

The children's play grounds are permanently located within 300 feet of these lots

The music stand is not much farther, and it is only a few minutes' walk to the deer and buffalo parks and conservatory.

These lots are nearer to the main attractions of the Park than any other property ever offered.

It is a pleasant walk either through the park or out Frederick Street to the property. Take the Oak, Ellis or Haight-Street Cars and go out and see them.

Spring Valley mains on H Street.

After these Lots ARE SOLD some people will say "Well, if I had thought they were going that cheap I would have attended the sale."

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LAWN TENNIS.

The annual championship games (singles) for the championship of the Pacific States, now and for several years past held by W. H. Taylor, Jr., of the California Lawn Tennis Club of San Francisco, will be held at San Rafael under the auspices of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association, and will be played on June 30th, July 1st and 2d. The final championship contest between the winner of the all-comers and the present champion for the magnificent championship trophy will take place on July 4th, thus giving the runner up the advantage of a whole day's rest. Taylor has captured the elegant cup twice already, and will make a more determined effort than ever to win on this occasion, in which event the cup becomes his absolute property.

Hubbard is out for everything in sight, and his friends are of the opinion that he will not only win the all-comers event, but will also lower Taylor's colors. While Hubbard's chances of winning are conceded to be good, his admirers should not for one moment forget that there will be other players entered who are capable of making matters quite interesting for him, and surprises in tennis tournaments are not few. In the championship contest two years ago Hubbard was drawn against Ogden Hoffman, and won a very creditable victory, as Hoffman played unusually well; the game put up by Hubbard on this match made a look a sure thing for him for first prize, but to the surprise of every one present he was defeated the next day by Tom Magee, a player who has no license to beat Hoffman.

The Alameda Club will be the first club to inaugurate the continuous tournament scheme suggested by H. Stetson. A committee has already arranged the players according to their ability, and a number of challenges have already been issued which insures an early start in what promises to be a highly exciting as well as very beneficial tournament.

The Olympic Club's class tournament postponed from April 21, was played on Sunday last under the most unfavorable auspices owing to the high wind, which made true playing an utter impossibility. There was a very slim audience, but if the weather is at all pleasant there will be a large crowd present to see the windup to-morrow. The surprise of Sunday last was the victory of Collier of the California Club over O. Haslett of the Alameda Club. The first set was easily won by the latter by a score of six games to one, but by a splendid piece of uphill playing the California Club man won the next two by scores of 6-2; 6-2.

Bates, Neel, and in fact most all of the old East Oakland Club members have not touched a racket since the courts were closed for improvements; they will have ample time, however, to prepare themselves for the grand struggle at San Rafael.

The courts of the California Club still present a very active appearance, being crowded every afternoon by players who are determined to make a showing at the championship games, and also to get in trim for the Stetson continuous tournament which will be given shortly. Drown, O'Connor, P. Moore, Stetson, the Whitney brothers, and Adams, are showing great form at present. The improvement made by the latter is something remarkable, as he has only played for a few months.

Champion Taylor wields a racket occasionally, but will not get down to hard work for sometime yet.

The Oakland Tennis Club will try hard to have the most entries at the championship event this year, but with a membership of 200 there is no reason why the California Club should not sustain its reputation in this respect as it has done in all previous tournaments.

Collier has shown of late what careful practice can accomplish; his defeat of Gus Taylor at the California Club and his winning the second class at the Olympic Club, is quite an achievement for a young player.

It is Hubbard's intention to do most of his practicing on the new Oakland courts, as he now resides within a few blocks of the grounds which will soon be completed. He will also practice there with Haight as a partner as they have to defend the championship against the winners of the all-comers in September next.

With such an immense entry list as the Association will have this year, the committee will have its hands full and the rule compelling players to be present when called upon should be strictly enforced.

The Madison Club of Oakland have a very promising player in the person of Master Upham, a youngster not yet out of his teens. Ben Marx, of the same Club, has been practicing with Joe Daily, and in the latter's opinion he will cut quite a figure at San Rafael. English, Allen, and A. Marx, are also likely candidates for the championship.

For the grand championship event this year between Taylor and the winner of the all-comers event, the committee should see that a competent judge is placed on each line, and thus avoid all mistakes that are certain to be made, when there are only two men to watch an entire court.

Harrison and Pillsbury, two clever players of the California Club, will arrive from the East about the middle of June, and proceed at once to San Rafael to practice for the tournament. Such a season's practice as they must have had at Harvard should certainly have improved their game and the Californians' chances are greatly strengthened thereby.

The photograph gallery at the California Club is filling up slowly, the members are not sending in their pictures as readily as when Secretary Gray was here, but this handsome addition to the many attractions of the Club's reception-room will be completed soon after the Secretary's return from the East.

Outside of the California Club but very few players seem to practice the new rule in regard to serving with the foot outside of the base line, if not taken in time they will find that they have made a mistake when foot faults are called on them at San Rafael.

THE SCORER.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

April 14th. DEAR WAVE:—Cupid's dart has at last pierced the hearts of several of our most charming belles, and wedding chimes are to sound gloriously in the near future, and the best news of all is that the majority have captured real men of the world, only it is unfortunate that others are to gain what we lose, for all will miss such favorites as Carrie Wadsworth, Stephanie Whitney and Fannie Gamble, but that is just the way it always is, we raise our choicest flowers to have them plucked by an invader's hand. Suppose that we should appreciate the fact that our girls prove themselves so captivating elsewhere, our home boys certainly do not find them attractive. Away back in the past Tom gives account of handsome Fannie Houghton's surrender to a Hartford gentleman, whose wealth is so great that he can give away a $100,000 in a year, and Minnie Fox married a New York lawyer, while beautiful Pauline Olmsted, with the flute-like voice, was captured by a New York widower whose sons were older than she,

Two Harrys, one Henry and H. M. A. M., of you city, have never been so contented with life since the brightness of her smile was given to another. Intellectual Nellie Smith, daughter of G. Frank Smith, while on a sojourn to Alaska, caught young Tower, heir to all of old Charlemagne's millions. She now lives in Philadelphia, but wasn't she too cute for anything? She intimated that she thought Mr. Tower a destitute youth, and that they had only their strong right hands and love for each other. She acted her part most successfully, and then he had the pleasure of giving her a surprise. It was just like a scene in a play. Pretty and haughty Minnie Matthews found her liege lord while sailing down the Nile, and is now living in Paris. A little baby daughter recently arrived to crown her happiness. Lizzie Folger, one of our best workers for the Fabiola Kindergarten and poor, married "The Le Grand Cannon Tibbets" of New York. She is now on a visit to her mother, and is not changed at all. Every one remembers the pretty little Hoyt girls, Daisy and Edith, who married partners of a New York firm, and Scotty Seaton's sister lives in New Orleans, so you see, dear, our girls are really attractive. The next to leave us will be Carrie Wadsworth, whose prospective groom is a Washington gentleman. The ceremony is to be solemnized at St. Paul's, and a reception will follow at the Wadsworth home. It is going to be a swell affair, but I must not say any more about it until after the happy event.

June is to be the month of weddings on this side. Peachy-cheeked Sam Brech and sweet little Flossie Coffin head the list, which will be followed by Stephanie Whitney and Mr. Cunningham of Washington, and Fannie Gamble will go to Boston to live. Her *fiancée* is fabulously rich and "real nice, too," so Jessie says, but, dear, for real true bliss and rural love, I must refer you to Ruthie Dyer and Dr. Augur. They think nothing of wandering down Jackson Street hand in hand. They absolutely forget the rest of the world. Heigh-ho! That doubtless is love without alloy, but it does seem funny. Even youthful Sam and Flossie do not forget themselves. I consider that we are doing wonderfully well to send out such an array of brides, for; really, a husband captured in Oakland is something that an Oakland girl never expects, and all because our boys are wedded to their clubs and horses. Have you heard of the most *recherché* dinner ever given at the Athenian Club? There were only a dozen guests and each consumed four bottles of champagne apiece. Do you not think our lords and masters too awfully swell for anything? You cannot imagine how proud I am of Tom. Their names? Oh no, I promised not to tell.

The Marine band was the event of last week. Of course all the nabobs turned out. I went with the Allens and sat in a box. It was too near and I have been deaf ever since. What do you think Belle dear confided to Phil Remillard the other day? That she was the Oakland damsel who played "crusoe" with the street gamins in San Francisco. She seemed real proud of the sensation she created. Miss Mary Durham will be bridesmaid at the Crowell-Bull wedding, so be sure and go, dear, as she is one of our most distinguished belles; you will doubtless find her extremely arrogant and self opinionated, but don't mind a trifle of that kind. She is an heiress, you know. Time forbids another line, so adios,

FROU-FROU.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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Way line sailing—April 18th, 1892, S. S. "Geo. W. Elder."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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MR. COYOTE FOX.

I am pained to note that people are still talking of the Drayton-Borrowe affair, and that some of my contemporaries fall to drooling when speaking of Mr. Fox. This nasty wretch has been highly complimented for the part he took in making public the correspondence between Drayton and Borrowe, and between the latter and the honorable "Court of Honor." The matter is no affair of mine, of course, but I would like to meddle with it long enough to recommend that Mr. Fox be horsewhipped from his present unwished oblivion and kicked into well-merited obloquy. I believe these undertakings would be thoroughly safe, as Mr. Fox must have exhausted all his courage ere this by talking of it. Every time he has unhinged his lower jaw within the month it has been for the accommodation of his great personal bravery, which has been aired on a dozen occasions when it was not questioned.

Much stress has been laid on the statement that Mr. Fox was "through" the Modoc war, the and that he gained his soubriquet because of magnificence of his courage in trailing the crafty chief to his lair, and interviewing him for his paper. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Fox never tracked anything during that war except land crabs, and you know the direction they take to get forward. A truce was declared, and when the Peace Commissioner set out to have a pow-wow with the Modocs Mr. Fox, with a half dozen other correspondents, called on the rebellious Indians. Even in peace the red men were so savage that Mr. Fox left the vicinity, and never stayed his flight until he reached New York, where his beautiful stories of his adventures were told in exchange for liquor and other courtesies.. There is a large vacant lot in the city of obloquy waiting for Mr. Fox.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

On account of the extremely low price of silver the public press and financial marts of Europe, and particularly of England and France are beginning to become alarmed and agitated. The Paris *Journal Des Debats* has been discussing the various causes for the depreciation of silver. The writers refer to the reports of Colonel Berton, of which the London *Times* and Paris *Journal Des Debats* had a full account, he having been sent to the United States by the French Director of the Mint, to investigate the silver discoveries in 1874 of the Comstock, the Con. Virginia and California Bonanza. This he did in a thorough and business-like manner, so well, in fact, the Director of Mint demanded in recognition for his services the Cross of the Legion d'Honeur, and now he will again resume his studies of the silver and monetary question and furnish full reports to the above paper.

During the past week silver has been quoted between 87 and 86, but to be on a paying basis it must be at 90 or more.

The past week has been a disastrous one for speculators on the Exchange, Con. Virginia, the leader, selling down to $3.75 per share; the majority of the stocks are now selling lower than for the past five years; in fact were a person to deduct the last two assessments off, 90 per cent of them would practically be without a price, but there are still several prospects in view and it is time to call a halt.

The Belcher mine has a chance to develop at any time into a bonanza. On the 300-foot level some rich bunches of ore have been found; on the 700-foot level there are high hopes of finding a development, and now that a connection has been made with the Crown Point and good air is obtained, work can be pushed ahead. THE WAVE would caution its readers or those interested to keep an eye on this mine, even during the bad break this week the stock was in demand at advanced figures. There is also a good future for the middle stocks, as they have made an arrangement this week, the Potosi, Bullion, Alpha, and Exchequor to work through the Ward Combination shaft, beginning at the 1800-foot level. This will be a great saving to the several mines and at the same time it will give them the opportunity of doing extensive exploration work, and as they have some bunches of ore in the Potosi at present, it may result in the finding of a large body and even Con. Virginia has several levels where it is hoped good may come.

The Bodie district is again attracting attention, and the several mines have good prospects, especially Mono and Bulwer, the latter having resumed paying dividends, and the following have bullion on hand, Bodie, $8000; Summit, $1190; Bulwer, $25,000; Mono, $2700; Standard Con., $38,000. The Bodie mill has put in several new pans which will allow of an increase in the output.

In the Tuscarora district there has been quite a demand for Nevada Queen which advanced from 55 cents to 80; about 2500 shares were dealt in. This mine has several seams of high-grade ore. A New York syndicate is said to have paid $7,500,000 for Hubbard & Bowers' Harqua Hala gold mines of Arizona.

It is quoted the Boleo Copper Mining Company of Lower California are taking out about 400 tons per month from their several mines.

J. Wagner of Oroville deposited forty ounces of gold; it was the result of six weeks' work at his placer mine near Morris Ravine. Two men are employed and the gravel is hauled to the surface by a mule, a very economical mine.

Jos. Mark as member of the Exchange has left to visit Europe. He will meet J. W. Mackay in New York, and they both will tour the continent.

O. Mayre has applied for membership in the San Francisco Exchange in the place of Walter Turnbull.

There was disbursed by the mining companies on the Comstock to employees for the month of March, the sum of $167,836 of which the Con. Virginia proportion was $33,216.

The following assets were levied: Locomotive, @ 5 cents per share; Seg Belcher, @ 25 cents.

Dividends were declared by the Bulwer Con. Mining Company of 10 cents per share aggregating $10,000, and also by the following local incorporations: San Francisco Gas, 35 cents; California Powder, $7; Oakland Gas, 20 cents; Atlantic Dynamite, 50 cents; Bank of California, $3; Pacific Surety, 2 per cent; State Investment Insurance, 50 cents; Omnibus Cable, 40 cents; Pacific Gas, 50 cents; Pacific Borax, $1, and Home Mutual Insurance, $1 per share, also a quarterly dividend of $3 per share by the Firemen's Fund Insurance Company.

In local securities the most active was Hawaiian Com. of which there was dealt in 1600 shares @ 3¾ to 4⅛; of Pacific Gas, 570 shares @ 79¾ to 80; California Electric Light, 80 shares @ 15½ to 15¾; Hutchinson Com., 550 shares @ 5 to 5¼; Spring Valley Water, 260 shares @ 99½ to 99⅝; Ferries & C. R. R., 10 @ 37½; Omnibus Railroad, 110 @ 59; Bank of California, 60 @ 267½; Southern Pacific of California 2000 @ 114; San Francisco Gas, 320 share @ 68¼ to 69.

JUGGLERY IN THE KITCHEN.

SOME OF THE TRICKS PRACTICED IN THE SALE OF ADULTERATED BAKING POWDERS.

Is there not some city ordinance that will protect housekeepers from the peripatetic female with the baking powder tests? Nobody wishes to turn a woman from the door, but really the frequency with which this one, or her sister, is sent around by the baking powder concern that employs her makes her, even if the cleverest of her sex, a bit tiresome.

Then the "tests" she makes are so unscientific, not to say fraudulent, that they are likewise becoming a bore. Here, for instance is one of them: A sample of the baking powder found in the kitchen visited, and which it is intended to defame, is placed in a glass, mixed with a little water and stirred. Being a pure powder it foams up like champagne, although the bubbles of carbonic acid gas will continue to rise for a long time. The tester then takes a sample of the powder which she is crying to introduce, and treats it in the same manner. The result is a glassful of yeast-like foam. This action, she claims is evidence of the superiority and greater strength of her powder, whereas it is caused solely by the flour with which the powder is largely adulterated, and it is indisputable evidence of such adulteration. To prove this, add a little flour to the other powder, mix thoroughly, add the water, stir it up, and the same result will be produced to a degree dependent upon the quantity of flour used.

Another "test" consists in placing the can on a hot stove or over a lamp or gas jet, or in boiling the baking powder with water. If the baking powder is good for anything, the heat will, of course, expel the gas, which is apparent to the sense of smell. The claim is then made that this gas indicates something detrimental, although, as a matter of fact, a baking powder that would give off no gas when subjected to heat, would be without leavening power and valueless.

The object of these people is, of course, to deceive the consumers as to the qualities of their baking powder and the baking powder used in the kitchen visited.

The attempt to injure honest goods and make a market for an adulterated article by such methods is dishonest and despicable. But to try to palm off upon any woman such silly tricks for a scientific test is an insult to her intelligence.—*Chronicle, San Francisco.*

DEVIOUS PATHS.

FRANCIS SALTUS.

Friend, fate ordains we part no more to meet,
No ray of hope can our hearts' gloom dispel;
No future will unite us, far and sweet,
For life and death we now must say farewell!

You go where Cuba, draped in flower and palm—
The blonde Sultana of the Antilles—
Dreams to the languid sun in tropic calm,
Girt by the sapphire of voluptuous seas.

While I, whose whole soul thirsts for blood and bloom,
On whom dire fortune no kind gift bestows,
Must dwell forever in the boreal gloom
Of grim Archangel's sun-defying snows.

The dreamy southern breezes to your ear
Will waft delicious and melodious strains;
While I in dismal solitudes will hear
The gaunt wolf's dolorous howl on sleety plains.

Ah! friend, I envy you. Strange thoughts of dread
Follow and fill me with persistent power;
I feel that I shall rest when I am dead.
Where ice-winds moan and awful glaciers tower.

While o'er the tomb where you will mutely lie
Luxuriant trees will pitying foliage wave,
Bright, anxious stars will guard you in the sky,
And hosts of roses will caress your grave.

Ah! then, when freed by death, sweet spirit divine,
Though you be shadow, mirage, fire or form,
Fly through chill space to seek the soul once mine,
And claps and cling to me till I am warm!

—*Chicago Figaro.*

AT THE RECENT ART SALE

MANY FINE PAINTINGS WERE NOT SOLD.

These are again on exhibition at our Gallery. On account of the departure of Mr. S. Gump for Europe, and the necessary preparations for moving to our new building, now in course of erection, we will sell all our Paintings and other goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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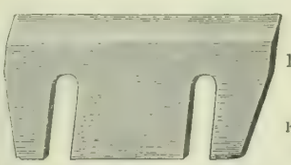

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PRESS NOTICES

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DICKEY'S CREME DE LIS has been subjected to the most rigid test of modern chemistry, and pronounced free from injurious ingredients. This is one reason why it is so popular with the ladies. They know that the beauty it imparts is not dearly purchased.—*Golden Era.*

A Guard Against Poison Oak.

The volatile principal to which the baneful effects of poison oak are due, is chemically neutralized by Dickey's famous Creme de Lis. When applied to exposed parts, it has proved the most desirable and certain protective. Picnickers will take due notice.—*Morning Call.*

SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, April 13th. DEAR WAVE:—The entire absence of Society functions has furnished time and opportunity for spiritual regeneration, to say nothing of physical recuperation.

I have been cultivating the Christian Scientists this last week, and am surprised to find how many believers there are. Mrs. Moultrie heads the list, and Tom says "A man would be a fool not to follow where such a fine woman leads." She has such *suave* manners that she is fairly seductive.

The funniest thing about it all is to see so many women old enough to know better, sitting meekly, gathering up the crumbs of wisdom. Their rapt looks would tell well on canvas. I wish Cooper would join the class. He could immortalize himself.

The P——s have at last moved into their house on the Alameda. It is lovely and the splendid harvest reaped by the silver wedding has been a saving to John's purse. However, there are many deficiencies which Tom hopes the golden wedding will supply.

There is an awful flutter among the *vieilles filles* at the Normal. They think the Professor should not have told the public in plain English the secret hopes they have been cherishing. No doubt some of them deserve to rank as "curiosities," and many ought to be sought by treasurers of "fossils."

Rose D—— has been secured, but her pretty, winsome face made her an object, and teaching does not suit her.

Mabel's new house is begun. She was an Institute graduate and does credit to her training.

The latest "Kid Club," organized by Larry's wife had their first gathering on Friday evening, when all the arts of coquetry were fully explained. I wonder why the chaperons were omitted, but I suppose that the youngsters are considered old enough to take care of themselves. I can tell you that many of our Misses have been so well instructed that they don't lose a trick when it comes to the game of flirting. I do not blame them, however, as it is mamma's fault. If, in the years to come Emily, Juliet, Nina, Virginia, or Florence, are made the subjects for gossip, no one will be surprised, as many of the mammas here have been obliged to live down some gossip, and have never really succeeded in making us forget many charming episodes of the past. One would think that their own experience would be an incentive for them to guard more carefully their daughters.

The Zampa has blossomed forth again and the Ramona will soon be heard from. Oh, no! the children of our best families do not attend these parties, as they are generally guarded a little more closely than the offspring of the middle class.

A Floral Fair, for the benefit of the Pratt Home, will be held under the supervision of the Jewess during the last week of this month, and I hear that our beaux are "saving up" to give a party some time after Easter. Hope they will not overlook

BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

DEAR WAVE:—Although the weather prophets have been forecasting rain, we are having the balmiest spring weather, and all the ladies are out in full force shopping. Next Sunday I intend visiting the Episcopal Church for the express purpose of observing the new spring costumes, as I am told the 400 always attend that church on Easter Sunday. Now don't be shocked at those sentiments, for, of course, I shall be most devout and attentive. Last week we had a circus here for three evenings—something unusual at this season. Everyone who had no child, borrowed one, while others took their best girls, even young Dr. S—— immerged from his customary solitude; in fact, in the three evenings I think all of our young men and maidens were present.

The two L—— girls seem to be lingering at T—— an unconscionable time—at least, so the young attorney thinks. He says he has "piped" for the younger one's return, but to no avail. By the way, why did he move his office from papa L——'s building? Does the would-be king of dentists require the entire upper floor? Whom do you think is in town at present—Job. What brought him here? It must be rather unpleasant to meet a man who has been one's husband, so Jennie C—— had better keep quiet if she does not wish this experience.

No one can say that the Sacramento ladies are not charitable. Within the past few weeks a "Day Home" has been established and several meetings have been held at Mrs Wright's. Everything in connection with it seems progressing favorably. Let us hope this may continue, and the lady managers work together more amicably than those of some other institutions. Mrs. Ed. C—— has not been heard from for some time. Why does she not give us some more of those charming little dinners, something unique like that famous one in the past? Why did our young men let the attractive Dixon belle elude them? I did think the young physician had more *savoir-faire* than to let himself be out-witted by a Slough City attorney; probably that old couplet about changing the name, etc., deterred her.

It is rumored about the Capitol that Mr. L—— has been saving up his money during his term here, for the purpose of doing the hospitable act in '93, and intends inviting a large party to visit the Columbian Exposition, so, girls, you had better be sweet to him from this time on.

I had hoped to have at least three or four engagements to announce as the result of long friendship; but our young men seem content with the present condition of affairs, agreeing with Hamlet that it is "better to bear the ills we have." I should think our girls would rebel. In a year, we will have another set of attractive maidens ready to be launched into Society; the "Amico Club" has some younger sisters who can hold their own with any or all of the older ones, if they only have a chance, so the former had better look to their laurels. Adieu, NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, April 14th. DEAR WAVE:—I hear the young capatalist has what the Salvation Army calls "experienced change of heart;" wonder when he'll lead the pretty brown-eyed girl to ther alter? What do yer think I heard? Well, Imp told me that Kitty's folks had given in at last and Lee's pashunt waitin ud be rewarded in a few months, and what do yer think she did? Why sent her feance (aint I getting on in French, tho?) after his quandam flame to bring her to ther party last Monday evening, and M—— don't know he's engaged yet, ain't that rich? Kitty can't be much afraid of old love's power, can she? Charley Bonner and his very bright sisters is gone East for three or four months, so that jest lets us out on any big party at ther Locan vineyard. Dick ain't been in town lately, so I'm thinkin he is away on a vacashun, too. Well, here I am gabbling on about folks, and jest skipping over ther swell opera and party. Emma Juch Opera Company was to come Friday evening, but, like lots er folks here now, they couldn't move from Los Angeles cause they hadn't got no money to go on, see? Well, they got ther money after er while and came up here fer Saturday evening, and was met by ther swellest audience yer ever saw. Our own sweet Lady Barton was in her box and had Mrs. Butler, what looks like a princess, and Mrs. B——'s sister with her. In another box was the Marceau party, and Mrs. Marceau was just one of ther sweetest and prettiest little dignified ladies in ther house, and her handsome husband was mighty proud of her, too—betcher he outer be. Next to the Marceau box was our Georgie Allen, and ain't that a cute way of announcin a engagement, hirein a box and sittin in it with yer young lady all alone; next thing some fellar ul hire a hall and take his young lady there on exibishun to announce to Sassity that's his girl. Billy told me it was a Mary Woods from Stockton. Well, if there ain't some hair-pullin between Fresno and Stockton before long, then I aint Jim, cause about a dozen Stockton girls is getting away with our best fellars, and our girls is wild, see? Tomaso is doin ther devoted to ther minister's daughter; wonder how long it will last? Well, to go on about ther opera, the fellars all had ther prettiest sweethearts. Fanny and Earnest looked awful contented, and in the Muller loge the "little Madam" Muller was just mighty sweet, and Phonse and Esther with her E—— looked awful stunnin. The Helms was in ther next loge, and Imp's "handsome Frank" was out er sight in full dress. Imp said she thought when M—— come home from Bosting nobody ud be good enough fer her to go with, but it seems just to ther contrary Saturday evening. Frank S——, Story, Will, and Tom are gettin awful generous with opera tickets. Kitty Hughes' party Monday evening was jest ther swellest of ther season. I was there assistin ther bell boy and I seen all the swell folks dancin in ther parlors, what was canvased fer ther occashun. First they played euchre to eleven o'clock, then they had a swell spread in ther dinin room, then upstairs dancing until two or three o'clock. Kitty was jest as beautiful as er picture in her white dress and red flowers and her elegant black hair; her friend Miss Moultrie, of San Jose, is er sweet girl, you bet, and lots er the boys thought so, too, and Miss Boalance was like a little fairy in er brocaded silk dress. Lee followed Kitty around until she made him be nice to ther other girls. Well, I got lots else to tell yer, but I aint got no time now, next week I may tell yer the biggest piece er news you ever heard.

Ta-ta, JIMMY.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—The City of Angels has done more than its share in the way of furnishing stage celebrities. Why, only within the last year or so the shapely Maude left us, then Hugo Toland essayed to add lustre to his name by supporting Modjeska, Grismer, and others, and is now a star; and though even so recent as last summer Charlie Vogelsang was one of us. And now we are to lose another in the person of the handsome wife of the doctor; she, rumor says, aims to fill the place Lillian Russell has so gracefully filled in the eyes of the front rows.

The doctor's wife is more than passing fair, is full of life, has a voice that, with careful training, will insure her leading parts in the light operas, has a good figure and lots of it, and it will be a safe wager that there will be a dearth of men at the clubs and at other places attractive to the masculine taste the nights she sings.

The Figueroa Street beauty will be the next to leave us; she has been studying some time. Her particular forte is tragedy. A few years hence one-half of Los Angeles Society will have the unique experience of applauding the other half, and let us hope they will deserve the applause.

I have not heard whether the doctor will accompany her to look out after her business interests, but if he is what would be the matter with appointing the Baron head bookkeeper and interpreter? The Judge says he would fill that position for a very nominal consideration.

Pa says the Judge has been out of sorts ever since the cake walk, for I heard that one night after the real one was over the boys organized an informal one up town, somewhere near the club. In all events there were numerous entries and many fine attempts at walking a straight line marked on the floor, walking past the bar without pausing, and walking Spanish. The competition, after much excitement, narrowed down to a contest between the Judge and the railroad Colonel, and so difficult was it for the referees to decide who was the more stylish walker, that the Judge and Colonel were requested to lock arms and walk around the block. When they returned, both brimming over with merriment and so forth, they found the club locked up, lights all out and no one in sight. Since then the Judge and Colonel have become difficult to approach, and the decision of the referees is still in abeyance.

Society is still on the anxious seat awaiting developments, and meanwhile guessing at the date of the handsome attorney's wedding. Those nearest the contracting parties say the wedding will be very quiet and the common herd will hear of it after it is over and the bride and groom have departed for Boston. I am going to advise Harry to have a grand church wedding, reception, and all that, as the Dominquez-Francis people did. That's the way to begin married life; besides, the groom owes this to his friends who are legion. Have some style about you, Harry, and, at the same time, set the example for the others who are on the engaged list. Yours,

DEBUTANTE.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

The Sonoma *Democrat* tearfully exclaims: "The Lordsburg Los Angeles silver boom has collapsed. There is not even a silver lining to the cloud which has overshadowed it."

The Oakland *Times* gives the Republicans credit for gratitude: "The Republican editors to whom President Harrison gave foreign missions and fat consulates are coming home to return the favor by booming their benefactor."

The Stockton *Mail* must be right; but why limit the knowledge to school boys? That journal says: "Of course every intelligent school boy knows that the tariff is a tax and that it falls, in the last analysis, upon those who use the things upon which it is levied."

This is the sort of talk (from the Santa Cruz *Surf*) that makes a man glad he voted that way: "In the silence of the midnight hour, with the returns of the charter election in the city of Santa Cruz before us, we feel that the record of the vote itself is more potent than any words can be."

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

I admire the man who knows when he has enough, and as corporations are but souless individuals, I respect the company that faces the situation, "sizes up" the future, and acts in accordance with its convictions. All this means that the California has retired from the Eastern and Middle States, having re-insured its Central Department with the Home of New York. I consider the step a wise one. During '91 the Department was a steady drain upon the "Old Reliable's" treasury and its demands increased during '92, with every prospect of the loss habit becoming chronic. It was therefore wisely cut off. The company will in future devote undivided attention to cultivating the territory west of the Missouri, and the loyalty of its agents in this field makes me confident of most gratifying results. The deal will re-establish the California's surplus at the hundred thousand mark, while the Home gains an excellent agency plant, and an additional premium income of nearly $250,000.

* * *

"Whitewash" is becoming a recognized feature of P. I. U. reports, at least so far as a few members are concerned, but luckily the majority lack legislative experience and occasionally the scheme fails to work. Some time since, Manager Jones of the Western was accused of offering a rebate to secure control of the California Wire Works business. Manager DuVal investigated, condemned, and imposed a fine; Jones appealed, an arbitration committee took the matter up, and applied the calciomining compound with a lavish hand. I am pleased to learn, however, that when the report was submitted to the P. I. U., general indignation found expression in its rejection and the hearty approval of Manager DuVal's decision.

* * *

This practice of rebating to the assured, I am sorry to say, seems to be on the increase, and strange as it may sound, the "smart" agents and managers, seem to be the worst offenders. For instance, a year or two ago, the companies entered into an "Alaska Agreement," regulating policy forms and rates. The Compact has given entire satisfaction, but I am surprised to learn that at the opening of the present season, rebate offers were made for the control of canning business, by a certain office, which, by jumps of five per cent, reached twenty per cent. By this time, patience had ceased to be a virtue, and the offender was notified that the rate would be halved at once unless the offers were withdrawn. If this method was more frequently adopted, I would not be compelled to record so many flagrant violations of this clause of the constitution.

* * *

An effort is to be made in the Pacific Insurance Union to collect in a systematic way the experiencs of all the companies doing business on the Coast. At is well known all policies before being issued must be approved by the Compact. It would be comparatively easy to note the nature of the buildings covered in each town. Then at the end of the year these could be compared with the losses and data of the greatest value would be gathered. The experience of one company in one town is not enough to base calculations on. Chance enters too largely into underwriting for that. If it could be shown, however, that the average life on the Pacific Coast, of a theatre, a stable, a barn, a dwelling was so many years, it would be very much easier to make rates and to adjust them on a fair basis. An eastern idea that is also receiving the attention of underwriters, is the establishment of a standard town which shall serve as a basis for making a tariff. It shall have a first-class fire brigade equipment, water supply, ordinances of a certain character. As other towns improve on it in these particulars or are inferior, their tariff will be adjusted. It is a very good idea and likely to result in securing that unity that is so essential and so lacking in insurance business.

* * *

Vice-President Evans, of the Continental, is with us, and, in order to live up to the Company's reputation, is "kicking" at everything in sight. When I met him, the other day, he complained that brokers, and other good-natured people, failed to climb the stairs to the Continental's attic offices on Pine Street, to humbly present their offerings, and, of course, the Compact was at the bottom of it. With a "kicking strap" on Home Office officials, and an accessible habitation, the Continental would find its way to the brokers' good graces in spite of the Compact's baneful influence.

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LEAVE	FROM APRIL 9, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	†10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

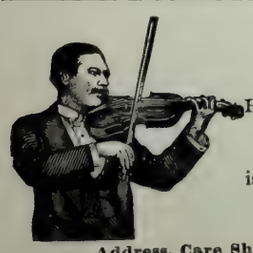
San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 2:00, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 29, 1891.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8.00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m



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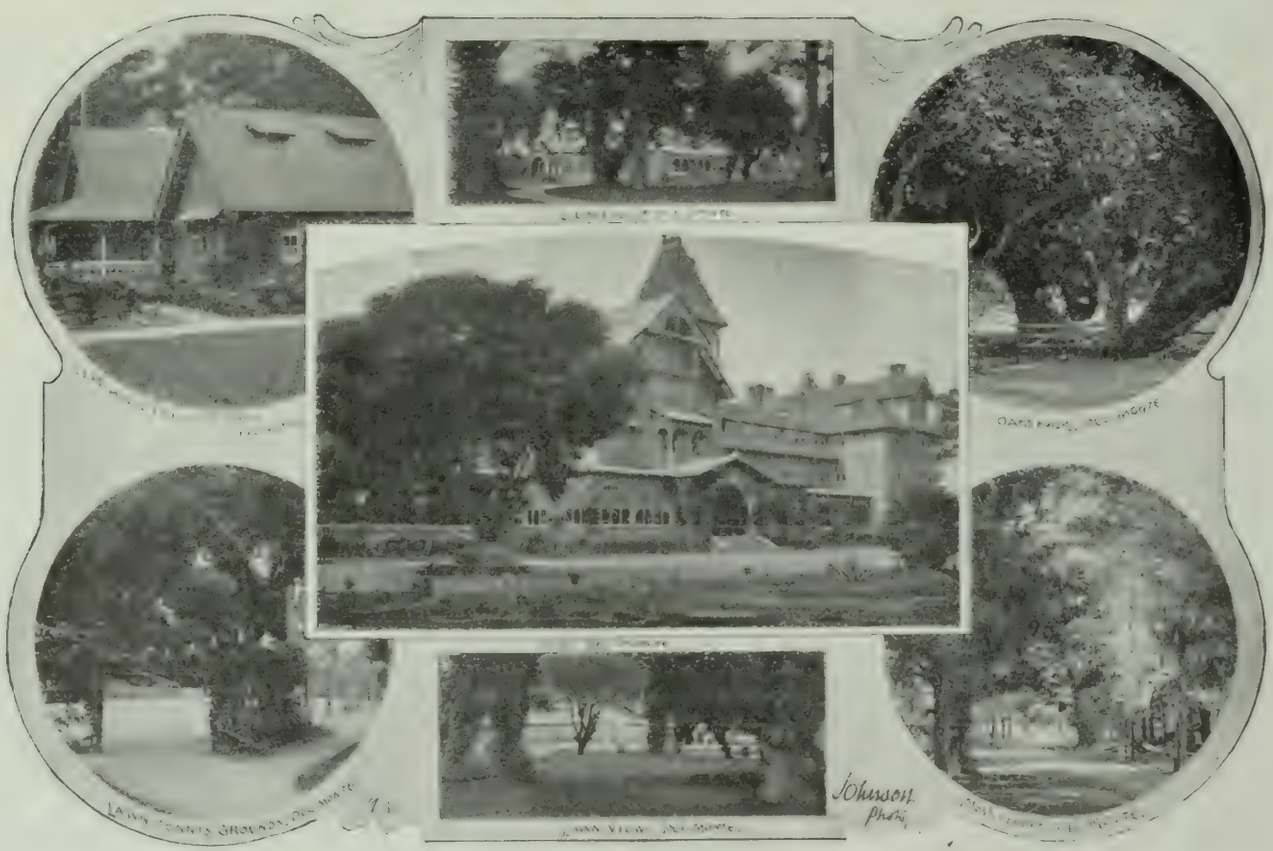

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 23, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The portrait on the front cover this week is of a well-known preacher, the Rev. W. E. Smith, who caused a mild sensation a few weeks ago by his sermons on the moral condition of San Francisco. Mr. Smith's opinions were widely quoted, but it is not yet quite settled that this city is any worse than others of its size. The Rev. Mr. Smith occupies the pulpit of the Central Presbyterian Tabernacle.

SPLASHES.

THE GREAT MILLINERY FESTIVAL of Easter Sunday was duly celebrated in the various religious edifices of the city. It being possible for one individual to cover only a certain number of churches, I cannot claim to have seen all the new hats and bonnets in town. By what I saw, however, I was deeply impressed. The most imposing show of straw and flowers was that displayed at Trinity. Far more effective than the floral decorations set out in the chancel, they relieved by their bright shades and daring composition the somber tones of this interior. Standing at the end of the aisle and looking up, I could not but reflect on the business importance of the occasion. Each piece of headgear represented a certain amount of coin, which, in spite of the current depression, had been put into circulation.

* * *

I cannot congratulate the decorators, however. Set pieces for altar rails, such as I saw at Trinity and at the First Congregational, are in bad taste. Emblems, unless executed on a large scale, as the huge cross at Grace Church, are out of date. To be effective, flowers must be massed, and the effect obtained by combining shades rather than by curious devices. The decorations at the First Congregational were meager, and lacking the artistic quality that so often distinguished them when poor Dr. Barrows was in command. Nor was the millinery equal to that I saw elsewhere. The sooner the trustees discover a good preacher to preside in this pulpit the better. One can arrive at many interesting conclusions on an Easter Sunday.

* * *

Grace Church carried off the floral honors. Perhaps its interior is easier to decorate than the others, but a beautiful effect was attained by the masses of lovely flowers that were disposed in the chancel. The huge crosses on either side of the altar-rails were most effective. As Dr. Foute's congregation rejoiceth in the possession of riches, from the point of view of dressmakerdom, there was nothing to be desired. There were any number of pretty girls in costumes that I lack the skill to describe. My appreciation, however, almost persuaded me to listen to the sermon. At St. Mary's the colors of the interior are so bright that mere flowers cut little figure. Recognizing the inutility, no especial effort was made. From my coigne of vantage, near the door, I admired the effect of the groups of wax candles in their golden candelabra against the snowy marble of the altar.

* * *

EASTER WEEK opened gloriously in Society circles with the Murphy-Pope wedding on Monday, and the sun shone brightly that day as if it were thoroughly in accord with the happy union. The bride was Miss Mary Pope, daughter of the late Mr. A. J. Pope, of the great lumber firm of Pope & Talbot. She is a native daughter of the Golden West, a charming girl in every particular. Graceful in form, a devotee of art, an accomplished swimmer and dashing equestrienne, she possesses many advantages not common to the average Society girl. In addition to this she will, some day or other, come into a snug fortune—a fact that cannot be passed by carelessly.

* * *

Mr. Daniel T. Murphy was the groom; "handsome Dan" he is generally termed, and his features do not belie the name. He is the son of the late Marquis Murphy, who was made a member of the nobility through pontificial exertion, and was well-known here as the founder of the dry goods firm of Murphy, Grant & Co. Dan has been one of the prominent members of the Pacific-Union Club and was particularly identified with the well-known "cocktail table," the members of which gave him a farewell dinner not long ago. He has a goodly fortune now in his own right and is abundantly able to care for the fair treasure he has just won for life. Of the wedding I may say that it was celebrated with the *éclat* that it warranted.

* * *

The ceremony was performed at high noon by Archbishop Riordan in the presence of about twenty relatives and very intimate friends. "Bob" Grayson came within Society's fold for the nonce to assist his bosom friend as best man. In accordance with Mrs. Grundy's latest decree there was no maid of honor, but there were two pretty bridesmaids, Miss Edith Taylor and Miss Evelyn Carolan, who looked lovely in Empire gowns of embroidered pink crêpe. The bride wore the traditional white of weddings, but I am sure she would have appeared to better advantage in pale pink or blue. The gown, however, was a model of the modiste's art, and was trimmed with Valenciennes lace of exquisite design.

* * *

Mrs. Pope wore a black silk robe, and Mrs. F. A. Frank, the bride's sister, appeared in shell-pink satin brocaded in daisies. A delicious déjeuner was served after the ceremony, and at one o'clock the reception commenced. The F. F. S. F. were all represented in the assemblage that thronged the residence, and there were fully 400 guests. Brandt's string orchestra discoursed melody, as congratulations were extended to the happy couple, and Ludwig's delicacies were served at tete-a-tete tables to all who desired refreshments. The wedding and reception were successful in every way.

* * *

A paragraph must be reserved for the presents, for they were exceptionally elegant. Mrs. Pope gave her daughter a parure of diamonds, a deed for some real estate that should figure well up in the thousands, and a chest of silverware. The bride received from the groom a brooch of gold having as a centre-piece an immense pearl, which was surrounded by eight diamonds of purest ray. Dan's "breakfast companions" of the Pacific-Union Club sent a harlequin set of chinaware, comprising a great number of pieces, and representing every creditable ware. Then there were jewels, rare laces, and articles of vertu without apparent limit, all tokens of the high esteem in which the young couple are held by their friends.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy left in the afternoon for Mrs. Pope's villa at St. Helena, where they will stay until Sunday. They will be at the Pope-Taylor wedding next week, and the two couples will leave early in May to make a trip East, *en route* to Europe, where they will travel for about six months. They will, of course, reside here when they return.

* * *

Tuesday evening was made memorable at

the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, on Union Street, by the wedding of their ward, Miss Fanny Morrisson and Mr. Herbert Bird Weller. The bride is a bright, accomplished, and interesting girl. Mr. Weller has been on the Coast about three years, and recently purchased Mr. Crittenden's interest in his livery stable after acting for a long time as a teacher of riding. He comes from good English stock and will doubtless make his way in the world. The old-fashioned, rambling, residence has recently had an addition of one story beneath it, providing a large ballroom, a billiard-room, and a study for Mr. Pixley. It has also been refurnished and decorated, and that evening appeared very inviting. The bridal bower in the parlor was a gem of art, with its canopy of white crêpe and garlands of pink roses. The Rev. W. W. Bolton performed the ceremony, and Dr. Edward Maldonado and Mr. William Kelly were the ushers, Mr. Harold Wrightson was the best man, Miss Edith Nelson was the maid of honor, and Miss Nelson and Miss Maud Younger were the bridesmaids.

* * *

The bride was robed in antique white satin elaborately brocaded, and her attendants were gowned in white China silk. Mrs. Pixley looked splendid in pearl-colored crêpe with trimmings of old point lace; she wore also a superb necklace of diamonds and emeralds. Congratulations, dancing, an elaborate supper, and an inspection of the elegant presents, were the pleasures that followed the ceremony, and it was early morning before departures were made. The newly-wedded couple left for Southern California on the following day and will be away a couple of weeks.

* * *

There was one thing that impressed me very forcibly at the Wood-Ames wedding, in Grace Church, last Tuesday evening, and that was the absolute necessity for the erection of a church to be used exclusively for weddings, wherein every seat will face the central aisle. It is well enough for people to desire to see the bride, her retinue, and their dresses, but there is no necessity for them to make an exhibition of themselves in their frantic endeavors to obtain aisle seats. There is no necessity to mention names, as every one who was at the church will know to whom I refer.

* * *

But now to the wedding. It was a fashionable one, and well attended, and the church appeared attractive in its Easter dressing of the previous Sunday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. C. Foute and Rev. Dr. Miel. The bride was Miss Gertrude Ames, daughter of Mr. Pelham W. Ames, the attorney-at-law, and the groom was Mr. Robert William Wood, of Boston, with scientific proclivities. The bride is a blonde, of the *chataine* type, with a slight, graceful figure. She wore a white satin robe trimmed with orange blossoms. Her pretty sister, Miss Alice Ames, a stately blonde, acted as maid of honor, and appeared to great advantage in white striped silk and satin. The quartette of bridesmaids comprised Miss May Hoffman, Miss Minnie Emmett, Miss Mary Graham, and Miss Helen Otis. Miss Otis and Miss Graham wore white silk striped with pink satin, and Miss Hoffman and Miss Emmett wore white silk striped with pale green satin.

* * *

Mr. Worthington Ames acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. William M. Randal, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. William Little, and Mr. Leonard E. Chenery. The bridal procession was a little out of the usual form, inasmuch as the five maids marched up the side aisle, meeting the others at the central aisle, and then all sought the chancel in the usual manner. The reception at the Ames' residence, on Taylor Street, afterward was a small but pleasant affair.

* * *

There was another Easter bride on last Monday in the person of Miss Charlotte Bermingham, who was married that evening to Dr. Charles Francis Stokes, U. S. N., the assistant surgeon at the Mare Island hospital. He is the son of Mr. Charles Stokes, of New York, and was recently attached to the steamer "Iroquois." He is highly esteemed by his fellow officers and is regarded as a jolly good fellow. Miss Bermingham is the daughter of Captain John Bermingham, the capitalist, who, for many years, has been prominently identified with our shipping interests. She has never posed as a "Society girl," although that she could have been one is beyond cavil. She is possessed of great beauty of the brunette type, a graceful, well-molded figure, and is both accomplished and congenial. The Bermingham residence on Chestnut Street was brightened with flowers, foliage, and draperies arranged deftly and with artistic care.

* * *

At half past eight o'clock Rev. Dr. Lathrop of Oakland, tied the nuptial knot in the presence of about fifty intimate friends and relatives. The groom was in the full dress uniform of his station and escorted his sister, Mrs. Turner, a handsome blonde, who appeared to much advantage in an imported robe. Her two little boys, Masters Stokes and Jack Turner, ætat four and five years, dressed in white canvas sailor suits, preceded the bride and her father as they entered the parlors. The bride was dressed in a gown of pure white silk with trimmings of Duchesse lace and ostrich tips. A clover leaf of diamonds gleamed at her rounded neck and a fleecy veil of tulle enveloped her figure. Congratulations followed the ceremony and then there was dancing and a dainty supper accompanied by an unstinted supply of sparkling wine. The evening was most pleasantly passed by all in attendance and everyone declared the occasion a joyous one. Dr. and Mrs. Stokes will reside at Mare Island until July when they will go East.

* * *

The prettiest wedding of the week was that of Miss Margaret de Witt Kittle and Mr. George Davis Boyd, on Wednesday evening, at St. John's Presbyterian Church. Everyone in Society knew the bride, and she is a general favorite. She is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Nicholas Gosman Kittle. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd, and is very popular. As a member of the firm of Pringle, Hayne & Boyd he has a bright future at the bar. The church was crowded, notwithstanding that everyone seemed to have had a fill of weddings.

* * *

At 8:30 o'clock the "Lohengrin" music announced the arrival of the bridal party, which comprised the ushers, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Lawrence S. Vassault, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. Sidney Ashe, Mr. J. H. Deering, Jr., and Mr. James C. McKee; the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Ethel Smith, and Miss Alice Simpkins; the maid of honor, Miss Lucia Kittle, and the bride, who was escorted by her brother, Mr. William S. Kittle. They were met by the groom and his brother, Mr. Henry St. Clair Boyd, who acted as best man. Rev. H. C. Minton officiated. The reception afterward, at the Kittle residence on Pacific Avenue, was attended by about one hundred and eighty guests.

* * *

Mrs. Kittle and her two daughters, Mrs. Basil Heathcote and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, did the honors as hostesses. Mrs. Kittle wore a superb robe of royal purple velvet trimmed with some of the oldest Spanish lace. Mrs. Heathcote was attired in green and white striped brocade, and Mrs. Taylor's toilet was pink and blue striped velvet with a long train of pink silk. The diamonds worn by these three ladies were equal in value to a king's ransom, provided his subjects were very anxious for his return. The bride's dress was of white faille Francaise, finished with a muscovite silk court train, such as one will see at one of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms. The lace veil is a family heirloom, and was used at the weddings of her two sisters.

* * *

The bridesmaids wore rich toilettes of white moiré antique, with short veils of tulle, that might just as well have been omitted, but still they did not detract much from their beauty. They carried immense bouquets of marguerites. The maid of honor looked classic in white silk and soft chiffon, and carried white roses. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd will reside in San Rafael.

* * *

The residence of Mr. Joseph Wagner, 1004 Jones Street, was the scene of a notable wedding last Wednesday evening, when his daughter, Miss Lillian Lucille, was married to Mr. Elmanson Avery McCarthy. The young bride is well known for her exceeding beauty and charming manners. The groom is the son of Mr. James P. McCarthy, and is associated with his father in the real estate business here. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Prendergast in the presence of about eighty guests. The bride's robe was

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

of white satin, with a long, sweeping train, and the front was beautifully embroidered with sprays of orange blossoms. Her sister, Miss Helen Wagner, was the maid of honor, and she wore pale green crêpe, and carried snowballs. The bridesmaids were Miss Susie Le Count, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Helen Gibbs, and Miss McCarthy, whose gowns were of pink silk covered with pink tulle. Masters Willie Wagner and Albion Blethen were the ribbon bearers. Mr. J. J. Archibald was best man, and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh and Charles L. Davis acted as ushers.

* * *

I noticed several pretty girls at the reception. One of them was Miss Mabel Love, who wore canary colored silk and tulle, and was very popular. Miss Ella LeCount wore a becoming gown, and Miss Minnie Nightingale was charming in a pink toilette, Miss Alice Mau wore a modish light-tinted dress and Miss Ethel Martel was also prettily attired. A delicious supper was served after the congratulations were over.

* * *

Mrs. C. P. Huntington was the guest of honor at a charming luncheon given by Mrs. W. H. Mills at her residence, 1707 Octavia Street, yesterday afternoon. The rooms were prettily decorated with flowers and palms, and made a delightful setting for the handsome costumes of the guests. Those present were: Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin of New York, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. T. B. Farland, Mrs. J. F. Finn, Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mrs. John Hunt, Mrs. S. W. Holliday, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. James Denman, Mrs. Geo. H. Sanderson, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Mrs. Thos. Dinnigan, Mrs. A. A. Cohen, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Miss Nora Connell, Mrs. M. R. Lansing.

* * *

San Francisco is adopting the customs of the metropolis, where the Sunday teas, musicales, and receptions are quite popular. Here the Sunday afternoon tea has come into favor, and those given by Miss Hager have been very successful. Last Sunday quite a number of people gathered at her residence, and enjoyed the hospitality of this charming hostess.

* * *

A very pleasant entertainment was given on Thursday evening at the residence of Miss Nellie Hillyer, for the benefit of the Buford Kitchen Garden. The programme consisted of music, tableaux, under the sole direction of Alfred Bouvier, and refreshments.

* * *

The luncheon that Mrs. Dr. Younger gave in honor of the young ladies of the Saturday Morning Orchestra was a charming affair. All the invitations were accepted, and those present enjoyed the informality to the fullest. A reception followed, at which Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis and Donald Graham sang, and some of the members of the orchestra touched their instruments.

* * *

The "event" for next week is the Taylor-Pope wedding, which, I am told, will be a very pretty affair. The ceremony will be performed in the morning, and it is sincerely hoped the weather will be favorable.

* * *

The first tea of the Easter season was given on Tuesday by Mrs. O. O. Burgess at her residence, on Ellis Street, and nothing was lacking to make the affair a decided success. Mrs. Burgess received her friends in the spacious drawing-rooms that were prettily decorated with spring blossoms, and though the reception cards read from three until five o'clock, the guests continued to arrive at a much later hour. The pretty girls looked prettier than ever in their dainty costumes. Among the most noticeable were Miss Voorhies and Miss Blair.

* * *

The rumored rupture of a recently announced engagement rather startled Society this week. It seems, after all, there is nothing in it, it being a temporary case of true love not running smooth. The engagement is on, and the parties are happy.

* * *

The appearance of Bob Grayson at a function was the subject of some comment this week, and he was regarded with as much interest as if he had been a new comet in the social firmament. Mr. Grayson has for some years persistently held aloof from balls, parties, receptions, and weddings, and has condemned himself to a life of solitary confinement in the Pacific-Union Club. He came out into the glare of social life only long enough to witness the nuptials of Dan Murphy, and I suppose will now return to his cave. I believe it is three years since Mr. Grayson appeared "in the swim;" his last appearance was at the party given by La Mandolinata Club, at the residence of Miss Jenny Dunphy. He did not attend any more of the organization's gatherings—and it died.

* * *

Dan O'Connell and Professor Stewart are felicitating themselves on the success of "B. K. Hal." During its run the Tivoli has had to turn business away and the financial results are most satisfactory. In fact, the composer and librettist will net about a thousand each as the result of their effort. I am told the Bostonians were seriously considering the purchase of the opera, but its likeness to "Robin Hood" was a barrier to its acceptance. The composer and librettist are now talking of taking it East and producing the Mormon Monarch at the Casino. I hope they will finally make a fortune out of it.

* * *

The Spring Exhibition will close on April 30th, which is next Saturday. The painters have suffered very much this year at the pens of the critics, each of whom knows more about art than his neighbor, and does not hesitate to say it. However, the exhibition will be here next year just the same, and some of the critics won't. Theodore Wores will exhibit a number of Japanese, Chinese, and English pictures on May 2d, at the rooms of the Art Association.

* * *

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mann for New York was made the occasion of a reception, feast, and presentation on Saturday night at the Occidental. Mr. Mann has been Manager of the California Theatre for some time, and goes East to conduct the affairs of Al Hayman & Co., of which firm he is a partner. This enterprising Company has a large index finger in nearly every theatrical venture of any prominence in the country, and is making money fast enough to warrant the retirement of the partners in a very short time. It has—but I must bid adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Mann, hoping that it will not be for long. A number of their friends presented them with a silver service, and Mr. Mann, Alfred Bouvier, Jake Gottlob, and Barton Hill made speeches. Mr. Gottlob has been made Manager of the California Theatre, and, judging from his experience and ability, it is wise to predict that this popular place of amusement will lose none of its prestige. Mr. Hall, who managed the Bush Street Theatre in Mr. Gottlob's absence, has taken charge there, and will certainly make a success of the venture.

* * *

After eight years' study in Europe S. G. Fleishman returns to San Francisco with a splendid reputation as a pianist and composer. Under the direction of Marcus Heury he will give two recitals at Metropolitan Temple next week.

* * *

Byron Hot Springs has lost none of its old-time popularity. Indeed, if one may judge from the number of guests there now it is stronger in the public favor than ever. The accommodations for guests have been materially increased since last year, and every arrangement is made for comfort and pleasure.

* * *

The Vendome is already doing a good business, and many San Franciscans have intimated their intention of going thither for the summer. The series of hops that have been given there have proved a popular means of keeping the hotel before the public, and it is now the hub of the social life of San Jose.

* * *

Miss Mabel Jenness, the pretty sisterof the well-known Mrs. Jenness-Miller, will give a series of lectures in this city shortly on "Physical Culture," a subject with which she is quite familiar. She has been very successful in the East, and her appearance here will be watched with interest. Miss Jenness purposes, I am told, opening classes in San Francisco and Oakland for the inculcation of her ideas on physical culture.

* * *

AT THE PRESENT TIME the Democrats are the only politicians who are worrying themselves about the working of the new

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

Australian ballot law. The Republicans seem to think that their voters will easily be able to solve the problems of that system of voting, and they are being left to shift for themselves. In this, I think, they are making a serious mistake which will tell against them on election day. But I did not commence this paragraph for the purpose of moralizing on the lack of education that is everywhere manifested among the most intelligent citizens as to the principles of the Australian ballot law. That is a subject which can profitably be reserved until after the election, when statistics will be available. What I wish to do is to pooh-pooh the idea that some people seem to entertain that this method of voting is new. I have read lately an account of the alleged invention of the system in Australia. Now, as a matter of fact, the system is almost as old as the rock-ribbed hills.

* * *

A great many of our most valuable customs have descended from the Western Romans—that wonderful people now dead for a thousand years, whose language is no longer spoken, but who yet rule the world with their literature and laws. The other day, in perusing an ancient work on Roman antiquities, I was not surprised to find that the inventor of the Australian ballot law was a pilferer. I was not surprised, I say, because the discovery that somebody has stolen something, and especially something as common as a written idea, no longer excites my wonder. However, I determined at once to do what I could toward exposing the fraudulent character of his claims.

* * *

The whole Roman male population, at one time numbering a quarter of a million able-bodied men, were accustomed to being assembled at stated times to vote. Such gatherings were called the *comitia*. Seventeen days' notice of these assemblies were given in order that the voters might have time to reflect upon the business to be placed before them by the magistrates. During this period candidates went about soliciting votes, just as ours do now, wearing a white robe to denote the purity of their motives, and with shoulders bare to expose their scars received in battle. The white robe, I may interject, is not now worn, for the reason, I suppose, that it would be useless for our *candidata* to proclaim their motives as pure, when everybody knows to the contrary. I presume also that the modern politician does not expose his scars from a sense of propriety and fear of the police.

* * *

The arts of the Roman *candidata*, however, were in other respects similar to those of our time. They went about town shaking hands with everybody, calling them by name and inviting them (I presume) to take something. On such occasions they were accompanied by a monitor, who (I also presume) was a "rounder" well acquainted with every citizen, for he whispered the names in the candidate's ear when the latter failed to remember them. It was a deadly insult and generally cost a man his election to call a Roman citizen by the wrong name.

* * *

When the day for balloting arrived the people assembled on the Campus Martius. There the voting took place. The people voted by centuries, or tribal subdivisions, and the leaders of the different centuries threw up a quarter, I suppose, to determine which century should vote first. The century that won the toss then crossed a little bridge and entered another section of the Campus called the *septa*. At the further end of this stood the *diribitores* or election officers. As each voter appeared he was identified and handed a waxen tablet on which was written the names of the candidates. The voter made a mark opposite the names he wished to vote and tossed the tablet into a large chest standing by. When the entire century had voted the tablets were taken out and canvassed. If the vote of a century was a tie it was not recorded, unless the question was judicial, as the trial of a criminal, when he was acquitted. After all the centuries had voted the *candidata* receiving the votes of the greatest number of them were declared elected.

* * *

In this manner the Romans enacted laws, decided public questions, and elected their magistrates for ages. The *comitia* even inflicted punishment for capital offenses, for so sacred was the life of a Roman citizen that he could not be put to death until after condemnation by a majority of his fellow citizens. Different classes of the people had different privileges, and all did not vote for all the propositions and candidates submitted, but the system of voting was in every case the same. Political bosses and ballot-box stuffers seem to have been unknown in the early ages of the Republic, though in later times there were riots and murders on election days. The *comitia* continued to be assembled for over 700 years, during all of which time the people voted as I have described.

* * *

The liberty was finally abridged by Julius Cæsar, and subsequently greatly modified by Augustus. Tiberius, the second Emperor, who reigned during the early manhood of the Savior, abolished it entirely. It had, however, by this time become a mere farce, for ballot-box stuffing and vote-buying, as we understand those processes, were a regular thing long before the death of Julius Cæsar. The system of voting as I have stated, is reproduced in the plan invented for the use of our friends the Australians. The only changes are those that would naturally flow from modern devices, such as the art of printing. Registration, even, was a part of the Roman system. I do not think the Australian who stole the idea of marking a ballot from the Roman *comitia* is entitled to the credit of inventing anything, and I shall hereafter flout his claims.

* * *

POLITICAL COMBINATIONS are all the rage at present, and some of them are strong enough to move even the most melancholy to laughter. Of course, in union—not in unity—there is strength, and the people who combine with the greatest number of their fellows are likely to get the offices. I am told that my very good friend, Colonel A. Andrews, has been mentioned for the Mayoralty; indeed, whenever the Colonel meets an acquaintance, the "mention" is unhesitatingly made. No one doubts that the Colonel would make a good Mayor; he has had vast political, military, business, and financial experience, and could honor and adorn the office as well as any man in town. That he will be nominated is not quite sure; however, no one can tell just in which direction a singed cat will jump.

* * *

Colonel Andrews is combining. He is getting his forces in working order, and is in the field taking his chances with the other Richmonds. He is confident of success, as his combination includes that prince of candidates and candidate of scalawags, Dr. C. C. O'Donnell. I am told that this well-known seeker after public pap has been to see Colonel Andrews, and has informed him that if he is in the race for the Mayoralty, he (the Doctor) will stand back! Here is an evidence of self-sacrifice of which the world has rarely seen the equal. Dr. O'Donnell, with the nomination for Mayor in his own mouth (he has always nominated himself) declining to oil the pregnant hinges of his jaw, and say the words that would give him the right to run for office, is a spectacle for god-like men. But I will not permit the sacrifice to be made; if Dr. O'Donnell nominates Colonel Andrews I will nominate Dr. O'Donnell; those who do not want either of them may vote for the Devil.

* * *

THE FALLACY that a soft answer turneth away wrath has been so often disproved that it is not necessary for me to furnish any more testimony in its offense. It is the sharp answer that pointeth the ugly front of anger another way, and lays to rest your neighbor's unlawful desire to beat your head into calves' foot jelly. I had the distinguished honor to listen to a short debate between a prominent lawyer high in the councils of the Sutter Street Deformed Remocracy and my sarcastic friend, Mr. W. P. Lawlor, the other day. The prominent lawyer spoke like an ostrich on the purity of politics; he talked of being honest; roared eloquently of the people's right; cooed like a donkey of the efforts of the Central Committee to rob the Deformed Remocracy of the privilege of appointing officers of their clubs, and perspired freely throughout.

* * *

Mr. Lawlor caught him voiceless and breathless; he had been factless during the debate, and straightway beat him tenderly

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

with the whip of reason and the strap of sense. He hit him where his head was soft, and gently rubbed thought into his thinker. He then showed him what a large fool a man could make of himself by permitting his tongue to wag at both ends. The prominent lawyer arose on his hinder legs, and spoke bravely of his past record, of the record of Deformed Remocracy of Sutter Street, and then dared Mr. Lawlor to say he was out for spoils.

"Oh, ho," quoth Mr. Lawlor, "you are not out for spoils. You are merely sick—ill. You have Buckleymania, and all that you need is an injection of bichloride of office." And this sharp answer turned away all the wrath there was in the prominent lawyer.

* * *

A SHORT TIME from now, a few weeks at the latest—I can't recall the exact date—Herr Musin will be with us again. His return to San Francisco will be welcomed by all music lovers who had the good fortune not to hear him on his last appearance here. Mr. Musin is one of the few violinists before the American people who is able to make the viscera of a cat tell anything that approaches a coherent story. His splendid control over horse-hair and cat-gut has been remarked in these columns before, and I have no hesitancy in saying that there are few men in San Francisco who can compare with him in violin playing. The aristocracy have all agreed that Mr. Musin is a great musician; the musicians all agree that Mr. Musin belongs to a noble family. To my certain knowledge this is the first time the musicians have been agreed upon anything.

* * *

Mr. Musin has no warmer admirer in this city than myself. I regard him as the most expert fiddler in this country, and have so stated, and had almost quarreled with my musical critic, Mr. Martin, who had the audacity to express an opinion entirely different from mine. Where I praise Mr. Musin, Mr. Martin condemns him, and when I said Mr. Musin played to advantage on one occasion, Mr. Martin pooh-hooed the statement, and said I either knew nothing of music, or had not heard the violinist. Rather than acknowledge my ignorance of music, I told the truth, and said I had not been present on any occasion when Mr. Musin played to advantage. I look forward to his appearance among us, in the near future, with inordinate interest.

* * *

FOR MANY YEARS Charley Chase, the pool-seller and racehorse man, has been intimately associated in business with Marcus D. Boruck, a well-known political decedent, who will be famous in history as the private secretary of the late Governor Waterman. In fact, some years ago Charley was a partner with Marcus in what Harry George used to call the "hoss paper," which publication, I believe, under their management, was at one time the leading turf authority of the State. A few days ago Charley was sitting in one of the chairs of a Montgomery-Street barber, enjoying the luxury of a shave. The place was crowded. Every seat was filled, and the tonsorial mechanics were "humping" themselves. Strange to say, not a word had been spoken for ten minutes. The razor wielders were too busy to talk and nothing was heard except the sharp rasping of the several beards or a dull thud as a gob of lather fell occasionally by accident to the floor.

* * *

Suddenly a tall man in one of the middle chairs observed at large:

"Funny case that of Charley Leavy, the United States Appraiser, wasn't it?"

There was a pause. Then another man asked:

"What was there funny about it?"

"Why, he has been jobbing down there from the start and it took them two years to get onto him?"

"Then you think it was remarkable that it took them two years to get onto him."

"Yes, that's it. The Government is very slow about getting onto things."

Charley Chase had listened languidly to this conversation. It was the usual barber shop blather of which he had heard enough to fill a book during his forty years under the razor, but he pricked up his ears when the second man, after a pause, observed:

* * *

"I know of a funnier case than Leavy's. I know a man who was in office nearly four years and made a hundred thousand dollars. He's got the stuff to-day and nobody is onto him yet."

The whole line of chairs at once inquired:

"Who was that?"

The second man answered without hesitation, "Why, Marcus Boruck, Governor Waterman's Secretary."

"Thunder," said the first man, "how did he make a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Easy enough; selling pardons. He's got the stuff salted away by the wholesale. He's been building a house for his son in the Western Addition that will cost when furnished over $30,000. I know this, because a man told it to me. The same man told me he lives like a prince. His family expenses are about $1500 a month. Of course, he made some money vetoing bills and getting appointments, but he got the greater portion of his 'stuff' selling pardons."

* * *

By this time Chase was having the bay rum rubbed into his scalp, and his mouth being in no danger from lather, he observed also at large:

"Gentlemen, I do not wish to interfere with the felicity of your conversation, but I think I can throw some light on that part of it which relates to Mr. Boruck. I have known Boruck for thirty-five years and I am intimately acquainted with his financial condition. In fact, he has always and even now occasionally does me the honor to borrow money from me, some of which he repays. I do not think he ever sold any pardons, for I know of two offers where he could have got large sums with perfect safety which he declined. I know of these cases personally, and there can be no mistake about them. As for young Boruck's house, I know something of that, too. The young man got married here recently (poor fellow) and took the $1200 he had in bank—the savings of about ten years of boyhood—and purchased a lot. On this lot he has built a home. It is a one-story cottage and cost just $2000. I loaned him $500 toward a margin for the builder and I now hold a mortgage on the house and lot. Boruck himself may live like a prince, but it must be outside of the house where I frequently visit him. Two hundred dollars a month would run that house easy."

* * *

The colored porter brushed Chase hastily, and for ten minutes after the horseman had left the shop nothing was heard save the sharp rasping of the beards and the dull thuds before alluded to. I must except the grins of the artists in hair oil, however. Some of them were quite noisy, though apparently suppressed.

* * *

THE HOTEL RAFAEL is to be sold, and some enterprising citizen with $200,000 can purchase the buildings, stables, tower, ground, and everything that thereunto appertains. This splendid hostelry has had a short, sad history. The stock was sold at something like $150 a share when the company was organized; and a year or two later was down to 25 cents, with Baron Von Schroeder the only buyer. When he got the control he began improvements that completely crippled the company. He advanced $487,000, which was spent as it was received, and the only thing he has to show for that sum is a large bundle of notes. Finally the Baroness put a stop to further loans, and the company went in debt to butchers, bakers, and others, to the extent of $50,000. The creditors sued, were given judgment, and now the property is to be sold to satisfy their claims.

* * *

Some days ago the Directors met to devise a plan to either pay off the debt or sell the property. Charles F. Hanlon suggested that they put a price of $200,000 on the real estate and improvements, and sell them all. The hotel cost something like $600,000. It was stated that Baron Von Schroeder would sell for $300,000 or less, and his loss at this price can easily be estimated when the money he has put in is added up: His original 125 shares cost $20,000; he lent the company $487,000; and he bought up about 750 extra shares at very low figures. I believe the Baron will not return to California; he is now in Berlin, and will probably remain there. As a matter of fact, he was not enamored of California, and would have left long before he

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

did had his wife's affairs been in a proper condition.

* * *

The hotel will be opened on May 1st, and all the accommodations that made it so popular in the past will be maintained. The prospect of sale will in no way influence the management in making any changes, and I am assured that service, table, and everything else will be better than ever.

* * *

I AM DISGUSTED AT LAST: thoroughly disgusted and nauseated. Part, at least, of the truth has got to be told about the visit of the International League of Press Clubs, and, by those who understand the situation, it will be conceded that I am in a good position to be a faithful and veracious chronicler of that most unhappy affair. The immediate cause of my nausea is a monthly publication that has been forwarded to me by Mrs. William Wilde, by her last marriage, and Mrs. Frank Leslie by a previous one and the grace of the New York Legislature. In it this enterprising lady has an article on the trip of the International League of Press Clubs which is so remarkably inaccurate, so thoroughly erroneous, and so exceedingly mendacious and misleading that it deserves attention. She asks me to "give it such notice as I see fit." As to its inaccuracy: The lady does not mention the Press Club of San Francisco, which paid the bills of the International League of Press Clubs; as to its erroneousness: She bestows the praise of entertaining on a gentleman who had as much to do with it as Mr. Brookes of Sheffield; as to its mendacity: The lady says: "The open literary session gave" the Eastern people "a chance to proclaim some of their pent-up enthusiasm for the Golden West. This feeling further expressed itself in the unanimous election" of the President of the League. As a matter of fact, the people who spoke that evening were all too busy advertising themselves to speak of the West, and the President was not unanimously elected.

* * *

As I said before, I am disgusted. This is a good time to call the attention of everyone to these hitherto neglected facts: The League was entertained by the Press Club and the good people of San Francisco, and that any one person who has been claiming the credit for the success of the entertainment, or who has expressed himself as the host on that occasion, has been guilty of an impertinence that is quite intolerable. The League came hither on the invitation of the Press Club of San Francisco; the bills of the delegates and their guests were paid by that body; the arrangements for their reception, entertainment, pleasure, sightseeing, eating, drinking, traveling, sleeping and everything else they did, were made by committees of the Press Club, and yet Mrs. Wilde Leslie never mentions the club. Yet it paid her bills, made her an honored guest, and patiently listened to her advertising herself and her publications at every opportunity. Her article is very nauseating—indeed, almost as bad as the speeches of a man who goes from California to the East and tells the people there that he entertained the League, that he got the special trains on the Coast, that he was the great genie that did everything for them. I am very tired of all this kind of talk, and the sooner it stops the better.

* * *

Probably the prettiest exhibition of meanness in connection with the matter under discussion was given by the *Chronicle*, which stated that the resignation of the Press Club of San Francisco from the International League of Press Clubs was presented to the Board of Control, and *promptly* accepted. Of course it wasn't promptly accepted, and the *Chronicle's* statement to that effect was a nasty and deliberate lie. A letter from the League's secretary to the Press Club here said the resignation was accepted with great regret, and with the sincere hope that the Club would again join the League. In conclusion, I will reiterate the statement that I am tired of all this sort of talk, and if it does not have a sudden ending I will tell the people of the League and others concerned why the San Francisco Press Club withdrew, and give names and dates.

* * *

ABOUT THE BROMLEY JINKS opinions are divided. Some insist the Club never did better; others are positive there was much left to desire. One conclusion arrived at, however, was that it is better to be crowded in Bohemia than have elbow room in Irving Hall. Its aspect is not calculated to foster geniality. The event of the evening was General Barnes' speech. He was very happy in his comments on the long life of Uncle George, and in his happiest vein on his assets of anniversaries. Of course, the veteran held forth, and the boys applauded the various stories that make up his autobiography as though they had never heard one of them before. But Uncle George is the High Priest of Bohemia and can drink the lustiest of them all under the table.

* * *

Clay Greene's contribution lacked little of being interminable. It was a monody in a minor key—written, he explained, under the influence of sombre feelings. I don't like to think how many type-written pages there were, but it was amusing to see the looks of gloom that appeared on all faces when Mr. Greene, stowing away one manuscript, produced another, a laborious parody on the Seven Ages of Man, which he offered as a relief. Some one explained it was a refrain rather than a relief the members desired. Under Donald Graham the Bohemian orchestra performed selections, and then, after other speeches, the crowd adjourned to the banquet.

* * *

Ned Hamilton, in a clever and humorous speech, gave the key for subsequent proceedings. Then followed songs and recitations in quick succession. Among the hits of the jinks was a poem by Dr. Rosenstirn. In a series of neat, well-rounded verses, the grief of Satan over the non-appearance in Hades of Bohemians, was described. Asked to explain the phenomenon, he asserted it was due to the refusal of Uncle George to desert his friends. His benignity of disposition ensured them heaven, or purgatory at least. The Doctor received quite an ovation.

* * *

THE EARTHQUAKE will afford the people of the frost-bitten, cyclone-cursed East an opportunity of making some very bad jokes at our expense. For this reason, if for no other, seismic disturbances should be forbidden, and I call on the next Legislature to pass laws prohibiting the Southern Pacific from inflicting any more on California. I see by the *Report* and the Los Angeles *Herald* that this frightful corporation is directly responsible for the temblor. The former paper will, no doubt, urge those who have suffered loss to sue the Company for damages. The Southern Pacific Railroad is the most heartless corporation in the country, and has caused all the earthquakes that have visited California since it was in existence. Its Directors, I understand from my evening contemporary, sit up late o' nights contriving schemes to point seismic disturbances this way, and have entered into a conspiracy with H. E. Kerkham, of the United States Bureau of Misinformation Regarding the Weather, to unload, from time to time, earthquakes on this devoted Coast.

* * *

Of course, it will not be at once apparent to the reader of the *Report* why this soleless corporation desires to making California a stamping ground for shakes; the reason probably is that they make land less valuable, or cause people to sell out, in which case the S. P. Company gets right in and buys. When the corporation gets hold of all the land in California, it will order a discontinuance of all the earthquakes, and will then sell back the property to the original owners at a big increase. I am glad to see the *Report* has taken up this matter, and I hope it will not cease jumping on it until "the last armed" earthquake "expires." What gives positive proof to the conspiracy between Mr. Kerkham and the S. P. Company to wreck the State with earthquakes is the following from the *Post*: Mr. Kerkham "described the shakeup as being at first a shock, and then a sort of sickening sinking away." Horrible! Horrible!

* * *

THE STUDIO that Charley Peters with so much success converted into a shrine of Bohemianism is now consecrated to feminine art endeavor. A coterie of very charming ladies, whose abilities are not entirely at outs with their ambitions, have established themselves there and are hard at work producing canvases of various degrees of merit. Mr. Joullin, the well-known basso, who, in his leisure hours, exercises a certain pictorial talent, supervises their work. His studio adjoins, and the ladies find his hints and criticisms of considerable value. The coterie consist of Mrs. Frank

Sleath, Mrs. Frank Powers, Miss Stringer, Mrs. Ned Hamilton, and Mrs. George Robinson, and they do portraits, still-life, landscapes, and other branches.

* * *

A few days ago the ladies gave a very pleasant little lunch in their studio. Easels were converted into tables and the various appliances did duty in different ways. Prettily painted *menu* cards made known the assortment of viands, which were of the kind most affected in Bohemia. It was a thoroughly informal and very jolly affair. There was no stiffness, and the guests had a most amusing time. After the solids were disposed of, mandolins and guitars were put in evidence and some select harmonies given circulation to. The fortunate few who partook announced their readiness to attend any other entertainments the ladies may give.

* * *

CALIFORNIA IS BECOMING the winter home of rich Montanans. Among the most important acquisitions to the colony are A. B. Hammond and R. A. Eddy, immensely rich contractors, mine and railroad owners of the new State. Though comparatively young, they have been marvelously successful, and are, perhaps, the most influential men, politically, in Montana. Mr. Hammond is devoted to yachting, and has joined several of the clubs, besides investing in a fine steam launch, in which he skims over the bay. I believe he is *épris* of Belvedere, and purposes building there. Mr. Eddy is devoted to Berkeley, and has purchased land there for the purpose of erecting a residence. Both are men of great capacity, and decided acquisitions. Another Montanan here at present is Alfred Seligman. He is here for pleasure, and is being entertained by his numerous relatives.

* * *

Mr. Seligman wears the very latest in silk hats. It is not the shape that is especially remarkable, but the narrow band of crape that expresses the regret of the English nation generally at the death of Prince Albert. It may be explained that he is not a subject of Her Majesty, but, it being correct in London to flaunt this emblem of grief, it has also become the thing in New York. We are dreadfully original as a Nation. Costumes and millinery must be Parisian; clothes have to be British.

* * *

A ROSE GARDEN IN JUNE could scarcely have been prettier than was the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night. Such a display of spring hats we do not often see, and such hats as the girls have chosen this Easter are marvels to gaze upon. The masculine wail for small bonnets at the theatres has evidently been offered up unheeded, and the pretty girls smile complacently from under hat brims that would form excellent sunshades for summer days.

* * *

One young lady wore a creation of white lace and baby ribbon that must have been originally intended for the hayfield or vineyard, and another had so many huge and bobbing roses crowning her blonde curls that the occupants of the seats directly behind her wore dejected and melancholy looks even during the brightest of "Beau Brummell's" scenes.

* * *

Yet, after all, the hats themselves were in most cases delightful affairs. Pink flowers seemed first choice for trimming, combined with blue ribbon or lace arranged in the stiffest and largest of rows on black and light straw hats, and the few dainty little bonnets did credit to their kind-hearted wearers.

* * *

Physicians are all repining because of the healthfulness of the community. Never has the death-rate been lower, and the record presents no period of depression so profound in fees. Consulting-rooms that, earlier in the year, were crowded, are now deserted. In undertaking circles the dejection is as pronounced. If there does not soon come a change for the worse, I am afraid several influential firms will have to retire from business. This is a contingency terrible to contemplate. What to attribute the prevailing robustness to, I am at a loss. Several eminent physicians assure me the sewers have abated not a jot of their deadliness. It has been suggested that few of the crop of graduates from Cooper's or Toland's have yet acquired any practice. This may explain the lack of results.

* * *

Being a mere newspaperman, no one expects much of my English. In my turn, however, I may be permitted to ask for acceptable grammar in announcements made by institutions like the Harvard Club. Composed of graduates of President Eliot's University, one has a right to demand some tone and style. Before me is a circular headed, "The Harvard Club announces a lecture by John Fiske, L. L. B., the eminent historian and philosopher," which is the most ragged collection of dubious phrases I have ever found together. One learns he is "one of the most popular lecturers in the country, and one of the very few who gains on acquaintance and repetition. He attracts crowded houses, etc., and this is an opportunity which San Franciscans should fully appreciate and enjoy." It appears from this elegant chronicle that Fiske wrote, in his senior year, an article on the "Evolution of Languages," in the *North American Review;* the circular says, "which so attracted the attention of Herbert Spencer that he at once sought out the anonymous author, and thus formed the important friendship of a lifetime."

* * *

He at once became the highest representative in America of Spenser and Darwin, and "he is, doubtless, to-day, the greatest American historian." Indeed, and where do Motley, Prescott, Bancroft come in, I wonder? There is even more of this in the same refined strain. If this is the standard of the Harvard Club, some one should present it with a well-bound volume of Lindley Murray.

* * *

THE WORK done by Solicitor of the Treasury Hepburn, is certainly to be commended. When he came to San Francisco it was thought he was here on a social visit, and none of the many people whom he met had any idea that he was ferreting out frauds in the Government. Among Colonel Hepburn's friends in San Francisco is Colonel A. G. Hawes; the two were companions-at-arms during the armed argument between the South and the North, and had the pleasure of fighting side by side in several engagements. In a lull in the hostilities they were appointed on a court-martial, over which General Montgomery presided, whose duty it was to inquire into the unfortunate habit of drunkenness so prevalent among some of the officers. At that time the bi-chloride of gold treatment had not been invented, and commanders were in the habit of sending their drinking men on forlorn hopes: this proved as efficacious as the Keeley Cure.

* * *

General Montgomery was one of the most charming men in the army, always good-tempered and always full. Indeed, when on one occasion he was ordered to take his corps around a hill to flank the enemy, he stated that it would be easier to ride "between the hills," and it was not for three or four days that he was able to see that there was but one hill in that county. So the General sat at the head of the court-martial, and before the offenders were brought in he made a strong plea for them. "Temper justice" he said, "with mercy. Let us not discharge an officer merely because he has fallen a victim to the demon drink." Colonel Hepburn was, I think, Secre-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

tary of the body, and took down the General's recommendations.

* * *

The first offender was Captain Cameron, of the Seventh Iowa, a splendid soldier, but weak.

"Whom have we here?" asked General Montgomery.

"Captain Cameron," was the reply.

"And the other prisoner?" asked the General.

"There is no other prisoner here yet," replied Hepburn.

"Sir!" roared the General; "there are two prisoners there, and you will not be permitted to deceive me. No drunkard will be shielded by this body. Sir, who is the other prisoner?"

"General Montgomery——" began Colonel Hepburn, with a flush of anger on his face, "I am not——"

"General Montgomery and Captain Cameron," said the President of the court-martial, "you are ordered into the Guard House until you are sober."

Colonel Hepburn made the entry, and the meeting adjourned.

* * *

AS A SUCCESSFUL MINER ex-Senator Fair is ordinarily regarded. He is far more, however. Had there been no Comstock he would now be building war ships, for his bent is mechanics. There is nothing the millionaire likes better than discussing the details of some new invention, and I am sure he prefers talking machinery to mortgages. The other evening ex-Senator Fair was the centre of a group, whose members were discussing accidents on shipboard. He became quite interested, and finally told how his knowledge of mechanics had shortened a voyage across the Pacific. "We were right in the middle of the ocean," he said, "when the shaft broke. It was an awful disaster. Officers and crew were in despair. Finally I came forward and told them I would repair the shaft.

* * *

"Do you know they would not believe me," continued Mr. Fair. "I first procured bricks and built a kind of an oven around the shaft. Then I got a quantity of hot coals from the engine-room, and in the bricks I made a big fire. Soon the broken ends began to get red hot, and I had stretched round the screw a strong rope. The crew was divided into two gangs—one to haul at the rope, the other to push at the end of the shaft in the engine-room. After great exertion," continued the ex-Senator, "the fractured holes were brought together and welded in such a manner that the screw was again revolving before the passengers half realized what had occurred."

After listening to this story told in Fair's simplest and most childlike manner, not one of the group doubted his prowess.

* * *

THE DELEGATES who go from California to the National Democratic Convention will be unpledged. The State Democracy should rejoice at this. It is small compliment to the gentlemen who represent the voters of California that they should be sent East with instructions to vote first, last, and in the middle for any man. Sending a ma to a convention with instructions to vote for a candidate until there is a thick crust of ice on the lake that burneth forever is a useless expenditure of time and vitality. If California desires to be represented at the Convention by men who have been instructed to vote for Cleveland or Boies or Hill, it would save money and trouble to send thither a messenger boy and a note to that effect. With the adequate amount of provocation he would yell for any of those candidates—until he saw that none of them could be elected, and then he would shriek for some other.

* * *

In this connection I will state that I have a letter from Mr. Cleveland, in which he says he is a candidate for the nomination for the President, but only so far as his candidacy will be for the Democratic good. Mr. Cleveland does not seek the nomination to prove to any of his opponents that notwithstanding their efforts to defeat him he could get it. He is not anxious to throw away the chance of Democratic success to satisfy personal ambition. In his letter he says, "I shall not jeopardize New York to punish my enemies." It is probable that if New York is not for Mr. Cleveland, a Western man will receive the nomination and Boies or Gray will be the choice; however, if I may judge from the expressed opinions of delegates already appointed, the nomination of Mr. Cleveland is assured.

* * *

LET ME CONTRADICT the rumors that have been set afloat regarding Major Hooper's retirement from the Manager's office of the Occidental. These have been spread with such persistency that I am afraid some one is anxious to worry the guests at that popular hostelry. It has been said that Major Hooper would take charge of the Baldwin, whose proprietor is anxious to give more time to his other interests. There is no truth in the report; the Occidental will continue under the present management, which has certainly been most successful. There is no doubt that Major Hooper would be a valuable acquisition to the corps at the Baldwin Hotel, but his talents are appreciated where he is, and there he is likely to stay as long as he will.

* * *

Talking about hotels leads thought in the direction of house-renting. We are building too rapidly in San Francisco, and the many vacant houses prove this conclusively. The increase in population has not warranted the erection of so many residence; the population has been for some years practically stationary; yet houses have been built on every side, and are now standing cold and vacant, with the sad words "To Let" on every window. The people of San Francisco are not housekeepers; the women do not care for the responsibility, and the men like the freedom of hotel life. Private boarding-houses have made fortunes for their proprietors, but even they are so numerous now that the business does not pay a very large interest on the money invested. The hotels have had a successful year, and it would seem that people have turned from the private boarding-houses to the public caravansaries.

* * *

CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS there are in every community whose identity confers distinction on their environment. One of them is Ward McAllister, sometimes known as "Judge," the amiable descendant of the great Social Dictator. At the Pacific-Union Club the other evening, Wardie was discussing the respective merits of New York and San Francisco girls with a group of the "gilded." While penetrated with an ardent admiration of the California product, he could not be persuaded to allow her superiority to the Gotham belle.

* * *

"Yes," he said, in his most refined and far-away manner, "all you say is true, but I prefer the New York girl. They are so thoroughbred, you know, while the San Francisco girl—very beautiful, and all that—but there's about her a—what shall I call it?—a *je ne sais quoi*. I —"

One of the group interrupted:

"It is all very well for you to talk about their *je ne sais quoi*, Wardie, but you'll have to admit the San Francisco maiden has the *sine qua non*."

Mr. McAllister is still hunting the phrase in a French dictionary.

The Witness.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

The Easter season, with all its glory of blossoms and renewed gayeties, has arrived, and with it the weddings great and small will follow in rapid succession. Of course, the usual bride will be dressed in white satin brocade, or even moiré, while a fortunate few may add accompaniments of Point or Duchesse laces; and it must be confessed that this custom is quite correct from a fashionable point of view, for at many of the recent French and English weddings the bridal costumes have been composed of these rich materials. Yet there are always exceptions, and it seems to me that the bride who chooses for her marriage dress a material dainty as possible, yet less severe than the stiff and heavy fabrics, shows a deep wisdom, for the time will soon arrive, alas, when tulle, chiffon, and crepon will be forbidden, and then will be the time for the stiff silks, rare jewels, and old laces, but youth and beauty do not require these.

* * *

A Paris dress of white moiré to be worn by a very young bride is nearly covered in white mousseline de soie. The skirt has accordion plaits falling straight from a deep girdle embroidered in silver and pearls. The back falls in deep box plaits over the full train. The round waist has a yoke covered in pearl and silver embroidery and from this the mousseline de soie is laid in soft plaits to the waist; the enormous bishop sleeves are of the mousseline with cuffs of the embroidery. Some pretty bridesmaids' dresses are of white bengaline with Pompadour cordages cut out square below the throat, and sabot sleeves with deep lace frill at the elbow. White satin ribbon forms a wide girdle of folds and falls in a long Watteau bow at the back. Three very full lapping ruffles of ribbon, only an inch wide, are around the skirt. Short veils of tulle are crowned by a wreath of small pink roses, and baskets of pink roses are carrried.

* * *

An effort is being made to reverse the order of the cloth skirt and comfortable silk waist or blouse by making the skirt of silk and the short jacket of cloth. Some models have already been shown and the effects were exceedingly stylish and dressy. One had a skirt of heavy golden brown silk crossed with narrow cordlike stripes of pink, the bottom was finished with two little brown silk ruffles piped at the top with pink. The waist has a short Figaro jacket of brown cloth, reaching to the belt line, the front square cornered, the back slit open half way up and all finished in a narrow brown curled braid. The jacket opened slightly on a tucket vest of pink peau de soie which is gathered to the collar and again under the wide sash of brown silk and has a stiff jabot of the silk of the skirt down the front; the sleeves, of course, are very full.

Another stylish combination made in this way is of black skirt and jacket with stripes of apple green and pale blue with vest of the green.

* * *

The girl who is fond of out-door sports will be glad to know that it will be quite "the thing" for her to handle gloveless the racket, oars, or ribbons this summer, for fashion dictates that brown and even freckled hands are to be smiled upon. Do not wear too broad a brim on your hat; a deeper tint to your face will not be unbecoming, and in the autumn will, at least, give you the appearance of having enjoyed your summer outing.

White dresses of all materials are to be so much worn during the coming summer by young ladies that an idea for a practical and economical foundation may be acceptable to many. A bell skirt of white taffeta silk, finished with three tiny silk frills at the bottom, buttoned at the belt to a tight-fitting sleeveless waist of the same material, may be worn under half a dozen unlined frocks, and consequently saving what is often the greatest expense of these simple frocks, the silk foundation. Dotted swisses made with plain skirts and round waists, with deep stiff ruffles outlining the yokes, and narrow white satin sashes with long ends, are the daintiest summer dresses for young girls. For the heavier summer materials, and even for street wear, the skirts will not be lined at all, the dainty and much-trimmed silk petticoat taking the place.

* * *

Little girls' frocks are bewitching, picturesque and simple this spring. The best of all is they are very easily made. For girls over five and under twelve the skirts are again short extending only a little below the knee, and are for both school and party wear innocent of trimming. The waists make up in this respect, however. One pink gingham has a ruffle of heavy cream lace which falls full from the narrow round yoke below the waist and is caught up on the shoulders by large bows of pink ribbon. The sleeves are almost as large as the little wearer.

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Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, April 23, 1892.

JUDGE TROUTT'S FIASCO.

Those who know Judge Troutt will regret that the dismissal of the Grand Jury has placed him in an embarrassing position. The termination of the Wallace Grand Jury, and the retirement of its heroic author from the Presiding Judgeship, cleared the way for an able lawyer and a strong man. Judge Troutt, an estimable gentleman who is anxious to do exactly the right thing, is neither of these, and, consequently, his efforts to bring the boodlers to justice have ended in a farce. But that is not altogether the worst that can be said of the present situation. Judge Troutt's work of the past three months has probably wrecked his prospects of succeeding himself upon the bench.

It is a wise man, however, who knows when to accept responsibilty. With a Supreme Court on the broiling iron of public opinion, and the boodlers at bay, Judge Troutt had the opportunity of his lifetime. If he did not care to avail himself of it, he should have refused to accept the position of Presiding Judge. To do so without following up the vigorous policy of Judge Wallace would be fatal.

From the very start Troutt's actions have shown the weakness of his mental equipment. I have no doubt that he is morally as sound as any man on the bench. That he desires to place all boodlers behind the bars with such speed as the law allows, almost goes without saying. But his slavishness to details, his painful regard for the proprieties of Court etiquette, and his mealy-mouthed directions to those charged with vindicating the law, are not the signs of a great spirit determined to lead the way toward a moral reformation. It is marvelous that Judge Troutt should be oblivious to the disclosures made by the Wallace Grand Jury. He does not seem to be aware that a conspiracy to sell the vote of the law-making power of a great State has been unearthed, for he has never referred to it in any way.

However, the penalty he must pay for this fiasco will surely be visited upon him. It is unfortunate that he is to be a candidate to succeed himself at the coming election. All the ugly features of this affair will be revived by the partisan press. The decision of the Supreme Court, the election of Troutt Presiding Judge, the drawing of the new Grand Jury (eleven of whom turned out bad), the appointment of Le Count Foreman, and the final failure to indict Bruner, have already made powerful impression on the public mind. It will be hard to convince people that Judge Troutt is weak and well meaning, or that he has been fooled. The boodlers who defy the law and who now, from behind their fortifications, grin at the public, seem to prove in their own persons that a plot of some kind has been successful.

THE COMPETING ROAD.

A new Trans-continental Railroad is on the *tapis*. The richest interests in the city are uniting in an effort to obtain a competitor for the Central Pacific. As I indicated before, the names of those who have subscribed represent several hundreds of millions capital. It is proposed to build to Salt Lake City. That a competing line would benefit San Francisco there can be no question. The expenditure alone of the millions necessary for its construction would create a boom. But the magnitude of the undertaking must not be underestimated. A railroad through Nevada and through much of Utah must be regarded largely as a bridge. From the country it traverses it derives no support. It is a long link in the chain of steel connecting East and West. A glance at the annual statement of the Central Pacific shows there is no profit in operating that line. Perhaps if coal were cheaper, if wages were lower, it would be possible to reduce rates. Under existing circumstances, however, there is only sufficient business for one road, certainly not enough for two. I am afraid, too, the assumption that this line can be built for $18,000,000 is erroneous. The cost will be far nearer $50,000,000. That is, of course, if this project gets any further than the others that in years gone by have been started in San Francisco.

A FEW WORDS TO THE DEMOCRACY.

The Sutter Street Reorganizers, by reconsidering their party action of the previous week, have emerged from the position of a faction, and have become the Democratic Party of this City and County. The responsibilities of the leaders of this movement have vastly increased by the change, and they will require to bring to their political duties a broad and conservative spirit. Success lies within the grasp of the Democracy, and can only be prevented by unpardonable blunders. This community, long suffering and patient, has been goaded and abused beyond endurance. It looks to the Reorganized Democracy for deliverance, and will walk to the polls on election day prepared to roll up the greatest Democratic majority that San Francisco has ever seen. The Republican machine is beyond redemption. The twenty-five "Respectable Merchants" have become a by-word and jest in politics. Crimmins and Kelly had everything they wanted in this city except the amount of decency necessary to make it possible for even a partisan to vote the ticket. What Crimmins and Kelly lacked, the "Respectable Merchants" supplied.

They parted with their respectability to a set of ruffians who will use the same in a vain effort to perpetuate corruption and rottenness in our city government. But whether the rottenness of the machine was too great or the "respectability" of the "merchants" was too little, the fact remains that the varnish is too thin to conceal the character and purposes of the old combination. The public refuses to be humbugged this year, and the voter is longing for election day to get his knife into the bosses. The man must be blind to the signs of the times who cannot foresee a political stampede from the Republican ticket in this city in November next. With these facts before them the leaders of the Reorganized Democracy have every reason to proceed with caution. A nomination from them is nearly an election; and trust that the old soldiers of the past two campaigns will be left at home to nurse their wounds. Bring forward new men of a larger and more progressive type, gentlemen, and you may rest until election day for the people are with you.

THE NEW DOCTRINE.

Dynamite is the doctrine preached by the lawless in all parts of the world. It is a fatal tenet, that is doubly dangerous because of its simplicity, and appeals to the ignorant, who believe that anarchy is the only form of Government under which they may be happy. The leading powers of the world have been threatened by those who follow its teachings, and America has not been free from an assault inspired by its apostles. There is a bad omen in the recent outrages in France, Spain, and Germany; the civic and military authorities have been attacked, and the anarchs have not hesitated to assail the very altar.

It is a curious fact, and one that is easy of explanation, that the dynamite outrages are perpetrated in the different countries by foreigners. Chicago was attacked by Germans, who could not speak the language; England has suffered from aliens, and Spain has no names such as were borne by the men who have torn its peace with bombs. It is generally believed that a nation is severer with its own citizens than with those of another power, and that international questions always arise when an alien is in the shadow of the gallows. The time has arrived when such an opinion should lose ground for lack of confirmation; and I would respectfully urge that the dynamitard, whenever found, be given a hasty trial and a speedy hanging. By these means only will the condition of the anarchists be ameliorated; they desire improvements in the manner of running the Government that would improve law off the face of the earth; as this is impossible the murderous ruffians should be given a sure and sudden change, one that would be lasting for them and a lesson to their followers, who are becoming too numerous for the size of the world.

MUSIC.

"PAUL JONES."

Adaptations of French comic opera are not graced with brilliants in the shape of wit or delicately turned innuendo, and since the creations of Gilbert have become eclipsed if not extinguished. Since "The Bells of Corneville," French light opera has steadily declined in the regards of the public. The works of Gilbert and Sullivan have brought into existence a taste for conceptions which the public may readily appreciate without the trouble of turning the sympathetic somersault necessary for the enjoyment of foreign fancies. Familiarity does not mean contempt with the public in a choice of subject, it prefers in such matters, the obvious and hackneyed, and our librettists are willing to oblige it to the point of repletion. "Robin Hood" owes much of its popularity to the well-known features of the story independent of its abundance of tune. English speaking librettists and composers have made it scarcely possible for German or French comic operas to succeed as they were wont to through translations. If Hervé, Lecocq, Audran, and others should return in their best styles, public sympathy would hardly make itself conspicuous by its overflow to-day, and though, perhaps, not dead, the triumph of foreign comic opera steadily fades before the rising light of the native production. The crowd of French peasants, dames of high degree, counts, barons, poets, dancing masters, clowns, and fools, with their impossible wigs, clothes, manners, and make-ups have been displaced by a band of very different figures, without the snappy fun of their forerunners it is true, but possessing a humor more individual and a wit at least as effective with the gallery.

"Paul Jones" is scarcely a comic opera as "La Perichole" and the "Grand Duchess" are. Leaving out the title role there is nothing outside burlesque in the libretto, a rehash more stale than even the toughest of local productions. Paul Jones makes a zig-zig progress up and down creation, taking time to be becomingly and exquisitely attired, however. Yvonne, his love, has moments of wild heart-beating, borne with the patience resulting from a consciousness of a wasp waist, large hips, and a pleasing plumpness. Paul and Yvonne stroll over stern Pas Mas and bravest of opera guards with careless elegance, always carefully returning to be borne off or banished before the fall of curtain. Everyone does something stupid and expected, and Rufino, the hated rival, after promising to be quite wicked, interesting, and improper, makes himself odious by a relapse into the most tiresome virtue. The librettist evidently wished to show a solicitude for the boredom of professed villainy, and the trials of goodness without opportunities for temptation; incidentally, yet without concealment, he, H. B. Farnie, the adapter, is consistently inane and always pointless, witless, and innocent of humor. Planquette has done his best with the material given him, though there is a suspicion that he was led somewhat by the example of the librettist and fell by the way into the pits for the retailing of musical commonplaces. Not a number is original, nor does not suggest his "Bells of Corneville" or "Rip Van Winkle." Thoroughly localized and with additional tunes Paul Jones always would make good material for burlesque.

Such voice and personality as Miss Agnes Huntington possesses deserves a better setting. Even more rare than the contralto is a pure lyric contralto. Of necessity this quality is united with a remarkable personality. The dark timbre is in this voice unspoiled by heaviness, and it has the same soft, clear charm in the higher register. The pinched upper tones used by contralti resembling those of ill-trained soprani are so prevalent that the public mistakes the absence of them for want of power. Miss Huntington's singing is always indicative of cleverness and sometimes of the rarest artistic merit. Pathos is the natural result of this color of voice, not so much of the emotion underlying it as of the tone itself. Acting out a conception of the character of Paul as a somewhat serious, distinguished gallant, Miss Huntington makes love to Yvonne in the very tenderest, most delicate fashion. The songs she sings acquire an indelible personality from the voice, and no singer can afford to miss hearing this artist. Miss Huntington carries herself with a grace never effeminate, and at the same time without hint of swagger. The public should see this performance which combines so much beauty of physique with a rare voice and artistic gifts. Miss Huntington is supported by a painstaking company of the average kind. The comedian is talented, and with the assistance of a bright soubrette introduces some original business which is humorous and well received. Fairly staged and costumed the opera is relieved by some attractive dancing. The chorus does well enough what little is asked of it.

URSUMANDO CONCERT.

A good programme with variety of interest was given by Signor and Signora Ursumando. Andante and Variations for two pianos, Schumann; Concerto for piano, Durante, and two movements of Brahm's Quartette, *Op. 26*, formed the strongest numbers. The Durante Concerto was new and proved vigorous, and the three movements developed with sufficient interest and clearness sustained the leading ideas with what must have been extreme, brilliance and force for the period. Many modern works have not as much force and far less directness of expression. The string accompaniment left not a little as a matter of doubt. Signor Ursumando played with enthusiasm and physical force if with a thick and strident tone quality. Signora Ursumando, the winsome pianist, gave three solo numbers in her best style which is reserved and capable. One piece, "Sempre Solo," an improvisation by Signor Ursumando, showed a mixture of happy ideas and abrupt transitions scarcely artistic. The Signora was warmly received. Mr. Louis Heine filled Mr. Adolph Lada's place at short notice, playing number set down Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," and Mr. Hermann Brandt also displayed his ability in a favorite number. Miss Anna Wood sang songs by French masters. Messrs. Louis Schmidt, Minetti, Johannsen and Sussman rendered their services in the good cause of the deserving and talented concert-givers.

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THE MUMMERS.

"BEAU BRUMMELL" AT THE BALDWIN.

Whatever opinions theatre-goers may hold of the play of "Beau Brummell," there can be but one on the work of the mummer who appears in the title role. Mr. Mansfield is one of the most accomplished actors before the American people to-day. He has mastered the mystery of detail; is above the conventionality of reproduction, and stands as the type of a new school that has originality for its base. Mr. Mansfield is happy in the possession of intelligence, a quality that is really rarer on the stage than the ordinary observer believes. Having proved the truth of the trite saying that "practice makes perfection," he has rehearsed his part of Beau Brummell until he has entered into the personality of the multi-sided fop, and made the character something more than a stage creation. He has spontaneity. I believe that is genius in an actor; he seems to think before he speaks, marking the distinction between the artist and the actor. There is spontaneity in his action; an absence of the appearance of reproduction of which we have seen so much that his acting comes in the way of a surprise.

Mr. Mansfield has been somewhat lucky in his choice of a company, and while the play in which he opened here is obviously a one-part piece, it yet affords one or two of his support an opportunity of rising above the place of supernumeraries. Mr. Bell gives a praiseworthy presentation of the part of Reginald, and his work in this play confirms what I said of him on his appearance here with Miss Vokes. He is a careful performer, and has ambition, which is certainly better than a great deal of talent, which he also possesses. Mr. Harkins makes an acceptable Prince, and Mr. Griffith does all that is possible with Mr. Vincent.

"Beau Brummell" lacks very much of being a great play; indeed, the leading character is but an idealized "dude," with more brains than we ordinarily find in the species; a sharp tongue, a ready wit—and a tragic ending. The humor of the lines is by no means bright, but coming from one who is apparently so poorly fitted to express it, it has humor's chief merit, surprise. In may have been that at some of the ill-fated fop's sallies the auditors felt so much astonishment that they were unable to respond to them with the laugh they deserved, or it may be that the bright remarks were, as the gallery god says, "a trifle high" for them; anyway, some of the best lines went unheeded. In nearly every instance, the humor is of the give-and-take variety, and the Beau was not called on to employ a very high quality of brain to make pat and pert answers to his friends' remarks.

There is, in my opinion, a serious defect in the play; it is too long by one act. The last one could be omitted altogether; indeed, dragging out the agony of the Beau's poverty, while it gives Mr. Mansfield a splendid opportunity of showing his versatility, is exceedingly painful to a large majority of people. The tragedy of the play, one infinitely greater than the hero's death in the attic at Caen, comes in the third act. Here he discovers that Reginald loves his affianced; the Prince has quarreled with him; his creditors are gathering about him, and bailiffs are on his track. His marriage would free him from his load of debt. But he will not accept the girl's sacrifice; loving her madly he gives her to his nephew, and the bailiffs take him into custody. After that, the display of poverty is tame, and the death itself is but an anti-climax. It must be remembered that only a moment before the officers lead him away he has asked Sheridan, when the prince has publicly cut him: "Sherry, who is your fat friend?"

Next week Mr. Mansfield appears in "Prince Karl" and a "Parisian Romance."

Society will be greatly interested over the first presentation here of the Madison-Square comedy success, "Jane," which is the next attraction to follow Mr. Richard Mansfield at the Baldwin Theatre. "Jane" is a comedy which Mr. Charles Frohman secured in England, and which has a run of over 400 nights in London and a series of brilliant engagements in the East. It will be seen here with its original New York cast.——

On Monday Agnes Huntington will appear in the comic opera, "Captain Therese," music by Planquette, libretto by Beckett. Miss Huntington has selected this opera as the successor to "Paul Jones," in which she has been very successful. The costumes have all been imported, and scenery and stage setting are very elaborate.——

Hallen and Hart have been as successful as usual with "Later On," which has filled the California all week. The play will be continued on Monday, and will then be followed by "The Power of the Press," a rather strong play that has been extensively written about in the past few months in the East.——

The Drews have done well at the Bush, and close a successful engagement to give way to Gus Williams in "Keppler's Fortunes." Mr. Williams is a favorite in San Francisco, and will have a good run.——

Mdlle. La Faille appears at the Bijou Theatre this evening in "Mary Stuart" under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. James Carden, who will assist in the production.

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THE QUEEN OF SIN.

"I drink up gold—see—as I drink up this sunshiny wine. Ah, the world is my plaything, the men in it are my dolls. I love life, I love it! Yes, of course, you may refill my glass."

The speaker drew in a long breath of delight. A flower tossing its head in the soft summer wind was not a purer symbol of utter joy than she as she raised her champagne glass in her immaculate and bejeweled hand and laughed while the white foam seethed over the brim and drenched her fingers. This woman did not pose. She was as spontaneous as the butterfly, but not innocent, not coy, not demure. She had been called the Queen of Sin by a man who broke his bank account and his credit in a vain endeavor to pay her millinery bills, and when she heard the title, she laughed like a shady brook, and cried out:

"Good! Let me be known henceforth as Queen of Sin and Empress of all the Vices."

On this particular occasion Theresa—she could herself speak the name as though its letters were of velvet—was giving a supper to six of her friends—all men, of course—after the theatre. The bouquets that had been sent to her dressing-room were thrown in all directions about the place, her hat and sable cloak were tossed with her long suède gloves across the cushions in the window seat, the coats of her guests were in an indiscriminate heap on the floor in a corner, and the supper table devastated of its choicest viands, was fairly befogged by the cigarette smoke of the company.

"Ah, thanks," said Theresa, as a young man passed her his tobacco case while a laugh was going around over her last sally; "I *will* roll another cigarette from your tobacco. It is delicious with opium."

She filled the tiny bit of tissue paper with the dark, moist weed, twisted it dexterously into perfect cylindrical form, ran her tongue along it, and reached out her hand for a light. The young man who had supplied her with the tobacco held a taper to the end of her cigarette, and the smoke broke gayly from her red mouth.

"I never saw but one woman," remarked the young man, "who could roll a cigarette in better fashion than you have just done."

Theresa curled her lip and regarded the youth with considerable disfavor. The idea of any woman doing ever so small a thing so well as she was preposterous.

"It was the Countess Duplaney, the most wicked of magnificent beauties," went on the young man.

Theresa winced, and fixed the audacious speaker with angry eyes. The idea of one of her guests attempting to speak of another woman in such terms! Could it be possible that at her table, at her very elbow, there was an ignoramus who had not been wholly informed concerning the unequaled, unapproached splendor of her wickedness, a person who actually believed that some other woman, a wretched countess, was more completely and dazzlingly bad than she? She looked at the young man who had advanced such an irritating opinion, and she found him very handsome. He looked, indeed, rather wicked himself. He certainly was not inexperienced. His pale face, which showed not the slightest flush, even after this exciting champagne supper, was firmly set, his dark eyes were those of the calm, half-wearied man of the world, and his whole manner was convincing in its deliberate and invariable grace. Theresa had only met him an hour before. She had not yet even learned whether he was rich or impecunious. He was certainly aggravating.

"The Countess Duplaney," resumed the young man, "was, as I say, the most wicked of women, and, of course, mercenary to the last degree. She fell in love at last, however, with a young fellow that hadn't a sou. Ah, my dear Miss Millet, I must sometime tell you all about this wonderful countess. You will be interested to hear of the means by which she startled Europe two years ago."

The other men at the table demanded Theresa's attention at this moment, otherwise she would surely have given this irritating youth a piece of her mind. If he had enthused over the grandness of some other comic opera singer's art, she could have borne his words with a certain degree of patience, but this cool assumption that in the science of wicked conduct she was not to be even considered, while a wretched foreign countess was lauded to the skies, was too intense for any sort of use.

Theresa Millet was a natural product of these remarkable days. She was a well-born, perfectly beautiful girl, whose experience since she left her Southern home had led her to believe that the woman who could succeed in being an absolute genius in vice would win to herself the allegiance of the liveliest and greatest men of the world. Masculine adoration was to her—as, alas! it is to nearly every one of her sex—the first desire of her life. She shrewdly studied the Bohemian section of New York, when she went thither, and found that there was only one method of separating herself from the general hurly-burly of vulgar people, and that was by giving her powers of badness full swing. She accordingly let herself go. It must be said for her that she was a noble sinner. There is a wide difference in vice, just as there is in virtue. She was, to all appearances, a bundle of frivolity, a pretty, fragrant nosegay of naughtiness.

This young man who spoke to her of the Countess Duplaney had heard of her characteristics before he met her.

"Unless you are worth a million, my boy," said old Blazeneck as they were waiting for Theresa to appear after the opera, "you might just as well stand in the background. She is the handsomest woman in New York, and the most heartless. She is on earth for what the earth contains for her in gold and luxury. You, with your cameo countenance, do not stand the slimmest chance with her. You are not rich enough. I can simply tell you how to gain her tolerance. Express amazement at her reckless behavior. Call her the worst woman in the world."

And that is just why Mark Morse called the Countess Duplaney the worst woman in the world. What a gift it is, after all, to be possessed of real tact! Tact may not bring fortune. It requires, as a rule, application and patience to get that. But tact will give you a certain influence here and there, it will often gain you love; Mark Morse was a perfect well-spring of tact.

At ten minutes of five the last man in Theresa Millet's apartment had murmured a wine-warm farewell into her ear and crossed her threshold into the cold morning air.

"I must really sometime tell you of the Countess Duplaney," remarked Mark Morse, as he carelessly bowed himself out. "Extraordinary woman, I assure you. So bad, so exquisitely bad! You might have a play written about her sometime. Though, pardon me, I don't think you could do her justice. She was so hopeless!"

When Theresa was left alone and her sleepy maid came in to put her to bed her mind dwelt upon the pale, imperious young man who had known a woman so much worse than herself. He was so young, scarcely older than she, and yet he had in no way been impressed by her. It was the first time since she was fifteen years old that any man had expressed indifference to her. He had drunk her wine, admired her bric-à-brac, pondered over her witticisms. But his mind was far away with this maddening Countess Duplaney. How utterly ridiculous!

It was almost a month later that Theresa and Mark Morse met again at another supper in her rooms. It must be confessed that she had invited him once each week, but he had had previous engagements to fill, so had not come.

Her gown this night was the most daring one she possessed. He did not notice it in the least.

"Sorry," he said, the first thing after shaking her hand; "I positively meant to call and tell you about the Countess Duplaney."

"Oh, the Countess Duplaney," she exclaimed, throwing his hand away from her, and turning angrily toward a hopeless octogenarian who was anxious to make her a present of three lots of land on upper Fifth Avenue. Mark Morse looked first at his cast-off hand and then at a picture close by. During supper he passed his tobacco case to Theresa again. She distained it. He unemotionally rolled a cigarette for himself and talked intelligently to his neighbor on the political situation. After the banquet had dragged out into the state of informalty, when the guests rose as they pleased from the table and wandered about at their will, he sat down by himself and looked at an album with the utmost seriousness for fifteen minutes. Then he examined some quaint bits of porcelain and French paste that reposed under the crystal top of an antique table, and finally, in a wholly abstracted way, sauntered into the gloom of an adjoining room. It was deserted. It was also cooler than the other. He crossed the floor and sat down on a piano stool opposite an open window. There he smoked in silence, gazing down into the dead, black street. At last he turned and placed his fingers on the keys of the piano before him. Almost inaudibly he began playing a plaintive, dreamy, delicious waltz, one of Waldteufel's. Five minutes passed, and then something—perhaps it was the scent of violets—caused him to look up, and he saw Theresa at his side. He continued playing the watlz.

"I suppose," she half whispered, half hissed, "that the perpetual Countess Duplaney loved that waltz."

"The first time I ever saw her," replied Mark, "she was floating on its wings like an angel."

"How absurd," sneered Theresa.

"Yes it was," said Mark, "because she

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AGENTS

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was really so little of an angel. Ah, I must tell you an anecdote about the Countess Duplaney. She was once——"

"Stop!" commanded Theresa. "I refuse to hear anything about that woman. You have never said a word to me in your life that did not concern her. I am tired of her name, do you hear? Do not dare to tell me again she is the wickedest woman in the world, for she is not. I am!"

"You!"

The tone of Mark's utterence was maddening to a girl of Theresa's mind. It expressed absolute and helpless surprise. "You wicked!" it said. "Why, I thought you were stupidly innocent."

The insinuation cut her to the heart. She clenched her fists and stood up straight before him, her flaming face close to his pale one.

"I will prove to you *how* wicked I am," she murmured.

"Will you, really?" he said brightening. "Why, that's just what the Countess Duplaney did."

Theresa struck him fair in the face with her little fist, and then flung her arms about him and madly kissed the faint pink mark that arose from her blow.

"I hate your countess, do you hear?" she sobbed. "I hate her."

Then she went back and told her guests she was tired and they must go.

* * * * *

There were no more indiscriminate midnight suppers in Theresa Millet's rooms. The millionaires all wondered why the airy, reckless little singer had given up her symposiums, but they were unable to find out. Had they witnessed a scene on a recent afternoon in that same room where they were wont to exult over the foaming beaker they might have gained a clue to the young woman's reformation. A pale, handsome young man was rolling a cigarette as he lay back lazily in a large easy chair. A golden-haired young woman sat on the carpet at his feet.

"Now, tell me, Mark, honestly," said the girl, "am I not ten times wickeder than the Countess Duplaney?"

"Well," replied the young man, as he reached for his match safe, "you see, I never, as a matter of fact, knew any Countess Duplaney."

"Mark, you are a fiend!" cried the girl, after thirty seconds of dead silence.

"Am I?" replied the youth. "Well, you see, I can't help it. I was born that way."

It was twelve hours before Theresa thoroughly forgave the diplomacy of that impecunious, pale young worldling, but she did forgive it at last. And now any of the old millionaires will tell you that if the former Queen of Sinde serves to-day any right to her old title, no one can attest to the fact besides Mark Morse.—*Town Topics.*

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLIES.

THE GOVERNMENT BUYING ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Large purchases of baking powder have recently been made by the United States Government. In one lot 80,000 pounds were bought of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

During the last year, including the contract just made under date of March 5th, the Royal Baking Powder Company has supplied over 212,000 pounds, or 106 tons, of baking powder for the United States Government and its Army and Navy officers.

For many years the Government has given its orders for Royal Baking Powder in preference to all others, it being found that this is the only Baking Powder that will keep and retain its strength in the various climates to which it is sent by the Department.

Whenever the Government wants the most trustworthy article and the best in quality it prefers the Royal, as this brand was found to be superior to all others in leavening power by the official chemical tests, made at the instance of the Government, in the Agricultural Department, at Washington.—*New York Tribune.*

REAL ESTATE NEWS.

Thus far the spring market for real estate has not been very active, but a fair and steady business has been transacted by nearly all the responsible agents. With the enormous accumulation of capital in the banks, the question is asked every day, why is trading not more vigorous? My reply is that in nearly all classes of realty, exhorbitant prices are asked. To this may be added the well-known fact that the savings banks, so called, are offering greater inducements to capitalists and the general savings of the masses than can possibly be offered by the real estate broker, who has to contend with figures which, in the majority of instances, will only be fair values a few years hence. It must be remembered that values have been advancing steadily for several years, and a great portion of the city has been turned over many times, with large profits to the various operators. It would appear, from the records and the general tone of the market, that the lull in large profits has arrived, and until a mighty transformation in the management of our local affairs, in sewerage, streets, and railroad and steamship carrying facilities will have taken place, I look for a continued quietness in the business.

Trading will go on steadily, at reasonable prices, because capital, and plenty of it, is daily watching for an opening, but buyers are more shrewd than sellers are aware, and they are not going to be inveigled into discounting the future while an assured high rate of interest can be obtained from the monetary institutions.

In a few days it is expected that some of the most desirable residence portion in the city will be brought under the hammer. It is no longer a secret that McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond have completed arrangements to offer Pacific Heights property at public sale which will take place in the near future. About $200,000 worth of real estate fronting on Vallejo, Scott, Green, Devisadero, and Union Streets will make up the select catalogue which will be sold for one-fifth cash.

At the Real Estate Exchange, yesterday, a large crowd assembled, the occasion being a public sale of Park residence property by McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond. Lots brought fair average prices, and conspicuous among the buyers was "white hat" McCarty, who carried with him a deposit receipt for $12,000 made on purchases. The aggregate proceeds of the sale amounted to $40,470.

Union Square income property is attracting considerable attention just now with very little offering. Will E. Fisher, of the well-known firm of Tevis & Fisher, who is one of the wide-awake buyers on the market, had little hesitation in commending a Union Square corner to his better half, Mrs. Rebecca Fisher, when it was offered the other day, and the result was a "good buy" by Mrs. Fisher, of the north west corner of Post and Powell Streets, lot 25x60, with a three-story building containing three stores and dwelling above for $42,000. There is talk of some fine edifices being built around the square in the near future.

One of the latest additions to the real estate literary world is the sixteen-page *Real Estate Journal* which was issued yesterday by Tevis & Fisher. It will be devoted to the interests of real estate in California, and the name of the firm publishing it is sufficient to guarantee the reliability of such news as it will contain.

REALTY.

E. A. BELCHER.

Among the well-known attorneys of California, none enjoys a higher reputation than Edward A. Belcher. Belonging to one of the most distinguished families in America, being a descendant from Jonathan Belcher, Colonial Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire and afterward Colonial Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Belcher came to the Golden State from Stockbridge, Vt., in 1868. He had just finished his education at Putnam College, where he had stood high in his classes, and began his most successful career as a lawyer in the offices of his distinguished brothers at Marysville. Under the able guidance of Isaac Sawyer Belcher (of the Supreme Court of this State) and William Caldwell Belcher, the embryonic attorney mastered the rudiments of the law, and made rapid strides at the bar. His ability was recognized by the people of Marysville, who, in 1877, about a year after he was admitted to practice, made him City and County Attorney. While holding that office, under instructions from the City Council, he began the famous anti-debris actions, by which hydraulic mining on the Yuba River and its tributaries was eventually enjoined.

Notwithstanding his position in the anti-debris litigation he has a good clientele among the miners, and has heartily interested himself in behalf of the movement toward a resumption of hydraulic mining, as outlined in the Caminetti bill now before Congress.

In 1890 he opened his present law office at 234 Montgomery Street in this city, and has since built up a lucrative civil practice, giving his attention chiefly to commercial and probate law, the law of real property and the law of mines.

Mr. Belcher was among the first to join the old Dirigo Club, of which he was Vice-President for several terms and was instrumental in the formation of the Union League Club, the chief Republican organization in the West. He was honored by being elected first Vice-President of the Union League. Among other distinctions Mr. Belcher received the appointment in 1880, of aide-de-camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, on the Governor's staff.

YOU KNOW THE STYLE?

The styles in stationery change very often, and those who follow the caprices of fashion must watch this important one with great care. One will advertise one's absence from "the swim" quicker by means of a letter than in any other way; if you are not quite sure that your paper and envelopes are correct, you should go to Sauborn, Vail & Co., who have on han l a splendid stock of stationery. Incidentally, you will look at the large assortment of gold pens, than which there is hardly anything better for a present. A new stock of leather goods has just been received, in all designs and conceits. Among the decorative goods there are some very pretty panel frames, imported from Paris. They are in many styles, but the prettiest I saw were dainty and delicate in white and gold.

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LAWN TENNIS.

The following rules to govern the continuous tournament at the grounds of the California Tennis Club will, no doubt, be of interest to those players who are in favor of the tournament scheme as made by Harry Stetson of the above-named organization.

1. The continuous tournament shall be under the direction of a committee of three, appointed by the directors for a term of six months.

A list of all playing members shall be made, who shall be ranked by the directors. The option of entering shall rest with each player, and no member expressing a contrary desire shall be placed on the list.

The list shall be placed in the hands of the tournament committee, whose duty it shall be to alter the position of the names as matches are decided.

Playing rules as adopted by the P. S. L. T. A. shall govern all matches. The arrangement of all matches shall be left to the contestants, subject to the following conditions.

Any player shall have the right to challenge the one immediately above him, the number of sets to be regulated by the tournament committee. In the event of the success of the challenger the positions of the players shall be reversed on the bulletin board.

Should the challengee prove victorious, the positions remain unchanged. If a challenger is defeated he shall not be allowed to challenge the same player until two weeks shall have elapsed, unless a new player appears in the place immediately above him, when a challenge can immediately be entered.

A player not answering a challenge within two weeks, shall lose his position by default.

All challenges shall be posted on the bulletin board, and it shall be the duty of the tournament committee to keep a record of same.

In all cases this shall be deemed a sufficent notification, and no further notice shall be necessary. The challenger shall be allowed to name three dates, within the specified time of two weeks from date of posting said challenge, when it will be convenient for him to play the match. As far as possible the players should try to arrange dates convenient to both, and in case a disagreement occurs, the committee shall fix upon a date when the players must appear or forfeit their positions. The record of each match shall be left with the committee, upon the receipt of which they shall make the changes on the bulletin board.

Twenty-five entries had been received up to Thursday last, and as many more are expected before the day set for the first matches.

Professor Daily has resumed charge of the California Tennis Club courts; he has a number of young aspirants to coach up and promises to surprise the natives at San Rafael on July 4th.

Charlie Hubbard seems to be the only player who is playing in true form at present with the exception of Wilberforce, who can be seen hard at work with the Professor early every morning. The latter was compelled to go under in a set on Wednesday last by a score of 8-6.

Bates and Neel are evidently anxious to play Taylor and Tobin another match on the opening day of the new Oakland courts. What's the matter with Hubbard and O. Hoffman trying the Ponies on that day, it would prove a drawing card. These attractive courts and clubhouse will be ready for occupancy by May 14th, when a number of matches will be played by the cracks from both sides of the bay.

Moore, Stetson, Adams, Hutchins, O'Connor, and most all the young players have been showing great form of late. The Professor's absence of four months has enabled him to observe correctly any improvement that might have been made, and in his opinion the players above mentioned have improved at least fifteen.

Hubbard is hard at work, playing at every opportunity; he is at present in championship form and will practice carefully from now until the day of the tournament at San Rafael.

O. Haslett is not satisfied with the outcome of his match with Collier at the Olympic Club's tournament, and is anxiously awaiting a return match in which he is confident of reversing matters.

The members of the Oriole Club, of San Lorenzo, have picked up many valuable wrinkles from the Professor, and at the next tournament, particularly the ladies' event in September, at least one prize should go to this club. John Crooks, a member of this club, will enter the singles event in July.

George V. Gray, of the California Club, will return from the East in a few weeks.

The courts of the Olympic Club, as well as those in the Park are being well patronized.

The races at the Bay District does not seem to effect the attendance at the California Club's courts in the least; five courts are occupied continually.

Joe Tobin has not played much since the last club tournament, his two sets with Daily on Monday last were not productive of good tennis on his part.

THE SCORER.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

With colors flying, seaworthy and fitted in every way to continue the underwriting fight indefinitely, the old California has surrendered on her own terms to the Fireman's Fund, the latter Company assuming all her contingent liability from the 20th inst. at noon.

"If praising the lost makes remembrance dear," it gives me pleasure to briefly review the history of the Company, its management, and the causes that lead up to its retirement.

The old California has, since its organization in 1861, been not only a successful, but a popular fire and marine underwriter; its reputation is untarnished and the fact that the Fireman's Fund paid more for its business than has ever before been known, speaks well for the underwriting skill of its management. The retirement was brought about simply by the fact that this bid would enable the company to divide an unusually handsome surplus among its shareholders, which, coupled with the discouraging outlook for insurance companies in this country proved too flattering to be rejected and moved the Directors to take the step. I learn that the Directorate regret the step only because it severs the relations between the official management and the Company's loyal field force which have been marked by mutual confidence to an unusual degree.

The officers of the California have the satisfaction of looking back upon a record of marked success, for since 1870, the Company has paid dividends amounting to $1,257,516. To satisfy my own curiosity I have been looking over the results since President Bromwell's connection with the Company, and if they have been beaten in this field I would like to see the record. Here it is: Since 1878 when Mr. Bromwell became associated in the management, the California has paid dividends amounting to $880,516; its assets have increased from $515,565.45 to $1,123,155.82 while the premium income shows the phenomenal growth from $204,427.20 to $1,090,288.08. I am confident that both Mr. Bromwell and Mr. Fowler, who have built up the Company's business, will soon be heard of in the field again with enlarged and increased facilities for trade.

To sum up the entire matter it seems to me that the California Directorate lost its nerve, and for a few dollars profit in sight, sacrificed a magnificent agency plant, a skillful management that has been loyal to its interests, and a business that has shown a handsome profit. It is simply another case of the subordination of obligations and duty to the "thirty pieces of silver."

Another amalgamation absorption or change of management startled the street on Monday last; how "mixed" the underwriters get upon these variable propositions; one had it that the Caledonian had absorbed the Niagara of New York, another that the Niagara had absorbed the Caledonian, and still another that both companies were in a comatose state and were about to amalgamate and jointly hunt an economical deal outside both offices; I have probed this whole matter to the bottom, and find that the Eastern management of the Scottish office will be represented and controlled from and after June 1st, under a favorable contract, by the Niagara, and both will maintain their respective independent branches in this city undisturbed.

LOCAL,

THE SELECT HOP.

The music's tuneful, measured rhyme
Floats out upon the night;
Within the scene is all sublime,
With flowers and with light.

The floor is smooth, the ladies fair,
The music never halts;
Life seems so bright, without a care,
In the rhythm of the waltz.

Who could resist that bright refrain
For gossip or for flirting?
The dancers rise at its first strain,
All *fete-a-tetes* deserting.

* * * * * *

And out here in the dark I stand,
And watch it all half-spited;
For oh! the ball is truly grand—
And I was not invited.—*New York Truth.*

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

She—What shall I do—I don't know a single person on the pond!

He—Well, confound it! bring some one here, and I will introduce you.—*New York Truth.*

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, April 22d. DEAR WAVE:—Since I last wrote we have had a lively time, not exactly among the 400, for all classes have participated. Our "cullud" aristocracy, emulating yours, enjoyed a cake walk; but, oh, me, it was not like the cake walks of the *ante bellum* days; it lacked the swing and happy abandon of the cake walkers of the plantation, just as the negro minstrelsy of the present fails to catch the spirit that inspired the singers in "My Old Kentucky Home." Then we have had a political walk out and walk in. A number of our prominent politicians took part in that with more or less grace. Dear little Sam, the pet of the ladies, married and single, has been relegated to a back seat, and now he will devote all his energies to his business and to assisting O—— in entertaining "the blonde." He will never return to his original obscurity, for having once enjoyed the distinction of being "the boy mayor" that glory will crown the remainder of his days. Tom says he ought to be glad to shake off the harness because every one tried to drive in a different way.

Charlie S——, according to the *San Josean*, has been doing a "floor walk," but he enjoys it, and everyone who read his delightful editorial on the *new edition*, is in full sympathy with him. A manly, loving heart throbbed all through it. He is justly proud of his success, proud of his wife and boy, proud of lighting the tower, and I am proud of him.

His felicity inspired McNaught to rush right off and get married. We are all down on John now, for the sly fellow never told one of us, and they had a real swell wedding all to themselves. Well, I wish him happiness and acknowledge my debt to the "Rambler" who will ramble no more.

Our City Council has been displaying its usual brilliancy, and Mabury paralyzed us by petitioning to have "the trees on Empire Street cut down in the interest of morality." Isn't that startling? I do wonder who he has been spying on. It was downright mean of him to mix up in such matters and we are glad that his resignation was accepted. We are preparing a petition and going to request the gallant Orlo Phelps to order the woodman to spare those trees, as that street is a delightful and secure courting promenade, much safer than "Gossip Row" or even North First Street. O, yes, I will tell you who the interested parties are, but not this week.

I told you the "Eschscholtzias" would fight, and they're already at it. Three or four have resigned, and others intend to—as they expected—most of them are sick of the enterprise. They had a full dress reception yesterday, will tell you about it next week.

The Conservatory of Music celebrated the other night a concert under the management of King. Some new vocalists appeared as a change from the stock singers they have presented for years. Of course King's *pet pupil* bore off the honors. She is a fine musician and he has such confidence in her musical taste that he never publishes without consulting her. "A fellow-feeling makes us wonderous" interested in a pupil.

Dr. Simpson couldn't wait until Easter, but gathered his Rose last week. She is quite a contrast to her predecessor, but then "variety is the spice of life."

Now, that these much-married people are disposed of, perhaps there will be a chance for some of the rest of us. Edith vows she will enter a convent if she don't secure a husband this year, and so will

BABBLER.

FASHION—RELIGION.

The all-momentous question is,—
Ah! Does the hat become me?
I trust its gen'ral synthesis
Is not detracting from me.
That horrid bonnet is a fright
Perched on the creature on my right;
'Tis Sadie Jones! it gives me chills
To see such furbelows and frills
Upon her tresses tawny.
I think that mine is just the tip
Of fashion notch. My! What a snip
Upon Miss Sugson scrawny!
I'm glad my Easter bonnet's nice;
How some of them with envy vexed
Will wonder what was quite its price—
Good gracious me! what was the text?

—H. S. Keller, in New York Truth.

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Money to Loan on Real Estate and Approved Collateral Security.

AT THE RECENT ART SALE

MANY FINE PAINTINGS WERE NOT SOLD.

These are again on exhibition at our Gallery. On account of the departure of Mr. S. Gump for Europe, and the necessary preparations for moving to our new building, now in course of erection, we will sell all our Paintings and other goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

What is considered to be the most important decision affecting the business of dealing in mining stocks and the shares of all incorporations, was rendered last Tuesday by Judge Levy of the Superior Court, in the case of W. N. Wetmore *vs.* E. P. and Mary A. Barrett for the for the recovery of $3380 lost in mining stocks. In summing up Judge Levy says: "I am clearly of the opinion that buying and selling of the shares of corporations in any stock board, etc., is void in this State, except the stock is delivered to the purchase or paid for in full."

Judgment was rendered against the broker.

The decision was based on Sec. 26, Article 4, of the State. It is too sweeping and far-reaching and will not, it is believed, stand when appealed to the Higher Court. Under it not only mining stocks, but all gas, water, powder, and insurance stock can only be bought for cash.

At the time this section was introduced and debated in the Constitutional Convention at Sacramento in 1879, it was thought that by this provision futures, puts and calls, and short-selling would be prohibited, thus by doing away with the proposition of allowing the bear to sell short on shares of stocks without possessing them, but it was never intended to prohibit the credit system of allowing the broker or banker advancing a certain portion of money and holding the stock as security or a mortgage on the same; there is no mercantile business but gives and asks credit.

Until the decision is finally confirmed, brokers will do very little credit business, and stocks will be affected in a degree, though there are several fine prospects on the Comstock which, under different circumstances, would materially advance in price.

The work now going on in the Bullion east crosscut 350 feet S. of the N. line of Potosi on the 1300-foot level is in quartz for 30 feet, assays about $11, making the stock at the present figures a good speculative value. Should this hold out or continue, Bullion would be a good purchase at these figures.

Potosi, adjoining the Bullion, has a good outlook. During the week they have been extracting and sending to the mill ore of an average battery assay of $27.50, the highest for months. On the 1800-foot level it runs to $25, and the winze on the 1800 has reached a depth of 33 feet with milling at $21, and at the south end the Belcher has quite a body of ore on the 300-foot level, which is now said to have reached a width of 4 feet, and assays between $50 and $60 per ton. In an ordinary market, on this showing, Belcher would be a buy, and Con. Virginia has several levels, notably the 1500, 1600, and 1800-foot, where good indications exist. On the 1600, near the B. & B. line, some bunches of high-grade ore were found this week. Should this widen out, another good buy might be quoted; but, as we said before, under present circumstances it would be almost a miracle for any stock to advance.

There is a likelihood that there will be a contest for the control of the Savage mine, the election of which will occur on the third Thursday of July. Should this be so there may occur an advance equal to the one when Hale & Norcross was the bone of contention, several weeks ago.

On the first of April an important arrangement was made by the South End Pumping Association (which is made up of the Gold Hill mines) and the Alta M. Co., by which the former agrees to pay $1500 per month to aid in paying the pumping expenses. By this means the cost of the work will be divided equally among them, and will make it as inexpensive as possible.

Silver is quoted a little higher this week, the Government paying as high as 87.60 for some. The large dealers in silver are pleased that Senators Stewart and Teller have begun an investigation into the alleged Treasury discrimination against silver. The claim is made that the Government allow the sellers of silver ten days in which to deliver, thus permitting foreign specie sales. In their judgment, if the purchase required immediate delivery, silver would advance 3 to 5 per cent, as the real pressure comes from the bear dealers of Europe.

Silver won a little victory in the Senate, Tuesday. It occurred through a bill introduced to allow Arizona to fund its floating debt of about $1,500,000.

Steward made an objection to the provision requiring the interest to be paid in gold, whereas the principal could be paid in "lawful money;" and, though he did not offer an amendment, but called attention to the fact of the Gold Trust dircrediting one of the Nation's money metals. The main interest in the question was when Hill voted aye with the rest of the Western Senators, making 28 votes to the opposition, and for free silver as far as it went. This is Hill's first vote in the Senate on a question affecting the National policy.

The Butte and Boston Mining Company's, of Montana, new smelter was destroyed by fire, the loss was $100,000, partially covered by insurance; it was the largest in that section, working 12 furnaces and giving employment to 500 men. It is expected the works will be rebuilt in 60 days.

Superintendent Leggett has made his annual report of Standard Con. of Bodie. It is of an encouraging nature to the stockholders. There were crushed 15,704 tons of ore, yielding $15.05 per ton, the cost of mining was $7.08 per ton, and milling $3.89. This is at a less cost than has ever before been done in Bodie. This is one of the two mines in that district paying dividends. One of the best paying mines in this State is the Harlon drift mine of Placer, the property of W. P. Harlon. This mine employs 30 men, and crushes 45 tons per day at the mill. The average weekly cleanup is $2400, of which 60 per cent is profit.

Superintendent Keating, of the Savage mine, and Sharon of the Yellow Jacket, have been in town the past week.

Paul Morony, of the Pacific Stock Exchange, one of its oldest members, has taken charge of Tubbs' Hotel, Oakland.

Orrick W. Marye, a cousin of George W. Marye, was elected a member of the San Francisco Stock Exchange to take the seat of Walter Turnbull.

The annual meeting of the Justice mine has been called for the second of May, the Con. Imperial the fourth of May, and the Commonwealth, eleventh of May.

The Alpha Con. has been assessed 15 cents per share. The next assessment delinquent in the Board will be the Hale & Norcross, on April 25th, of 50 cents.

Dividends have been declared by the Morning Star Grav. Min. Co. of Iowa Hill of $3 per share, and the Omaha of Grass Valley its regular monthly one of 15 cents per share; also of the same place the W. Y. O. D. Min. Co. one of 10 cents per share.

The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company have absorbed the California Insurance Company. By the terms of the deal the stockholders will receive between $125 to $130 per share for their stock, about $20 per share above its book value.

The Geary St. P. & O. R. R. has declared a dividend of 50 cents per share.

During the week quite a large quantity of bonds were bought at the Stock and Bond Exchange for investment purposes, namely, of Spring Valley W., 4 per cent, 12,000 @ 91¾, 5000 @ 91¼; of U. S. 4 per cent, 700 at 116¼, and of S. Pac. Branch 6 per cent, 5000 @ 106¼; there were dealings also in following shares: Spring Valley W., 345 @ 99⅛ to 99½; S. F. Gas, 290 @ 68¾ to 69; Pacific Light, 65 @ 76½ to 77; Pacific Gas, 185 @ 80⅛ to 80¼; California Electric Light, 380 @ 15¾ to 16; Hawaiian Com., 550 @ 3¾ to 3⅞; Omnibus R. R., 125 @ 57 to 57½; Oceanic, 10 @ 60; State Investment Insurance, 5 @ 85; Safe Deposit, 20 @ 46½.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! This is too bad. The Carson City *Appeal* says: "The recent marriage announcement in this city turns out to be a fake."

Where shall we go to get a good drink?

To the Grand Central Wine Rooms, No. 16 Third Street, where the largest and finest stock of Domestic and Foreign Wines and Liquors can be found.

The Oakland *Tribune's* smile is good: "Uncle Sam is a patient beast of burden, but one might suppose he would wax wrathy and kick when his impenitent drivers in Congress lay on his back the load of their axes which they have to grind in the coming campaign."

Thank Heaven for this assurance from the Fresno *Republican;* we have all been in error: "There is, after all, much less naughtiness in Fresno than some of our wise-acres say there is, and, perhaps, a little more than some ultra-optimistic folks believe."

The editor of the Santa Rosa *Democrat* has just made a discovery that his brethren in the metropolis made many years ago, and by which they have greatly profited: "There is one advantage in shoddy clothes. The moths won't eat them, while they everlastingly go after an all-wool garment."

Besides combining against shippers, competing railroads are dangerous from other standpoints. The Los Angeles *Herald* says: "That the mutiplication of railways has resulted in pronounced electrical disturbances appears to admit of no doubt, and, fortunately for us, their trend is eastward."

The South San Francisco *News* points to a new way of ridding the Coast of Chinese when it says: "Yang Li, a Chinese merchant, was devoured alive by cats yesterday forenoon at his shanty near the Chinese fishing village, a half mile north of the San Bruno Point, in this city."

A FANCY.

FRANCIS SALTUS.

I feel the advent of the fatal hour,
Bringing with it oblivion, and sigh;
For, all unransomed from Death's evil power,
I must prepare with fortitude to die.

And then I envy the eternal God,
Who lent the universes shape and breath,
He who can rule the planets by a nod,
He who knows not the agony of death.

—*Chicago Figaro.*

Few women have given as much attention to the wants of their kind as Mrs. Jenness-Miller, whose experience and opinions regarding their needs have weight. In the course of her lecture recently, this lady spoke of complexion powders and pastes; of the innumerable preparations for beautifying the face, and then stated as her firm belief that Mrs. Sadler's Cream was the purest and best she knew. Coming from such a source, the endorsement was most flattering, and Mrs. Sadler, No. 2623 Pine Street, has reason to be proud.

Pacific Congress Springs

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OPEN ALL THE YEAR

TERMS: $2.50 Per Day, $12 to $14 Per Week.

Stages connect at Los Gatos with Narrow Gauge Trains leaving San Francisco at 8:15 A. M. and 2:45 P. M.

Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

Annual Spring Sale OF

ROAD, HARNESS, WORK AND DRAFT

HORSES AND SHETLAND PONIES

From the Ranchos of J. B. Haggin, Esq.

WILL TAKE PLACE ON TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 10 and 11, 1892, at 10 A. M.

AT SALESYARD

COR. MARKET ST. AND VAN NESS AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

The Horses will be at the Yard Saturday, May 7th. Catalogues are now ready.

KILLIP & CO., Live Stock Auctioneers, 22 Montgomery St.

SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

LOS ANGELES SWIM.

DEAR WAVE:—After a sleep of forty days, Society awakened bright and early Easter morning, got into its new gowns and hats, and sallied forth to church, happy in its new finery, and as full of devotion as a crow is of white feathers. The consciousness of feeling you are well dressed—better, perhaps, than Mrs. Rich—is a state of happiness that can only be appreciated by the gentler sex; and as I sat in the crowded church, and tried and tried to profit by the sermon, I had to admit to myself that I was right in the thickest of the silent battle of woman against woman, hat against bonnet, gown against gown; and who won it? Every woman in her mind was a winner, including her milliner. Pa says he would rather be a fashionable milliner than President of Shy's Bank, because he says it takes a pretty good-sized bank book of one to play even with milliners. But I must not wander off on the subject of milliners, for I want to tell you how thoroughly awake upper-tendom is. The opera brought them all out, for as soon as I got there I began to look around me, and, sure enough, all the regular first-nighters were in their accustomed places, smiling and expectant. The Creightons, Wyatts, and Neals, who were never known to miss an opera, came early and occupied their own box. The Halterhoffs, Shaffers, Severances, Tomas Lewis, Offs, Conroys, Waltons, Brodricks, and all that set which is the bone and sinew of the neighborhood and Friday Morning Clubs were enraptured listeners. The younger fry, to-wit, Chadwick, Workman, Garland, the Schumacher boys, Notman, Bradbury, Clark, without naming the exceptions this time, did the correct thing by placing themselves at the disposal of pretty girls during the evening, instead of "stagging it." To you other youngsters who are forever accepting the hospitality of ladies, and who never return the compliment, now's a chance to reform before you get listed.

The Bankers were well represented. I noticed among the most prominent the Hellmans, Howes, Lankershines, and L. B. Cohns. To look at it was one of the brightest audiences Los Angeles has got together for a long time, but it was as talkative as a cage of parrots, and unless the management takes steps to put an end to chattering while the score is being rendered, the music-loving portion of the public will wear tin ears as a matter of self-protection.

We are going to let ourselves out this week, in addition to the opera there's the charity ball, the Hughes reception, two dinners, and a picnic. It is safe to say those fortunate enough to get invitations will take in everything. Later on baseball will stand a good chance attracting Society's attention, and it is to be hoped that the Society game now being talked of will materialize. More athletics among gentlemen is what we want, and less amateur theatricals. Good-bye till next week. Yours, DEBUTANTE.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—I jest had my life insured with Shep for five thou. dollars; us newspaper men can't take no chances these times, so I fooled these fellars what's huntin for Jimmy wid a gun, and put a little plaster on me life what's made payable to "Fatty." So if yer see Fatty H—— makin a splurge yer'll know some revengeful Sassity blud has ended me brilliant career in er cowardly manner. See? Fatty told me that Lee and Tom was layin fer me. Well, I guess they wont hunt long when I tells em I was bell boy at the Grand Central onst, eh? The "Capitalist" is gone on a visit to friends at the coast—cause, like some other folks here, "this newspaper familiarity wid their names is too beastly vulgah, don't yer know." Tomaso's devoshuns to pretty Louise was nipped in the bud by Charley T——'s return. Charley is only *visitin* us, but he'll have ter make his stay here sorter lengthy if he *fills all the engagements* he has made. Speakin of engagements, I'd like ter know how a fellar can tell when folks is engaged and when they isn't. Some Sassity fellars and girls ul keep company steady fer months, then all of er sudden you'll see Lizzie with Will, Mary with a lawyer instead of a doctor, and so on, but Imp told me as how it was sure enuff biz between four couples here, cause they has made all ready for fall marriages, one's gone so far as to build his house. With all these pretty young ladies in town visitin our Sassity bells, I guess we'll hear of some engagements soon, sure.

Well, I went to the Marine Band and ther music was grand you bet; when they played Marchin trough Georgia, I just yelled like an old vet—and didn't the Southerners rise to the occasion when Dixie sneaked in on the flute now and then—well, I guess! Ther house was jammed from top to bottom and everybody with their grandmother and family was there. Folks didn't come out in their swell togs like they do most concerts and operas, but I hear they is reservin them fer ther Bostonians Friday night of this week. Last night I went to ther Unity Carnival, the hall was jest fixed up fine with flowers and bunting and the precesshun was like a Fourth of July. Fulton G—— and dauter Maud led the march as Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty. Maud looked pretty and "Fulty old boy" was as giddy as usual. Chas. Pyke was a fine Spanish Cavelier; Geo. R—— was er whole regiment in er borrowed gard's suit, and Cora W—— was mighty cute as ther country girl. There's lots of talent in ther W—— family; Led was as good as Cora in the play; Charley W—— may have been a Boston dude, but you bet he couldn't pass as one in Fresno, but he acted his part sorter well considerin how long he's been married. I heard that lots of girls what wanted to take part in the Carnival couldn't, because their folks is awful religious in ther Methodist and Episcopal church and it ud shock them to see their children with ther Unity Sassity. Well, I ain't partickerlen what church I go ter so long as ther music is good, and I ul bet it's the same way with lots of old hipocrites here, too. Thursday the gards have a picnic at Pollasky and I am er going if any Sassity folks goes to take notes for Imp. Monday evening the '89–'90 party; "thank the Lord at last," is what all ther girls is sayin, cause they been dyin for a dance.

I can't tell you my secret this week cause Imp is keepin it for one er her letters what I guess she'ul write soon as there's lots going on for her to write about. Yours, JIMMY.

SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

SACRAMENTO, April 20th. DEAR WAVE:—Easter Sunday dawned bright and fair to the great delight of the girls, who had new bonnets. They had been watching the skies for days, and great was the consternation when it began raining on Friday, but it cleared up and the day was all that could be desired. As I told you in my last, I attended church and saw all the styles. Arrived early, but was obliged to wait until the pew holders had been seated; this was no drawback, as I had a most excellent opportunity for observing. The girls looked just too sweet. Laura was dressed in pale gray and resembled the violets, which were on her very sweet hat. She leaves for Europe shortly with her sister, who is now in New York, and Nellie Siddons. Carrie was gorgeous as usual, but I missed her companion of former Easter Sundays; there was a seat ready for him, but he came not. William where wert thou? Phebe and the handsome dentist were there; she looked very pretty in lavender. May C—— in a dainty green toque and Sophie S—— in pink. I never see the Deming girls that I am not reminded of the fairy tale of the king's daughters, where each one was lovelier than the last; in the light dresses and spring hats they were truly "good to look upon." The little coterie of young married people was represented by a portion of its members; Mrs. B—— looking the prettiest and most spring-like in light green. Daisy and her cousin were veritable flower gardens, but where was Lulu T——? I was disappointed not seeing her. She and Ethel were quite a loss. Jennie and Ted were gotten up regardless; what a handsome man their father is! Effie C—— looked like a rose in pale gray, with that flower on her hat. Mrs. Dr. P——looked very handsome, and was accompanied by two good-looking young men. Where was Mr. A——? Thought he always attended that church on Easter Sunday, in fact have never seen so few young men as there were on this Easter. Mrs. Van was regal in light green, and had enough streamers on her hat to trim another one. I call that a waste of good material, and between you and me, dear WAVE, do not believe it is the style. The church was very prettily decorated, and the congregation very large, quite a number being unable to obtain seats.

Don't be surprised when I tell you that Gus actually gave a moonlight drive one evening recently; we had a fine time, but I must not say any more for fear of being found out. Harry Crouch has rented a house and they intend moving very soon. The concerts given by the Marine Band were a perfect treat and we all turned out *en masse* to hear them; Society was well represented. I had almost forgotten to mention Mrs. Wood's card party; we did have a fine time; I thoroughly enjoyed myself as I had no compunctions of conscience at being there during Lent; if the truth must be told so did the church members, several of them being among the gayest there. Where is "little Annie?" She has not been heard from in months; believe she and her former chum are not so friendly as they were once upon a time. But I really must say good-bye until next week. Yours, NINA.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE

Wednesday Ev'ng, April 27, 1892, and Saturday Matinee, April 30, 1892

Manager Marcus M. Henry respectfully announces the return to San Francisco, after eight years study in Europe, of

S. G. FLEISHMAN

The Talented California

PIANIST AND COMPOSER

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Lecture on Physical Culture

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IRVING HALL

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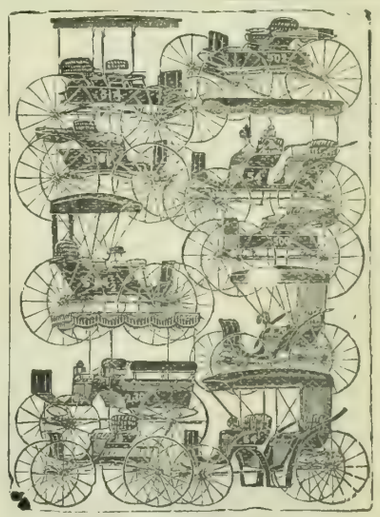

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, April 19th. DEAR WAVE:—The Wardsworth-Turner wedding last evening was the swellest affair since the Goodall and Chabot receptions. The above mentioned never do their entertaining by halves, hence, when an invitation comes from them, all Society dons its best attire and prepares for a glorious time. Carrie was elegantly gowned in a foreign creation, and was so demure and shy that I don't wonder at Mr. Turner's selection. His manners were charming, and the girls all envied Carrie her good fortune in winning so delightful a matrimonial prize, but, since he was captured, we all turned our eyes in the direction of the best man, who was a stranger and a stunner, only Alice Owen, the maid of honor, monopolized his attentions, and we had the poor consolation of making eyes at him. Floy, Ella, Gertie, and other belles are giving it to poor Alice. They say that she is selfish not to have given them a chance, but my! Didn't Alice have on a gorgeous gown though? The scene at the church was beautiful. Dr. Ritchie makes the marriage ceremony too serious for anything, but it is doubly impressive, and his voice is exquisite. Even to Frou-Frou's hardened senses, who has become weary of seeing the same faces, jewels, rouge, wraps, blackened eyebrows, and falseness, was the picture presented at the house like fairy-land, and after the punch, all was excitement; but, dear, you should have been there. Mrs. Upham, Mrs. Le Grand Cannon-Tibbits, and Gertie Baily were the most *décolleté* gowned ladies at the reception.

The bridesmaids' gowns were rose-pink, and Anita Whitney did the honors most gracefully, and is in readiness to perform the same duty for her younger sister, Stephanie, whose wedding will take place in June. All are delighted to have Stephanie home again, and, of course, we girls are happy that Duke Bertie Brayton has returned; he is more of a dude than ever; he will not tell us why he went East—but I digress. The wedding presents were simply gorgeous, and will add much to Carrie's Washington home, for which place the happy pair left this morning. Suppose that, since the groom and his best man wore heavy beards, some of our swagger young men will cultivate something similar. Jim Brady, Bob Miller, George Degolia, Jack Wilson, and Alec Rasborough now say that they regret their shorn mustaches. They all resemble over-grown school-boys.

Would you ever dream, dear, that such highly proper people as Vic and Corrinne would attempt giving an entertainment during Lent? Well, they did. Of course they couldn't help the fact that their tenth wedding anniversary came during the last week of Lent. I didn't go because I feared that I would be ennuied, as the invitation read "Games," and I have serious objections to "go-bang," "tiddle-de-winks," "angling," and "hearts." Had I known there was to have been a poker-table, I would have said "yes and thank you." I'm an expert in that line and would have broken the bank. Even Nannie, champion poker-player that she is, can't beat me. The Metcalfs gave little tin horns, soldiers and toys of that kind for souvenirs, while the prizes were in silver, Orestes Pierce and Alice Grimes being the first winners. Of course the Metcalfs received innumerable tin presents.

The event of this week is to be the musicale given by the Chancel Society of St. Paul's Church, at Mrs. Albert Brown's, on Thursday evening. The evening will doubtless be very *recherché*, even if it is a pay affair. Lou Breck and Harry Lawrence are to sing.

The ladies of the Free Clinic are preparing for another concert on the twenty-sixth, and we are going to make it quite a Society event. Mr. Graham is coming over to sing, a fact which assures us of a full house. *On dit* that Cleve Dam is the latest victim to the fascinating wiles of the Oak Street charmer's hypnotic power, as a stroll up Broadway will prove to you most any morning. He is often seen hanging over her phæton in front of his business establishment.

Must now say adieu, as it is time to dress for Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson's tea, which is to be given in honor of Miss West this afternoon. Ever yours,

FROU-FROU.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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☞ **Annual Meeting.** The Regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Justice Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 3, Haywards Building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., on MONDAY, the 2d day of May, 1892, at the hour of one (1) o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on FRIDAY, April 29, at 3 o'clock P. M. R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

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7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4 30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5 00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

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7 00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Wa Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4 15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5 15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

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SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

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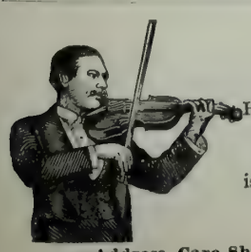
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:00 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m



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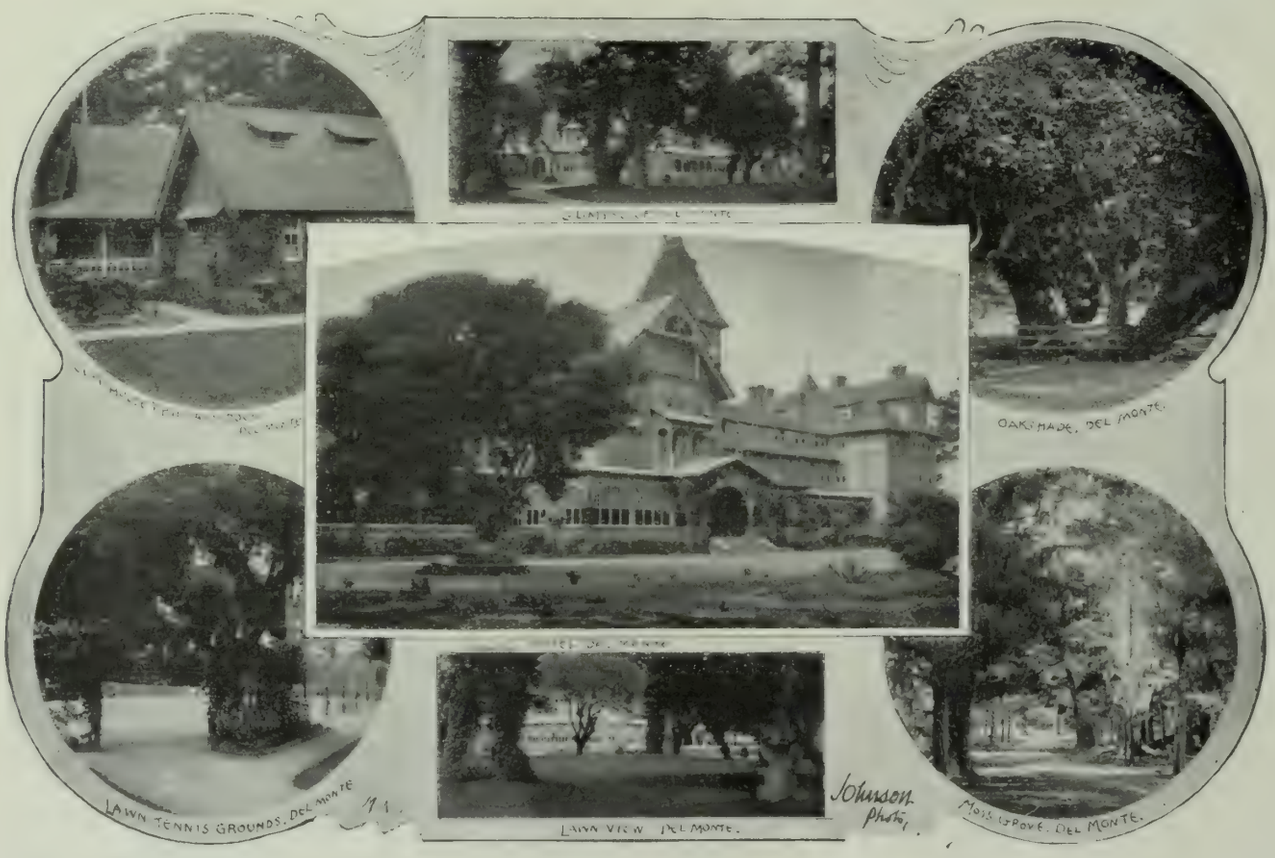

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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 18 San Francisco, April 30, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 30, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Dr. W. J. Younger, whose handsome portrait adorns the first page this week, is one of the best known dentists in the country, and has the additional happiness of having an international reputation. He has a splendid practice here, and I believe is the only American who has ever attended to the teeth of royalty. Aside from his practice, Dr. Younger is an exceedingly pleasant, cultivated gentleman, and a charming host.

SPLASHES.

THE FLORAL FESTIVAL at Santa Barbara was something more than a mere horticultural show. It was an interesting event, not only beautiful as a spectacle, but characteristic of California. For years this State has flaunted to the country the claims of her climate. Tourists were asked to troop here to enjoy mere soft air and blue skies—incidentally they could admire the vineyards, the orchards, and the myriad acres of wheat and corn. Beyond this, nothing to distract or amuse them was offered. The Missions, indeed, a few adobes on Dolores Street, the Cliff House, remain curiosities, but to have visited one of the first is to have seen all the rest, and the Sutro plastery has almost frowned the last into the Pacific. Swept by the frouziest civilization imaginable, one might traverse the Coast from Siskiyou to San Diego and find nothing characteristic of California but a handful of pretty women on Kearny Street.

* * *

Santa Barbara has come to the rescue. The floral *fete*, it is true, may be reminiscent of Nice, but the wealth of roses, the silver moss, the mounted Mexicans playing mandolin and guitar, the troops of caballeros in brilliant trappings riding like Centaurs, and the dark-eyed *Señoritas* from the adobes of the Spanish quarter, were typical of California, of the olden days when the Mission fathers swayed the fertile region from Point Conception to the Rincon. To see the procession of decorated carriages was worth a trip of many hundred miles. It surpassed expectation. There was absent that tawdriness, the gimcrack finery and the shabby tinsel which are the ordinary attributes of parades. The senses were delighted with the fresh beauty, the delicately-blended colors, and the delicious odors of the myriad blossoms.

* * *

To describe the succession of vehicles would require more space and labor than I can give, besides conveying a meagre idea of their appearance. One was a huge basket of marguerites, drawn by white horses, in which sat two pretty maidens in white. Another was a drag covered with pink roses and silver moss, a most graceful turnout, in which sat four girls in piquant pink costumes. About this there was something charmingly French. There was a phæton whose outlines were concealed by the palest of pink roses, relieved against a background of silver moss. Two snowy steeds, in harness of pink silk, were guided by outriders. In it sat two young girls, whose sweet faces and pretty costumes harmonized with the tones of the flowers. Another phæton was trimmed with roses and wild violets.

* * *

As they drove past, each vehicle seemed prettier than its predecessor. Here was a chariot, covered with pampas grass tinted a faint pale blue, driven by a girl in white evening dress, with large, dark, dreamy eyes and powdered hair. In another sat two maidens under a bell of calla lilies, which anyone would have sworn was inimitable, until there approached a little carriage, all white roses and lilacs, in which, under a canopy, were two blonde damsels in white and violet. The delicate coloring of their complexions and the refined type of their beauty harmonized perfectly with the adornments of their equipage. The least enthusiastic of the spectators went wild with delight over the spectacle.

* * *

The battle of flowers was vigorously waged. The spectators seated on the tribunes were armed with loose bouquets of buds and blossoms which they showered on the occupants of the carriages. They retaliated with similar missiles. Friends saluted each other with volleys of roses, and enemies paid off old scores with leeks and heads of lettuce. The air was filled with rose petals, and soon the asphaltum was slippery with crushed lilacs and marguerites. It was great fun for the participants. In Santa Barbara there is a large class of nice people who have ample means and abundant leisure. In the festival they took part, and there being no especial clique, joined in the gaiety with an abandon that was both novel and delightful.

* * *

Beside the floral procession the other entertainments of the week paled into insignificance. The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Hazard was a conventional affair—men and girls in evening dress, ice-cream as usual, bad music, a little dancing, and considerable jewelry. The hostess is one of the presiding divinities of this southern social arena and has a daughter, a tall, striking-looking girl, who is one of the few Santa Barbara maidens worth looking twice at. Indeed, one sees more pretty women on half a block of Kearny than one can find from the Gaviota Pass to Saugus. For the most part the girls are from New England, and however delightful in manner and accomplishments, one soon sighs for the belles of San Francisco.

* * *

The Floral ball was hardly as well managed as one might desire. The same maidens who had taken part in the parade participated, and performed a very pretty swaying species of quadrille dressed to represent poppies and pansies, roses and lilies, daffodils and smilax. Some of them were exceedingly pretty, but their decorations were artificial instead of real flowers. Still, the costumes were admirably designed. To my mind, Miss Stoddard, as a white *fleur-de-lis*, Miss Pancheta Dibblee as a sunflower, and Miss Beth Sperry as a yellow marguerite carried off the honors. This dance, however, was not characteristic. It might have taken place in Odd Fellows' Hall. How infinitely more interesting to have had a series of Mexican dances in which the *Señors* and the pretty dark-eyed *Señoritas* would have taken part.

* * *

I have been to a dozen *Kirmesses* whereat flower dances as good as this one were performed. The success of the festival depends upon the introduction of as many Mexican features as possible. Next year the committee should have all the *vaqueros* from neighboring ranches come to town and perform their feats. The Ring tournament, the feature of the performance on Friday, is old as feudalism. Far more interesting was the exhibition of wild horse taming by a tall, wild-looking, bearded Mexican in blue, with a wide sombrero, wide flowing trowsers, and sashed and buttoned to the heart's content. It is an edu-

cation to see how broncos can jump and twist and buck without, however, dislodging or apparently inconveniencing the bold *vaquero*. Mules, too, were tried out and ridden in spite of their struggles. What admirable horsemen some of these old Spanish are. They sit in their saddles straight as arrows, firm as rocks.

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Altogether the affair was a novelty and I have seldom spent a more enjoyable week. Next year there will be added an old-style barbecue, to be given up in the mountains, and the events will all take place within two days instead of being spread over three or four. This will bring to Santa Barbara more San Franciscans. Indeed, I shall be surprised if next year there is not a large influx of people from all parts of the Coast, for the spectacle is characteristic and well worth seeing. It must be added, too, that the Santa Barbarans know how to welcome and entertain their guests. For the visitors everything imaginable was done. Every courtesy extended. President Hazard, Mayor Gaty, and their coadjutors strained every nerve, and certainly deserve congratulation for the measure of success they have attained. They will do far better next year.

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THE SOCIAL EVENT of the week was the Pope-Taylor wedding on Tuesday. It was an elaborate affair, and attracted to Trinity Church almost the entire 400. Of course, one wedding bears the same similarity to another that two Chinamen do to a third, so, save presenting a list of the bridesmaids and ushers, and stating the names of the principals, there is little more to be said. Miss Taylor made a pretty bride, and looked very composed in her elaborately-made wedding-gown. George Pope appeared to better advantage than ever in his life before, and was almost handsome. I cannot claim to have been enamored of the dresses of the bridesmaids, though of the quartette Miss Simpkins and Miss Decker looked best. The ushers were very gorgeous—impressive, indeed—as they marched down the aisle in their frock coats, with black silk hats resting aggressively on their arms, presented as though they were weapons of offense. That, however, I believe is the latest.

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The altar decorations were palms and flowers, and they were arranged with more taste than is ordinarily exhibited at Trinity. Bishop Wingfield of Benicia officiated expeditiously, and neither bride nor groom seemed specially nervous. Their voices were distinctly audible. I noticed the pretty souvenir pins that George Pope presented the ushers with. They were pearls and diamonds in an artistic design. Quite a number of guests repaired to the Taylor residence immediately after the ceremony and there partook of an elaborate wedding breakfast. There were also pretty souvenirs for the bridal party, and Miss Carrie Taylor captured the ring. A reception followed, and then the ushers and bridesmaids repaired down town to have their photographs taken, while the happy pair set out for St. Helena, where they will spend a week at the Pope villa.

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One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of Alpheus Bull and Miss Irene Crowell, celebrated on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 1603 Larkin Street. Miss Crowell is a sister of M. A. Newell, Marine Secretary of the California Insurance Co. Mr. Bull is a son of the late capitalist and is really one of the most promising young men in town. Dr. Stebbins performed the ceremony. A reception followed in the prettily-decorated parlors.

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The wedding of Henry G. Meyer and Miss Estelle Pray was celebrated on Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mdlle. Delahays, 1825 California Street. Dr. Voorsanger officiated, the bride having entered Judaism. A reception and supper followed.

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Miss Agnes Huntington, whose magnificent voice and clever acting have delighted critical audiences at the Grand Opera House, possesses a personality as charming as her talent. She travels accompanied by her mother, and during her stay here has been the recipient of considerable social attention. Among the entertainments in her honor, the most elaborate was a luncheon given by the Misses Dimond, at their charming home, 2224 Washington Street. Mrs. A. Cheseborough gave her a dinner on Sunday evening, and Major Horace G. Platt gave a breakfast in her honor at the Bohemian Club, which proved a very pleasant affair. Quite a number of Society people were present, besides the usual Bohemian contingent. Major Platt quite outdid himself in an especially gallant speech he made in proposing Miss Huntington's health. His delicate eulogium will not be forgotten I am sure.

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In spite of the absence of a prohibition against entertaining, there is little being done in town. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson gave a dinner on Monday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins who leave on Tuesday next for Europe. As usual in Mrs. Wilson's house, the table decorations were very beautiful and the *menu* was admirably composed.

* * *

Another engagement just announced is that of Mr. Lou Hagan and Miss Mamie Meyer of Los Angeles. Mr. Hagan is very well-known in town, and is connected with quite a number of well-known people. He is employed in the house of Wertheimer & Co.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels left for their European tour on Sunday last, accompanied by Miss Emma Spreckels. By a recent gift from her father this young lady in a millionairess in her own right. She is a blonde, tall, with a slender, graceful figure, and an expressive face. She has spent her time on the continent acquiring French, which she now speaks with great fluency. The procession of tugs that accompanied the ferry boat to the Oakland Mole was a novel spectacle, and a decided compliment to Mr. Spreckels, who is very popular with his employees.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Huntington will be domiciled in San Francisco after September next. They purpose taking a residence here and making a protracted stay on the Coast. Just where they will be located Mrs. Huntington is not decided. For the houses on California Street she does not care, and the chances are that if a suitable establishment can be found out Pacific Avenue way she will select that neighborhood in preference to any other. The Huntingtons left for New York on Thursday last accompanied by H. E. Huntington, who has been appointed assistant to the President. He will return here as soon as possible, accompanied by his family. Mr. Huntington is about forty years old, and looks younger. He is handsome, bright, intelligent looking, and a capable and experienced railroad man.

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He enjoys the confidence and esteem of his uncle, with whose extensive interests in the East he has long been associated. Lieutenant Schwerin, whom Mr. Huntington has appointed General Purchasing Agent, has assumed the duties of his office. He is a man of strong individuality, and has a very fine naval record. He and Mrs. Schwerin will reside for the time being at the Richlieu.

* * *

Mrs. Hattie Alexander is expected in San Francisco next month, and the Crocker residence on California Street is being prepared for her reception. This truly charitable lady has done more for the needy of San Francisco than any other individual. Her generosity seems inexhaustible. If but some few others out of the long list of California's rich people could be induced to do as much, San Francisco would not now be repining the absence of art galleries and museums. Mrs. Alexander's latest gift to the city is an endowment for a maternity hospital.

* * *

Mrs. Stanford will go East on Tuesday next if the health of her sister, Mrs. David Hewes, will permit it. She will join Senator Stanford in New York, and together at the latter end of May they will sail for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will also leave for the East next Saturday. They will travel in a private car *via* the Northern Pacific, and expect to reach Europe early in June. They anticipate being abroad for several months.

* * *

The Concordia Club's new ticket is posted, and every one, save, of course, the inevitable kickers, express satisfaction with the work of the nominating committee. Charles Ackerman is President, Juda Newman, First Vice, and Jack Thorn, Second. The Financial Secretary is Jos. Rosenberg, A. M. Armer is Recording Secretary. Henry Meyer for Treasurer, and for Directors, A. M. Davis, Sig.

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

Feuchtwanger, Fred Patck, Lucius L. Solomons, and Manuel Meyer, complete the list. They are nearly all young men—bright, competent, energetic, and if the Concordia is not a success this coming twelve months it does not possess the elements thereof. This season there will be no effort at further entertaining, but the Directors will not wait for November to prove they are alive to the exigencies of their office.

* * *

The University Club's annual election takes place on Tuesday next. A nominating committee has been appointed, but has not yet reported. There is no excitement and no contest imminent, for the institution glides along with a most unusual absence of friction. New members are being added in such numbers that a new by-law sets the total at 350. There is no questioning the success of the 'Varsity. President Thomas and Secretary Wheeler have reason to be proud of their work, and deserve congratulation. Though the retiring board is not composed of young men, as I trust its successor will be, the 'Varsity is decidedly the young man's club. They gather for dinner, and in the evening can be found there in numbers.

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That dinner at the Pacific Yacht Club, on Saturday evening last, was a very comfortable affair. The *menu* was all the boys wanted and the wine-list presented splendid possibilities that no one failed to take advantage of. Lots of good old stories—or old good stories—were resuscitated, speeches were made, and a poem to the metre of "O, What a Difference," narrating a certain accident that occurred to President Dickenson in the Sacramento River, was read. It was quite clever, this poem, written, I am told, by Patsy Brady. What time the function broke up no one who was there seems to know.

* * *

The Friday Night Bowling, annex of the Concordia Club, has enjoyed many a pleasant outing during the season, but not one more agreeable than its picnic to Redwood City and Palo Alto, last Sunday. The party left town on an early train, and at the County Capital took conveyance for Menlo, lunched there, and finished the afternoon with an inspection of the University and Senator Stanford's grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel chaperoned the Club. On Tuesday eveningMiss Wangenheim gave a very pleasant party at her home in honor of the Club.

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The many admirers of C. D. O'Sullivan will be glad to learn he has decided to adopt music as a profession. With such a vocal endowment as he possesses, it is surprising he has not done so before. Very soon, early in June, I believe, he starts for Milan to study under the best teachers at the renowned conservatory there. He will be absent for some years, and will doubtless emerge as a rival of the De Retzke's and other famous artists. There is no doubt of the phenomenal quality and volume of his organ. Competent judges have pronounced the most flattering opinions, and there is no doubt of Mr. O'Sullivan's future fame. Some one, I hope, will remember my prophecy a few years hence. I have had a little success in that line.

* * *

Charley Thorn goes to Chicago in May. He is to open in business for himself there, and his chances of success are good. Mr. Thorn has capacity and energy, and may possibly persuade the Chicagoese that we are not entirely dead out here. He will leave repining many friends, which, while it is a satisfaction, is also a source of regret.

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The children of the Maria Kip Orphanage will sing their Easter carols at the Orphanage, 570 Harrison Street, this afternoon at two o'clock. This day has been named instead of an earlier one, that Bishop Nichols may be present to confer the medal on the most deserving girl. All who are interested in the work are invited to be present.

* * *

Castle Crag, the new summer resort at Lower Soda Springs, will be gloriously opened about June 1st. Situated on the banks of the upper Sacramento under the very shadow of Shasta, in the midst of the forest primeval, it will be a delightful haunt for those who desire to escape from civilization. About the new hotel there will be no great architectural pretension. It will be comfortable enough, however, is to be nicely furnished, and the *cuisine* is promised to be beyond reproach. Between the hotel and the railroad track there is a brawling trout stream, which Waltonians say is as well stocked as any in the State. George Schonewald, who has been appointed Manager of all the Pacific Improvement Company's hotel properties, will give the Castle Crag a large share of his personal attention this season.

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This insures to the patrons of the new resort all the virtues that have made Del Monte so popular. Under him, Mr. Clough will have charge of the Queen of Summer Resorts. There are few hotel men on the Coast better and more favorably known than Mr. Clough, who possesses the capacity and the executive ability necessary to administer the affairs of so large an establishment.

* * *

Many people have availed themselves of the splendid opportunities for a day's outing afforded by the proximity of the Hotel Larkspur to the city. From Saturday to Monday the tired business man finds here charming relaxation from office work, and his wife gets a needed rest from household duties. The scenery is delightful, and the climate is as balmy and clear as any to be found in this favored State. The cuisine at the Hotel is unrivaled; the many rooms are bright and sunny; the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the guests are complete, and those those who have located there for the summer are loud in their praises of Larkspur.

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The Hotel Ben Lomond will open on May 1st under new management. Messrs. McCollum and Douglas have retired, and W. M. Ward, who has had a long and successful career as a hotel man, takes charge. The hotel has a beautiful location among the Santa Cruz mountains; there is hunting and fishing at the very door, and its popularity is increasing every season.

* * *

The return of Emma Juch to this city is an event that I hope music lovers will appreciate. Miss Juch's tour has been a successful one, deservedly, as her opera company is one of the best on the road. She is a charming singer, very pleasant personally and has the love and esteem of her company. The company opens at the Grand Opera House on Monday, in a repertory that is very interesting.

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The splendid exhibition of water-colors in the gallery of Sanborn, Vail & Co. is well worth seeing. There are excelient examples of the very best work of the leading English, French, and Dutch artists. They will be on exhibition until next Wednesday.

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THE DIFFERENCE in the morning will soon be hardly noticeable. We are on the eve of an era of sobriety that will send our princely saloon-keepers to the almshouses. Whisky has met a worthy opponent, and the song of the jagster will shortly cease from echoing. The fires in the stills are already beginning to burn low, and the Home for Inebriates looks like a last year's bird nest. Another cure has been discovered for dipsomania—a cure that merely cures, and is not warranted to make a man a lunatic or a corpse within six weeks after use. The cure of which I speak has been discovered by Dr. Murray, of Duluth, and—while I cannot speak of it as one who has been there—it has performed wonders among men whom we all know. It is absolutely harmless and its discoverer differs from Dr. Keeley is not offering a coffin or a cell in a lunatic asylum as a premium to every patient.

* * *

The new discovery is called Neuro Tecton, and is exactly what its name applies. It will make of a whisky-soaked, dull-eyed, mud-brained drunkard a sober man in eight days, and will do it naturally and quietly. Robert Duncan Milne's jag would have as much chance against it as has the English language against my friend, Mr. Sullivan. Drs. Long, of the Board of Health, and Lefevre, of the City and County Hospital, are administering it to patients, and its effects are really wonderful. I should advise you to try it.

* * *

THE ABSORBING TOPIC in political circles at the present time is not whether the tariff, the Chinese, or the silver questions are likely to be the leading issues in the coming Presidential contest, but whether the gentlemen who "stuff" the precinct registers and

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

vote dead men and absentees at every election, will be able to find some scheme (as they express it) of "beating" the Australian ballot-law. The method so feasibly regarded a few months ago, and which I took pains at the time to explain, has been cast aside as, too slow and too hazardous. The "floats," "repeaters," and others who sell their franchise do not take kindly to the idea of making oath that they are illiterate, and then having a hotel register or a wash-house receipt produced by some enemy to prove perjury and send them to San Quentin. The other day I conversed with a well-known ballot-box expert, who told me he had about given up the idea of buying votes under that plan. "In the first place," he said, "everybody is on to it. In the second place, even if a man was able to work it he could not get in a sufficient number of votes during the day to pay him for his trouble. The scheme is no good."

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But my expert friend did not stop here. He followed up his unqualified condemnation of this plan by making a really brilliant suggestion. It struck me as somewhat ridiculous at the moment, but reflection has convinced me that he possesses a great mind. Here is what he said:

* * *

"A few weeks before election, you know, the lodging-house keepers of the Water Front, and Tar Flat sally forth and rake in all the 'bums' of their neighborhood. As the crop is always large they have no trouble in getting as many as they want. If free grub and lodgings will not tempt them, free whisky generally will. These fellows are rushed to the City Hall and registered from the house of the man who has corraled them. As the day of election approaches the usual plan is for the party bosses to open negotiations with the lodging-house keeper for the delivery of all the votes he has gathered. Whichever side pays him the highest price gets 'em. Having closed a bargain, he plies the 'bums' with whisky, and on election day gives each one a dollar or two and votes him. I calculate that the stuffed lodging-houses of San Francisco will yield two thousand votes that can be purchased in this way. They give the party boss no more trouble than is caused by making a bargain with the lodging-house keeper.

* * *

"Now, the Australian ballot-law sadly interferes with this business. These drunken loafers can never be trusted to enter a booth and mark a ticket. They would be sure to get everything wrong and vote an illegal ballot, even if the party bosses were fools enough to trust to their honesty. I have hit on a plan to get over the difficulty and still not break up this profitable business of lodging-house stuffing. My scheme is to pay the herders of these droves of bummers to keep them away from the polls. This will stop the other side from using them and reduce the total vote; so if the party bosses do not get the lodging-house vote they will not have to overcome it. This plan involves the commission of no crime. No one can be punished for bribing a man not to vote. All the bosses need do would be to make a list of the names they had paid for and put a man on the precinct to see that they were not voted. It seems to me this is about the only way we can maintain the stuffed lodging-house industry."

The only reflexion I have to make on this plan of "beating" the Australian law is the palpable one that things have come to an interesting pass when candidates are compelled to pay free born American citizens to stay away from the poles. It was bad enough when they were forced to pay them for going to the polls.

* * *

THE REPUBLICAN PRIMARY election of Saturday last proves conclusively to my mind that Martin Kelly is stronger in the Democratic party than in his own. The Assembly Districts he has managed to carry are not only nearly all heavily Democratic under the new apportionment law, but they were at the late primary election manipulated mainly by the ancient "Buckley contingent." In fact, I think if statistics could be gathered they would disclose that without Democratic votes Kelly and his partner would have been annihilated on Saturday. But further, when results are compared, it will be found that the beggarly victory which they have practically snatched from defeat is not, by any means, a creditable one. Martin Kelly started out with the County Committee, the Returning Board, the polling places, and the election offiers. He has wound up with a bare majority of the delegation to the State Convention. With such an advantage his old friend, Bill Higgins, would have carried every district in town.

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And, then, just look at the "leaders" who have been wiped out. County Clerk Blattner, for the first time in history, has been defeated in his precinct of the Forty-fifth District. Jesse Marks, the Bear Club prophet, lost the entire Forty-fourth District. "Mike" Dunn was practically annihilated in the Thirtieth District, and Supervisor Jackson's Morrow Club was defeated at North Beach. This is the most remarkable thing of all. For twenty years, ever since he quit sailing the raging main, Old Salt Jackson has held the North Beach people in the hollow of his hand. They have lived and breathed, married and died only with his permission. I presume that during the last score of years if Dave had issued a decree that no more babies were to be born at the Beach all the expectant mothers would have emigrated beyond reach of his regal wrath. But here he is with his top lights blasted and his timbers shivered. The name of his club ought now, indeed, to be the To-morrow Club, and I do not know that it would be entirely inappropriate to call it the Last Weak Club. Every one of the strongholds defended by these gallant knights are heavily Republican at a general election, while those in which Kelly triumphed are Democratic.

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These facts are significant. When the time arrives for electing delegates to the Municipal Convention, if Colonel Dan Burns wins the same districts, he will nominate two-thirds of the legislative delegation; that is, he will name the men who are likely to be elected to serve, while Kelly, operating in Democratic districts, will name those who are quite certain to be defeated. In view of this fact, and the further one that there is to be a United States Senator chosen by the next Legislature, it is hardly necessary to remark that there is apparently some one behind the Colonel who knows what he is driving at.

An interesting incident in this primary was the success of the ticket nominated by Colonel Burns in the Forty-second District. On that ticket appear the names of J. N. E. Wilson, E. J. Pillsbury, and Henry H. Lynch. Mr. Lynch is Superintendent of the Powell Street Cable Railroad. It was he, I am informed, who arranged to stop the dummies of some of the cable lines, including those of his own road, where they ran past polling places, and vote the gripmen and conductors for the Burns and Wilson ticket. Mr. Pillsbury, it will be remembered, turned over the Ruef element in the County Committee to Burns at two critical stages of the late game, and is now a full-fledged anti-boss delegate. Mr. Wilson, it is unnecessary to add, is the political partner of the valiant Colonel.

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I do not, upon my own faith, declare that there is a new combination here. Mr. Lynch wants to be Sheriff, Mr. Pillsbury wants Mayor Sanderson to succeed himself, and Mr. Wilson, like all bosses, probably wants the earth. I do not know at present any good reason why these gentlemen should not have what they want, provided they continue the tactics by which they routed Kelly and Crimmins on Saturday last. Certainly those tactics are invincible. They will for some time be a fruitful subject for discussion and reflection. There is but one situation, it seems to me, in which the party of Great Moral Ideas appears to better advantage than when it is struggling to vote at one of Martin Kelly's primary elections. That is when it is making a campaign in favor of "Protection to Home Industry." In all my life I have never encountered a more absurdly solemn joke than this one. The idea of the corporation millionaires who run the Republican party protecting home industry is excruciatingly funny. I think history will set down the man who invented that slogan as the most exquisite humorist of his age. The joke on Saturday received a fresh exemplification, I see, for Martin Kelly put it on his tickets. With Kelly and Crimmins protecting home industry the country is, indeed, safe.

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FOR JOURNALISTS, as for prophets, there is little honor in their own country. It happens,

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

though, when afield their merits obtain that recognition that is denied at home. There is Ed Hamilton, for instance. In spite of all he has done for Alameda County he can travel from one end of Berkeley to the limits of Santa Clara without attracting any great attention. The idea of giving him a reception would not occur to any one. In Southern California, however, it is different. Of course Mr. Hamilton's modesty has prevented him narrating this episode, but it is a fact that on Tuesday last the inhabitants of Santa Paula, in Ventura County, assembled at the depot to meet him, and he was presented with a huge bouquet of fragrant roses as he passed through on the Santa Barbara train.

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However conscious of his merits, Mr. Hamilton had not expected such an ovation, and was the last to realize that the crowd of citizens with flowers in their hands were there out of respect to him. In fact, he, with John Vance Cheney and other literary characters, were on the rear platform, wondering what the commotion was. Colonel Thorne, of the Grand Hotel, was equal to the occasion. He stepped forward and, in a few words of burning eloquence, thanked the multitude for the compliment to Mr. Hamilton, whose modesty, he explained, had prevented him encountering them in person. A beautiful maiden presented the bouquet, which the Colonel received with a low bow and a sweep of his sombrero. A few minutes later Mr. Hamilton was apprised of what had occurred, and was heard to mutter that the occasion of his life to make a speech had passed. The roses were beautiful, however.

* * *

A WAR among the street car companies should always be regarded as a public blessing. Whenever we have had a fight here, the people have been the gainers, and in the present effort of the Market Street line to extend its territory there is much encouragement for those whom necessity requires to ride to and from their homes. They are smart men, these managers of street car lines, sharp and shrewd, and one of them rarely gets bit by his fellows. However, when he does, the wound is a severe one. Just now the Market Street line is seeking to outdo the Omnibus Road in its generous treatment of travelers, and the miles of road one may travel on the first-named line for five cents passeth belief. One can ride all day, and never be called on to pay more than the original nickel, transfer tickets being issued at almost every other corner.

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Anxious to emuluate its prosperous rival, the California Street line has been extending its territory by means of the transfer system on Union Street. Now, it costs money to transfer patrons from one road to another, and for every person who rides a block on the Union Street car on a ticket issued by the California Street Road, the latter company pays two and a half cents. That is a big rate, truly, and I doubt that the road has made much out of its extension, aside from discouraging any competitors. The travel beyond Hyde on the Union Street is quite heavy, but the passengers do not go far, and the Union Street Road is becoming rich in a thoroughly legitimate manner.

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But my attention has been called to a scheme that promises to make this enterprising line wealthy in a short time. Aside from the revenue it derives from the transfers which its own conductors collect, and which the California Road buys back from it at two and one-half cents, the Union Street line, I am informed, is in the habit of purchasing transfers by the wholesale, paying fifteen cents a dozen for them. If you ever pass Hyde and Union Streets you will notice a lot of boys engaged in collecting transfers, which passengers accept from California Street line conductors, and then throw away. These, rumor says, are gathered up by the boys—who will also solicit transfers from you—and sold to the Union Street Company, which then sells them back to the California. This the boys find more remunerative than collecting coyote scalps, and it certainly is a paying business for the Union Street line. Just where the California Street road "gets off" I am unable to say.

* * *

THE NEW CANDIDATE for the United States Senate, General Barnes, does not intend (so I am informed) to make his "fight" on his war record. In fact, I do not see how he could do so, if his own account of how he smelled powder is to be accepted. In 1886 the Department Encampment of the Grand Army was held at Sacramento. There were three candidates for Department Commander, Colonel W. R. Smedberg, Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, and Private Jim Rea, now Railroad Commissioner. The office was eagerly sought for that year, as the National Encampment had been called to meet in San Francisco during the summer. The ex-soldiers balloted all day and only succeeded in creating a dead lock. Smedberg and Taylor ran about even while Rea made a good third. Some of the admirers of General Barnes, at the evening session of the camp, threw him into the fight, thinking he might enthuse the old Vets and operate on their imagination like the usual dark horse. But the scheme did not work.

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After the first ballot had shown that the effort to stampede the Vets was a failure, the General arose and with great solemnity said: "Comrades, I have no desire to withdraw my name from this contest, for it seems to be the wish of some of the gentlemen here to vote for me; but I want you all to understand that my claims for this place do not repose on my war record (applause). It is true I was at the front (applause). It is also *true* that I have smelled powder (more applause). I decline, however, at this moment to tell where or under what circumstances I smelled powder (hear, hear). I am proud to say that I have been under several hot fires, but the character of the flames or who set them agoing I shall not now discuss (laughter).

* * *

"My father was a Brigadier, and he was among the first who responded to Lincoln's call for men. I was on his staff, a mere boy then, and I remember well that the nearer I got to the front the more my spirits rose, and my courage strengthened (applause). Finally I got where I could hear the rattle and clash of arms. My heart beat with martial fire. I wanted to kill some rebels (applause). I regret to say it, comrades, but I actually thirsted for human blood that day. The alarms of the bloody conflict had made me a sort of a young demon (applause). The morning of the battle dawned auspiciously. The air was balmy, the green meadows sparkled with dew, the birds twittered in the trees, and the fragrance of the wild flowers permeated the atmosphere. 'What a glorious day,' I thought, 'for the slaughter. I shall kill a hundred rebels to-day' (applause).

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"Comrades, you will believe me when I say that I buckled on my sword that morning with a determination to make a name for myself. But, alas, for the plans of men. I had no sooner left my tent and prepared to mount my prancing steed than I was taken with a violent stomach ache (applause). The troops were already engaged, and there was a loud demand on the part of the old man for staff officers, but it was no go. My stomach ache increased. The more I struggled to mount horse the worse it got (applause). I went to the rear—to the hospital—further to the rear—out of the sound of the shrieking shells and roaring cannon, and then it ceased. But I knew it would return if I ventured again within the sound of the guns, and so I went home and resigned (applause).

* * *

"That was the best thing I could do, for I knew well that my stomach ache would return the moment I ventured within sound of the battle. Therefore, comrades, I want you to understand that I am not running here on my war record. I wish that to be entirely eliminated from this fight" (cheers and applause).

It isalmost unnecessary to say that these remarks, which Ihave imperfectly reported from the lips of an aged veteran who was present, were greeted, as I have indicated, with roars of laughter and applause, but they did not, as they should have done, elect the General. Smedberg was finally chosen. I suppose the General does not want his war record introducedi nto this "fight" any more than he wanted it introduced into that one.

* * *

WHAT WILL NOT SPIRIT and daring, if accompanied by beauty and brains, do for a woman? Here is Miss Amy G. Bowen, an exceedingly pretty graduate of the Hahnemann College of San Francisco, the only daughter of a San Jose capitalist, who, in the face of determined opposition, has gained admittance to the post graduate clinics of the

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

most prominent Berlin surgeons. Miss Bowen practiced in town here for some time, but desiring to perfect herself in surgery and microscopy, she set out for Vienna, and first succeeded in attending the clinic of the renowned surgeon, Dr. Billroth, being the first and only woman to enjoy the privilege. This attained, she determined to try Berlin where they are even more exclusive. She went to the office of a certain famous gynecologist and attacked the subject. An adept German scholar, Miss Bowen boldly presented her demands, and the upshot of a spirited conversation was the granting of her request.

* * *

Next day she presented herself at the hospital of this medical potentate and was ushered into the presence of a class of pompous-looking German doctors.

"Let us see," said the great man, "what this child can do."

A case was brought in and she was asked to examine and make her diagnosis. To the astonishment of all of them, she did so correctly. Others were given her with similar results, and the upshot was she became the heroine of the hour, and in the clinic is known as the "American wonder." Miss Bowen has a very good mind, however, and besides is earnest and studious. In appearance she is quite girlish. She has winning manners and very attractive features that wear a mischievous expression. I believe this young lady's mother has recently studied medicine, and also holds a doctor's diploma. Ability evidently runs in the family.

* * *

THE CASE of Newman & Levison has lost its sensational aspect. That Mr. Philbrook attempted more than he can effect is obvious from the evidence already submitted. He brought out from his witnesses nothing to show that the deceased partner had been wronged, and his effort to show Levison was out of his mind when he signed the partnership deed was certainly futile. Only one interesting fact was elucidated by the trial and it was the magnitude of this business. The profits were shown at between forty and fifty thousand dollars per annum, a most enviable return on an investment comparatively small. Levison, it must be admitted, was an active factor in building up the trade to its present dimensions, but he had no such economical turn as his partner possessed, and the result was that he had less money in the firm than they.

* * *

Among retail firms I believe the Golden Rule Bazar comes first in the matter of profits. This concern does a fair business all the year round, but at Christmas time its sales run up into the hundred thousands and the profits are magnificent. The Davis Brothers, who are capable business men, have property all over the city and are represented at every big real estate sale. Newman & Levison's comes next. Greenberg & Greenberg's, a comparatively unpretentious store on Grant Avenue, pays its proprietors many thousands a year, too. Before the alterations were made, the White House paid a very large percentage on the capital invested. It's business is now much larger, but so are the expenses. O'Connor, Moffatt's sales net a good profit, and Colonel Marceau's photographic gallery has been a bonanza to him. His profits last year were over $40,000. But how many other concerns are hovering on the edges of bankruptcy?

* * *

St. Mary's Hospital has been tendered a benefit at Metropolitan Temple on Tuesday, May 10th, when the following ladies and gentlemen will assist in a specially prepared programme: Mrs. Gleason Hassett, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. Eunice Westwater, Mrs. Griffen, Donald de V. Graham, Robert Lloyd, Frank Mitchell, Herman Brandt, and Signor Martinez.

* * *

Will Carleton, the poet who made fame with his pen by touching the right chord in the hearts of the American people, has been engaged by Manager John F. Brogg, for two lectures and readings, to be given at Metropolitan Temple Monday, May 9th, and Thursday May 12th. Mr. Carleton has two lectures, "The Drama of Life," and "The Chain of Success," both of which give him a chance to introduce the choicest selections from his famous poems.

* * *

IF THAT ASTUTE personage, M. A. Dorn, is ignorant of the side on which his bread is buttered, to use a colloquialism, it will be difficult for any outsider to inform him. Because he is large, stout, and good-natured, he must not be regarded as artless or unsophisticated. In fact he is a veritable Machiavelli as recent political events go to show. That is another story, however. I was out at Judge Coffey's Court the other day about the time that impeccable jurist was indulging himself in sarcastic comments about Mr. Dorn's management of an estate. Whose it was I forget, but I believe the total was some $5000, and Mr. Dorn's charges amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. Being the executor he could not also charge attorney's fees, but this difficulty was obviated by the office boy who presented a bill for $400, services rendered.

* * *

This serviceable office boy figured as attorney—the remainder, Mr. Dorn modestly charged for his own efforts. The magnitude of the emolument attracted the Probate Judge's attention, but it was explained that the attorneys for the heirs, and the heirs themselves, were quite satisfied with Mr. Dorn's arrangements and at that the matter was let pass.

* * *

AMONG FOOTBALL PLAYERS there is talk of forming a league of clubs, and playing next winter a series of contests for supremacy. Interest in the game has grown materially, and I have no doubt that if systematic attention is given to organizing the matches, crowds can be gathered every Saturday. The main object of the League, however, would be to induce one of the Eastern crack college teams to visit this Coast during vacation. A picked team would meet it, and the result would, undoubtedly, be a game surpassing in interest all the baseball contest of the year. Of course, a large sum of money would be necessary to meet the requirements of such an undertaking, but the financial results of that one game would more than supply the needed sum.

* * *

Whether the Olympic Club team will reorganize or not for the coming season is a question. Though it was uniformly successful, there is no doubt that constant practice will have to be had if it intends to remain supreme. The victories won from Stanford and Berkeley were due to the individual work of one or two men, Tobin especially. The rank and file were frequently overborne. Both Universities are hard at work now, and will surely present a strong game this coming winter.

* * *

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY is slowly increasing in membership, though its growth is not as rapid as the Trustees desire. There is no doubt that the location of the new building is out of the way, now. It is a fault, however, the future will remedy, for the corner of Golden Gate and Van Ness Avenue will be, before many years are gone, the centre of the city. In the meantime, however, some means must be devised of getting subscribers. At the next meeting of the Board a proposition suggested by Mr. Tanzky will be considered. It is to deliver books to any city address, in answer to requests by mail or telephone. The institution has all the latest publications, and there are dozens of subscribers who would be only too delighted to take them, could they spare the time for a trip to the Library.

* * *

The advantage of such a method of distribution must strike everyone. Those who require a certain work can have it sent, if they are members, by merely telephoning to the librarian. There are drawbacks to the plan, but the advantages more than counterbalance them. I have no doubt but that if Mr. Tanzky's plan is adopted the Mercantile will again enjoy much of its old-time popularity.

* * *

Walter Thompson, whom every one in the newspaper world was an intimate friend of, is in town for a few days, up from San Jose, where he has been buried this past twelve month. He is as fat as ever, and agriculture does not seem to have taken the edge off his brightness. He has done little writing since his retirement from journalism, but Walter is one of the few newspapermen with talent enough to turn out something that might attract notice. One day he will surprise all his friends, and the entire gang that used every night to drink lager at Norman's will exclaim with a single voice, "I told you so." There is no profession, except the law, perhaps, that so dulls literary talent as does journalism

Before he became a reporter, Thompson contributed to various periodicals much clever work. "Only a Pansy Blossom" was a hit he wrote, stories, too, by the dozen.

* * *

No one can write reports of horticultural and supervisorial meetings besides doing "police" on odd days, and preserve a respectable style. Now that Walter Thompson is exempt from this type of endeavor, he may take it into his head to put to use an exceedingly fertile imagination.

* * *

HAVE YOU NOTICED how much your neighbor will take for nothing? Have you ever considered how far he will go to see a free show, and how industriously he will remain away from a place where admission is charged? I have, and as I have had neighbors in two or three countries and a dozen States, I must say that the San Franciscan is after more for nothing than the resident of any city I can name. Two art exhibitions close this week, and both have been utter failures, so far as patronage has been concerned. The Mary's Help Gallery, opened through the benevolence of Mrs. R. C. Johnson for the kind purpose of contributing to a splendid charity, has been closed indefinitely, for the reason that the receipts were not sufficient to pay for turning on the gas. The spring exhibition of the Art Association comes to an end to-day, and the attendance has been very small.

* * *

Of course, it may be said that the pictures at the Art Association were not good, in fact, that has been stated. But the statement is misleading; some of the best landscapes ever exhibited in America by an American painter, and one or two figure pieces that are unequaled in this city for composition and color, are on the walls. But it cannot be said that Mrs. Johnson's gallery is poor in good works; the masters of the present age have contributed to its enrichment, and some of the famous and highly-prized pictures of the great men of the past are seen there. Yet people will not go to see art; they will not pay twenty-five or fifty cents to look on something that, I am bound to say, they cannot understand. They will cheerfully expend fifty cents to witness the lascivious caperings of a shameless woman at some disreputable dive, and will feast their eyes on the half-nude pictures of spotted females on posters on the dead walls, but they will not pay to see art.

* * *

I am of the opinion that the man or woman who gives a million dollars to found a museum or art gallery is throwing the money away. There is no use in concealing the fact that the public of San Francisco has been robbed of all desire to see good pictures; it would rather look at the meretricious objects in a beer saloon through a glass, than spend five minutes in wondering what a Rubens, Millais, Corot, Detti, Saporetti, or Brissot meant. The public is very much of a pig, and for some time past the papers have been holding the trough to its large and pointed nose. We do not want an art gallery here; we want girls to dance the hula-hula, fakirs to get up international tugs-of-war, unlicensed masquerades, cheaper beer, and fewer hours of work, so that the public may enjoy all these edifying things.

* * *

Alfred Wilkie's Operetta Company will appear at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday, May 2d, in "The Sleeping Queen" and "Widows Bewitched."

* * *

The Committee of Public Safety seem to mean business. I am informed they are preparing to unmask corruption in high places, and will be ready to back their investigations with plenty of money. In spite of criticisms to the contrary this Committee is not made up of the mere "prominent citizens." It has been selected with the greatest care, and the men composing it are determined to achieve results if exertion, time, and money are effective. The first meeting was held on Monday afternoon last, and committees of some importance were appointed. Able counsel will prosecute all offenders the Committee brings into Court.

* * *

If the "Owl's Nest" project is slow, it is none the less sure. The business arrangements have been finally effected, and now the building will be got under way as soon as practicable. Nat Brittan has had a force quarrying stone for some months past, and there is now an ample supply. On Saturday last Willis Polk marked the outlines of the structure, and on May Day the foundation stone will be laid. President Dan O'Connell is now engaged preparing a programme of exercises for the event. It will, for variety and interest, far surpass any "jinks" the Bohemian Club has given.

* * *

The Woman's Exchange opens the season auspiciously with an entertainment of a very unusual and pleasant character, at Angel Island, next Saturday. Through the kindness of Colonel Shafter the managers are able to invite their friends to this charming place, where every opportunity will be afforded the Exchange's patrons to rid themselves of the blues. The Spreckels and Pacific Mail Companies, through Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and Mrs. Alexander Center, have kindly offered tugs for the conveyance of the patrons. The *menu*—without taking into consideration the ride, the scenery, the chance for pleasure, the hop, and the music—suggests more than is usually had for the price of admission.

* * *

THE RACES at the Bay District track have provided much pleasure for the large class of people who enjoy exhibitions of endurance and speed between horses. My criticisms on the accommodations for the public have had no good result with the Association, but I am happy to state that they are likely to bear fruit in the shape of another organization whose object will be to purchase a track of land for a race course, build a grand stand that is safe to sit in, erect a clubhouse that will be a source of pride to patrons of the turf, and conduct horse-racing for the pleasure there is in it, and not for the profit to be derived from it. However, I have no desire to bear down too heavily on the men who are at the head of the present Association; they certainly do the best they can under the terms of their lease with the owners of the Bay District track. * * *

The new Association will probably be formed within the month. It will purchase land in the

Marion Harland's Endorsement
OF
Royal Baking Powder.

[Extract from Marion Harland's Letter to the Royal Baking Powder Co.]

I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market.
It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

Marion Harland

vicinity of the Seven Mile House, on the old San Jose Road, and will have a financial backing that will make it absolutely certain of success. The moment that its existence is assured, it will have the support of all the progressive men of the old organization, which will then be abandoned to the book-makers. The papers will drop it, and everyone knows horse races cannot be run without the assistance of the press. It is absolutely impossible to make horse-racing popular with the accommodations at the Bay District; there are enough lovers of the turf in this city to assure success to an organization that will make reasonable efforts to secure their comfort.

* * *

Dan McCarthy made a big winning at this meeting, and his purses run away up in the thousands. He bought an untried string some time ago, and every one proved a runner. When the meeting is over his horses will go East, in the care of his son Joe, who is a bit of a phenomenon about a stable. The boy isn't over sixteen, but has as much horse sense and knowledge as any man on the track. He was born to it, and is regarded as a prodigy. I was glad to see the winning that Castro made in the two-year-old race on the sixth day. This colt belongs to Charley Trevathan, of the *Examiner*, was bought for a song a year ago, and ran against Sir Reel, Oporto, Tigress, and a splendid field, but won handily. The colt is entered for a big stake on Saturday, and ought to win.

* * *

WHY THE TUG OF WAR at the Mechanics' Pavilion should be so successful is not as much of an enigma as some people imagine. The gathered crowds do not indicate the cosmopolitan character of the community as some say, nor as others, the prevailing taste for athletic display. The truth is that San Francisco is a great gambling centre, and the tug of war offers an opportunity for betting. Rope-hauling is all very well in its way, but it is the pool box connection that attracts the audiences. This interesting point has not previously been commented on. In the absence of pools the tug of war was an utter failure in Chicago. The first night I believe $15,000 passed through the pool box, on which a toll of five per cent was levied.

* * *

This represents a good deal of money and is regarded by those who go in for betting as an extortionate charge. Only three per cent is levied on amounts wagered on pugilistic encounters. Here is a new topic for Rev. Mr. Smith and the sensational pulpit generally to inveigh upon. Whoever will denounce the affair I can promise columns of Monday morning advertising.

* * *

TOM BISHOP and ex-Judge Evans have just brought to a successful conclusion their fight for the Hollister estate in Santa Barbara. After litigation extending over twenty years, this magnificent rancho reverts to the nine heirs of Nicholas Den, who, after deducting the attorneys' interest of one-third, will receive over $30,000 each. The property has become famous for its fertility and beauty, for its groves of oranges, walnuts, and olives. Round the Hollister residence is an area of verdant lawns and lovely gardens planted with bananas, palms, and the most varied tropical foliage. The estate, indeed, is one of the show places of the county. One can understand why Hollister made so vigorous a fight to retain possession of it. Three different times has the Supreme Court had a chance of settling disputed points that arose in the course of the litigation.

* * *

At various times McAllister, Highton, Sam Wilson, and Heaven knows how many more, have been retained against the Den heirs, but Mr. Bishop and Judge Evans have finally prevailed, and for their pains will have about $75,000 each. Originally known as the Dos Pueblos, this ranch was purchased by Hollister from one of Nicholas Den's executors, Chas. Hewes, who failed to obtain an order of Court permitting the transaction. A fair enough price was paid at the time, but when the Den heirs came of age they commenced proceedings to have the sale set aside because of its informality. That was twenty years ago. Arrangements are now being made for the distribution of the property, and Mr. Bishop is at Santa Barbara perfecting them. He possesses a great many thousand fertile acres in Santa Barbara County, to which he is devoted.

* * *

The Hollisters are not, of course penniless. They are still rich people, though their assets are decreased some half a million of dollars by the termination of this litigation. A large area of productive property remains in their possession and their production of olives and walnuts will be continued. One of the prettiest rigs at the Battle of Flowers, indeed, was that of Mrs. Willie Hollister, a very pretty girl, who looked charming in a phæton trimmed with Duchesse roses and silver moss, drawn by two snowy steeds.

* * *

COMPETITION is ruining the people of this city; it is the death of trade. The business man without capital is being driven to the wall, and even the wealthy man is losing money in his efforts to get trade. I would call particular attention to what is known as the free-lunch system, a most pernicious plan of drawing business to the bar. Some years ago this was unknown in San Francisco. When a man paid two bits for a glass of whisky, he got a sip of water on the side, and that satisfied him. Later he got a clove; then a coffee bean; then a pretzel; next a cracker; after that a sandwich; following this an oyster; a spoonful of Boston beans; a clam fritter; a slice of roast. Now the saloon-keepers have to give a banquet and a cigar to every person who purchases a glass of beer. And competition has not stopped yet. I had my attention called to all this in a very sad manner the other day.

* * *

A friend of mine, who has a rich man's abhorrence of paying for anything that he has a chance of getting for nothing, wanted a couple of seats at the Alcazar, last week. He had no desire to buy them, and called on Mr. Willey, one of the partners there, for the courtesies usually extended to newspapermen. Mr. Willey was astonished.

"Why," said he, "every seat is sold for that evening."

"Oh, come, Willey, you are talking through a horn," was the reply.

"And I'm talking to a greenhorn if you think you can get a pass here," said Mr. Willey, displaying a card on which was written "Free List Entirely Suspended." "Why," he continued, "you can't even buy a ticket now."

My friend smiled, and left the managerial presence. He drifted into the saloon next door, ordered a glass of beer, and, while nibbling at the free luncheon, said to the barkeep: "Any tickets with this?"

"Yes, indeed. Where'll you have them?" was the reply, as the mixer drew forth a bundle of tickets.

"Oh, anywhere," said my friend, as he wiped away from his mustache the remnants of his feast. He put down his five cents, took up the tickets, and called on Mr. Willey again. "This town," he said to that gentleman, "beats the world. Here I can get a glass of beer, a fine free-lunch, and a couple of seats at the Alcazar, for five cents. I wish I had asked for a box." Mr. Willey breathed hard.

The Witness.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—You have spoken so authoritatively on the subject of epistolary literature in general that I long to know what you think of love-letter writing. Have you ever indulged on notepaper a tender sentiment for some particular He? If so, you will understand how hard it is to be rapt and emotional in good prose. It is a case of dignity or drivel. One expresses the loftiest esteem in long, labored, respectful phrases, or gushes in brief sentences, saccharine stupidities. Which is sillier—the serious or the soft—is hard to decide. Curious, that Cupid should turn individuals reverential, or ridiculously affectionate. I am speaking now of letters from heart to heart, where passion is real. It is different when love is feigned. Then, one can hit the happy medium; the phrases glow without unnecessary raptures—there is just the correct degree of consideration exhibited in sentences of eminent fitness. They breathe a subtle spirit of self-sacrifice, an alluring exaltation, that is almost epigrammatic. Therefore, if you would marry a literary personage, and are really in love, don't write to him. If you have affected him with an equal degree of tenderness it is a way of learning his estimation of your literary judgment to observe the frequency of his epistles.

You must not apply these rules to "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman" because they are so only in name. Addressed to a bosom friend "Dearest Nellie" one learns of Madge's raptures at second hand. Indeed, if she loved Mark as truly as is indicated, her epistles were too sentimental to be elegant reading. According to her confessions, this worldly woman fell in with a mean type of man—the unfortunate fate of many a nice girl—but she seems to have declared her affection with less conventionality than discretion. However, she ends with an aged and wealthy diplomat who makes her a most excellent husband. This book opens with "A Modern Correspondence," which is good reading. She writes Him of the dullness of goodness and assures him that no woman who is utterly and entirely sanctified obtains a man's most fervent, passionate love. She wonders if husbands are so often unfaithful because of the beatitudes of their better halves; says they cannot stand the dreary monotonies and certainties but give them affection and reverence, then go to women less good and love them. This is a very startling doctrine, and He, an Englishman, a landholder, matter of fact and commonplace, says he cannot comprehend them or her, and adds "perhaps that is the reason why I love you." She writes again refusing to marry him, advising his selection of a cousin Nell and settling down to the dull prosaic life he indicates as the height of his desires. "I will marry a man whose future is not unrolled like yours, before my eyes," she says, and means it, too. The final letter is one from his most intimate friend who says he would give all her philosophizing for "a nice little note with a monogram in the corner, a word or two doubtfully spelled, and crammed full of dears and darlings—worth a stack of these which might have been written to her great grandmother." "On the Wane" the last series is amusing and clever.

By this time I presume you have run over "The Three Fates," Marion Crawford's latest. Not a *chef d'œuvre* as the "Witch of Prague" was, nor so deliciously sentimental as "Dr. Claudius," it is, in its way, interesting. The plot is simple enough and the characterization well defined. In the career of the young novelist, George Woods, there is, perhaps, a touch of autobiography. He is a strong study, a distinct personality, at least in the earlier part of the book, with his sarcastic habit of speech, his strongly modeled head, prominent brows, and straight thin nose. About his scorn for the namby-pamby reviewing he is forced to do for a living, there is energy and power, and over the writing of his first book, which veritably he dashes off, one becomes as deeply interested as Constance Fearing, to whom it was read chapter by chapter, in Central Park. The huge gap between journalism and literature has never been expressed in so graphic a manner as Crawford puts it. I know of few stronger bits of narrative than the description of George writing his last novel. For nine days ignorant of everything, he had reached such a point of abstraction that he heard nothing, saw nothing. The house might have been burned over his head and he would have been unconscious until his paper caught fire. Another powerful passage describes Tom Craik, the millionaire, lying in his bed watching his sister and speculating on the cause of her anxiety, finally deciding she wishes for his death. The scene between this savage old man and George, where he tells of the passionate delight of fighting for wealth, fighting for pictures and statuary, not for their sake but for that of the struggle, is very fine. Read the book by all means. You will agree with me it is well done, passages as strong as aught he has written—disappointing as a whole.

ORACLE, K. B.

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Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains, daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents.

Respectfully,

HEPBURN & TERRY.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco
By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, April 30, 1892.

CHINESE EXCLUSION.

It is a matter for congratulation that among the law-makers of America are some who rise above party politics and race prejudice. The defeat of the anti-Chinese bill in the Senate, which was accomplished by Democrats and Republicans alike, proves that men may be politicians without being demagogues, and public servants without being party slaves.

It is a most unfortunate thing that the press is in the control of men who, on all questions of public policy, range themselves on the side that promise most to them in dollars and cents. There has been conducted by California editors an anti-Chinese campaign that has retarded the growth of the State, beaten back emigration, and caused the loss of millions of dollars to business men. The cities on the eastern sea-board have opened their doors to citizens of all nations; the population of the Middle and Eastern and Northern States has increased, every one has shown a marked progress; the Irish have poured into New York, the Hungarians into Pennsylvania, the Swedes into the Dakotas, the Scotch into Illinois, and those States have increased in wealth and political importance in a manner that has left California far behind. Suffering as we do from a lamentable dearth of labor, the press of California must shout for the exclusion of the representative of a race that have done more to develop our resources, to improve our arable land, work our vineyards, operate our farms, and build our railroads, than those of any other nation that has set foot on our shores.

It is apparent that the people of California do not agree with our brilliant editors. The citizens of this State, watching its crab-like progress in its race with its sisters, have concluded that there is a cause for retrogression, and have shown that they are not in sympathy with the anti-Chinese utterances of the press. Four years ago one of our strong anti-Chinese editors, then a delegate to the National Republican Convention, telegraphed to his paper that General Harrison could never carry California because of his pro-Chinese record. The people at the election proved his utterances and his telegrams bumcombe, and intimated very plainly that the Chinese question was no more an issue of the campaign than hydraulic mining.

The business men of California realize that our one great need is labor. This is not a manufacturing State; San Francisco must depend for her local trade on the farms and the vineyards. If the cereals and the fruits rot on the ground for lack of hands to crop and pick them, the City by the Golden Gate must suffer. Immigration from the East has been looked for in vain. The men who come hither flock to the cities. They are unsuited to agricultural work, and while the farmers and vineyardists are suffering for men to till the soil and prune their vines, San Francisco teems with the unemployed. If the best interests of California are to be served we must admit the Chinese. There is work for all we can get, and the more who come to our shores the better for San Francisco and the State.

LAST SATURDAY'S ELECTION.

The Republican Primaries were held last week, and the glorious privilege of American citizenship was duly exercised. The dignity and wisdom of free Republican institutions were again upheld as an answer to the scoffer and an encouraging example to those creatures who still groan under effete monarchies. Big-necked Jones and Broken-snout Smith met Game-leg Bill and One-eared Pete at the ballot-box, and the voice of the American people was heard unmistakably. To those who fail to understand the voice of the people as thus expressed, there is but one answer: What are you going to do about it? Surely, never before was gathered in this community such a fearful lot of wretches as fought and struggled at the polls a week ago. Never in the history of this city were the haunts of crime and dens of vice canvassed with such results. Human filth was at a premium, for the bosses in their rivalry had sought far and wide that each might, if possible, have more muck than the other, and the result, on election day, was a collection of garbage such as beggars description. In this battle were shown the majesty of the American Constitution and the beauty of the Law. This was the American citizen expressing his political preference. He had his own ideas as to methods, to be sure, but this was the way it was done. Now let the great California Press come forth with the usual flimflam, showing with copious editorial how our institutions and practices shine above those of all other lands, and the picture will be complete.

One dear old adage went to smash last Saturday: "When thieves fall out honest men get their dues." Who ever saw a greater falling out of rogues than between Boss Burns and his rowdies and Martin Kelly and his ruffians, and what honest man or honest purpose was in the least degree served? They did not even help the community by killing one another. I have read of great principles of honor being upheld by arms in the field of battle. I have heard many ways of establishing principle by physical force, but what principles in politics can be determined, right or wrong, by herding the outcasts, criminals and indecencies of humanity into two factions and having them assault each other? For this is actually what occurred at the so-called Republican Primary.

The decent citizen, at sight of the howling, brawling mass, fled from the polls. The sway of the roughs was undisputed, and his work was undiluted by the faintest trace of respectability. No decent Republican will admit that this outrage, styled with peculiar irony an election, expresses the sentiment of the party in San Francisco, and yet nobody rises to protest and repudiate it. If the party by its silence gives consent to such practices, the citizens of this city will surely on election day administer a proper rebuke to the men who have been instrumental in debauching the city.

PRESAGES SUCCESS.

The enrollment of the Democracy under the auspices of the Reorganizers is beyond anything in the history of the party in this city. Making all reasonable allowance for stuffing and frauds generally, it must be conceded that the outpouring of Democrats is beyond precedent. Nothing could be more satisfactory. No boss was ever created when citizens were performing their political duties, and the Reorganizers may take the enrollment as an evidence that their work has been well done, and that they have nothing to fear from the people. Such interest, thus early in the campaign, cannot subside before election, and with the stimulus of a Presidential contest, the enthusiasm should constantly increase. All this portends Democratic success, and only some unexcusable blunder can defeat it. The best men should be placed in positions of trust. Shelf-worn politicians should not be taken down and dusted off to be presented to the people. The improvement in politics makes public position a greater honor, and a better class of citizens can be induced to run for office. Good judgment in the exercise of power by the party management can lay the foundation for ten years of Democratic success.

I know of few underwriters who do not believe the California Insurance Corporation has made a great mistake in retiring from the field. It was in excellent condition; it had an excellent agency system, and an admirable plant. All this has been sacrificed to the short-sighted greed of Daniel Meyer. The California was a good Company, and was admirably officered. Than President Bromwell and Secretary Fowler there are no more competent underwriters in San Francisco.

Perhaps it is the best that could have happened men of this caliber to be forced out of a corporation's service to build up a business of their own. It will not be long before they have a flourishing general agency. With the People's and the Union, marine as a nucleus they intend opening early next month. I trust they will be as fortunate as they deserve. It remains only to congratulate the Fireman's Fund on the acquirement of the California's business.

Of course no one who knows aught about underwriting believes the ridiculous story about the Fireman's Fund carrying the full lines of the California and the Home Mutual in San Francisco. Staples, Dutton, and Faymonville know too much for that. Their first step was to reduce, by re-insurance, their liability down to its original basis, thus removing all danger in case of a conflagration.

A TRIO OF NOTABLES.

SHORT SKETCHES OF THREE WELL-KNOWN MEN.

DR. W. O. WILCOX.

Among the leading physicians of this city there are few who stand higher in the estimation of the public than Dr. W. O. Wilcox, whose office is at 21 Powell Street. He is a native of Marshall County, Ill., where he was born in 1850. He studied medicine at Sangatuck, Mich., and subsequently entered the Bennett Electric Medical College at Chicago, where he graduated on May 20, 1873. Dr. Wilcox then went to Marrissa, Ill., where his talents met with gratifying recognition, and for ten years he was recognized as the leading physician of his county. In October, 1883, he removed with his family to Healdsburg, Cal., and it was not long before he had established a large and lucrative practice. In May, 1891, he accepted a call to lecture in the California Medical College in this city, upon Genito-Urinary diseases, a subject which he had made a special study and upon which he is recognized as a competent authority. Dr. Wilcox stands high among the faculty of the College and his lectures, which are delivered on Tuesdays and Fridays, invariably attract large crowds of students and young physicians interested in the study of Genito-Urinary diseases. He is also an excellent demonstrator of anatomy, and as an instructor in this special branch he has no superior among the medical fraternity in this city. His professional standing in this city is very high, as is evidenced by the large crowds that daily throng his office at 31 Powell Street. Socially he is an affable gentleman whom it is a delight to know, and his personal traits are admired by a large circle of friends.

CHARLES W. TABER.

If you ask the citizens of the Eleventh Ward whom they deem to be the most progressive and public-spirited citizen of that ward, you will unquestionably receive the answer—Charles W. Taber, their representative in the Board of Supervisors. Mr. Taber was born at Grafton, N. H., on March 29, 1839, from good old revolutionary stock, his grandfather having been an officer in Washington's army. He received his schooling at Manchester, N. H., and at twenty-one years of age he came to California. He first engaged in business as a carriage builder with a Mr. Cunningham under the firm name of Taber & Cunningham. The venture proved highly successful and subsequently Mr. Taber became identified with the Guadaloupe Dairy, situated in the Guadaloupe Valley, six miles from this city. This dairy has, through Mr. Taber's efforts, become famous as one of the largest and best in the State. Its patrons are numerous and include all the leading hotels and public and private institutions in the city. His success as a business man led his friends to believe that he would also make a good public official, and in 1890 he was nominated and elected as Supervisor from the Eleventh Ward. Although a Republican, Mr. Taber is not radical, as his acts as Chairman of the Street Committee have proved. The county records bears evidence in more than a few instances of his skillful direction of public affairs. He was mainly instrumental in securing the paving of Potrero Avenue, Kentucky Street, the raising of the grade of Army Street six feet, and is now working for the grading of Mission Road. He is giving much attention to the sewerage problem, and if he serves another term, as his friends say he will, he will accomplish great things for the city. His character bears no blemish and his honesty as a public official has never been questioned. He is the right man in the right place.

GEORGE R. B. HAYES.

The gentleman whose portrait is presented herewith is one of the best-known attorneys in San Francisco. George R. B. Hayes has built up a practice that yields a very large income and that is regarded as among the most enviable in the city. Although still a young man, Mr. Hayes has made a notable success of life. His position in the social, political, and professional world is well established. He is a notable figure at the Democratic conventions and has always taken an active part in politics. He is a member of the well-known law-firm of Stanley, Stoney & Hayes.

FRENCH OPINION OF CALIFORNIA.

The Paris *Figaro* of December 5th compliments California on its large contingent of refined inhabitants. The writer derives his favorable opinion from the fact of 15,000 cases Pommery Sec champagne having been imported in one year, and adds that a country in the far West, with only 1,000,000 population, consuming such quantities of fine wines, must be surely progressive in culture.

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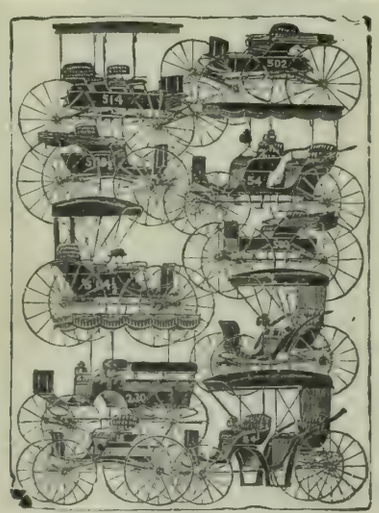

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MUSIC.

MUSIN CONCERT.

Artists of celebrity do not overrun our concert season; their appearances are as much of an exception as the advent of sea serpents, wild men, and saurians. The public accepts them much in the same way as it would any example of nature's individualism; its attitude is a mixture of curiosity, patronage, and hostility. Ovide Musin is a violinist whose talents have placed him in the rank of the exceptions, and our public treats him likewise. Of the violin virtuosi, Musin is the only one who finds or makes it worth while to perambulate the country, so that his reception is, at least financially, encouraging. This artist prefers exercising his gifts in familiarizing the public with his conceptions of the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn to bringing forward less well-known compositions, it would seem. These two great works will bear all the light Musin can throw upon them, and are, artistically speaking, the justification of his concert tours. The master-pieces in trumpery from his own and other sources serve to titillate the delicate sense of the mob to whom the virtuoso pays more than every courtesy and attention. Musin's art remains very much as it was, that is, apart from its unfortunate manifestations, his mastery of mechanism is fully as vigorous and many-sided as ever. His fine tones, intonation with slight flaws, beautifully-shaded *pianissimo* playing, and indulgence in characteristic effects, are traits inseparable from him. His performance of the Mendelssohn Concerto was virile, touched in the *andante* by some unexplainable habits of Italian vocalism, and generally strong, though undistinguished. Encores, redeemed only by the Preislied arrangement, filled the public with an exuberant desire to applaud.

Edward Scharf plays as before, with the old-fashioned finger-touch productive of a wearisome shortness of tone—albeit, his executive power in that style is remarkable. His playing of Saint-Saens' flashy concerto was not luminous with gleams of artistic perception, his accompanying, however, is in fair taste, and supports the solo equally effectually. The vocalists are endowed with only a partial share of the necessary gifts; some talent and little voice, good voice and no talent, harmony in indifference of voice and talent, these are the combinations among the three. The choice as to want of method are evenly balanced.

Miss Withrow's ballad concert will be discussed in the next issue.

A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

Passengers on the Sausalito ferry, when going by Alcatraz are wont to observe how admirably the island fortress is placed by nature to command and defend the entrance to the harbor. Hostile ships of war entering the Golden Gate would be exposed to a direct fire from the guns on this island. San Francisco is a city easily defended against an enemy. The same passengers, however, continuing their journey into Mill Valley, see there a suburban town defended by high surrounding hills so impregnable that no modern guns are needed to save it from harm. It is not from the cannon of an enemy only that Mill Valley is protected. The hills shut out the deadly raw winds that kill so many weak-lunged San Franciscans; the slope of the valley permits of a perfect system of sewers, and the mountains send down the purest water which, in turn, equally protect against disease; the conditions under which the land is sold protect against saloons and objectionable neighbors, and the limited area and desirable nature of the property protect against any depreciation of its value. These things account for the extraordinary rush for lots in this perfect suburban town.

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A MAIDEN EFFORT.

W. C. MORROW.

It is my fortune to read a considerable number of manuscripts, in order to pass a private opinion on them; many of these come from young women, who, I am pleased to see, desire to make something more of themselves than average girls of Society. The relation thus established between the aspirants and me is, of course, confidential; but there is nothing of interest in that. In one case, however, it has developed an extraordinary character, and it came about in the manner following:

Recently I received a sketch from a young lady, who is dainty, modest, talented, and very pretty. She is a student in one of the greater "institutions of learning" in California, and she writes that in the little sketch which she sent me she was merely trying her wings, and that by reason of the somewhat delicate nature of the subject which she treated, she had to impose upon me the strictest obligation of silence regarding its authorship. She adds: "You are well aware of the fact that any public connection of my name with this sketch will ruin me in the estimation of the many who consider it proper to debase art by harnessing it to the conventions which invest a maiden." This is somewhat vague, but I know what she means. I know, too, that her family has a high place in the "social scale" of San Francisco; and it is only in the exercise of a permission from her to secure the publication of the sketch if I consider it worthy, that I introduce it here. While I believe it is a clever piece of work, and, better than that, gives evidence of talent, its interest is strengthened in a peculiar manner by the facts of a sequel which I will add to it, in which I shall introduce a matter that will bring great astonishment to a certain very charming young person in the world. The sketch is as follows:

THE LOST GARTER-BUCKLE.

Muriel Arlington, happy in the possession of an exquisite pair of gold garter-buckles presented on Christmas by her father, feasted her eyes upon the delicate tracery of the graver's point, the fine blue enamel surrounding a dainty cluster of forget-me-nots, and the brilliant little diamond set in the axis of each tiny blossom. While thus she looked she suddenly started, uttered a suppressed cry of horror, and instinctively flung the trinket across the room, for with the shadowy indistinctness and persistent insinuation of a terrifying dream, she had seen staring at her from the buckle the face of a hideous dwarf. It seemed to have started into existence in an instant, and to have leered at her with a grimace. Every one of his features was clear to her eye—enormous ears, one placed higher than the other on the skull; for a nose, two holes in a flat space between eyes and mouth; a vast mouth with a hare-lip disclosing enormous teeth, twisted out of shape; and wild hair falling over fierce, sunken eyes.

There lay the bauble on the carpet of her boudoir, looking as innocent as possible. She reasoned that she must have been mistaken, though what if the goldsmith, either by accident or design, had so cleverly done his work as to make it have a suggestion of this hideous face? Bah! the idea was absurd; Muriel's nerves were unstrung from over-study. It was Sophocles and calculus that had painted the ugly picture on the buckle. Mustering her courage, she picked up the trinket gingerly, looked at it, and saw not the least suggestion of the face.

"I am a goose," she said.

She took it to her dressing-case and picked up its mate. A single glance sent her heart bounding; there looked out at her from this one the handsome face of a young man—a calm, thoughtful, studious face, perfect in feature, manly in expression, and full of the tenderness and strength of gentle masculinity. Eagerly she turned it to throw upon it a stronger light; but with incredible suddenness it disappeared, and no further search would restore it! The other was equally blank. The twin buckles remained in her hands merely an exquisite product of the goldworker's skill.

"I believe I am going insane," she mused; and then, sighing wearily, she prepared for her couch, and soon was slumbering.

But what dreams there came! Now they took on the form of a hideous dwarf; again, that of an Adonis. Then gradually the two faces exchanged features, one at a time, making the most grotesque combinations. At one time, the one with the beautiful face was trying to drown her, and the dwarf was risking his life to save her; again, the handsome one was pouring out its heart to her, while the dwarf tried to strangle her. It was a miserable night, and the morning found her ill and nervous. For days she remained unhappy and unstrung. At times she had caught fleeting glimpses of the two faces in her garter-buckles, but they left as suddenly as they came. None other of her school friends could find any suggestion of the faces, but this failed to bring the needed calm to her spirit.

This was more than human flesh could bear. Slowly, but with unfailing steadiness, she drifted away from the clear common sense that had always guided her, and allowed her mind to dwell upon occult things. Out of this mass of dreams and visions came an overwhelming desire to consult some one skilled in occult philosophy; and who better than the quaint, queer, shriveled old Hindu, with his mumblings and mutterings, his strange knowledge of poisons and the stars, his stuffy little room burdened with heavy perfumes and filled with curious things, his white dress and blue turban, his crimson shoes, the peculiar wand which he always carried, the trances into which he fell, and the astonishing revelations he could make—who better than he, Rabaya the Mystic? If he could not lift the veil, so be it; if he could—to Rabaya she went, climbing laboriously to his little rookery in one of the queerest districts of San Francisco, the Latin Quarter.

The little old man, brown and wrinkled, greeted her with profound salaams, eying her closely with sharp glances which issued from deep recesses from underneath his shaggy brows. She told him of her trouble; placed the garter-buckles in his hand; was confused when he asked her which had shown the face of a dwarf and which that of an Adonis, for she had not thought to distinguish them.

"Never mind, my child," he said, "I can decide."

With that he went into the strangest trance; his eyes rolled; his nerves trembled; he passed the wand over his forehead.

"It is all clear," he finally said. "This is the one on which the dwarf appears. I place a mark on the silk elastic—thus. Wear that one on your right leg. This other carries the handsome face; wear that on your left leg, to be nearer the heart. Make no mistake, or the whole course of your life will be changed. If you reverse them in wearing, opposing currents will be established; you will feel them in your bones, in your heart, in your brain; for with one of these men the fates have linked you inseparately."

"With which one?" she asked breathlessly.

Putting on a queer smile, the old man answered: "I have told you all I may. Be content and watchful, and you need not fear. When peril assails you, then fate, if you have been careful, will solve the problem for you. Meanwhile, lose no time in putting them on. You may step into that closet. Remove them only at night." The mystic eyes rolled vagely; he trembled. This had a strange effect on Muriel. She caught the occult influence of the surroundings; the heavy perfumes intoxicated her; she gasped for breath and air. Nerving herself to effort, she seized the Mystic by the arm and cried:

"You know something else. You must tell me!"

"I dare not," he whispered.

"You *must* tell me!" she insisted all the more urgently, pushing his withered form to the wall.

"I can say only that you must not lose one of them, if you value your happiness, if you love your life. More than that I may say not a word." With that he sank in collapse upon a lounge, and closed his eyes.

Muriel hurried to the closet and adjusted the garters, slipped a generous gold piece into the hand of the Hindu, and fled the place. Soon she was aboard the steamer on her way to school; but from the moment when she adjusted the garters she began to feel the strangest sensations. Uncanny flashes swept through her body; peculiar visions of grotesque and handsome faces shaped themselves in the air about her; her temples were bursting, her eyes burned. Just as the steamer touched the Oakland pier an impression assailed her with the force of a blow—*what if she had made a mistake in adjusting the garters?* It was dark in the closet; she had hurried; she had not been careful! Yet he had cautioned her so particularly! "Make no mistake," he had said, "or your whole life will be changed." She surely had made the fatal mistake. She felt the opposing currents in her bones, her heart, and her brain, as he had predicted. To verify or disprove her fear was impossible, for she was now aboard the train. Driven almost mad by her fears, she left the train before it arrived at the final station, ran through the outskirts of the village, and was seeking to find seclusion among the oaks that lined a small cañon which she knew.

Her mad flight attracted the vicious attention of a dog of great size, and the brute, with hoarse barking, gave chase. She looked around in dismay and terror, and her frightened scream rang through the cañon. At that moment she saw a man running toward her, and though he was distant yet, and might not arrive in time to save her from a frightful death, she, nevertheless, saw him with sufficient distinctness to recognize in him the handsome cavalier, whose portrait had fleetingly illumined one of her garter buckles. Yielding to an overpowering sense of strangely mixed emotions, she fell to the ground unconscious. * *

When she had nearly recovered she had a vague impression of ineffable delight. No pains from lacerated flesh annoyed her. An uncertain recollection of passionate words of endearment poured into her ear and warm kisses pressed to her lips added an indescribable sweetness to her comfort. One of her small hands was clasped in that of a strong man. It was all too sweet, too luxurious, and with a sigh she drifted into darkness. * * *

Upon awaking she found herself in her own bed, with anxious schoolmates around her. "Ah, Muriel," her nearest friend said, "we are so glad to see you well again! Keep quiet, dear—it is all right now."

She looked around to find a certain face—it was not there. Then she sank into sleep. Presently she awoke. "Muriel," said her best friend, "a man has just called, who says that he has found something which he is sure you must have lost down near the cañon. He refuses to say what it is, and declares he must deliver it to you in person. I think, dear, it must be one of your garter-buckles, for when they brought you here and we undressed you one of them was missing, and—"

"Which one?" she eagerly asked.

"The left one."

"Thank God!" she said, sinking back upon her pillow and closing her eyes, while a smile broke over her face. And then she vaguely wondered whether accident had unclasped it or whether——

"Shall I let him in, Muriel?"

"Yes."

"But you are not strong enough, dear."

"Let him in."

"But, Muriel, he insists on seeing you alone!"

"Well, let him in, and leave us alone."

She closed her eyes. Her friend went away. The stranger entered. He paused at the threshold. He closed the door and slowly approached her bed.

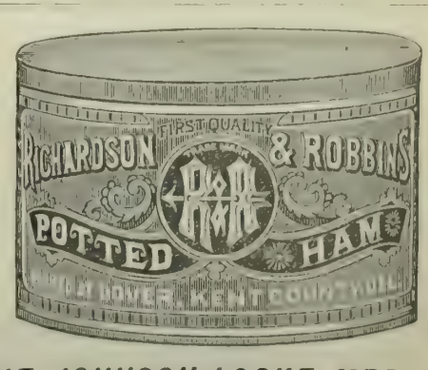
"I fear you are asleep," he said. Her reply was a smile—she could not speak, and she dared not open her eyes. He came nearer and gently took her hand, "I have found something you lost," he said, "and I have come to restore it." He placed it in her hand, and by touch she recognized the lost garter! Ah, the sweetness and tenderness of the voice that addressed her. She opened her eyes. * * * A fearful scream brought her friend flying to her assistance; and there, sitting up in bed, she saw Muriel, her eyes staring wildly and her face drawn with terror, while near her, frightened and abashed, stood the man who had brought the lost garter—a dwarf he was, with a strangely grotesque face, enormous ears placed unevenly on his skull, two holes in his face for nostrils, fierce eyes, and a vast mouth with a hare-lip that disclosed hideous teeth. * * *

In the dead of the night frightful screams awake the sleepers in the great asylum for the insane at Napa, and the name of Muriel Arlington appears on the roll of the unfortunates there.

MY ADDENDUM.

And so ends my fair correspondent's sketch. Barring its feverishness and its somewhat too lively sensationalism I consider it a clever production.

It happens curiously enough that I am personally familiar with some of the facts upon which her



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AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

sketch is founded. I believe that "Muriel Arlington's" father really gave her the pretty garter-buckles, that she did imagine she saw the faces in them, and that she did visit that sly old scoundrel "Rabaya,' whose name is not Rabaya, and who is not a Hindu, for with his queer little den, his charlatanry, and his personality I am well acquainted, recognizing him from the description; and that "Muriel" had all the fears, so well depicted, on the score of a possible mistake in adjusting the garters after the visit to the "Mystic." I know positively that she left the train at a small station, for I was near and saw her alight. I know that she screamed in terror when she saw a small dog chasing a cat across the street, for it was I who ran forward to reassure her. It was I who picked her up after she had fainted; it was I who took her home, having impressed a Chinese vegetable-cart for the service; but I have no recollection of having kissed her or made love to her. It is true she lost her garter in the scramble, but it was not true that a dwarf was concerned in the matter at all; not true that any one delivered the lost trinket to her, and not true that "Muriel" is in a madhouse, for I know that she is sane and well, one of the prettiest and sweetest, and most talented girls in the country.

I have only to add that the initials (very unusual ones) engraved on the buckle in my possession *are those of my fair correspondent herself!* I shall be happy to surrender the property to its rightful owner—when she shall call in person and claim it.

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THE MUMMERS.

"Prince Karl" is an exceedingly dull, stupid, and insipid play, whose deadly tediousness even Mr. Mansfield could not redeem. It gives the actor a better opportunity of showing courage than versatility. It seems strange that an actor of his experience, a stage manager of his recognized ability, should put on a play of this character. Mr. Mansfield's dialect is unimpeachable, I believe; although I am by no means a judge of the German as she is brokenly spoke. That cough—and as I once boarded with a family where consumption was prevalent, I can speak with authority on the effort to expel phlegm from the lungs—was one of the most dismaying and unnatural I have ever heard. It sounded very much like a trunk falling up stairs.

On Thursday Mr. Mansfield presented "A Parisian Romance," giving a splendid characterization of Baron Chevrial, probably one of his very best efforts. He will play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" next week.——

James H. Wallack follows Gus Williams at the Bush. Mr. Williams had a very successful week with "Keppler's Fortunes," which will do a good business on its return visit. Mr. Wallack has an excellent opportunity of showing his talent in "The Bandit King," which is a romantic play of considerable strength.——

The production of "The Power of the Press" on Monday at the New California Theatre, will be identical with that which gave the play its remarkable success at the Star Theatre, New York, last season. Manager Augustus Pitou has given the play a remarkably strong cast, and the elaborate stage settings will doubtless create as marked an impression here as they did in the East.

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Monday Next, May 2d Third and Last Week but One

MR. MANSFIELD

IN THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

MR. MANSFIELD IN DUAL ROLE

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

My former comparison of the California re-insurance with another notorious transaction in which a consideration of "thirty pieces of silver" figured, seems more and more appropriate as the details of the deal come to light. How any man, unswayed by the twinges of a disordered "pocket nerve," could have sacrificed this magnificent Company, I, for one, cannot understand.

In order to make this matter perfectly clear to my readers, I give some of the figures herewith:

Assets, $1,115,226.99, less estimated amount to be paid to re-insure all outstanding liability, $205,419.94; other liabilities, $109,101.54—$314,521.48. Amount to be returned to stockholders, $800,705.51; add actual amount of cash dividends paid to stockholders since organization, $1,432,285.51—$2,232,991.02; deduct actual amount of total cash paid in by stockholders, $410,000, showing a net profit of $1,822,991.02. In other words, in 31 years the California has returned nearly 5½ times the amount of the capital actually paid in. Yet this is the Company that has been bartered by its Directorate!

In this connection I have just heard that "Bob" Dickson has secured the California's former City Agents, Nathan & Kingston, for the Royal Exchange. Leave a canny Scot alone for securing a cream city business of $65,000 per annum, even in competition with the street!

* * *

As soon as the details of the transfer are arranged I expect to see both Mr. Bromwell and Mr. Fowler as actively at work as ever, and that the team will be a strong and successful one goes without saying. I am gratified to learn that Secretary Stearns, of the People's of Manchester, the General Agency of which is under Mr. Bromwell's management, will be in town shortly to arrange for increased facilities, and to aid in every way possible the aggressive campaign that will soon be inaugurated. As a lover of fair play, I applaud his nerve and business sagacity.

* * *

It is quite surprising to me how level-headed underwriters can look for profit in the face of the excessive commissions being paid in the field. With the ordinary 35 per cent and 10 per cent general agency contract, and a 15 per cent commission agreement in force, one would naturally look for a reasonable margin of profit; yet I am told that George Easton retired from the business simply because the best he could squeeze out was a beggarly 2 per cent profit upon the net income of his agency. Taking this field as a whole, I am of the opinion that too many companies and agents are working simply for the benefit of their locals and brokers.

* * *

I have been favored (on the quiet) with Adjuster Garniss' printed report of forty-nine pages, covering his four month's stewardship of the Brown & Steel Packing Company loss. He doesn't bring the corporation in debt to the underwriters, but next door to it! Evidently there is no legal liability, but the companies may take an equitable view of the case and compromise. "Screwdriver" Garniss is one of the most painstaking and thorough adjusters on this Coast, but he is too long-winded and arbitrary! That he is unpopular, goes without saying.

LOCAL.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The number of new houses in course of erection at Belvedere proves more conclusively than words the popularity of that charming place. Certainly Belvedere is a constant advertiser of itself, and when people go thither they rarely come away without promising themselves the happiness of buying a lot. One would be surprised to note the changes that have been made on the island in a year; some of the prettiest houses in the State have been built there within that time; and what was merely a beautiful spot, inhabited only by woodland nymphs, has become the most fashionable resort in California. Every opportunity is offered visitors to view the lots yet for sale. A 'bus meets every train, and some one is always in charge to show the grounds. There are first-class hotel accommodations, splendid roads, the purest water in the State, and the prettiest scenery on the Slope at Belvedere.

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FOR THE LADIES.

How any member of the fair sex can willfully forego the exquisite lace and ribbon trimmed underware that one can procure at reasonable prices in our shops for the ugly black combination affairs that so many affect, is quite beyond my understanding, but each season brings new fads and plenty of people to try each new one one as it comes along; yet I am firm in the belief that sooner or later all dainty women will come back to the delightful linen and lace which seems in such good keeping with all the rest of my lady's appointments.

The recent importations as well as domestic goods have new designs unsurpassed in style and daintiness. Many of the night-dresses are in Directoire style with tiny trains edged with dainty little ruffles which are sometimes hemstitched and edged with narrow Valenciennes; others have narrow flounces of French embroidered bands; the necks are low cut, square or round, and with deep ruffles which are finished to match those on the bottom, and are put on full down either side of the front to the waist, forming a huge jabot. The sleeves are sometimes long with deep cuffs of the trimming, or in exceptional models they are formed of double ruffles of the trimming, six inches deep, put in full at the armholes and caught up on the shoulders with bows of ribbon. A wide ribbon is run through insertion just above the waist line and tied in a bow and long ends on the side. For slight figures these garments are especially becoming.

Then there are entire sets of undergarments made of white lawn with tiny embroidered polka dots in pink, blue, or lavender. These are simply made and trimmed in the daintiest of lace. Colored silk sets are as pretty as ever, but are not considered as elegant as the fine linen or muslins; possibly one reason for the decline in their popularity is that they can rarely be satisfactorily laundried.

* * *

I noticed that at all of our fashionable last week's weddings the brides were, without exception, dressed in the heaviest of satins, brocades, or moires, with trimmings of richest lace, and that their mammas and all the aged relations wore the same materials with the same accompaniments, save possibly the difference in coloring. Of course, it is to be admitted that she is fortunate whose papa can give her all this gorgeousness, but so far as that is concerned, a more becoming and apparently simpler costume can be made quite as expensive, and who will deny that soft airy materials are more becoming to youthful faces and figures than stiff heavy ones? How would grandmamma look appearing at her golden wedding in chiffon or embroidered mull? Well, then, does not that rule reverse? It is to be again conceded that one of our last week s brides was as beau'iful as a dream in her robe of heavy silk and trying laces, but then kind nature has done everything for her. All brides are not beautiful, consequently they should study every detail, that they may look their very best in their bridal robes, for if a girl is not to look her very best on her wedding day, when should she?

* * *

The new parasols are so exquisite in design and coloring that it seems in purchasing almost impossible to make a choice. For street use the favorites are still bright shot silks made on the lightest of frames that they may be rolled to have the slim appearance of a cane; the handles are of natural wood with curious knots and twists, or the more expensive have exquisite Dresden china crooks or knobs. For country and seaside use delightful sunshades are made in dainty brocades, shaded chiffon and rainbow-tinted silks, and on some of the dressier the trimming is formed in flowers. One light blue satin brocaded in pink roses has a bunch of the artificial buds fastened at the top. A green crepe has a fringe of violets and green leaves. A clever girl of my acquaintance has bought a number of Japanese parasols, taken the paper off twelve and covered the frames with different materials to match her bright summer dresses. One is of pink and white figured lawn with deep ruffles and large white ribbon bows on top and on the handle, and could rival some of the far more expensive makes. Of course, it requires patience and a little ingenuity to make them a success.

MME. X.

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It is particularly gratifying to consumers to know that the baking powder which they have so long been accustomed to using, the Royal, has invariably gone through the official analyses not only without a reflection against it of impurity or unwholesomeness, but each time more emphatically endorsed as the superior of all the baking powders of the market.

The health authorities of a number of States have recently made exhaustive examinations of this character, and with the uniform result of finding the Royal superior to all others. The United States Government Chemist, after an examination for the Indian Department, made the emphatic statement that "The Royal Baking Powder is the purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge." The authorities of Canada have been making an elaborate study of the baking powders sold there. The official analyst of Ontario says as the result of his investigation that he "finds the Royal Baking Powder far superior to the others," and goes so far as to recommend its use in preference to any other. Likewise a series of over 500 tests for strength made by public analysts and other chemists of prominence throughout the country show it to produce an average of twenty-five per cent more leavening gas than any of its competitors.

A company that maintains this high standard for its product against the temptations of the enormously greater profit that would accrue from the use of the cheaper materials employed by others (for the alum baking powders are produced at a cost of three cents per pound) is entitled to this public commendation and endorsement.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The San Bernardino *Courier* rises to remark that "Two-thirds of the corruption in politics to-day is caused by the ignorant voter, and the influence wielded over him."

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STOCKTON LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—Owing to the many social duties imposed upon me for the last fortnight, I have been unable to write you; and perhaps it has been just as well, since you would probably not care to know anything of the scandalous state of affairs that have existed in our most select circles. Therefore I will merely mention our choicest "bits" of gossip, not even touching the "ragged edge" of the mildest scandal which is at present agitating our best society.

Polite gossip may differ in its magnitude in a city of pretensions like ours, for what we would call "gossip," others might dub scandal. My old chum and fellow-lawyer, "Slippery Jim," of Buckboard Farm, is negotiating with certain parties for a magnificent steam-launch. Jim is envious of Mr. G. S—'s beautiful little craft, which is, at present, the fastest and handsomest on the waters of Stockton Slough.

Society was much pleased over Laura Trahern's marriage. Hers has been a romantic life, filled with much sorrow; in fact, a singular fatality seems to follow each of the pretty, dark-eyed daughters of the house of Trahern, "sorrow seems to have marked them for its own."

J. Naglee Burk sent a royal present to the bride, as did his friend, the "Duke of Union Island;" also J. W. Ferris remembered the lady's joyous marriage in his usual tasteful manner. Into his life Fate shot a poisoned arrow, and a grand woman on Weber Point murmurs his name with her evening prayers and dreams of what "might have been."

Harry Bender is receiving more than his share of censure in the matter of who writes for THE WAVE. Now, *I* am quite well acquainted with Harry, and know very well that he did try to cause a certain "pretty widow" "heaps of trouble" when some one else occupied the seat in the carriage where he hoped to place himself. But that is the extent of his "littleness." Harry is hereby warned that the girl on a certain avenue talks too much, and that *no* woman ever kept a secret, *not* her own.

Robert Baldwin is very, very angry at me. Now, "Bobbie, dear," since you have all you can attend to in managing "certain affairs" of your own making and doing, let me advise you not to show too much feeling over my remarks, and would suggest a strict adherence to the "rule" of your "genial papa,"—that of laughing at a "good thing," smiling at a "bad one."

It would seem that W. B. Starbird is not very popular as a politician since the election Wednesday night. His attention seems to be devoted entirely to the ladies. Now, as a favorite of the fairer sex "Walt" is a grand success, while as a writer of tender epistles he has no equal. Perhaps if he should turn his attention to the study of how to get votes as assiduously as he does how to make some woman forget that he is not as young as he once was, and that around his "marble brow" the iron-gray curls cluster less abundantly than they were wont to do in by-gone years, he might hope to be elected, in the future, Street Commissioner of our magnificently cared-for thoroughfares.

I was favored by an invitation to the Leap Year Party given by the "Gaiete Buds" or "Baby Girls," a club composed chiefly of the ladies who will graduate this coming June, ranging in age from seventeen to nineteen years. I give these details, since this was really a debutante party. Of course, a number of the Society girls of our town were present to show the little ones how to conduct a first party. They were not really needed in the least, since the "Buds" gave the best conducted and most charming party ever given in Stockton. The loveliest rose in this rosebud garden of girls was little Edna Loomis, who is a truly beautiful child. She was simply and tastefully gowned in some silvery looking material that fitted her graceful form to perfection; she wore her chestnut-brown hair in the fashionable Italian braid, and her ornaments were pale La France roses.

The Reverend Lemon, of St. John's Church, resigned last Sunday morning, much to the surprise of the greater portion of his congregation. Rumor sayeth that the popular minister could not bear the increased pressure of a word known only in his particular latitude, and not defined in any dictionary known to

ARIADNE.

STILL FASTER TIME EAST.

On and after Sunday, May 1st, passengers via the great Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern through sleeping and dining-car line from the Pacific Coast will arrive at Chicago at 9:30 A. M. daily, and have ample time to connect with the fast morning trains, reaching New York at two P. M. the following day, the through time being twenty-two and one half hours to Chicago and twenty-four hours to New York, quicker than by any other transcontinental line.

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WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The price of silver is advancing, being now about 87½, this is caused by the free shipments from New York to London for the purchases of the new crops of tea and silk, also on account of the closing down of many silver mines and the reduced amount in sight in New York.

As we informed the readers of THE WAVE, there has been large buying orders for Bullion, and, as we predicted, the stock advanced from 80 to 1.05, the buying being mainly on Virginia City orders.

The outlook is still promising both in Bullion and Potosi, as they are still in quartz on the 1300 level for over 50 feet, some of the bunches of low grade ore assaying $13.

We notified the patrons of THE WAVE to keep a lookout for the Gold Hills, especially Belcher and Crown Point. The former, on the purchases of Schmit for the firm of Zadig, Wollberg & Co., advanced the price of Belcher from 95 to 1.30, and on the buying of Epstein & Walls, Crown Point rose from 90 to 1.20.

The bunches of ore in the Belcher, on the 300-foot level, is still of a good character, and may lead into quite an important development.

In Crown Point, at the 1700-foot station, the pumps have been working continuously during the week. The flow of water is about 30,000 gallons less than last. Both of these mines willbear watching.

The average value of the ore worked at the mill by the Consolidated Virginia during the week, was 1405 tons @ $19.21 per ton, as against $19.85 of the previous week. Bullion was shipped to the Carson Mint of an assay value of $34,748, being the first on the April account.

This week saw the control of the Savage mine pass from H. M. Levy to J. C. Flood. Levy has been president of the mine since 1881.

W. S. Hobart, who with Haywood controls the Chollar and Potosi, was very dangerously ill and was not expected to live, but at present writing is much better, this, in a degree, had a depressing effect on those stocks.

To show how well assessments are paid up, the Bullion which became delinquent shows out of 100,000 shares, all but 4800 have been paid, and of these one certificate is for 2000 shares.

In outside districts very little was doing with the exception of Nev. Queen in the Tuscarora District, Jaspar McDonald and Hyman being steady buyers for the last ten days, the stock advancing from 70 cents to $1.15. The report from the mine says during the week there were hoisted 15 tons of first-class ore that assays 306, and 100 cars of second class that went $52.21.

Local securities at the Stock and Bond Board were quite active during the week, the following bonds being bought: 13,000 Market Street Cable @ 122¾; do 5000 Spring Valley Water 6 per cent @ 119¼; do 5000 @ 4 per cent at 92; and 6000 @ 92¼; also 1000 Omnibus Cable @ 114; the shares also were, 515 San Francisco Gas @ 70 to 70½; State Investment Insurance, 10 @ 80; Firemen's Fund, 50 @ 170; California Street Railroad, 10 @ 115½; Omnibus Railroad, 60 @ 57½ to 58; California Electric Light, 450 @ 16¾ to 17; Pacific Gas, 65 @ 80⅛ to 80¼; Hawaiian Commercial, 250 @ 3½ to 3⅝.

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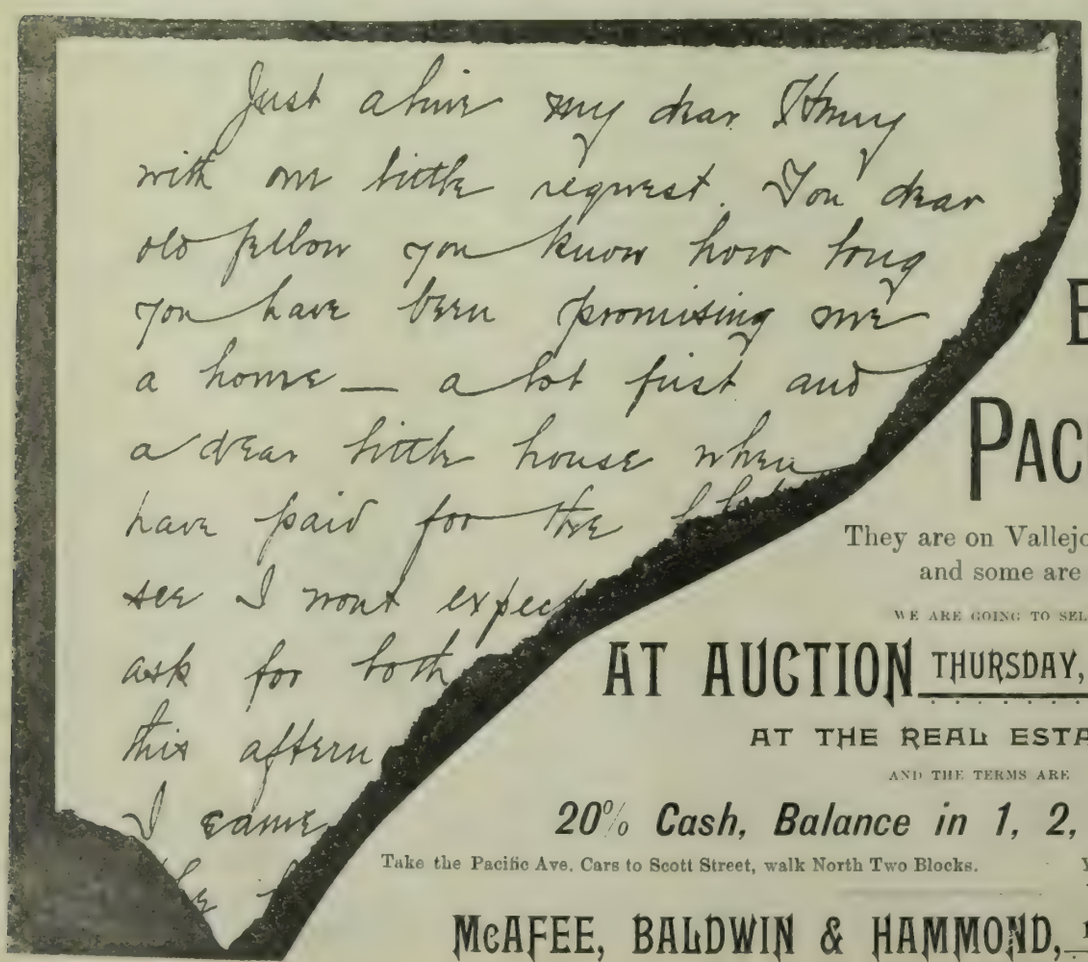

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Society Letters from the Interior.

SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

SACRAMENTO, April 27th. DEAR WAVE:—The earthquake created the greatest excitement; people rushed out into the streets, and behaved in general as if a lunatic asylum had been emptied of its inmates; it gave us all something to talk about, and was a perfect boon to the newspapers. To look at the *Bee* one would think at least that the damage had been equal to that of the Johnstown flood. "Cupid" and "Hope," the statues, I mean, were dashed from their places. I do hope that "Cupid" will find some work to do about town; would suggest that he go in search of the club men who were turned out of their building, and try to make some impression upon their strong hearts in favor of some of our lovely maidens so as to keep them with us in the future. In the past our fairest flowers have been plucked by strangers' hands. Very few of our girls have married and settled here; it is a subject which has caused considerable comment, as well as that of our best young men marrying girls from other places. Let us put a stop to this and enlist Cupid to make some matches between the club men and our home girls.

A number of our physicians, with their wives and daughters, have been attending the annual meeting of the State Medical Society at San Francisco. It reminds me of last year's meeting here, when the Art Gallery and the homes of the physicians were turned into veritable bowers of flowers; how sweet our girls looked, and what a good time every one had; am sure they did not have half so good a time in that cold, disagreeable San Francisco. Quite a number of our girls are down there at present for the Eastertide weddings, the Upsons, Clunesses, Lula C, and the Taylors. I believe Miss Clara was bridesmaid for her cousin on Tuesday. Tennis still continues very popular among its devotees, Saturday afternoons being given up to it. Among the best lady players are, Maye Carroll, Lucy Hinkson and the Upson girls. The best men players are Frank Smith and Vic Hartley. Jim Pond was formerly one of our very best players, but the tennis court now knows him no more; he spends his time driving with Sally.

The Clarks are living in the Add Hinkson place for the nonce, their rooms down town being in the hands of carpenters and decorators; rather a long jump from Fourth and K to Twenty-fourth and H. Jennie McFarland has been stopping with them; it seemed quite natural to meet her on the street. When do Ed. Y—— and Mary J—— step off? They both are looking charming, and I understand business is good. Two of our most attractive girls have returned as matrons to visit their former home; Annie looks just as natural, driving around in the family phæton, as if she had never left it, and Laura has the same sweet face, which distinguished her in the past, though she has grown much stouter. I hear that Howard Stillman is soon to return here; he is another good young man, who married a strange girl when he had so many excellent opportunities just at hand. Truly there is no accounting for taste, as I have often remarked, regarding matrimonial ventures. But, if I keep on, may say more than is safe, so had better stop before I do any mischief and get myself disliked, so you may hear again from NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—All recent social gatherings of our 150 pale into insignificance beside the gorgeous scene in the Barton Friday night. Our matrons and buds rivaled nature herself in the dainty flowers and ferns on those Easter confections and in splendid attire. The audience, from the stage, resembled a conservatory filled with the daintiest blooms, and I can assure you the choicest flowers in it were not as beautiful as the faces of our sweet maids and matrons. The Bostonians find us at our best, coming as they do in Easter week. I would love to picture each one as they appeared Friday evening, but space is too limited to do justice to the occasion. Mrs. Barton gave a theatre party, her guests being queenly Mrs. Butler and sister, and several distingué gentlemen. Adjoining the Barton box was a second party in which were the Misses DeWitt, Geo. Helm, Chas. Teague, and Mrs. Griffith. In another box was Will Shepherd and his pretty *financée*, Miss Fogg, Mrs. Fogg and Frank Shepherd, Lee Grey, Kitty Hughes, Miss Moultrie, of San Jose, and Mr. Moultrie occupied an upper box. The John McMullins entertained friends in another, and the Rogers of Marguerite Vineyard had as their guests the Baron and Baroness von Scheiliha of London. The three loveliest girls in the house were occupants of the Smith and Muller loges, Miss Ballance of Peoria, Ill., Miss Kimble of Oakland, and Miss Fox of Stockton, three lovely brunettes, who shared with pretty Mrs. Forsythe the admiring glances of the audience. Mattie Harris and Mrs. Judge Creighton were charming in white and yellow, while Rose Kennedy in white, and the Misses Helm in bright colors made a picture for an artist. Monday evening of this week came the long anticipated function of the '89-'90. Possibly I have been surfeited with social pleasures within the past week. At any rate, the Club party seemed very tame, indeed, in comparison to the event I have looked forward to and pictured all during Lent. To begin with, the music, in the early part of the evening, was anything but an inspiration to the dancers, and, secondly, the gentlemen were in the minority.

A number of our 400 attended the performance at the Barton, but at 11:30 Society was well represented in Armory Hall. Mrs. Eggers, in pale blue faillé silk and diamonds, chaperoned her lovely sister, Marguerite. Mrs. Creighton, in her wedding gown, was the handsomest and most elegantly-dressed lady in the ballroom. Maud made a stately appearance in green mousseline de soie; but Daisy! Well, she was simply *beautiful* in her black robe, and, though she didn't dance, she received more attention than any of us girls. Esther's gown of white and green was very unique and becoming. Hallie, in pale pink and green, was a pretty contrast to her brunette guests. Mattie H—— was a picture in red; in fact, the girls all looked lovely. Miss Ward, of Los Angeles, was a very popular dancer.

Well, dear WAVE, *at last* we are to witness a *bona fide* wedding, the first one to take place in our 150 in several years. I am invited, *of course*, so I'll write up the whole affair for you. It takes place the fourth of May and unites two very popular members of our swell Society, Marie De Witt and George Helm. It's to be a home wedding, very elegant, indeed. I hear it will not be long before sweet sister Louise is led to the altar by Charley T——.

Mrs. M. K. Harris gives an afternoon tea May 3d, to which I am also invited. More anon, IMP.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

The Eschscholtzias burst into full bloom, as I told you they would on Friday night. It was a grand success; nobody expected much in that way here, consequently everybody was surprised. The lawyer gave up his rooms, engaged the elevator boy to remain till midnight and transformed himself into a *preux chevalier*—"Vait a liddle."

The Hunkins' reception was a brilliant affair. Tom says that of all the houses here, theirs is the most enjoyable. The musical tastes of the family, their culture, and true hospitality, combine to create an atmosphere very delightful to their guests. If some of our *nouveaux riches*, would take lessons of them, social life would be easier.

The long expected party in honor of Miss Lizzie Murphy's debut, given by Mrs. Ward Wright came off Tuesday night. The handsome house was a blaze of light and the beautiful rooms were redolent with flowers. Mrs. W—— is not a good entertainer, but Maud Arques, Eva Murphy, Grace Spencer, Frank Wright and Ramon Somavia came gallantly forward, and through their efforts the young ladies and gentlemen had an evening of unalloyed pleasure. The young girls in San Jose enter Society at a very crude age and by the time they are well on in their teens can vie with any of the old belles. It was hardly necessary to establish a club to teach the youths and maidens how to appear in Society. A handsome and courtly Baltimore gentleman, J. Herbert Shriver, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy. Such a contrast to some of our beaux. Mrs. Murphy has kindly included me in several of the parties to be given in his honor.

The most exciting affair of the week and one which has set more tongues in motion than anything else that has occurred here in years, was the "wake" and funeral of one of the most charming ladies in this city. The news of her death fell like a pall over our people, but many who called at the house in the purest sympathy left much more disgusted than sorry. A bevy of bright and fascinating damsels in bewitching gowns and with tear-stained eyes acted as the receiving party, and I actually heard several say that when they entered all thoughts of the Dread Visitor vanished in admiration of the maidens. After the funeral, this quartette of loveliness hurried from the "City of the Dead" and returned to the home—to remove all traces of death? O no, but to enjoy the sumptuous dinner that had been prepared.

In my next, I'll tell you of the Pratt Benefit, as I'm a BABBLER.

TO THE MOON.

CLARENCE URMY.

O dream-boat gliding through the starry sea,
Touching with silver light the willow tree
That waves in silence o'er my sweetheart's cot,
Seek not too soon thy haven o'er the hill,
But fondly creep across the window-sill
And enter in where I, alas, dare not!

Let one dear ray fall on her bosom white,
While from my mandolin with fingers light
I draw a tender tune oft heard by thee,
Not loud enough her slumber soft to break,
And yet just clear and sweet enough to make
Her dreaming heart dream one sweet dream of me!

SAN JOSE.

THE STATIONERY YOU WANT.

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Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—The actions of the swell residents of the aristocratic Fifth Ward are too absolutely shocking for anything. The very latest is another quarrel at St. Paul's. We are disgraced this time, and all on account of the chorister boys. You can scarcely give it credence, dear, but it is only too, too true, that the most ultra leaders in our church, Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Coghill, have withdrawn their gracious presence from St. Paul, and all because of those poor little boys, and, the worst that could happen, is that they have joined St. Andrews, and Mrs. Coghill has issued invitations for a musicale to be given at her palatial home for the benefit of the new church. She has had the temerity to invite the members of St. Paul's. Wonder if she thinks we will accept? Just catch me doing anything of that kind, if you can; and there was another quarrel about the playing of the wedding march, at a swell wedding last week, in which Mr. Albrect, the organist, and mother of the bride created quite a sensation—of course the P——s were mixed up in it, Mr. P—— acting the role of peacemaker this time. Speaking of Mr. Albrect, reminds me that Carrie Northy Roma has been saying horrid things about me. She says that the unkind letter I wrote about Mr. Albrect and wife is the cause of our not having an amateur opera company in working order—that I nipped it in the bud, etc. Is it not unkind, dear, to blame me because people are so afraid of what some one else may say or think?

Why didn't Tom Prather (he lives in the aristocratic Fifth Ward, you know,) put out a deadly poison in order to rid himself of his neighbor's cats? He might have spared himself a world of notoriety and the sarcastic response that Mrs. Redfield sent to his letter in reference to her children's pet tabbies. Really, I gave Tom credit for being a better shot. Just think, he fired three times, and even then failed to do more than wound the cat. Doesn't it seem funny that Tom and his heiress wife should find pleasure in raising chickens? Just picture handsome Tom, the banker millionaire, in his dress suit and hat, standing over an incubator, and discussing the merits of this, that, or the other little chicken with his fair Julia. All the small boys in the neighborhood are collecting all the cats they can find and leaving them at Tom's door. Wish some of our Society dudes would take a lesson from Tom, and learn the art of lifting their hats to a lady. There is no one in town who can bow so gracefully as he. His salute insinuates so much that is complimentary.

Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson's tea was a success, so far as such gatherings go, but to me they are the very quintessence of bores, and nothing but my fondness for Josie would have persuaded me to have gone; she insisted that I should assist her to receive. Those who shared the honor with me were Allie Grimes, Bessie Wheaton, Claire Ralston, Floy Brown, Mattie Knowles, and Annie Miller. Miss West, the young lady to whom the tea was given, is an Eastern importation, and quite charming, but it did seem discouraging to introduce her into our 150, and not have a man in attendance; but, had Josie given an evening reception, it would have been a dismal failure, for the men will not attend our gatherings. Tom says that when the girls learn to converse and be sensible, the boys will be only too willing to dance attendance upon them, but they are weary of administering allopathic doses of flattery, and hearing such phrases as "How delightful," "How lovely," "Yes," "No," "You don't say so." Why don't our Society girls improve their time? Those who sing, play the piano, tinkle on the mandolin, strum the guitar, or play the banjo, do it but poorly. Such girls as the above please such boys as Eddie Vinzent, Willie Powning, Gussie McDonald, Georgie Wheaton, and Duke Bertie Brayton.

The ladies of the Free Clinic are again calling upon the public for help, and again we are ready to don our festive robes, and make martyrs of ourselves for sweet charity. Friday evening will doubtless be a gala night, but, oh, how wearisome to me.

The opening of the new tennis grounds on May 14th promises to be quite a Society event. Mark Requa, Mr. Glascock, in fact, all the members, are quite enthusiastic over the event. Isn't it sweet of Adolph Uhl to furnish the carpets, etc.? He is a sweet boy. Fred Stratton is becoming famous; see that he has been successful in another large suit on your side. Gracious what a lengthy epistle!

Semper fideus, FROU-FROU.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

This is too bad, and should be looked into. The Carson *Appeal* says: "The earthquake shocks were very slight in Reno and the residents are very much put out at the slight."

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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—May 18th, 1892, S. S. "Colima."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc., S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, May 21, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Tuesday, June 14 at 3 P. M.

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"TIMES"

whose local news, editorials, miscellany, and make-up are the best.

Annual Meeting—The Regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Justice Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 3, Haywards Building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. on MONDAY, the 2d day of May, 1892, at the hour of one (1) o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on FRIDAY, April 29, at 3 o'clock P. M. R. E KELLY, Secretary.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	From April 9, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
8.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	10.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (san Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

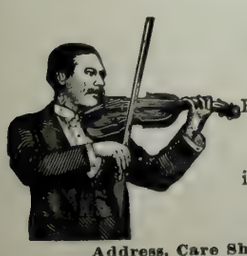
San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	Destination.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 am 3:30 pm	8.00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m



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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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I AM NOT GIVEN to discussing current matrimonial infelicity. So many things there are better left unsaid, that I endeavor to avoid presenting the one side that is good, until the other is told. Take the Bert Sherwoods for instance. The story of their differences, their separation and her application for a divorce has been the common property of Society for months past. Her friends were not chary in announcing the grievances she complained of, and his were equally liberal in presenting the reasons that prompted his conduct. Rumor has it he proposed a counter-complaint to her divorce proceedings, and the chances seemed excellent for one of those spicy trials that the press delights in devoting columns to. Awaiting a climax, I have made not a single illusion to the matter. A new phase has presented itself, however. Mrs. Sherwood is seriously ill; over her troubles she has grieved terribly.

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She went out but seldom last season. I caught a glimpse of her once at a Mid-Lenten tea. Though she had lost but little of the beauty that distinguished her as Mamie Blethen, there was missing the buoyancy of expression and the beaming contentment that had been her chief charm. Her eyes wore a hunted look. Soon afterwards Mrs. Sherwood was taken ill, and now her condition is such that only the vigor of a strong constitution will enable her to pull through. She is worn to a mere shadow. Indeed, she has lost over eighty pounds. But what aggravates her malady is the continued refusal of her husband to see her. In spite of their differences, she is still infatuated with Bert, and message after message has she sent him, begging he would come. During this sad trial her mind has dwelt so on troubles that, under the strain, it has almost given way.

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This last ordeal has given her thoughts even a more despondent turn, and the saddest consequences are feared even if she does recover. Of the rights or wrongs of this quarrel between Bert Sherwood and his wife, I am not the judge. Both were young, gay, of a vivacious, pleasure-loving disposition. They believed themselves deeply in love, and I have no doubt of the genuineness of her passion. However smoothly the course of their true love ran before matrimony, after the ceremony there came a falling off. Then followed dissensions that developed into rows, accusations, and counter charges. Then the inevitable separation. She left him and taking her children went to live in a house on Hyde Street. After protracted efforts to bring about a reconciliation, she applied for a divorce. That is the whole story or as much of it as I can give without blaming either.

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However, neither his gold nor his protestations could win from this coy damsel more than a qualified consent to his suit. She would, and then she wouldn't, until he, of Spanish extraction, grew darkly desperate, and vowed that were she as beautiful as all the houris in Mahomet's paradise, he would suffer no longer. Serene in her supremacy, she heard his threats unmoved, satisfied he would return to his allegiance and her feet by nightfall. Fate ordained otherwise. Business took him to Oakland; returning homeward, he met at the depot a buxom maiden struggling under the weight of a large handbag and two huge bunches of roses. Courteously hestepped forwardto assist her. She accepted, and when he, having deposited her belongings beside her in the cabin of the "Piedmont," moved away, she invited him to take the adjoining seat. One could hardly imagine a stronger contrast than this girl offered to the coquettish beauty he had so lately parted from. She was frank and honest though, and before the "Piedmont" had reached the ferry slips, this twain so oddly encountered had become friends.

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the devotees of boodle that may before long result in an extensive emigration. So long as the prosecution of these fellows was confided to Grand Juries, they could laugh in their sleeves, but now that Dunn has taken hold of the matter they realize that it is time to quit snickering and pack grip sacks. The Citizens' Defense Association evidently knew what it was doing when it called Dunn up from his orange farm in Los Angeles County and offered him a salary to take charge of its affairs. There is nothing mealy-mouthed or timid about Dunn. He is one of the hardest citizens the boodlers ever had to deal with in this or any other State.

* * *

From 1880 to 1882 he was Auditor of this city. Stealing became so risky under his administration that at the City Hall it practically ceased. Even the corporations stopped raiding the Treasury, for Dunn dragged them one after another into Court and exposed their transactions. In 1883 he was elected State Controller. Within a year he had landed two Harbor Commission employees in San Quentin, he had an ex-Secretary of State on trial for embezzlement, his deputy in jail, and nearly $50,000 stolen by Immigration Commissioners safely in the State Treasury. For eight years he held the position of State Controller. During that time stealing at the Capitol was exceedingly dangerous. He probably saved the State a million dollars in his two terms. This is the record on which the Citizens' Defense Association have based their selection of Dunn. I understand he is paid a good salary and has orders to go for everything in sight. If I were a boodler this alone would cause me to keep a grip sack packed ready for instant use.

* * *

I have been informed that Mr. Dunn is even now at work experting the books of several municipal officers at the City Hall. I know that he has in his employ two accountants of tried integrity who were for eight years in his office at Sacramento. As Dunn knows every trick by which the city government is robbed, he will be apt to ferret out the thieves in short order. Besides this, I have also been told that two detectives were engaged by the Association about two weeks ago and directed to report to Mr. Dunn for orders.

* * *

As soon as the evidence can be prepared upon which the late illegal Grand Jury indicted Senator Williams, Senator Harp, Chris Buckley, Sam Rainey, and Martin Kelly, complaints will be sworn to by Mr. Dunn, upon which they will all be arrested. The arrest of others connected with the last Legislature, as well as several Supervisors and crooked city officials, upon whom the defunct Grand Jury had fixed its eye, will, I am told, soon follow. Dunn is a courageous little fellow, and there is no way of stopping him when once he gets started. He gathers evidence, compiles figures, interviews witnesses, and prepares a case with cold determination. His general style and manner are calculated to give any crooked man a cold chill.

* * *

Another important fact I should not fail to mention is this: The campaign of the Citizens' Defense Association, the expenses of which are being paid out of the voluntary contributions of the members, has not been planned without an eye to the prosecution of the individuals who are to be brought to trial. Judge Coffey has been selected to issue the complaints and fix the bail of the accused. The Association will, after the game is bagged, formally ask Presiding Judge Troutt to assign the cases to Judge Wallace's department for trial. Judge Troutt will either have to comply with this request, or show his hand so plainly that his position on the boodle question will no longer be a subject for discussion. There can be no excuse for refusal. Judge Wallace is even now engaged trying criminal cases, and I am told he has informed the President of the Association that he will willingly officiate in any case assigned to him. All these preparations indicate that a second earnest campaign against corruption in public places has really begun. My advice to the boodlers is to learn tobogganing at once.

* * *

ONE OF THE BEST STORIES I have yet heard of the late highly respectable Republican primary election is that related by old Patrick Lynch, the coal man. As it has not yet got into the newspapers, I feel that I would not be discharging my full duty to posterity if I did not embalm it in immortal type. In the misty future, when the property-owning classes have combined and erected in the the place of our present constitutional government a monarchial fabric strong enough to control the proletarians who disgraced the Republican primary, a now unborn historian may search the records of the past to find the first evidence of the decline of the Republic, just as Gibbon searched the decaying foundations of the Roman Empire for the stones that finally brought that magnificent structure to ruin. If he should fail to find this story about old Patrick Lynch I should regard it as a serious misfortune. Hence I record it here, for I am sure no self-respecting historian would ever attempt to write a history of the "Decline and Fall of the American Republic" without a bound copy of THE WAVE close at hand.

* * *

Pat Lynch is a white-haired old man, an honorable and conscientious citizen, and a devout Catholic. He keeps a wood and coal yard on Larkin Street, and owns over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of houses and lots in the immediate vicinity. Pat has never been a strict party man. He is a Democrat, but he voted for Blaine, believes in protecting home industry, in celebrating the Fourth of July, and in excluding Chinese immigration. Thinking he was sufficiently *en rapport* with the dominant party to entitle him to vote at the late primary, he visited his precinct on the 23d ult., and took his place in line. Directly ahead of him was a big, thick-necked hoodlum from South San Francisco. When this fellow reached the window the Inspector asked sternly:

"What is your name?"

"Patrick Lynch, sor."

Old Mr. Lynch leaned forward at the mention of his name and listened intently.

"Where do you live?"

"I lives at 610 Larkin Street, sor."

"What is your business?"

"I keeps a coal yard, sor. D'ye want to know any more?"

* * *

By this time the real Pat Lynch was overcome with amazement. He heard the Inspector say "voted," and saw the hoodlum's ticket drop into the box. Then he slipped out of the line and ran for home as though the Old Scratch himself was after him.

"What did you do that for?" asked a friend to whom the old man related his experience.

"Be jabers," he replied, in his richest brogue, "I tought if that divil of a hoodlum had the cheek to claim me name in thot way, he wud be afther cumin' down to me coal yard and carrying it off. So I got a big pishtol and waited for the spalpeen, but I guess he smelled a rat, for he niver kem near. I cudn't defend me name, but I was determined to protect me property wid me life."

* * *

IT IS SAID that Alfred Bouvier, Manager of the Baldwin Theatre, has the Congressional nomination from the Fifth District, "cooked." I do not know exactly what "cooked" means in the vernacular of the politicians, but I suppose the word signifies that Mr. Bouvier has kindled a fire underneath Mr. Loud, the present representative of the District in Congress, and that when the convention meets he will set him out as a repast for the delegates. While I have no desire to see Mr. Loud devoured, I hope it is true that Mr. Bouvier has his place in the Lower House "cooked." In the first place Mr. Bouvier has shown himself to be possessed of those qualities which go to make up great men. He was recently drawn on the Grand Jury and elected Secretary. When he found that the jury was unable, through its inherent toughness, to make a record for itself, he drew up a petition to the Presiding Judge asking that it be discharged. Having the courage of his convictions he signed the petition first himself. Seven of his colleagues followed suit, and the jury was ignominiously cast into oblivion.

* * *

I know something about the inner history of that Grand Jury, and the part Mr. Bouvier took in its abortive efforts to indict the boodlers, but it is unnecessary to repeat that history now. It is sufficient that I unhesitatingly recommend Mr. Bouvier for Congress. If he already has the nomination "cooked," I do not suppose my indorsement will be necessary. Then all I have to say is that if

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

he has not got the nomination "cooked," I sincerely trust he will soon start a fire and "cook" it. I should really like to see him go to Congress, because there he would be a credit to himself and the State. As for Mr. Loud, it will not hurt his feelings very much to be retired. He never expected to be nominated, and was utterly amazed at the election two years ago when the voters of the District "took a fall out" of General Tom Clunie in the way they did. Mr. Loud's political history is both curious and instructive. He is by occupation what the labor reporters on the daily papers call a "stationary engineer," though why he should be stationary I never could understand, for I should imagine that all kinds of engineers would have to move about sometimes. Bill Higgins and ex-Supervisor S. S. Morton discovered him simultaneously, and upon the recommendation of the latter the former ran him in one of the Western Addition districts for the Assembly. He was elected and served without discredit, which, by the way, speaks volumes in his favor.

* * *

I have heard it said that he refused to sell his vote while at Sacramento, and so, when it was proposed to run him again two years ago, Kelly and Crimmins incontinently sat on the project. Ex-Supervisor Morton canvassed the Assembly District and tried to work up a boom in his favor, and among other things he found that Kelly and Crimmins had a man called "Stuttering" Tennis slated for the nomination. Highly indignant at being represented by an Assemblyman who could not answer a roll call without gasping, Morton called on Colonel W. W. Stow. Mr. Stow had charge of Senator Stanford's campaign, and was supposed to be interesting himself in members of the Legislature. Morton made this proposition:

"Bill," he said, "send for this man, Tennis. Look him in the eye, and ask him a question. If he answers you within five minutes I'll withdraw my objections."

* * *

Colonel Stow said he would see about it. He did see about it. He saw that Kelly and Crimmins would not trade Tennis for Loud under any circumstances, and so reported to Morton. A few days later Tennis was nominated, and Loud made up his mind to remain at home. A few days still later the Fifth Congressional District Convention met, and the State candidate, Senator Byrnes, of San Mateo, then lying at the point of death, sent in a declination. Morton happened to attend this Convention, and knowing that Loud would take anything in sight, hurled him into the fight. He was probably amazed to see the Convention nominate him, and I do not think that even Loud himself has yet recovered from the astonishment occasioned by his election. When he made this stupendous leap into Congress, Mr. Loud was a clerk in the Tax Collector's office at the City Hall—a plain, unpretentious tax-eater.

* * *

FOR CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS there will be some interesting contests in the Democratic party. In the Fourth, which it is quite possible will return a free-trade advocate this November, the candidates are T. J. Clunie and Judge Maguire. Mr. Clunie was the victim of misdirected ambition some two years ago, but he is anxious to go to Congress, and seems to consider the experience of past defeats should ensure him a victorious future. Judge Maguire leaves a fine law practice to make his fight, and if he wins, the Coast will have one representative whose brains are not out of proportion to his vocal organs. The fact is, in case there is elected a Democratic President, a Democratic Congressman will have a great deal to say at Washington.

* * *

Owing to recent gerrymandering of the Congressional districts, the Coast delegation will be Republican. In the Fourth there is a possibility for the opposite party, and the place is well worth trying for. In the Fifth there is also a fighting chance. Though this district has been twisted around, Democratic chances have been materially improved by the closing down of the New Almaden mines. Half the population of this Republican stronghold has taken wings, and the other half may do so before November. Another change is the disruption of the Democratic machine at San Jose which will result in the party candidate obtaining votes that were frequently traded in other directions. These considerations add to the interest of the controversy between James D. Phelan and young Mr. Ryland of San Jose, both of whom want the nomination.

* * *

Mr. Phelan is rich, clever, and ambitious. He wants to succeed and will make a strong fight. Mr. Ryland's father is a banker and he is well-known in the Garden City, wherein he would command many votes. But Mr. Phelan is influential at Santa Cruz, has the advantage of reputation, and can make speeches. The prospects are for a pretty fight, which I shall watch with interest.

* * *

THE CATASTROPHE that has overtaken that unfortunate writer, Mr. Thomas Ennui Flinnflam, the refined editor of the *Minna Street Gasp*, has cast a cloud over the Jessie and Clementina Avenue district. Although he has only been handling the bellows of the *Gasp* for a few weeks, that unhappy sheet has had to move to other quarters, and Mr. Flinnflam's Tar Flat friends are roundly cursing his landlord, who, I am told, had the effrontery to ask for his rent. Mr. Flinnflam very properly moved, and has now an office with the other massage artists and manicures. It is expected that the massageurs and manicurers will give an air of respectability to the premises, and in getting among them, Mr. T. Ennui Flinnflam certainly showed signs of a returning ambition, that many people had believed he had lost. There is an improvement noticeable already in the reprint articles, and if his old landlord will only give him time he will escape the sheriff, and fall into the hands of the pound-keeper. But this is the catastrophe of which I spoke: Poor Mr. Flinnflam has outgrown his last year's negligee shirt!

* * *

Those who understand the condition of Mr. Flinnflam's collar and shirtery will regard this as a terrible calamity to the Republican party, as it will necessitate his remaining in bed for an indefinite period. Until the brilliant editor can train down sufficiently to fit the article, it is probable that the *Gasp* will be edited by the type-writer in the Street Department. Even now, I am informed the colors in the pictures that adorn the pages of the sheet are laid on by the largest of the three street-sweeping machines. This may account for the unhappy appearance of the cartoons, which, as pictures are only slightly better than Mr. Flinnflam's humorous paragraphs. For the stories, however, he should not be held responsible; these atrocities were all perpetuated long ago by some one else. Mr. T. Ennui Flinnflam is such a notable character on the streets that it is to be hoped that by proper dieting and training he will soon be able to fit his last year's negligee shirt.

* * *

Before launching out as the *Chronicle* humorist, Tom Flynn passed among newspapermen as a writer of considerable ability. It is a mistake, however, to hazard one's reputation, and the estimation of the editor of the *Wasp* has, within the last few months, suffered a decline. They were talking about Tom at the Press Club the other evening, discussing his management of the oldest cartoon paper in America, when some one broke in:

"You fellows forget Tom Flynn has done one thing that not another newspaperman on the Coast could have done."

"What is that?" demanded a dozen incredulous voices.

"He has made the *Wasp* worse than it was."

* * *

THE CHAMPAGNE HABIT received a serious set-back at the races the other day. Its growth is unmistakably strongest among men who "play" the horses, as a winning means money found; losses never count, as they can be made up some other time. In the crowd gathered at the track were some gentlemen known as "plungers." When they lost on one race, they merely doubled the sum on the next; a "fall-down" on that meant the quadrupling of the original amount. If Fortune smiled at all, they were ahead; if she never smiled once—well it didn't count. 'Dolph Spreckels "played" that way for a while, with unvarying bad fortune. The day was almost gone, and the bell was tapping for the last race. Mr. Spreckels thought he would take "one more crack" at luck, make or burst. He picked a 30 to 1 chance—something that had as much likelihood of winning against the field that was running as an elephant has of outstripping an antelope.

* * *

He took the bet a dozen times, and told

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

"the boys" if he won there was champagne in it for everybody. The prayers that ascended in behalf of that 30 to 1 chance would have moved the most obdurate heart that ever beat in the bosom of any kind of a goddess, and when the horses started, a yell of encouragement was shouted after the steed that carried the chances of champagne or water. The race was a close one. The horses came into the stretch like petals on a rose; it was impossible to tell which horse was ahead. "The boys" shut their eyes and prayed. There was a thunder of hoof-heats, an instant of silence in the grand stand, and then a shout of triumph! Spreckel's 30 to 1 chance had won. The stampede barward was like the flight of the Egyptians. The blood of Pomona was poured forth in generous libations. And then an outsider came in—a lean, hungry man, bearer of misfortune's tale.

"Well, 'Dolph," said this magpie, "you have lost again."

"What! didn't Betsy win that race?"

"No, of course not; Dan came in ahead; same stable and same colors, you know."

"Barkeeper," said Mr. Spreckels sadly, "please take away this wine." And the wine was taken away. * * *

THE DEATH of William Bradford in New York, last week, has increased the value of many art collections in this city. There isn't a gallery of any consequence in San Francisco that is not enriched by one or two Bradfords—an iceberg, ice-floe, or arctic scene—some reminiscence of the artist's trip to the north. Le Grand Lockwood, of New York, furnished the money that made Bradford's journey possible, and he was richly repaid for his generosity. On his return Bradford went to England, where he was well received, and where many of his pictures are bought. The Queen was a patroness of Bradford, and there are examples of his work in Windsor and Balmoral.

* * *

Bradford had a studio in the Palace Hotel, and when Rothschild was here he made quite a hero of the artist. Rothschild destroyed my regard for the Paris salon; indeed, if it had not been for him I should yet think the jury was honest, that pictures were admitted on their merits, and that genius had its reward there—as much as here. But the banker asked Bradford why he did not send his pictures to the salon.

"What's the use?" asked the artist.

"The use!" exclaimed the rich man, "why, you would become famous; your paintings would be spoken of, and everybody would know you."

"That's all very well," said Bradford, "but could I get a picture admitted?"

"Oh, don't worry about that," cried Rothschild, "I'll get them in if you send them on. There will be no trouble with the jury."

Bradford sent on his pictures, which were well hung, but they did not attract the attention they deserved. He was a charming man, broad, big, and open-hearted.

* * *

The Wores collection of Japanese, Chinese, and English paintings attracted a large number of people to the Art Association this week. There is a delicacy about the work of this artist that is charming. His Japanese gardens are filled with the fragrance of flowers. His women are dainty and lovable. There is a something indescribably sweet about his landscapes. Mr. Wores leaves for Japan and China in June. Thence he will go to London by way of India. He will not return for three or four years.

* * *

Talking about artists reminds me that there are many stories of the late S. M. Brooks that have never been told. I remember some years ago, when I was an occasional visitor at his studio, how he dilated on his splendid past; the receptions he had had, the famous people he had painted, and the scenes he had made famous. A great deal of his pride centered about Chicago; he had been there in the early '30's, and had made the first painting "on the spot" of that thriving city. He never tired of speaking of the excellence of that work, and made several predictions regarding it, chief of which was that before long it would have an honorable place among the historic possessions of Chicago.

* * *

I always agreed with him and said, "Truly, it deserves a high place among the city's treasures." Parenthetically, I may say that the World's Fair Commission would do well to secure the work; it is the best if not the only painting in existence of Chicago prior to 1840, and would make a valuable acquisition to the works on the early history of that city. On one occasion, when he was praising this picture, I ventured to say that I had left Chicago only a couple of months ago.

"You did?" he said, in his slow, heavy way, "well, well; that's fortunate. I'll just get the picture now; you'll recognize its faithfulness at once!" * * *

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Mansfield purposes marrying Miss Beatrice Cameron, a talented member of his company. She is a bright, clever girl with a Berne-Jones face, whose engagement as support for Mansfield was widely commented on. The wedding will take place in England this summer. It is not generally known that Mr. Mansfield is English. He was educated at the Derby Grammar School, whence have sprung some Senior Wranglers. He is quite popular among the members of his profession, but his friends wonder how he made his splendid reputation.

* * *

I heard a sharp, spontaneous criticism of the actor from one who knew him years ago. The critic was a woman, none other than Emily Soldene, who has had more dramatic triumphs than half the actresses and singers of the day. Miss Soldene was at the Baldwin during the performance of "A Parisian Romance," and witnessed with pleasure Mansfield's characterization of the Baron. A burst of applause aroused the memories of bygone days.

"Well, I don't know where he gets his talents. He has improved wonderfully since we played together in the Royalty Theatre in London. In the production of 'Genevieve de Brabant,' Mr. Mansfield played the Burgomaster, and he played it very badly. He certainly has improved." At the time of which she spoke Miss Soldene had a company of her own; Mansfield played small parts. The difference will be noted.

* * *

Speaking of the stage reminds me that Mr. Willey, a partner in the Alcazar, will retire at the end of the year. I suppose he is afflicted by that tired financial feeling, and when his lease expires he will be overjoyed to find himself free again. Mr. Willey was to pay for a two years' partnership in the Alcazar the magnificent sum of $15,000. Half of this was paid in cash, the other half was to be taken out of the receipts of the house. Of course, the latter stipulation in the contract was not carried out, as it was thoroughly absurd. When the new partner was taken in, Mr. Stockwell needed money; shortly afterward Mr. Stockwell retired, and Mr. Wallenrod and Mr. Willey, who knew very little about the stage, took Mr. Osbourne in as a partner. The triumvirate is doing fairly well, but I am told the profits do not satisfy Mr. Willey.

* * *

JUDGE WALLACE is engaged trying petty criminal cases with the aid of a jury of prominent citizens. The misdeeds of half a dozen unenterprising burglars, petty larcenists, and other small fry have been recited to millionaire merchants, important capitalists and bankers, all because of strained relations between the Judge and Sheriff Laumeister. Certain episodes that occurred in connection with the great Grand Jury were not productive of cordiality, and when Judge Troutt essayed in his small way retaliating, Laumeister followed suit by drafting scrub juries for Department 6. When Wallace returned to Court after his recent illness, he refused to have aught to do with the Sheriff's panel, whereupon that worthy sent out and brought in the identical men whom Elisor Holliday had selected to try the cases that should arise from the efforts of the Grand Jury. The motive of this move was that of disgusting the jurors with the Judge, by imputing to him the blame for their detention.

* * *

It seems to me, however, they have played into Wallace's hands. Here is the ablest lawyer on the bench exercising a first-class intellect on insignificant cases, and that before citizens who understand his ability and the reasons why such causes are assigned to him. The natural anger of men of affairs at being dragged from important transactions is not directed at Wallace, but reacts against Judge Troutt and Sheriff Laumeister, who are exhibited in an attitude quite unworthy.

* * *

I am informed by a member of this panel that half of the cases are so indifferently prosecuted that the prisoners escape conviction in

the face of direct evidence of their guilt. The Assistant District Attorney assigned to the Court is a very worthy but incapable young lawyer, named Block, whose innocence of the proper method of presenting a case is not more obvious than it is painful. Of course, one cannot expect fine talents for a small salary, but it seems to me it is not good policy for Mr. Barnes to have the big men of the community see the weakest side of an office he has so cleverly administered.

* * *

THE CROCKER BUILDING will not have a department dedicated to Bacchus. I am informed that a number of gentlemen ambitious to become priests at the shrine of the jolly god have offered Mr. Crocker large sums of money for a lease of the store on the ground floor, but they have failed to induce the proprietors of the building to see wherein lay the profit. Mr. Crocker, I understand, was not wholly averse to the scheme, but before giving the applicants a definite answer had to learn how his sister, Mrs. Hattie Alexander, regarded the liquor question. A letter received from her a few days ago stated very emphatically that she was opposed to letting any part of the building as a saloon.

* * *

That, of course, settles the question, and those who saw in this a splendid location for an altar to Bacchus will be sorely disappointed. It is fortunate that Mrs. Alexander took this view of the matter, as a saloon would certainly ruin the building for the purposes for which it was intended. Mrs. Alexander, in her letter, informed her brother that if any tenant in any building in which she was interested had a liquor store, that at the expiration of the lease a renewal would not be granted. This affects one or two saloon keepers.

* * *

Among Grand Army organizations, members of the Loyal Legion, it has always seemed to me, know better than all the rest how to enjoy themselves. Their entertainments never fail for want of enthusiasm, and are always planned on a substantial scale. A more enjoyable method of celebrating the Legion's majority than a bay excursion could hardly have been devised, considering that Mare Island has an unusually large complement of officers, and that the harbor is dotted with foreign and domestic war ships. A large party set out in the "James M. Donahue" on Tuesday morning, and, after making a circuit of the harbor headed for Mare Island, where a reception was given by Admiral Irwin and the aforesaid lieutenants and captains. Considering this lone land in the straits is now a veritable rose garden, it seems invidious for these heroes *in posse* to repine the fate that anchors them there.

* * *

En route there was dancing on the lower deck which had been canvased for the occasion, and Colonel Smedberg, who has been Recorder of the organization for the past twenty-one years, was presented with a magnificent silver punch bowl. This was a magnificent piece of ware, and proved the occasion for half-a-dozen speeches felicitating the recipient who goes East very soon for a well-earned holiday. His health and that of the officers was drunk in an excellent punch brewed in the new bowl, and Colonel Sumner and Captain Woodruff, among others, supplied verbal decorations. Altogether the trip was pleasant, though the weather left a good deal to be desired.

* * *

J. Franklin Brown, whose experiments in hypnotism proved so interesting to a large number of his friends, has gone to London, where he will give exhibitions of the strange power which he possesses. Mr. Brown's articles in the Eastern magazines have been widely quoted, and he is regarded as the best authority on hypnotism in this country.

* * *

The State Floral Society is certainly becoming ambitious, and one can do nothing less than wish it success in its seventh flower show at the Pavilion, beginning on Wednesday. On that day the Raphael Weill prize of $100 will be awarded to the amateur making the most artistic arrangement of exhibits. Table and room decorations will be the features on Thursday, and visitors will be called in to ballot for the popular rose; Friday, amateurs and professionals will compete in artistic displays, and on Saturday, children's day, California wild flowers will have precedence. A glee club will entertain the guests, and, besides, each evening there will be a promenade concert.

* * *

Although the lecture season is on the wane the lady managers of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses offer an attractive entertainment for the evening of May 14th in an illustrated lecture at Metropolitan Temple on Vesuvius and Pompeii. The lecturer, the Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, was the originator at the East of instructive illustrated lectures on themes of history, art, and travels.

* * *

The *Report's* special edition, in honor of the new press, was a successful journal from a literary and financial point of view. Among the features were the portraits, with biographical sketches, of many of the prominent business men of the city; a picture of the *Report* office, a history, somewhat inaccurate, of the presses, and the usual excellent departments. I believe the railroad is responsible for the paper's third press; probably if the *Report* had not made a fight against the road the press would not have been necessary. However, I sincerely regret that the *Report* has seen fit to blame the Southern Pacific for the earthquakes in California and the cyclones in Kansas.

* * *

Will Carleton, whose poetry has been read, rented, wept over, and laughed at from Maine to California, will read from his works on Monday and Thursday evenings at Metropolitan Temple. His ballads have made him very popular, and he is so well-known to San Franciscans that an introduction must seem superfluous. Mr. Carleton it under the management of Colonel John F. Bragg.

* * *

Rumor may be a lying dame, but she now and again trespasses so near the borderland of fact that her suggestions must not be unheeded. It is said by those who might be supposed to know, that Frank Pixley is no longer connected with the *Argonaut*. The same story alleges he has sold his controlling interest to Jerome Hart, who is now sole manager and three parts owner. One certainty there is, the *Argonaut* is now publishing nothing from the pen of the defamer of the Pope's Irish. The editorial pages are contributed by writers on the daily press, and, while the matter is good enough of its kind, it lacks the individuality and the distinctive virulent ring that distinguished Pixley's lucubrations. No writer can do well more than a certain amount. It is impossible to turn out, every day, two or three columns and have the sentences virile.

* * *

Mr. Pixley's name still heads the editorial page. There is a tradition that he is the justification of the journal. It is Hart, however, who now shapes its policy, directs the business office, and wields entire control. Pixley is now nothing but a name.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A REVOLVER AND A RING.

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD.

The sun, peering through the dingy windows of the pawnshop, gave greeting to the showcase where the Revolver and the Ring lay side by side.

The Revolver blinked its shining barrel and murmured dreamily, as it looked at the growing Day outside:

"Why can I never forget that other morning, that morning in the Long Ago?" he sighed. "Oh, how horrible that was. To kill one's best friend—has Fate a sterner decree on its books? I can see him yet, with the hollows about the eyes and the white lips, as he took me that morning and said to me, 'Friend, you must kill me!' I shuddered horribly as he took me in his trembling hand, and we went out into the misty Dawn together. How vividly I remember those last moments, and the picture of him! He had been to a ball the night before—some wild fantastic carnival—and his dress-shirt still gleamed brightly from the black Night of his broadcloth. Just as he had come from the dance, with bright, black-rimmed eyes, and a haggard weariness about the mouth, so he was going out to the last Dance of Death. From where I lay, upon the great escritoire, I had seen him come bursting wildly into the room, fling himself fiercely into a chair, and laugh a laugh that curved his mouth most cruelly. 'Bah!' he groaned, clinching his hand, 'how it all sickens me! What evil genius is it that keeps me so vile? Why can I not enter into Whiteness? But I can't, no, I can't, I can't! It must be in the blood. Blood—' he caught the sunbeam from where I shone above him—'Yes—that is the only end. I will be brave at last.'

"Then he took a pen and wrote something, biting his lip all the while, so that when he finished there was a livid spot of crimson on the white mouth. 'There,' he said, 'is the only good thing my Life has in it. The rest is froth, spume, and a disease. I have waltzed through the years in patent leathers and an opera hat, and lives of others have been to me no more than pebbles to be kicked. And this—is the End! Then he began to whisper the written words to himself: 'Good-by, dear, good-by! I am going out into the Far. And why? Why, dear, because I love you too much. I love you so that I will not bind you to such a man as I am, and have been, and always shall be. You are so pure and good that you do not know—you cannot fancy—how vile a creature I am. Yet there are thousands of me in the world. But why should I ever let you know how base I really am, when I can instead leave you with no bitterer taste than this letter may leave. Yes, dear, this is all: I long for you, but I am unworthy; I will spare you, and my Going is the only way.' He slipped the paper quickly into an envelope and addressed it. 'Oh, Violet-Eyes, good-by! And now my shining friend up there, you and I will take a walk.'

So we went out together into the morning grayness. Out upon the shore of the lake where the gray of the water rose into the dawn-mist, where everything seemed to fade into Nothing, we stood at the last. He took me and looked upon my bright front. And I—the black straggle of curl upon his white forehead, the dim pearl upon his shirt front, and the violets upon his lapel—all those things I saw in a flash, just before he said to me: 'Kill!' The next instant I had spoken, and he fell upon the brown earth—a shapeless black mass, gleaming with white and red streaks. And I lay there, panting and reeking with my mist of tears. So we were found."

The Ring breathed softly. "They are curious animals, these Men and Women," it said, "your story has taken me into the Old Days also. I had a mistress once whose finger was like a transparent opal in its purity. One day she took me off and burst into tears. 'I must send it back,' she said. 'It is better that I should tell him, than that he should discover for himself." She kissed me and wrapped me away. When I awoke from darkness I was in a room where I had once been for a day months before. But he who had taken me to my Mistress was no longer there now. A Man of Death it was who held me up to the light and took a paper from me. He read it and raised his brows without understanding. What it meant I do not know. But I have never seen my Mistress again."

"But what words," asked the Revolver, "were on that paper?"

"Only these: 'I have sinned against you. I am not what you think me. Forget me and my unworthiness.'

"And what was your mistress' name?"

"They called her Violet-Eyes."

And the Revolver sighed sorrowfully to itself, and turned away to sleep.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Probably no detail of woman's dress is more characteristic of its owner than that indispensable little article the *mouchoir*. Fashions come and go, yet the simple fine white linen, with hemstitched edge, be it broad or narrow, is always *comme il faut*, and is by no means the least expensive if made by hand. The showy woman who effects dense perfumes is apt to select brilliantly colored borders, or elaborately embroidered silk or lisse affairs, but these fashions, I am happy to say, are no longer considered in good taste. Plain, white lines—sometimes with little colored embroidered dot or flower to match a summer costume—a narrow edge of Valenciennes or a hemstitched design are, without question, the correct thing, and one can pay twenty or thirty dollars for one of these trifles eight inches square. Some dainty and inexpensive ones have a simple scalloped edge, with an embroidered *fleur-de-lis* in each scallop. Others of finest linen are sold by the dozen, uncut. These have only five or six heavy cords woven in for a finish, and are to be separated and hemmed on two sides only, the selvage forming the other two. These are a revival of the style our grandmothers used, and are the latest novelty.

* * *

The Russian blouse, at first merely a suggestion of the garment worn by the Russian peasants, has at last blossomed out into a *fac simile* of the real affair. These are made usually of dull blue or blue gray crepon, serge, or for country wear, blue linen. The waist and sleeves are cut in one piece without seams on the shoulders and are usually trimmed in coarse white or cream lace, and in some cases a heavy cord with tassels is substituted for the belt. The material is doubled from the top, and a large oval piece is cut out across the top to form the neck opening; the sleeves drop to the selvage, and a curved seam under each shapes the waist and fastens in the back. A narrow band of leather trimming, coarse lace insertion, or heavy passementerie finishes the low neck and extends lengthwise half way down the front on each side. The full sleeves are simply hemmed at the elbow. The blouse is worn over a fitted lining covered at the top with lace or passementerie to form a yoke; the undersleeves are tight-fitting covered from wrist to elbow with the trimming to match the yoke. The skirt is plain with two rows of narrow insertion running down each side, and a narrow row of velvet, headed by the insertion, finishes the skirt; a belt of leather or one of the material covered with the trimming is worn—sometimes a peasant hood is made with these waists.

* * *

Embroidery Clubs are becoming very popular institutions in the East, among those interested in the craft. Meetings are held every week at the homes of members to discuss new designs and methods, and invariably conclude with five o'clock tea. Private exhibitions of members' work are held every six months, and monthly dues form a fund for prizes given for most artistic work.

* * *

Good news comes from the famous Worth: he has again introduced short skirts for street wear, and they are now being worn in Paris, consequently we may hope to see on our streets within the year, tidy-looking women whose dresses will, at least, only touch the ground.

For slender figures, the new Dominican gown is exceedingly becoming, beside having the advantage of being a decided novelty. They are usually made in serge, with breadths cut all in one from head to foot. A broad box-plait down the front, and another down the back, contain all the fullness. The lining throughout is of soft, bright striped silk, and a wide Empire belt is passed under the box-plaits. The huge gigot sleeves have deep cuffs, with narrow gold braid trimming. The standing collar is finished in the same way.

MME. X.

Martin, Morrison & Heyl, 118 Geary Street, are the only undertaking firm on the Pacific Coast employing a graduate female embalmer and dresser.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—You have no conception of the respectful homage for femininity in general, that permeates my being. For years past I have regarded women and one or two girls in particular, with reverent admiration, but this sentiment is cold in comparison with that I now feel. Perhaps you do not realize the importance of your sex, nor the possibilities for some one male that reside within you. Do you know that "the thread of the Divine that makes man in the image of God is transmitted through woman; that she is the soul of humanity and that through her alone he is enabled to act." This interesting truth is enunciated by Balzac, and if you will promise not to feel too important, I will tell you where to read more in the same strain. Think of it, according to this interesting doctrine all that your husband *in posse* must to attain greatness or goodness is to keep you free from the defilements of Matter and Sense. In the meantime your duty is to aspire to the Divine Spirit within. There is a mission, you who have been yearning like a Saint Theresa for some good to do in the world. All that is necessary to fulfill the holiest function of womanhood then, is to marry, sit in your front parlor cultivating soul in the sunlight, thereby leading your material helpmate from "perdition and dissipation" into the path that leads to the life worth living.

This is the newest light on woman's sphere, and there is much more on the same subject in the memoir of Honoré de Balzac which Miss Wormeley has written. After reading it I confess a tendency to blot from my mind and visiting list the names and faces of every female I know, then commencing over again illuminated by this invigorating theory. *En passant*, the light that lies in woman's eyes or the effluence she transmits with her lips are not included in this system of philosophy, which you will forgive me for admiring a trifle less on that account. But this feminine theorizing is but a portion of a book you will find as interesting as a novel. The life of the greatest novelist was a strange one. How he did work. How gigantic his literary achievements. His life was a struggle to relieve himself from a load of debt. When he had finally freed himself, and won the consent of the woman he loved to marriage, he died. Is it not good to know that the youthful Honoré was considered a dunce at school, and that he wrote ten novels before he produced one fit to publish over his name? All this, besides letters to his sister, to his friends, to Mme. Hanska, the opinions on his genius and work which Saint Beure and Jules Janin wrote, the loving and appreciative memoirs of Georges Sand and Theophile Gautier, are included in this volume, which is by no means the least important in this series of translations, which must rank as a contribution to the literary assets of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. The biographical form is admirable. One can but regret the paucity of material that leaves so much to suggestion and imagination.

Like the rest of us, you have read some of "Q"'s stories. He possesses a stalwartness of style the absence of which is the most obvious failing of most short story writers. In a few brief phrases he sketches in backgrounds full of power and suggestion, against which his characters stand out vivid and unconventional. His last book "I Saw Three Ships," contains a story "The Two Householders," which I believe to be one of the strongest of its kind written. The others are not of equal merit. In the first there is a superabundance of dialogue in dialect, though the central figures are full of individuality. An able study is "The Disenchantments of 'Lizabeth." The "Blue Pantomime" will give you the thrills.

Turn, after you are finished, to "Colonel Starbottle's Client," Bret Harte's latest. That especial story will not add to his reputation, but two tales the volume contains are as good as some of his old efforts. "The Postmistress of Laurel Run" is an excellent story from the point of view purely of form. It is full of the author's fascination and genius. There, too, is the inimitable western touch that endows these impossible women of his with an individuality, a humanity, that is apart from analysis or style. How much a better bit of portraiture Mrs. Baker is or Miss Karline, in "Johnson's Old Woman" than Miss Sally in the initial tale. Who, but the "Outcast of Poker Flat" could tell of the little girl up in the Sierras, who looked after her brothers and sisters and the log tallies, or who could suggest more delicately the unconscious heroism of the awkward lover who so opportunely comes to the girl's assistance? Yes, read the book. You will find it as hard to lay down as "The Three Fates," for, if Harte is no longer a chronicler of a phase in the State's history, he is the most artistic of story tellers.

"Theodore Waddington" is rather an interesting personality written about rather than conceived by the author, Julian Wyndham, who, if he works, may do something worth reading. Had he possessed the depth of art necessary to properly differentiate Rev. Papa Waddington he would have had a character to stand out. The old-fashioned child who keeps her diary and records impressions and opinions therein is not so credible as the tall, beautiful, strong-minded young woman who sings a hymn in a new York drawing-room, refuses the catch of the season, finally becomes an agnostic, and marries Rushmore, the brilliant lawyer. It is an interesting enough story, and goes with some swing.

Over the "Jonah of Lucky Valley," by Howard Seely, I was unable to work up deep enthusiasm. The stories are well enough in their way, but the author does not possess the powerful descriptive ability necessary to depict a background for Western life. It is the Sierra, the cañons, and the dark, pine forests that flavor Bret Harte's best stories. One does not analyze in frontier sketches. It is individuality and incident that are wanted—and background beautifully done, for stage setting. A good enough story that, of the unfortunate Bill Durgy, whose courting of Miss Lou Townshend is so romantic. "A Romance of the Big Horn" maintains the same average, though "A Daphne of the Foothills" is rather cleverer. ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Memoir of Honoré de Balzac," by Miss K. P. Wormeley. Roberts Brothers, publishers, Boston.

"I Saw Three Ships," by "Q." Cassell Publishing Co., publishers.

"Colonel Starbottle's Client and Some Other People," by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"Theodore Waddington," by Julian Wyndham. United Publishing Co., publishers. For sale San Francisco News Co.

"A Jonah of Lucky Valley," by Howard Seely. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"Adopting an Abandoned Farm," by Kate Sanborn. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

"A Covenant with the Dead," by Clara Lemore. J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," by Mrs. Walford. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"The Three Fates," by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 2d day of May, 1892, an assessment (No. 50) of 15 Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, Haywards' building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of June, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on Monday, the 27th day of June, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Haywards' building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Wave

SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, May 7, 1892.

DEMOCRACY'S VICTORY.

The sweeping victory of the Reorganized Democracy at the primary this week was the most emphatic endorsement ever given by the public of this city to a political movement. It must be gratifying to the leaders of this great party revolution, after the many laborious months of work, opposition, and discouragement, that their triumph should be so complete. Every criticism and sneer of their enemies has been answered. The Kindergarten, as it was called, has become the party, and the highbinders of the old machine have been punished and banished from public life. The people are in politics this year. They have entered through the Sutter Street Reorganization movement, and they have come to stay. For the first time in years the respectable citizen has participated in a primary, and the voice of honesty, probity, and righteousness has been seen at the polls. San Francisco should rejoice over her deliverance from servitude to base men and baser purposes, over her escape from bondage to the vilest political masters. No longer will her public offices be occupied by men not responsible to the people, but owing their political existence to the boss. No man can serve two masters in public life any more than elsewhere, and an officer cannot serve the interests of the public and obey the orders of a boss. Let us hope that such things are of the past. The judges on the bench shall hereafter decide according to law and equity, the sheriff shall assist instead of retard and obstruct justice. The street superintendent, it is to be hoped, will see the holes in the streets before his own horse falls into them, and will spend his time in keeping the highways in repair rather than in assisting contractors to harass property owners. Altogether the prospect is alluring, and thousands of citizens are longing for November to put into final execution the work of the Reorganized Democracy. The ax is ready for the bosses, big and little, and the people are prepared as a jury to send them all to the scaffold.

THE $-MARK-AT-LARGE.

All hail the power of the Sack! It prevailed against friendship, honor, business affiliations, and political promises made at Stockton; and California will be represented at the Republican National Convention by four $-marks-at-large.

All hail the Sack! It is mightier than the sword and pen combined; it has taken its place as the greatest political force in the State, has overcome whatever integrity and probity there was in politics, has robbed the Grand Old Party of this State of its cognomen and prestige, and has given it a new name—the $-mark party of California.

All hail the Sack! Against its splendid arguments, its prodigious services to the party, ordinary merit, unselfish fealty to Republicanism, honest and honorable work in the ranks, were in vain; merit was overlooked; sacrifices in the past were forgot; promises were broken; and the $-marks-at-large were triumphantly elected.

The Republican voters of California would do well to remember this. The lesson it teaches is an interesting one, and should not be lost sight of. The party is in the hands of a few slight men whose sack is greater than the best work of their rivals; men who bid so much for the offices, and buy them as they would pictures or horses; men who regard voters as personal assets, and fearlessly proclaim them as such. Permit me to inquire how the Republican party feels at having elected as its representatives at the National Convention four $-marks-at-large?

It was hoped that this convention would heal the wounds of the party managers and restore peace to the camp. Its result has been entirely different. Estee was betrayed—defeated after he had been elected; Barnes, who for the first time sought an office, was the victim of a treacherous combination, and half the delegates are accusing the other half of being traitors. It will not be easy for the party bosses to harmonize the factions that left the convention demanding the blood of the Iscariots for whom the arguments of the Sack were irresistible.

THAT NEW RAILROAD.

In his anxiety to get a competing railroad to San Francisco, the talented editor of the *Report* has constructed a Transcontinental line on paper, and is busily figuring up the amount of applause he should receive for his enterprise. The road that he has built from San Francicco to Denver passes through fertile valleys and growing cities; wide acres of orchard and farm land, producing fruits and cereals in quantities to supply the world, border the tracks; the soil is rich and undulating; rivers and streams water the valleys where eternal summer finds a home. There are no mountains in the path of the iron steed that capers over the *Report's* Transcontinental tracks; the snow-clad Sierras have melted away, rolling themselves into the cañons, whose abysmal depths are thus raised to official grade; there are no weary miles of dreary wastes, as unproductive as the sands on the sea shore to traverse; the great deserts smile under a kindlier sun, and the wildernesses blossom like the rose in the *Report's* survey map of its grand competing road. The men who have built the line are philanthropists; everybody rides on a free pass, and has the privilege of taking 100 tons of his own or his friend's freight with him. Trains leave for the East whenever a passenger signifies his intention of taking a ride, and as there is no schedule time the engineer will wait for you if you should be late on this new Transcontinental road.

This railroad that the *Report* has builded on paper is a beautiful sight to see. It has caused a cessation of crime; the earthquake has sought its hole, and opium is no longer smoked in San Francisco; the porters on the sleeping cars pay passengers for the privilege of brushing their clothes and cleaning their boots, and the fan-tan game is closed in Chinatown; free meals are given to every passenger who rides on the trains, and the Hawaiian Islands are annexed to the United States; the owners of the Southern Pacific have been herded into the almshouses, the doors of which are hermetically sealed, as there are no more poor men in California, and the *Report* is publishing the advertising of the new Transcontinental railroad at fifty per cent increase on regular rates. It is a very, very, beautiful road, and the terminus is Utopia.

Some weeks ago the mention of Judge Wallace's name as a vice-presidential possibility on the National Democratic ticket aroused considerable interest and some discussion in the party. It seems the probability of a far-Eastern man being selected as President made it desirable to have a far-Westerner balance him. This led to a discussion, in Washington, of Wallace's availability. This, I think, is conceded: He is the ablest man the party has, west of Chicago; and, should the contingency arise, his selection is not so unlikely as some people might imagine. In view of this there is a movement that certain prominent Democrats are behind, to have the State Convention at Fresno endorse Wallace for the place. He is very strong in the country, where his instrumentality in the anti-boodle fight of last year is appreciated.

It was his administration of the Faylor case that threw into such burning relief the scandals of the last Legislature, and it was his charges to the last Grand Jury that aroused public sentiment against prevailing corruption. Nothing but a deep feeling of indignation against the Republican boodling can counteract that party's majority in this State. The possibility of a Democratic victory is due to the abiding disgust of the conservative voters, North and South, with the Legislature of a thousand scandals. There is much to be said in favor of the proposition. It would announce to the State the party's adhesion to a policy of reform, for his name, in the country, stands for more than that of any other Democrat. Besides, nothing would be lost by bringing before the National Convention the claims of the State. We have so frequently sent our machine-politicians East that Wallace's personality would be an interesting contrast.

There is a nasty slur on the women of the Garden City intended in this from the *San Josean:* "It is a shame that men will stand upon the streets of *this* town and try to guess who paid for the spring hats which pass."

MUSIC.

"TANNHAUSER."

When Miss Juch's Company produced Wagner operas last year, the service done to the community was no small one, and though there were many questions to be put to the performances they still left the works struck in with broad, firm outlines. The present season may lay claim to consideration almost entirely upon the suffrage won by the good work done a year ago. Miss Juch left out, the company has lost the best elements of its completeness. Conductor, chorus, orchestra, and personnel show the demoralizing effects of scrimmaging for wages in interior towns. What artistic afflatus was possessed last season has evaporated, leaving a hard and fast determination to make the shortest work of difficulties, for this organization, insurmountable. The band is first of all in its failures, intonation, and precision in strings, wind, and brass, was of the same fluttering uncertainty, supplemented by a piano, an objectionable feature, and wanting in tone, volume, and coherence throughout. The body of players was led by a conductor whose ideas of *tempo* and the swaying of orchestra and chorus to the pulse of his will, were presumably in a state of effervescence. The whole effect of the great orchestral score was lost, and particularly weak was the playing of the overture and march. Better women never stood above wash tubs than the ladies of the chorus, no doubt, but they were indiscreet in leaving the seclusion of that occupation to masquerade in the glare of publicity as dames of high degree, and the men would do well to return to melodious vending of Californian vegetables. Of the principals engaged in the performance of "Tannhauser," with the exception of Miss Juch and Martin Pache, the best that can be said of them was that they meant well. That the voices of the male singers were in the nature of palsied bass Bohm flutes as to quality and intonation, and the ladies made shrill sounds suggestive of the early morning barnyard, will explain the want of enthusiasm of a large audience when the two mentioned singers were silent. Emma Juch is Emma Juch still, a singer with a beautiful voice, a winning personality, and talent next to the highest. Grown more powerful Miss Juch's voice is produced with an increase of tension on the narrow English vowels; in *pianissimo* singing it is more gratifying than before. Her Elizabeth is a fine sensitive performance. Mr. Pache has enthusiasm, a good conception of the character, a voice of quality, power, and range sufficient to bear the strain. Had the work generally equaled the singing and acting of these two artists there would have been little to complain of despite numerous cuts and waits.

For the performance of "Tannhauser" the creation of a master spirit in the whole world of tragic art, absolute perfection is its due, especially where the public has grown to believe there is nothing in art beyond the humorous or small prettiness of modern artistic dalliance. The great living drama embodied in this work can hardly be revealed to an audience, deficient as modern audiences are in enthusiasm and concentration, not to speak of the decay of the imaginative faculty. When great ideals come home to the mass of people with the same force that they did in the days of drama of the Greek and Elizabethan civilizations, then will the full appreciation of the Wagner operas be possible. Having lost the emotional sense of awe without which no great drama can be truly interpreted, the public seems universally to be below the pitch of cultivation where the artistic perception of the feeling is attainable. The heroism born with the creator and reformer stands forth in Wagner, perhaps more greatly than any particular quality of his genius, and to it we owe works which are stronger and more profound than anything art has produced in one of the richest of the centuries.

MISS WITHROW'S BALLAD CONCERT.

Since Miss Sybil Sanderson became famous at a bound, the number of California singers attracting attention have become doubled. Mrs. Carrie Milzner Hamilton, Misses Barnard, Hilke, and Fox, are winning good positions for themselves as recognized vocalists. Miss Gertrude Auld and Miss Lilly Graham are at present studying in Paris with prospects of brilliant success. Miss Withrow's ballad concert showed the result of the excellent training to be had here, and exemplified the fact that the study of vocalism in San Francisco is, in this instance, as productive of as much, if not more good, than in Europe or the East. Miss Withrow's debutantes produce their tones and finish their phrases in a style as careful as it is natural. Misses White, Caessy, and Custer sing without any of the weaknesses of pupils and promise well. The process of development was distinctly visible in the singing of these students, and all aimed at correctness, even tone, and musical expression. More or less gifted, Mrs. Harvey, Misses Tully, Doyen, Cummings, and Strong have acquired enough to place them well out of the amateur standard in placing and execution. Miss Groves and Miss Hert mezzo-sopranos, have good voices and sing very much more capably than the average concert or church singer.

Miss Florence Jacquay is well-known as a concert and church soprano, and her singing and exceptional voice should bring her fame and an excellent position in opera or the concert room. With so much musical and emotional talent, and a particularly appealing contralto voice, Miss Sedgley is another pupil, whom any teacher might feel pride in claiming, singing as she does with intelligence, pathos, and delicacy of perception. These last two singers should make careers for themselves.

The programme given was as exceptional as the singing of the pupils. Wagner, (Rhinegold trio), Schumann, Thomas, and Grieg, were represented. Mrs. Derner Doyal and Armand Soloman assisted, playing a Gade Sonata in good style, and rendered valuable service in accompaniment and obligato.

LESLEY MARTIN.

A LEGISLATIVE ENDORSEMENT.

A law was passed last winter, in Minnesota, affecting the sale of alum baking powders. The interest excited by the bill, when proposed, led to a long and thorough investigation by a legislative committee of the qualities of all the baking powders sold in that State, with the result that the Royal was shown, by very positive evidence from the State Chemist, Dr. Drew, and others, to be the purest, strongest, and in all respects the best baking powder in the market.

The testimonial benefit to be given Miss Lizzie Vigoureux, at the Grand Opera House next Wednesday evening, should be well attended. The young lady is an actress of exceptional ability, whose merits have won for her very favorable comment. She will appear as Rosalind in "As You Like It," a part that she has played with considerable success.

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THE MUMMERS.

"JEKYLL AND HYDE" AT THE BALDWIN.

How Mr. Mansfield gained a reputation on his production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" I am quite unable to state. His Jekyll in the earlier scenes is as stiff, stilted, and stagey as anything ever seen on the Baldwin boards, and whether his Hyde was good or bad could only be judged by the ear, as mortal eye never looked on the character on Monday night. Altogether the performance was an unsatisfactory one, and where we had expected dramatic cake from Mr. Mansfield we received a stone.

Yet the production of this strange, weird, impossible play may have been a notable one; Mr. Mansfield may have given a splendid characterization of the demon-spirit of Jekyll; he may have drawn from the piece some powerful moral, and presented it for the edification of those present. If he did one or all of these, it was genius wasted, effort thrown away; no one knew what he was at, and his greatness was like unto the rose that's born to blush unseen. Mr. Mansfield played Hyde in the dark, for what purpose I cannot say. Just before his appearance in that role the lights were turned down; the wings exhaled a breath of cold air, the accursed orchestra wailed like a drunken banshee, and the stage became as dark as an Egyptian tomb, then an arrow of weird, gray light, the like of which was never seen on land or sea, was thrown across the boards, and in this Hyde moved his hands, at the same time uttering in deep sepulchral tones words whose meaning never passed beyond the darkened stage.

Mr. Hyde loves to murder, and, strangely enough, with many opportunities for gratifying his lust for blood, only kills one man. This is Sir Danvers Carew, who, although he fell early in the play, was never missed. It's a good murder. Mr. Mansfield howled as demons are believed to howl; sinks his presumably claw-like nails deep into the Danvers' neckerchief, and gluts his love for gore. But this is shockingly, inartistically long; yowling and snarling Hyde works on at his awful job, and although there are a dozen people in the house, no one appears until the crime has been committed and the murderer has escaped. The scene in Hyde's lodgings is by no means clever; here he discovers that Mrs. Moore has betrayed him, and yet with his "uncontrollable" desire for blood showing plainly, he contents himself with cursing her. Hyde is always grasping people by the throat, squeezing them a little, cursing them a good deal, and permitting them to depart. I am quite sure the audience could have spared two or three more from the cast, and would have gladly witnessed them falling victims to the tardy fate that removed Sir Danvers Carew. Hyde's forbearance works him great mischief, and leads to his identification.

The work of the play is done in the last act; here Mr. Mansfield redeems himself. I have never seen a better illustration of the death of hope than he gives. The last of his powders is gone; the Hyde in him is gaining the mastery; the change is made without volition; he realizes that Jekyll will shortly be transformed, and for the last time, and Hyde will have his place. There is a chance of finding some of the ingredients of his mixture; it is slight, but as a condemned man who has said farewell to earth, and stands on the scaffold, yet expects a reprieve, Jekyll still had hope. And then it died; so sadly, pitifully, despairingly that I felt as if standing by the grave of some grand hope of my own. The imagination of the spectator does the rest; Jekyll feels the transformation going on; his boyish, upright, handsome form seems to burst; there is a wrenching of muscles, cries that begin as moans and end in beast notes, snarls, and howls; the lights go out, the stage is dark, and the spectator sees in his own mind what he cannot see on the boards, the writhing, distorted body of Hyde. This is a grand act, that almost redeems the worthlessness of those that precede it. Mr. Mansfield has a splendid bill for the coming week, which is his last in San Francisco.——

"The Power of the Press" is doing a first-class business at the California. It is lurid enough to satisfy the most advanced taste. Following this play comes "Blue Jeans," which has some thrilling stage effects. The most notable is the saw-mill scene, which is said to be as realistic as any ever presented by stage mechanism.——

"The Bandit King," has attracted large crowds to the Bush Street Theatre this week. Mr. Wallick gives an interesting production of a border romance, in which his admirably-trained horses assist materially. The control he has over them is remarkable, and aside from anything else, the play is worth seeing for this feature. The "Bandit King" will be followed by Carroll Johnson in the Gossoon.

Following Mr. Mansfield at the Baldwin comes Charles Frohman's excellent Society comedy "Jane," which had a run of over four hundred nights in London before it was presented in New York City, where it attained a season of 150 nights, and would have continued indefinitely in Gotham had it been possible to have secured the theatre for a longer period. "Jane" will be presented here with the original cast, and the performance at the Baldwin Theatre will correspond identically, to the New York production. The title role is assumed by Miss Johnstone Bennett, a young actress who has certainly made a most pronounced impression abroad.

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THE DOCTOR'S EXCEPTION.

HARRIET L. LEVY.

Dr. Hartcourt reduced the manuscript to order with a neat little shake, rolled and tied it, patted it into unwrinkled smoothness, and deposited it upon his desk. Then he turned to his guest.

"How many years did I understand you to say that you have been practicing?"

"Five," answered the young physician uneasily.

"And from an experience of five years you have collected data from which you here deduce a universal truth that is to revolutionize medical science?"

"You misunderstand me," protested the young man, "I merely expressed—"

"One moment," his host interrupted. "Understand that I appreciate your feelings perfectly. I do not censure your self-confidence. I sympathize with it." The Doctor paused long enough to indulge in a short professional cough before he continued.

"You have brought me a letter from Margaret Hamilton."

The young physician assented sullenly.

"Exactly. You say that she told you the whole history of her treatment. She did not tell you half. She has never suspected her influence upon my life. How great it was, I am willing to make known to you, because you are her friend, to whom, at this moment, my experience may be of peculiar benefit."

Gazing at the young physician with an intentness that forced upon him a growing conviction of physicial transparency, Dr. Hartcourt at length began:

"Had Richard Hamilton had any consideration for the welfare of others, he would have thought twice before he permitted himself to be killed in a railroad collision; for the shock occasioned by his death cost his wife her health and beauty, and robbed me of my peace of mind. The young widow seemed to think that, as nerve specialist, I was in some subtle way responsible for her shattered constitution, and that it was my duty to see that her health was re-established. Nor was I unwilling to exert myself to restore the splendid vitality that had distinguished her girlhood, and recall to her face the laughing light that had been her beauty.

"But she thwarted my efforts at every turn. She repeatedly disregarded my instructions, and then came to me bemoaning her condition. At length her very presence irritated me. I explained to her the futility of prescribing for her, and advised her to seek relief in travel; but all to no purpose. She continued to haunt my office. Her physician is the nervous woman's sole comfort, and him she must fee to sympathize with her. Do you follow me?"

The young physician started, bridled, but all he said was, "Certainly."

"Very well. During these months I was collecting statistics from my practice for a paper that I expected to read before the State Medical Association, that was to meet in September of that year. The subject was one in which I was keenly interested—'Relative Suicide in the Sexes, as the Direct Result of Nervous Prostration.' On the general subject of suicide, as determined by purely physiological causes, I have thought and written much. You may have read some of the articles in the journals of '81 and '82. You have not? No matter. My mind turned, naturally, into that channel, pigeonholing observations, comparisons, deductions, until one day an idea, unique as it was startling, flashed upon me. At first it was a mere conjecture. Then it assumed the body of a fact. It bore the test of a life-long experience. Was it not a universal truth?

"I knew no rest. I searched diligently, feverishly, the records of my past practice for the discovery of one case that might disprove my theory. It would brook no exception. Each fresh investigation only strengthened my confidence in the validity of my conclusions.

"Mine was no premature birth," indicating the manuscript on the desk by a contemptuous wave of the hand, "it was the offspring of thirty years of thought. The results of a practice of thirty years concentrated upon a special branch of science are not to be despised. So I set confidently to work, shaping and developing my theory. Of the hundreds of patients who had ever come to me for treatment, embracing in their number every phase of nervous derangement, fifteen committed suicide as the immediate result of their disease. These were all men. Of the women, nine-tenths had threatened at one time or another to do away with themselves. As far as my knowledge reached, not one had ever done so. The explanations that suggested themselves—the lack of sustained will in women, a possible moral cowardice, and the like—were none of them satisfactory. There was a deeper reason, physiological rather than psychological. It was this—"

Dr. Hartcourt checked himself.

"You were about to say?" suggested the young physician, as the pause lengthened.

"Nothing," Doctor Hartcourt answered shortly. "I was digressing. But, to return to our narative. The fifteenth of September has become memorable to me. It was on that date that the State Medical Association held its meeting. The members had no inkling of the significant character of my paper. Its success would be none the less great.

"Everything occurred that day to tax my endurance. My patients were numerous and more than usually trying. I experienced a physical sympathy quite foreign to my nature. I resented the imposition of other people's cares upon me, and fretted restively in my harness. Each time that I rang the bell it was with the hope, a foolish hope, that nobody might be left in the waiting-room to respond to it. It was answered relentlessly. In they filed, a procession of tightly-drawn, finely-lined faces—an endless repetition of the self-same story. The restraint that I was exercising upon myself seemed superhuman. Five minutes more of it, and I felt that something must give way.

"Just then my release came. My ring met with no response. I bounded from the chair, ran—yes, ran—for my hat and overcoat, and was about to leave my office, when the door was softly opened to admit Mrs. Margaret Hamilton.

"She was a picture of apologetic distress.

"'I am sorry to have kept you waiting,' she said, hesitatingly.

"With greater truth could she have said that she was glad to have caught me in.

"'I was not sure whether—'

"'No matter,' I retorted, rudely enough, motioning to her to take a seat. 'What is wrong now?'

"'It's my heart again. It has been acting so strangely. I have never before known it to beat in this way. This time I am sure that it is affected. Don't you think that you had better listen to it?'

"'Decidedly not,' I answered impatiently. 'There is no necessity for it. I have examined your heart thoroughly, and told you again and again that there is no disease there. If you have no confidence in me, you had better consult another physician,' and I arose tentatively.

"But she remained seated.

"'You do not believe me,' she cried plaintively. 'You think that it is all my imagination. You have no conception of what I suffer. I am the most unhappy being on earth!'

"I wondered whether she had been assisting at a charity fair again, or merely indulging in strong coffee.

"'There is no hope ahead,' she continued dismally; 'nothing to look forward to; the same misery day after day. If it were only over. Not a week passes but I wish I were dead.'

"'Then why on earth don't you kill yo self?' I exclaimed, irritated beyond contro

"And then, inspired by a variety of motives—anger, impatience, and more particularly by the hope of a clinching example for the night's argument—I opened a drawer of my desk and took from it a small revolver.

"'There,' I said, 'You are eager to rid yourself of your sufferings. Here is your opportunity.'

"And I thrust the revolver into her hand.

"She examined it curiously. I anticipated the result. Inability to use the weapon; fear that it might not prove fatal; repulsion to that particular manner of death. I speculated as to which of these excuses would be the one advanced.

"What, then, was my amazement to see her raise the revolver to her temple and resolutely pull the trigger. My heart stood still. I felt the weight of a murder upon my soul.

"Had the pistol been loaded my horror could not have been more intense. It was some moments before I could recover my speech. Then I stammered some poor words of explanation. But she took no notice of them. She silently lowered her veil, arose, and with a glance of deep contempt that I have never forgotten, she left the room."

The young physician's lips curled as he watched the narrator.

"What does that prove?" he asked.

"Prove?" returned the other. "An hour later my manuscript was in ashes."

"You burnt it?"

"I burnt it," reiterated Dr. Hartcourt, bitterly. "Why not? What good was it?"

"But, Doctor!" the young physician essayed to speak. The other silenced him.

"You have my experience," he said, with a cynical laugh. "May you profit by it."

There was a moment's silence. The young man's face wore an expression of mingled pity and regret.

"Doctor," he began, "Mrs. Hamilton told me—told me—"

"Told you what?"

"That she knew the pistol was not loaded!"

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PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Stockton Convention was a huge joke or a sad experience, according to the way you regarded it. The chief Society event of the gathering was the dinner that McManus, King of the Potrero, gave to Walker, King of Cow Hollow. These merrie monarchs sat down to a magnificent banquet, ordered by the ruler of the Potrero. The other guests were Judge J. J. Maloney and Harry Tod. That grand, regenerated Republican, Henry Viscera Morehouse, shook the lime from the ceiling of the convention hall when he said Mr. De Young needed no eulogy at his hands. Mr. Morehouse mixes metaphors with the ease that characterizes a gambler shuffling a deck of cards.

* * *

General Barnes' receipt of a dispatch asking him to preside at a dinner at the Union League Club five minutes after he was defeated as a delegate at large, was a pleasant feature of the meeting. George Knight's remarks to the effect that the editor of the *Chronicle* did not mean to threaten anyone who would not vote for him, had the desired effect, and the office-holders who were not prepared to lose their bread and butter acted accordingly. Mr. Quinn's method of "rolling over a barrel" his friend Dan Burns, was a beautiful example of truth in politics. The chief joke of the convention was perpetrated by a candidate who began pumping imported champagne into some recalcitrant delegates at nine o'clock in the evening, and after three hours of vain pleading, said, "Let's have a glass of beer." Altogether, the gathering of the Republicans was a lovely sight.

* * *

The World's Fair ladies who are bent on exhibiting California as a literary centre, give a tea at the Berkshire next Wednesday afternoon. Celebrities of the past and present will be put through their paces and ample testimony afforded of the value of the climate as a promoter of literary activity. It is proposed to collect all the contributions of the Coast School of writers and send them on to Chicago to the Exposition there. Among others from whose publications recitations will be given at the tea are John Phœnix, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Rollin Daggett, and a dozen more less known to the world. Another attraction will be Russian tea served in pretty cups which the visitors will be permilted to take away as souvenirs. Tickets are one dollar, and I think there is a chance of the affair being interesting.

* * *

Kate Sanborn, a literary personage from Boston, is visiting these shores on an inspection tour. She is a lecturer, an author, an inexhaustible conversationalist, and she purposes recording her observations of the Coast in a volume to be called, "Between Gust and Guide Book." In appearance Miss Sanborn is quite literary, and she delights to talk about her books, each of which is an important contributation to current literature. Her latest "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," is very neatly bound and contains, besides some sprightly quotations from Pliny, a number of tasteful excerpts from other writers of less note. With Santa Barbara Miss Sanborn was charmed, and she expresses her intention of commenting favorably on it in her book. This, I am positive, will materially increase immigration.

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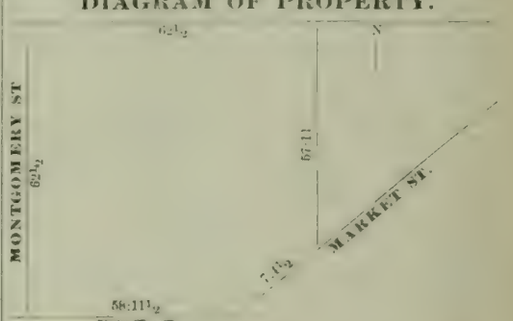

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The street is to be favored with a visit from one of Chicago's most aggressive underwriters, R. J. Smith of the Traders, who is due here *via* Portland. The Traders has been built up largely by his strong personality until it stands to-day in a most enviable position. "Bob" is quite a literary genius in his way, and issues a little company paper dubbed "Once in awhile," that is so full of snap, and what Parson Craig calls "horse sense," as to set an excellent example to many of the "old line" insurance papers. I remember "Bob" way back in the 'Sixties as a hustling special of the old Putnam of Hartford (now defunct), and will welcome him with open arms.

* * *

I congratulate the Southern, of New Orleans, upon its appointment of Mercer Otey as Inspector of Agencies. The Major is immensely popular with the agency force of the California, and the Southern, by this shrewd move, has secured the "call" upon a large amount of desirable business. I am an admirer of the Major's ability, and naturally his appointment is gratifying in the extreme.

* * *

It is reported that as a result of the acquiring of the Home Mutual Insurance Company by the Fireman's Fund, the latter Company will materially increase its lines in the Eastern Department, using the Home Mutual as a re-insurer.

This sounds well to the "Philistine," but, as we underwriters know, unless the Home Mutual be regularly entered in that section, the Fireman's Fund will not be allowed credit in account for its re-insurances. It is very probable that the Home Mutual will be duly entered in all the States now occupied by the "Double F."

* * *

From recent foreign advices I learn that the Palatine-City of London deal was ratified by the shareholders on the twenty-seventh ult. The local business of the City of London is already in "Charlie" Laton's hands, and genial "Cal" has the bag wide open for a substitute.

* * *

The Niagara people are out with a plain-spoken circular flatly contradicting the story of a purchase of its stock by the Caledonian, and giving their assurances that "not a share of stock has been bought by any one connected with the Caledonian." My friend Herold smiles complacently when the story is broached, and treats the idea of a Niagara deal as an absurdity.

* * *

One of the most contemptible and cowardly attacks that have ever come to my notice was recently made by some disgruntled individual upon the management of the California. It was the old "plaint" of a "prominent underwriter" and the guileless reporter, and among other things the claim was made that the staff of the California were unable to compete with their intellectual superiors, the Eastern underwriters.

In this connection, and as a blazing refutation of "P. U.'s" views, it may be well to remember that at the recent annual meeting of the London and Lancashire, one of the largest, best, and most progressive companies of the world, the chairman declared that the business with the United States was worse than that with the rest of the world put together. Scarcely any company came out clear on its American business, and some were heavy losers. All the companies working in America, English and American alike, realized that the premiums did not bear due proportion to risks. Owing to some cause or another, he should not attempt to state what, the fires had increased alarmingly in 1891. The reason for this state of things it was not easy to see. There had been no great conflagrations, yet experts were unanimous in saying that they would have to go back to 1871 to find a parallel to last year's losses. Steps were being taken to raise premiums to a scale sufficient to offset the losses which experience has proved to be inevitable.

* * *

The recent move upon the Oakland Home, prompted by a few "panicky" shareholders, and the recent sudden retirement of so many locals, has been temporarily checkmated, but a bad month or a bad quarter will revive it.

* * *

I learn that T. L. Miller, who, in connection with the agency business, has been editor of the *Pacific Underwriter* for a year or so past, has resigned that position, but is already listening to the overtures of his friends, and it is quite possible that a new insurance paper may soon find its way to my exchange desk. "Tom" is a spicy writer, and deserves his well-earned popularity.

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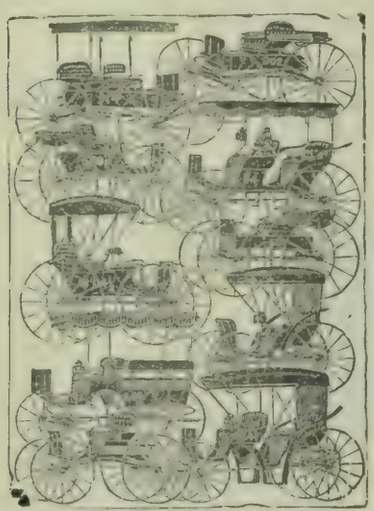

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LAWN TENNIS.

From now until the annual championship games at San Rafael in July, but very little will be done by the different clubs in the way of tournaments. The Alameda County Championship and the continuous tournaments that will be played next month, will be about the only interesting events to claim the attention of the many racket wielders.

The Alameda County Championship event will take place on May 30th, in all probability on the courts of the new Oakland Club, which are rapidly approaching completion.

C. D. Bates, Jr., is the present holder of the Alameda County Championship, which he won from Hubbard by default at the last tournament. The latter will enter this time, however, and as the two Neel brothers, Sanborn, Stewart, Allen, English, and probably the Marx brothers of Oakland, and also the Alameda Club cracks Hellman, Allen, and Haslett, will also enter, I am of the opinion that a very large crowd will be present to witness what promises to be a highly interesting day's sport.

The opening day of the new Oakland Club Courts will be a day long to be remembered by the cracks across the bay. Several exhibition matches are being arranged between the best of the local players for that day, which will probably be May 14th. An effort will be made to have Taylor and Tobin, the winners of the late League series, to play a friendly match with Bates and Sam Neel, the pony team. The last time these teams met, which was in the final match of the League series, some of the cleverest playing ever witnessed on the Coast took place, and no doubt a large crowd will go to see another match between the same teams.

Hubbard has been practicing much of late at the California Club Courts; his double partner H. Haight has also been playing at the same Club, and is showing a decided improvement in his play, particually in smashing, which has been greatly benefited by some careful coaching by Hubbard.

The California Club will send some very strong teams out after the doubles event this year; Wilberforce will probably play with O. Hoffman as a partner, while Stetson and George De Long may also enter; the two last-named players have been doing excellent work in practice, and should they continue to improve from now on until September, they will be heard from somewhere near the finals.

Adams and Field are rapidly coming to the front, and should be heard of to advantage at San Rafael.

Yates, it is thought will not play in the championship contest in July; his chances of winning the all-comers this year, were conceded to be equally as good as any ones, and should he not take part in this year's event, the members of the California Club will be badly disappointed.

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood visited the California Courts during the week, and played some very interesting sets with the Professor. It is not known for a certainty whether she will play in the ladies' single championship this year.

Miss Morgan has not played any for some time past, but now that the Lenten season is over, it is quite likely that she and the greater part of the California Club's lady players will practice often.

O. Haslett has so far recovered from the accident that he recently met with as to resume practice.

A match game between De Long and Stetson, against Adams and Field was won during the week by the former team in straight sets.

The improvement shown by the many different local cracks, and the number of new and promising young players that have recently made their appearance, will certainly make this year's contest more exciting than last year, which is saying a great deal.

The chief topic in tennis circles has been, will Taylor hold the championship this year? The latter has not been playing very well of late, but it is safe to state that he will be in good form for this year's contest, as he has always been in the past, and his experience and coolness in a match will, no doubt, carry him to victory.

Hubbard is already conceded a victory in the all-comers' contest without considering the chances of any of the other top notches, among whom are O. Hoffman, Carr Neel, Bates, S. Neel, Wilberforce, Driscoll, Marx, and others.

Colonel Linderman and B. J. Davis will meet today, in what promises to be a hotly-contested match, as they are both on about even terms.

Harry Haight and Hubbard will defend the doubles championship in September, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Only two months now remain in which to prepare for the singles, but still there seems to be but very little attention paid to the new serving rule, which will cost many a point to players, as the linemen in these matches will act very strictly in this matter.

The continuous tournament scheme advocated by Harry N. Stetson of the California Tennis Club, has at last been put to a practical test at the courts of the above club. The first match took place on Wednesday last, between Robert Eyre and Dell Linderman, and was won by the latter by a score of 6-3—6-4. The contest was a very exciting one, as both players were very nearly matched, almost every game being deuce three or four times before being decided.

THE SCORER.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

During the week the price of silver was about 87¼ from which figure it is predicted it will gradually advance until it will reach $1, as the bear element has, it is thought, been overcome. Should the latter figure be reached prosperity will again reign in silver mining. The Government during the month of May will buy its full quota four and a half million ounces.

At the Stock Exchange the demand for shares in the Comstocks during the week was quite heavy, the majority at advanced figures, especially Bullion. This stock I told the readers of THE WAVE in the last two issues was a buy on prospects. In the last two weeks this stock has increased 100 per cent, advancing from 75 cents and selling on Tuesday up to $1.50 per share, although since then it has receded a little. I believe it will make a further advance on the prospects they have, the ground being very promising on the 1800, and the quartz on the 1300-foot level still holding out well.

On Tuesday the market reached the highest figure, Con. Cal. selling at 4.15; Mexican, 1.70; Ophir, 2.40; Bullion, 1.50; S. Nev. at 1.35, and the total number of shares dealt in being 25,400, the largest day's business for over two months. Mexican has been quite an active stock during the week; in this mine some low-grade ore was struck that assays about $6; this with the quartz found in the 900-foot level of the Union will bear watching by operators. In the Gold Hill group things are nearly the same; on the 300-foot level of Belcher they still are in bunches of ore; in the Yellow Jacket another of the Gold Hill group on the 200-foot level, is west cross cut, some low grade ore was struck that looks very favorable, this find is further west than any previous find. Both the Yellow Jacket and Belcher the readers of THE WAVE should keep an eye on, as should the indications improve, a rapid advance will take place.

Nothing of note occurred on the different levels of Con. Virginia; there has been extracted, according to the Superintendent's reports, during the week 1284 tons of ore, which was shipped to the Eureka mill; there was worked 1525 tons that assayed $20.10. The amount of bullion shipped to the Carson mint on the April account was $53,193 to the present.

The Union mill at Tuscarora has resumed work. It is expected that the ore purchased from the several mines will all be crushed during the present month, and next month the ore from the Nevada Queen will keep the mill worktng.

The Alaska Treadwell Gold Mine of Douglas Island, Alaska, has paid a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share—$75,000. Much of the stock of this company is held in San Francisco.

It is expected that J. W. Mackay will arrive here between the twelfth and thirtieth. Alvinza Haywood arrived Wednesday afternoon from a trip to his mines in Amador County.

The annual election of the Justice Mine was held on Tuespay, with the following result; T. Anderson, President; P. Ameraux, Vice-President; E. P. Barrett, J. O'Connell and J. Deutch, Directors; R. E. Kelly was re-elected Secretary, having acted in that capacity since 1878.

The following companies have levied assessments; The Diana, 5 cents per share; the Justice, 15 cents per share.

Dividends have been declared by Spring Valley Water, 50 cents per share; Pacific Lighting Company, 50 cents; Pacific Coast Power Company, $1 per share, and California Title Company, a quarterly one of 15 cents. The total amount of dividends for April, 1892, was $692,112, as against April, 1891, $654,150.

At the Stock and Bond Board the main feature of the week was the advance of California Electric Light which sold up $18 per share. The following securities were dealt in: 10,000 Spring Valley, 4% @ 91½; 1000 United States, 4% @ 116; Southern Pacific, 5%, 7000 @ 98½; also 50 shares of Pacific Gas @ 80¼; San Francisco Gas, 110 @ 70 to 70¼; Spring Valley Water, 280 @ 99¼; Firemans's Fund, 100 @ 170; Hawaiian Com. 50 @ 3½; Omnibus R. R., 40 @ 58; California Electric Light, 950 @ 17 to 18.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The best and most popular brands of wines and liquors can be found at the Grand Central Wine Rooms, No. 16 Third Street. Call there and see for yourself.

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For Accommodations, apply to

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On the San Lorenzo River, amidst the romantic scenery of the Santa Cruz Mountains, Hotel Ben Lomond is situated; a magnificent hotel with every modern convenience and elegantly furnished; located in a virgin forest.

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Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

Madame A. M. NELSON
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Rooms 119-121, Phelan Building, 3d Floor

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

No man ever had a more sincere friend than Truckles had in Dillington. I verily believe Dillington would have sacrificed his right hand to serve Truckles had the sacrifice been necessary.

As for Truckles, he was apparently just as devoted to Dillington.

Truckles wore a red, pointed beard; Dillington was clean shaven. Truckles was a bachelor; Dillington, who was married, boasted that his wife was the prettiest, brightest, truest, and altogether the most charming little woman in New York.

Truckles was just as enthusiastic over Mrs. Dillington as Dillington was himself.

"If I could find another such girl as you did," he was wont to say, "I'd give bachelorhood the go-by in very short order."

And then Dillington would look pleased, and say:

"Come up and dine with us to-night, old chap; I'm sure Alice will be glad to see you, and after dinner we'll have a smoke and a good old-fashioned chat."

Dillington lived about half way up to Harlem, in one of those new houses that have been put up on the west side within a year or two.

There were electric bells all over the establishment, but it happened now and then that the electric bells got out of order.

When Dillington pressed the button that had a place on the drawing-room wall, therefore, and no servant appeared, he knew that either the electric current was too weak to tinkle the gong in the kitchen, or that the connection had been broken.

"If you'll excuse me a minute, Truckles," he said, "I'll see to it myself. I know you'll like some beer about this time."

Truckles murmured an appreciative "Thank you, old man!" and Dillington dived down to the basement.

He was absent probably five minutes.

"What was the matter?" he asked, as he returned. "I thought I heard an exclamation."

Mrs. Dillington was standing before the piano. Truckles was sitting in the same armchair he had occupied when Dillington had quitted the room.

"Did Alice tread on you as she passed?" the husband continued.

"I fear I hurt Mr. Truckles very much," she replied. "Otherwise I am sure he would not——"

"I owe Mrs. Dillington an apology," Truckles interrupted, "She happened by accident in passing me to touch my game knee—the one I injured in the hunting field a fortnight ago, you know—and I fear I let slip an expletive that was not altogether polite, to say the least."

* * * * * * * * *

"What *are* you trying to do, my dear?" queried Dillington.

It was several hours later.

Husband and wife were preparing for the night, and for fully three minutes Mrs. Dillington had been endeavoring to remove one of her earrings.

"I!" she exclaimed, "I! O, nothing. It is all right now. My earring was a little stubborn, that was all; but——"

"Can't I help you?" Dillington suggested.

"No, no, no"—and the reply was just a trifle emphatic—"it—it—that is, I—O yes, I've fixed it all right now—it's out."

And even as she spoke, the wife with an effort plucked the diamond trinket from the already burning and wounded lobe of her left ear.

For a second she held it in her fingers and from about it disentangled that which had been the cause of her momentary embarrassment.

"What a narrow, a very narrow, escape," she said to herself. "If he had only insisted on assisting me the cause of Mr. Truckles' exclamation would have been made all too clear."

And then between her thumb and forefinger she rolled into a tiny knot three crinkled, wiry, red hairs, and dropped the knot upon the floor.—*Town Topics.*

FACE CULTURE.

There is no more interesting study than face culture, which is carried on very successfully in this city. It is a perfect beautifier; where there is beauty before the process is begun, it is retained; the plainest women are made pretty by it. The flesh tissues must be fed, as they become dry, hard, and slack, causing crows' feet and wrinkles. The pores are opened by the steaming process, and the tissues are fed through them. When starved, the muscles of the face relax, the face falls in and looks haggard. After steaming, oils are rubbed in, and with the rubbing the cheeks take on that healthy, natural glow peculiar to children, and lips and eyes share in the enjoyment. The only place where the face is naturally beautified is at La Verite Toilet Bazaar, 1170 Market Street.

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Terms Reasonable GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

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The Horses will be at the Yard Saturday, May 7th. Catalogues are now ready

KILLIP & CO., Live Stock Auctioneers, 22 Montgomery St.

SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, May 5th. DEAR WAVE:—The long agony of the "Floral Festival" in aid of the Pratt Home is over, and everybody is glad. Such another affair was never seen here. The flowers were beautiful and the arrangement artistic, but the programme given each night was enough to drive one crazy. The most absurd was the performance supervised by a lady from the Normal. You must know she is a second Minerva, and knows a little about everything, even teaching, but if that spectacle revealed her acquaintance with the dwellers on Olympus, it must be with the recent occupants of that classic spot. No words could do justice to the goddesses—their poses were grotesque, their dancing awkward in the extreme. Jupiter would have disowned the entire squad, and Juno would have slammed the door in their faces.

If the managers of such affairs would only break away from this stereotyped idea of a programme and give us a good band on such occasions, we should all enjoy the promenading and the love-making, mingled with the beauty and odor of the flowers.

One of the young fellows there was evidently "too full for"—promenading, and I felt sorry for the pretty girls trying to support him in a tour of the booths. Very little money was made. Dr. Simpson nearly bankrupted himself, but that is because he is in his honeymoon, and not expected to be wise.

We are not yet recovered from the painful surprise of the "no wedding," and the mysterious disappearance of the intended bridegroom, but we all congratulate the young lady on this, her second escape from the matrimonial net. We have had two or three incidents of that kind. Dr. J—— was engaged to a pretty girl here when Rosalie captured him and led him to the altar; but she was soon glad to break the bonds.

The Millionaire has shaken the dust of San Jose from his feet and started on a foreign tour. Of course, the astounding bills had nothing to do with his departure, nor the knowledge that she was consoled for his absence by the visits of his bosom friend. I have a story for you that in abler hands would make a novel, but in mine it will interest some. I can also weave a pretty little story out of the disinterested and unselfish efforts that Stella, Mabel, Kate, and Cora are making to console a recently bereaved, but a wealthy, widower. He can't bear solitude, so they are constantly with him. When he faints their arms are entwined around his neck, and his dear head pillowed upon their sympathetic bosoms. However, I shall "nothing extenuate and naught set down in malice," if I am a

BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

SACRAMENTO, May 6th. DEAR WAVE:—To my great satisfaction, and may say some surprise, we have actually had two weddings this week. The first was one which had been looked on as settled for a year or more, but there was always something indefinite as to its final settlement; when the addition to the house was finished and still no announcement came Society began to wonder if any thing would really ever come of it, but now the wedding is over, and we throw the traditional shoe and bag of rice. It was quite a pretty wedding, only the relatives and very intimate friends witnessing the ceremony; the reception at nine o'clock was largely attended, the house beautifully decorated, and the girls sweetly pretty. I understand the groom has secured a position in Peru, and they will shortly leave for their new home; hard lines on papa L——; should advise the remaining sisters to "go and do likewise" so those new rooms may be occupied. The day following witnessed the nuptials of our popular Professor and the lovely Miss P——, a very quiet affair; they will leave for a short visit, and return by the second week in May. Thus, Society is deprived of two of its members by matrimony, the bride of the first affair, and the groom of the last.

We are to lose three or four of our most popular girls by foreign travel, and the lower part of H Street will be deserted by its most popular inmates; Laura has gone, and Etta and Mabel will accompany Mrs. Crocker and Miss Fanny, leaving here some time in June, and remaining for a year. A delightful dinner was given them by Mrs. Ed C—— last week; Leila and her friends met and had a charming time, winding up the evening with drive whist, the great game here, when Laura and Rob walked off with the prizes. Leila is now visiting her sister in San Francisco, so one of our pleasantest little sets is broken up, and our young men are "left lamenting."

Mrs. O—— will leave some time this month to visit her old home in Baltimore; the girls will miss her picnics, for she was always ready to go, and I am sure a certain young man will be disconsolate. We will try and console ourselves with Mrs. Salisbury, who is so gay and bright; they have taken the O——'s house for six months, and, with her handsome husband, will be quite an addition.

Mamie Deming it still at Santa Barbara, where she recently appeared at the Flower Festival; her sister Ella is at home, and, I hear, devoting herself to good works. All of our most attractive young school teachers have hied them away to spend the short vacation. After the weddings things have settled down to their former quietness, and we are all waiting for something to turn up; and, as it is the unexpected which always happens, perhaps you may hear something very interesting next week from

NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, May 4th. DEAR WAVE:—I am the most unfortunate girl in this world. I sent to your city for the loveliest gown to be had, so that I could outshine "the visitors" at the swell wedding to-night, and it has failed to put in an appearance. Provoking, isn't it? Especially on an occasion of this kind, when the eligibles are sure to envy George, and in that mood become retrospective and consider the married life a desirable state after all—well, I will go in my old, yellow gown, even though it is a chestnut. Possibly Frank will remember the delicious compliment he paid me at their party, when I was attired in this gauzy, buttercup arrangement.

I regret I am compelled to mail this before I have witnessed this all-important event, but you shall have a lengthy description in my next of the entire affair. Charley told me that the presents were magnificent. Marie deserves all her good fortune; she is one of the sweetest girls in our 150, and George is not ignorant of his luck in matrimonial drawings, either.

The rain put a damper on my spirits last evening, or else 'twas Stony's devotion to that "awful little flirt," because my pleasure was surely spoiled at the Harris' party. Jack says I "was horribly cross all evening." Well, I wasn't the only one—Mary's face hasn't brightened since the theatre Monday evening, when the fickle Doctor turned to the fascinating smiles of his quondam flame. We had a lovely time at the party, though; Mattie did the honors in her gracefully attractive way. The house decorations were surely the prettiest seen here this season; one room all in roses, another in lilies, a third in marigolds, and a fourth in umbrella-teee blossoms, while palms made screens for attractive *tete-a-tete* corners. It was awfully kind of Mrs. H—— to turn the house into such a lovely spot for us. Mamma says the tea which preceded the evening party to Miss Vaughn, was equally as successful, Mrs. H—— being assisted by several Society matrons, while Mattie and Annie presided at the refreshment tables.

Last week was rather dull, socially. Mrs. Phillips entertained a few at the attractive game of draw. Monday evening, of this week, the handsome Agnes Huntington won our manly hearts and admiring glances, as Paul Jones. Tom Williams and Billy Foote occupied a box, and those bald-heads, Brown, Shep, Allen, Kittle, hugged the footlights in hopes of catching Paul's eye or winning a smile from a pretty ballet-girl, but metal more attractive was in the boxes.

I think the J—— Street boys should be in better business than sending newly-married men home at all hours of the night, after treating them in thirteen different saloons. Were I one of the wives I'd treat the boys to something stronger than a Mariposa Street jag.

Society does not realize how near it came to witnessing a rousing domestic scene, not long ago. A husband's efforts in behalf of his wife's reputation was the cause of the disturbance. It seems she insisted upon keeping up an acquaintance with a certain person whom Society has decidedly dropped. Hubby's objections were coolly ignored, so hubby's papa and mamma were sent for, and they are enforcing hubby's laws in a decidedly unpleasant manner. I am anxiously awaiting the sequel. Why a lovely woman, with all the luxuries of life surrounding her, should choose to jeopardize her reputation by clinging to people whose actions offend the refined portion of our 150 (let alone her better half) is an enigma to me. She must surely know that all sorts of causes are attributed to her strange actions, and none reflect credit upon her.

How mean it was of those horrid boys to refuse our invitations on that leap-year drive, and all because they were afraid some of us (who have become desperate in waiting) would embrace this opportupity of proposing, and they wouldn't dare refuse—such cowards! The club have a meeting this week, and I trust we will have one informal dance ere they close the season's books. The Unity dance, Friday evening, and the "Beau Brummell," next Monday evening, are the only attractions in sight at present.

Au revoir, IMP.

KERMESS AT LOS ANGELES.

Terpsichore's bosom must have heaved with pride as she looked down upon her 200 odd devotees in the Kermess at the Grand Opera House, for mortal eyes never fell upon such an aggregation of youth, beauty, and grace—that is, in this metropolis. They were all young people, some very young and as full of fire and life as a cluster of diamonds. Our entrancing, fascinating chestnuts, and ante-bellum belles in the role of spectators had to take rear seats for four nights and a matinee, and watch the rising generation pirouette, dance, and kick up their heels. Just think of an entertainment for charity of such a high standard of excellence that it filled a large theatre for five performances, and netted something in the neighborhood of $1000. It also brought to the front the fact that there are a great number of nimble, graceful Misses among us, whose heels and toes are as nimble as their faces pretty. And in the dancing of Misses Bonsall, Ste. Clair, and Guiteu, Carmencita herself must needs look after her laurels.

These Misses moved in a manner that was bewildering and extremely delightful to the men. In fact the display of petticoats, dainty lingerie, and stockings put a premium on the stage boxes and front seats, and in this connection, I am of the opinion that these feminine batteries went a long way toward helping the young Society blood who recently got somewhat involved through getting engaged to three girls simultaneously to make up his mind which of the trio to chose. This Kermess was just the kind of a show Tommy revels in, and every night after the performance he could be seen waiting on the outside for the appearance of the fairies, just as he is wont to do where there is a ballet or Hoyt troupe in town. Tommy is a chip of the old block, and when not flirting, whistles Mother Goose melodies.

Last week the Mayor turned over the keys of the city to the N. S. G. W., and though they have all gone back to their homes, they have left the lock out of order. The decorations, consisting of Fourth of July bunting, bears, bees, etc., have flapped their last flaps, and now look like the tail feathers of an overcaged bird. Everything was done to make them happy and cheerful, including a speech by Stephen M. White. They made the welkin ring and caused strangers coming into the town to think there was another boom on. John Schumacher worked so hard trying to make things pleasant for them, that the day they left he repaired to his peach ranch to recuperate and is there still. Schwamm, Nordholt, and Del Valle, want that same crowd of Native Sons to move down here and stay, and everybody says aye, for they brought with them more good-natured fun and enthusiasm than we have seen for many a day. The enthusiasm came down in car load lots, to be sure, but nevertheless it was sparkling and effervescent. Good-by till next week,

DEBUTANTE.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

It is certainly a pleasure to speak of the enterprise of firms like Sanborn, Vail & Co., which are gradually bringing to the Coast the arts and industries that have so long seemed the special property of the East. They are now manufacturing tapestry paint, of the very best quality, which is not only superior to the imported colors, but is much cheaper. It is absolutely indelible, and when it is used on tapestry canvas it is not necessary to steam the fabric to make the colors fast. This is certainly an advantage that will recommend the paint to the professionals and amateurs.

Among the additions that the firm has made are a three kiln-room, the best equipped west of New York. Sanborn, Vail & Co. are now prepared to do all kinds of China firing for teachers, professionals and amateurs. Gas is used in firing the crockery, which insures uniform heat.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

ERNST H. LUDWIG

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7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*8.00 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.03 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7.30 p m

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Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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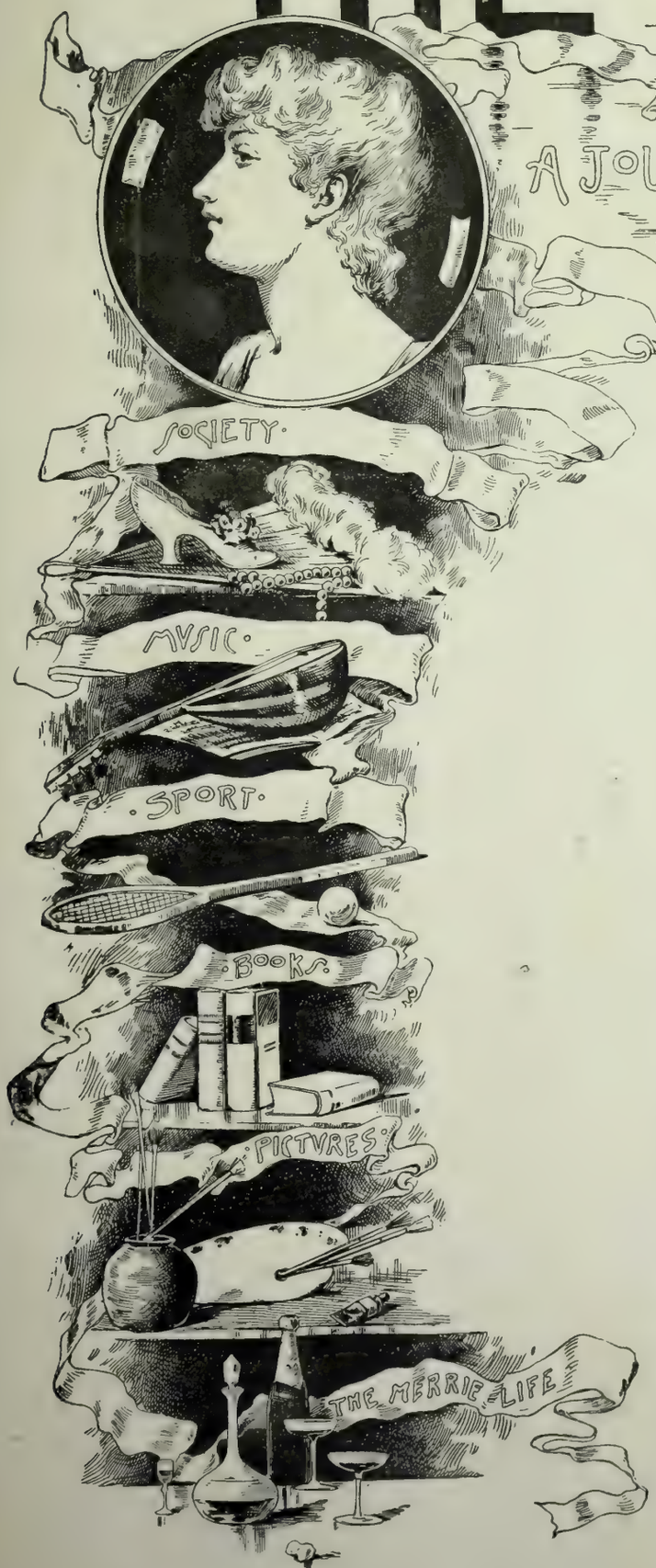

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 14, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The portrait this week is that of the Hon. George E. Whitney, of Oakland, a retired lawyer, a successful man of affairs, and a representative and honored citizen. He was an influential member of the State Senate from 1882 to 1886, and is mentioned as a probable successor to Judge McKenna in Congress. Ex-Senator Whitney is a member of the Athenian Club and of the Berkeley Club, and also of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

SPLASHES.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB has, indeed, been fortunate. To the rescue of their building scheme, a good Samaritan capitalist in the person of Simeon Wenban, of Nevada, has come. He has offered to do everything; buy the site, erect the club building, furnish it to the total of $300,000 or less, on condition he receives six per cent for the investment. Than his offer nothing could be more liberal, as the agreement between capitalist and Club provides for the purchase of the structure at cost within twenty years, also for the repayment of the principal in amounts of $10,000 during the life of the lease. Perhaps President Gerberding realizes more acutely than any other member of the Club the value of Mr. Wenban's assistance. He canvassed all the capitalists in town on behalf of the scheme. One and all refused to have aught to do with it. Yet a safer or better investment there is not in town, and six per cent for $300,000 is surely not to be sneered at.

* * *

The history of Mr. Wenban's offer is this: Some time ago he had Albert Pissis build him a residence. It is the pretty and thoroughly artistic mansion on the south-east corner of Washington and Van Ness Avenue—the only house of its style in town. As the edifice progressed there arose between architect and capitalist a friendship. Mr. Wenban took quite a fancy to Pissis and told him whenever he came upon an opportunity when money would be of use to call on him. The Club's proposition the architect presented to the Nevada miners who signified his acceptance. Of course, Pissis will furnish the design. The building will stand in the centre of a fifty-vara lot, surrounded by lawns and ornamental trees. I am confident a graceful structure will arise to relieve the boarding-house barrenness of Sutter Street.

* * *

The Committee expect that $250,000 will cover their necessities. This will make their rent $1250 per month—only $300 more than their present rental. The natural increase of membership will more than cover the difference.

* * *

THE OLYMPIC CLUB building approaches completion, and it is possible now to realize its dimensions. A huge structure it is, and I am afraid '92 will have gone with the rest of the century before the carpenters move out. But the Club will then have one of the finest gymnasiums in America, and, I hope, a swimming bath. That the latter will be finished by January, I doubt. There is a vast amount of work to be done in the way of constructing reservoirs and pumping appliances, but President Harrison is determined to push on the scheme, and avoid unnecessary delays. The location of the Bohemian Club in the immediate neighborhood will not only add to the value of the Olympic property, but will bring a number of the former's members into the latter. The huge tank of salt water will be a temptation irresistible in hot summer days, affording, the year round, a form of exercise more invigorating than any other.

* * *

That the new membership of the Club will add solidity to it I have no doubt. There is an abundance of youths in the Olympic—men are wanted. From the Cosmos and Pacific-Union there will be accessions, and the advantage, I am sure, those who are now in the Club will be the least likely to underestimate.

* * *

IN THE LAW there have been few big prizes these late years. The golden days when half the ranchers in the State were in the Courts, made millionaires of many jurists. Cases taken on contingent changed the ownership of thousands of acres. At present, however, there is hardly a cause of the first importance on trial at the City Hall, and the matter of large earnings is usually a question of attention to business of numerous clients. I suppose it is because of this tranquility that the size of the fee in the Hopkins' case has been so industriously discussed. Yet no one seems to know how much of the three million odd has fallen to the Wilsons. It is understood this firm took the case on a liberal contingent, and, of course, employed other attorneys to assist. As the preliminary hearing at Methuen was the sole trial, it is not generally supposed the proportion originally promised was given them.

* * *

Though a victory was claimed, the result of that preliminary struggle was by no means satisfactory to Hopkins. That the fight would be a hard one was evident. Efforts were made to compromise. The negotiations were taken in hand by Lawyer Choate in New York, but he found Stillman & Hubbard and Mr. Searles would have nothing to say. They seemed determined to have the case go to trial in order to vindicate their own position. Finally Russell Wilson went East, and when he found himself in Stillman's office he informed Searles' representative that he would negotiate on a new basis. Calling for a telegraph form, he wrote a dispatch to Lawyer Endicott, in Boston, ordering him to dismiss, without prejudice, all appeals in the Hopkins case.

* * *

"Have you a messenger?" he asked. A boy was summoned.

He gave the telegram to Stillman and said: "Now, we will commence."

After that everything went swimmingly. The original offer was renewed; it was not made on a cash basis. All properties in California outside the railroad were to be deeded to Tim. Originally, the California-Street mansion was included, but after the trial Mr. Searles decided it should be excepted from any compromise. In lieu, the sum of $350,000, and the furniture were turned over to him. Rumor has it that the cash amount went to the Wilsons and represents the legal cash of the contest. The proportion that will reimburse Lawyers Choate, Endicott and Burley for their services, will represent a large fraction of this amount.

* * *

The firm of Garber, Boalt & Bishop has also to be dealt with. Indeed, rumor assigns as their share the princely sum of $125,000—not a bad return for some few months' work. However, all may have received amounts far in excess of the sum I have mentioned. In the meantime, the work of dismantling the house on the hill goes merrily on. The bulk of the statuary, the magnificent furniture, the

carpets, the pictures, have been removed, and piece by piece the remainder is being carted away. Now, the huge rooms, with all their frescoed ceilings, carved and paneled walls and inlaid floors, look very bare. But few members of the younger generation have seen the interior of this house, with its immense central hall, its magnificent dining-room in carved oak, and the splendid suite of drawing-rooms, so richly furnished.

* * *

I believe it cost nearly two million, and though there is no doubt but that the interior of the Flood house is finer, none of the other domiciles compare with it. I am told the Art Association will have this palace as soon as Mr. Searles returns to New York, he having quite determined to present it to the city. That he will ever favor San Francisco with a visit is highly improbable. The comments of the California press on the trial wounded him terribly. He conceives himself an object of detestation in this part of the world, and one reason why he turned over all the California property to Mr. Hopkins was that he desired to have nothing here but his railroad interests.

* * *

Of course, the ordinary conception of him as a fortune-hunter is absolutely ridiculous. He is a man of the highest cultivation, an artist, a gentleman, refined and sensitive. During his previous visit to San Francisco with his wife, he could not be persuaded to go round in the day time, but only after dark. Though he parried so dextrously the cross-examination of Lawyer Burley, the strain of those five days showed terribly on him. An attack of brain fever was the result, and I believe he is enjoying life in the Bermudas, his exact whereabouts being unknown even to his lawyers. It seems a pity Mr. Searles could not be persuaded the feeling against him here is not so hostile as he imagines. What could not a man of his cultivation do for San Francisco? There is immortality for the man who endows this city with a worthy art gallery; for this Coast, the Italy of America, will yet produce great artists, singers, and poets.

* * *

At the Concordia Club the regular ticket will be elected without opposition. There is not the semblance of objection to the new board which Charles Ackerman heads. On the appointed day the Secretary will be instructed to cast the ballot of the Club and then the election will be over. Under the new regime I look for a prosperous and brilliant year for the institution.

* * *

The Friday Night Bowling Club has disbanded for the season, much to the regret of the members. It has really been a great success, though it cannot be said the quality of bowling exhibited was marvelously brilliant. The men and girls forming it were congenial, however, and they have had more fun since the season began than all the other clubs together. The final party was given on Tuesday evening, when the members indulged in a boating excursion on Lake Merritt. The air was soft and pleasant, the moon shone brilliantly, and, taken altogether, it was one of the most enjoyable affairs given. In August the Club will re-organize.

* * *

THE OWL'S NEST foundation stone will be laid this evening with a plentitude of ceremonial. From the programme I am led to believe the affair will be one of surpassing interest. On the 5:15 train the members leave for San Carlos, and thence proceed to the clubhouse site. The *chefs* of the Rose Leaves will then assume command of the culinary department. Arrangements have been made to cook a meal something after the style of the Pacific Yacht Club's dinners. There will be roast beef prepared on spits over open fires, inimitable salads mixed by the master hand of Dan O'Connell, and other *al fresco* luxuries. All will be spread in the tent which Mr. Brittan has had erected. Then, the foundation stone ceremonies. Costumes have been provided for the membership. There will be a procession led by the first form, preceded by High Priest Bromley.

* * *

Various valuable articles will be deposited in and over each, the High Priest will perform incantations. Then Donald Graham and Neilly O'Sullivan will sing an ode composed for the occasion by Stewart and O'Connell. A series of weird rites will follow; after them a bon-fire and a fire-work's display on Druid's Hill, and, finally, the illumination of the shell of the clubhouses put up for the occasion, by means of Japanese lanterns. The members will thus be given a chance of seeing the design. It is possible that arrangements will be made to bring the members back the same evening. The sight is one of the most picturesque on the Coast, and considering the moonlight and the probability of clear skies and perfect weather, the affair should be the success of the season.

* * *

THE FLOWER SHOW is in full swing at the Pavilion, and is obtaining that full degree of patronage which San Francisco accords to aught artistic. On the opening night there must have been 300 people present, whereas the week before 5000, at least, witnessed the tug-of-war, and only a lesser number the cake walk. It is a soul-satisfying city to live in, this. The encouragement we gives to culture has produced an atmosphere in which poesy thrives and printers flourish. Our museums, our art galleries, our musical con servatories, are evidence of the refinement and depth of our intellectual cultivatien. It is the same with flowers. Given a scrap of land, a little rain, and in California you have the loveliest wild flowers imaginable, but the bulk of the community prefers dog fights.

* * *

However, in spite of the artistic diffidence of the *oi polloi*, there exist some people who do care for roses and carnations and pansies. Such sweet peas as Timothy Hopkins displays are not found elsewhere. They seem to run through the entire gamut of shades. Then Siever's roses and carnations. One bunch of five I noticed especially. The "Madame Hoste," lemon in shade, were quite the most beautiful I have ever seen. They were perfect in form. The "Rainbow," a variegated rose, won only a lesser share of my admiration. In his display were several bouquets of carnations—huge white ones, and a scarlet and light red, large as roses. They exhaled a most delicious perfume. One immense flower, the Malmaison pink, was almost as large as a chrysanthemum.

* * *

Siever's has also the finest display of *pelargoniums*. These alone are worth a visit to the Pavilion. To describe their exquisite coloring and delicate shades would require a column. His orchids, too, are magnificent. There is a large case of them admirably disposed, and over one especial blossom, with petals of royal purple, it is hardly possible to avoid going into ecstasies of admiration. Most noteworthy, too, are the wonderful pansies displayed by the Serveaus. I have never seen anything to compare with them, or with the marvelous array of *convolvuli*, an out-of-town nursery firm exhibits. I must not forget Tim Hopkins' big chrysanthemums, which are a floral achievement both on account of their size and the period of the year which has produced them.

* * *

ONE TAKES IT for granted Society is still in existence. During the last few weeks it has given so few proofs of vitality that one might be forgiven arriving at the opposite conclusion. The theatre has become the staple relaxation—teas, receptions, dances, even dinner-giving are hardly thought of. This somber condition of affairs will continue now, I presume, until November next. The majority of the elect are preparing their impedimenta for an early flight into the country, yet the annual social exodus may hardly yet be said to have commenced. Before long the gay world will be centered at Del Monte, San Rafael, San Jose, or Santa Cruz. There it will be easy to find all one's friends bunched together, engaged, perhaps, discussing with tender consideration, the characteristics and the mannerisms of their absent intimates.

* * *

Castle Crags is not intended as a resort for fashionables; that is decided. Those who are in search of a quiet life and pure air will find both at the Soda Springs, besides picturesque surroundings, a wonderful view and all the shooting and fishing imaginable. Of the hotel, comfort and cleanliness will be the characteristics. The table will not be as elaborate as at Del Monte, but a clever *chef* has been secured, and everything will be perfect in its way. For the opening, which takes place early next month, there will be an excursion to Castle Crags, which will doubtless attract there a number of San Franciscans. For that occasion and thereafter, I believe a special round-trip rate to Castle Crags will be made by the Southern Pacific Company. The time schedule enables one to leave San Fran-

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

cisco at seven o'clock, arriving at the hotel in time for breakfast at nine.

* * *

For June and July most of the rooms are already engaged, I believe. The demand, indeed, has been quite a surprise to the Company. There are to be some villas erected in the vicinity of the hotel building. One is going up for Colonel Fred Crocker, who purposes installing his children here for the season.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne, according to last accounts, were enjoying the hospitality of Hon. William Buck at his palace in Zerez de la Frontera, Spain. Mr. Buck controls the sherry business, and has had associated with him no less a personage than Alfonzo XII. His wine cellars are among the largest in Europe. The mansion is built after the style of "Le Grand Trianon," and is magnificently furnished, is full of antique tapestries and rare works of art. In honor of his visitors Mr. Buck gave a stag hunt which proved a most interesting experience. On Easter Sunday the party was at Seville, which was very gay on account of the great bull fight, and the presence of a grand opera company which was performing there. Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Jerome with Miss Catherwood were in Rome for Easter and will return to California for next winter.

* * *

Count and Countess Festetics are being made much of by Society. The Austrian nobleman has attained the ripe age of three and twenty, speaks but little English, and is rather difficult to entertain; still he is new, and there is general curiosity to meet his bride. In their honor Mrs. Monroe Salisbury gave a tea on Wednesday last. Like other entertainments this clever hostess has given it was a charming affair, thoroughly enjoyable. Several dinners have also been given the happy pair who intend spending much of the season at Monterey.

* * *

Miss Laura McKinstry is with Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith in Florence. She is being entertained there by the very swell set to which her cousin, Mr. Livingstone, has introduced her. He is quite an old gentleman, and has spent most of his life in Italy. No American is better known in Florence, where he obtained more than prominence by insisting on driving through the streets a coach and sixteen horses as a method of celebrating feast days. Each time he repeated this little joke he had to pay a heavy fine. Miss McKinstry has been much admired, and among others, has had many attentions from the young Duc d' Aosta, the King's nephew.

* * *

The Literary Tea at the Berkshire, on Wednesday afternoon, I am assured by those who were there, was a success. That is, the rooms were crowded, and the Russian tea and decorations were good. What more could one ask for? Besides, it was managed without any especial formality. The talent spoke its pieces and gave way—the only difficulty was that some of it did not turn up. Mr. Phelan made a bright little speech about the World's Fair and the ladies' work in connection therewith. Miss Genevieve Cummins, who has a good voice, sang a song, and Mr. Holbrook Blinn, the hero of the *Palo Alto*, gave "The Parting Hours," a poem by Pollock.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Hastings leaves for the East next week, and will probably go to Europe before returning to San Francisco. About the middle of the summer Mr. Johnson will meet her in New York, and the couple will be married.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan have decided to leave San Francisco for a time, and take up their residence in one of the capitals of the old world, where their children will go to school. Before their departure, their splendid collection of paintings by foreign and American masters will be offered for sale, as will the excellent stud, of which Mr. Finigan was justly proud. Among art-lovers the sale of his paintings will be an event, as they will be offered without reserve. Virgil Williams assisted in choosing the gallery, in which there there are such well-known names as Lucier, Nichols, Fontana, Jansen, Lasalle, Marple, Ratte, Kripendorf, Chaigneau, Laymans, De Buel, Thompson, De Ruddan, and Van der Kamp. The pictures will be sold on Thursday, May 19th, at one o'clock.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Lena Merry and Rev. Chas. J. Mason was celebrated at St. Luke's church on Tuesday evening last. Those who were present tell me it was one of the prettiest of the many weddings solemnized since Lent. The church and chancel were artistically decorated, the bride looked charming, the ceremonial was quite elaborate, and the music really good. The service was performed by the Assistant Bishop W. F. Nichols, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute, and, after the knot was tied in the most approved manner, the choir rendered Barnaby's anthem, "O, Perfect Love." Of course the bride appeared as do other brides, in white. She was given away by her father, Captain Merry. The maid of honor, Miss Mary Merry, looked exceedingly pretty in a corn-colored chiffon. The bridesmaids wore gowns of pink, trimmed with flowers harmonious in shade.

* * *

Rev. Mr. Mason is the assistant rector of Grace Church. He has not been a resident of San Francisco long, but during his stay has made many friends by his unaffected good nature and thorough manliness. After the ceremony there followed a reception and supper at the residence of Captain Merry, 2030 Pacific Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Mason have secured a cottage at San Rafael, and after their bridal tour will reside there during the summer months.

* * *

Over at San Rafael the week has passed quietly. A great many cottages are still vacant, though the regular *habitués* are gradually drifting across, preceded by their furniture. At the hotel the prevailing tranquility has not been disturbed. New people are arriving every day, and it will not be very long before the corridors will be gay with summer costumes, and the dining-room full each night. At the Vendome the prospects are of the brightest. Manager Snell has wrought a revolution in the place, and is preparing to entertain his guests in the handsomest manner possible. At the Sea Beach the season will hardly open until June, but people stay longer in Santa Cruz than at any of the other resorts.

* * *

The people of San Francisco have now an opportunity of seeing some of the finest paintings ever brought to this city—the celebrated Van Gigch collection. They are hung in the banquet-room of the California Hotel and should be seen by all who have any love for art. The greatest names of past and contemporary artists are found on those canvases, that cover the entire range of art. Bouguereau is represented by some of his exquisite figures, whose flesh tints are incomparable; Anton Mauve's "Sheep in Pasture," is a beautiful example of what is excellent in the pastoral; Berne-Bellecour's military scenes will be admired, as will those of Merlette. The dainty has a splendid exponent in Herrmann, whose "Epicures" is a gem. Among the other artists represented are A. Binet, P. Grolleron, Guillon, Vuillefroy, Augueste Bonheur, Frappea, and DeSchryver. This is a magnificent collection and embraces many water colors by famous painters.

* * *

On Saturday's overland there will depart the Misses Voorhies, the Misses Younger, and Joseph D. Redding. All expect to be absent some time. Though the Misses Voorhies immediate destination is Georgia, they expect later to go to Europe. Their absence will be regretted by a large circle of friends. Mr. Redding goes to meet his wife, who is traveling on the continent, and the Misses Younger intend to devote some time to the study of music in Germany.

* * *

The Hotel Azalea will open to-morrow, and Colonel Taylor promises something new in the way of entertainment for his guests. He will have a grill breakfast; the redwood forest will be the banqueting-hall, and the blue vault will be the dome. By the way, it is stated that chronic invalids are not desired at Hotel Azalea, which is a pleasure resort, and not a sanitarium.

* * *

ONE OF THE DELEGATES who attended the late Republican Convention at Stockton has apprised me of a curious fact. He says that on Monday morning, soon after the members began to arrive, the sun disappeared beneath a dark and lowering cloud. On Monday evening it began to rain vigorously, and although there were long intervals on Tuesday and Wednesday during which the elements suspended operations, the sun never

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

showed his face until after Martin Kelly and the San Francisco delegation had departed for this city late on Wednesday afternoon. The observer of this interesting phenomenon asked me to reflect upon it, and give him "the hypothesis" of my explanation. I confess that I am unable to suggest "any hypothesis for an explanation." I am aware of the fact that the flaming orb of day is a very discriminating and intelligent orb, but I am disinclined to credit the insinuation of my friend, the delegate, that he concealed himself beneath an impenetrable cloud because he was ashamed to be seen looking upon a Convention of which Martin Kelly was boss. However, that really may be the true explanation of the singular phenomenon. I am quite sure that were I the sun I should hesitate a long while before I placed myself where I could be caught looking at the crowd of self-seeking wire-pullers and perfidious bosses who composed the Stockton Convention.

* * *

There are two men at least upon whom, were I the sun, I could never look without blushing deeply. They are Mr. Johnny Wilson and Mr. Johnny Quinn. Whatever of shame attaches to the Stockton Convention may be laid at their doors, and they will not, in my opinion, soon hear the last of that convocation. They have claimed to lead the purity faction of the party; they have declared that Martin Kelly was a disreputable boss because he told lies and sold out his friends; they have held up their hands, like the Pharisee in the Temple, who thanked God that he was holier than other men, and promised that if the people placed them in power they would redeem the party from ballot-box stuffing and dishonesty. And yet, here they are practicing the same treachery they condemn, and resorting to the same methods they profess to abhor. This actually stumps me. My friend, the delegate, from whom I derive the information upon which these observations are based, informs me that he was an eye witness to the roll call by which the Convention chose four delegates at large, and that he saw with his own two eyes (not with anyone's else two eyes, mind you) indisputable evidences of a deal between Wilson and Quinn and Martin Kelly. Just think of it! Johnny Wilson and Johnny Quinn, the purists, making a deal with Martin Kelly!

* * *

The evidences referred to by my friend, the delegate, seem to me conclusive. He says that he knows the programme agreed upon by Dan Burns and his lieutenants on Tuesday night contemplated the election of N. D. Rideout, M. M. Estee, W. H. L. Barnes, and E. F. Spence as delegates at large. This ticket was an admirable one, strong in brains as well as strong in money—Spence and Rideout being millionaires. But early in the morning General John F. Sheehan, a member of the Federal bread-and-butter brigade, arrived in town and told Mr. Quinn that Senator Felton would be grossly insulted if he were not chosen. He exhibited a letter from the Senator in which it was intimated that friends were no friends who did not come to a man's rescue at such a juncture. In the meantime Mr. De Young had arrived and was making a desperate attempt to break the programme of the three bosses. He sent his emissaries to Quinn and Wilson, begged, persuaded, and promised. Everybody kept away from Dan Burns. Why? Because he is known to be an honest man who keeps his word. Everybody applied to Wilson and Quinn. Why? Because—well, let me go on with the story.

* * *

Wednesday morning came and with it the roll call. De Young and Felton received scattering votes in every Assembly District delegation of the Burns and Wilson faction except one—the one controlled by Senator Mahoney. This should not have been so. It showed that somebody was bolting the programme. The result was that instead of receiving 53 votes in San Francisco (the full Kelly and Crimmins strength) De Young received 70. When the roll was finished the vote stood Spence 503, Rideout 421, De Young 358, Estée 337, Felton 322, Barnes 261. The four first-named were therefore chosen, and, although Mr. Johnny Wilson and Mr. Johnny Quinn had arranged to elect Felton in the place of Estee, they had miscalculated the strength of that gentleman in the country. Then they were forced to show their hands. Up came Wilson's Assembly District and changed from Estee to Barnes. Next Quinn's District did the same, and so the change proceeded until Estee's total was run down and Barnes' run up a sufficient number of votes to elect Felton. Whatever terms Mr. De Young made as an inducement for Quinn and Wilson to abandon Dan Burns and go in with Kelly's gang, were negotiated during the roll call. My friend, the delegate, does not know what the terms were, but it will not consume much time nor require a very keen observation to soon discover them.

* * *

I do not know that it is surprising, when one considers all the circumstances, that the Stockton Convention should elect Spence, Rideout, Felton, and De Young delegates at large. Neither Barnes nor Estee has a cent; if either of them has he knows enough of politics to keep it. But that is not the case with the other four. They are all millionaires. Two are avowed candidates for the United States Senate, one of them being now actually in office, and the other two have the Senatorial disease badly. Now, why should not these four millionaires be encouraged to remain in politics? Here are four big "sacks" to be exploited this year—four fat legs to be pulled, as it were. The temptation to choose the four was too strong to be resisted, and I do not wonder that the delegates dumped the played-out Estee and the superannuated Barnes. Besides, both these gentlemen are Senatorial candidates. This defeat disposes of them. Thus the Convention killed two birds with one stone. It consigned to oblivion two Senatorial candidates who are poor and brainey, and elevated the hopes of four who are rich and pluckable.

* * *

I have not in recent years observed a more striking case of farseeing politics than this. I may entertain no respect for the honor and veracity of Johnnies Quinn and Wilson, but the wisdom of their statesmanship I shall never cease to admire. I have but one lingering regret in the contemplation of the prospect that now opens so invitingly before the Republican party, and that is (I mention it sadly) I shall not be able to count myself in on this glorious campaign of political plucking.

* * *

But before I close, I wish to put on record an account of the amazement which has overcome me while perusing one portion of the newspap r reports of this Convention. I was prepared for anything except to read that Grove L. Johnson, of Sacramento, had made a speech eulogizing De Young. This actually floored me. When Mr. Johnson, whose real name is Miller, was a young man he copied a signature or something, and got into serious difficulty. He was young and indiscreet, and was let off easily, but he fled from his Eastern home and came to California. Here, in maturer years, he went into politics and was elected to the Assembly. In that body he introduced a bill requiring scurrilous newspapers to retract misstatements. It was called "Johnson's Retraction Bill." The *Chronicle* bitterly opposed it. Johnson was attacked. He replied in a harsh strain on the floor of the Assembly. The *Chronicle* investigated his early life and published the story of the forgery. The paper, in its editorial columns, referred to "Miller, *alias* Johnson, the forger."

* * *

Johnson called up his bill in the Assembly one day, and, in the presence of the largest audience that ever packed the chamber, spent an hour reviewing the personal history of Mr. De Young. It was the most thrilling speech of his life. For years afterward the *Chronicle* never mentioned Johnson's name except to couple with it the words "Miller, the forger." Here, then, was a feud I have always relied on as being perpetual. I can understand how Mr. Spreckels and Mr. De Young might shake hands, and how Mr. Highton, even, might be reconciled, but Johnson, never. This seems, however, to be a case of hardly ever. When I saw by the papers that Mr. Johnson had seconded Mr. De Young's nomination, I did not believe it. "That is a newspaper lie," I exclaimed, and so I inquired of my friend, the delegate. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I saw him do it with my own two eyes." "But," I asked, "did you hear it with your own two ears?" "Indeed, I did," was his answer. "But that is easily ex-

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

plained. Johnson wants to go to Congress from the Sacramento district, and Mr. De Young has promised to help him in his fight. The *Chronicle* will begin puffing him in a short time."

The idea of Grove L. Johnson getting into the same bed with M. H. de Young, however, nearly gives me a stroke of apoplexy. I wish I may be turned into a two-em dash if politics do not make strange bedfellows.

* * *

There was one genuine sensation at the late Stockton Convention which is still being discussed by prominent Republican politicians. It was the exposure of the very reprehensible methods employed by the Registrar, better known as "Soda-water" Brown, at the Primaries. It was shown that the Registrar of a great city had figured in the disgraceful scenes of that election, and had actually supplied some of the slips of papers used by dummy voters to facilitate the impersonation of reputable citizens. These were the slips that bore data relating to the identity of people whose names were voted by the dummies, and Brown admitted that some of them "might have been" in his hand-writing.

* * *

Now there are some respectable Republicans who are anxious to know what Governor Markham is going to do about it. Brown received his appointment from the State's Chief Executive, and the supposition is that the latter expects the important office of Registrar to be conducted in a manner that will, at least, not reflect discredit on the administration. The Registrar is supposed to conduct his office without regard to party. He is supposed to be impartial and unprejudiced, and his predecessors have refrained from participation in campaign affairs because they knew that they were expected to take all necessary precautions calculated for the holding of a fair election. Brown, however, is no stickler for precedent, and in consequence politicians are on the anxious seat. Some are of the opinion that the Chief Executive will wield his little hatchet in the near future, and that it will cleave a neck in San Francisco. It has been suggested that if the blow falls there will be a sprinkling of saw-dust in the Registrar's office.

* * *

It was only a few days ago that a member of the Election Commission, who is interested in the welfare of the Registrar's office, met Mr. Brown in the New City Hall, and gave him a little advice. He called his attention to the fact that under the new election law the election machinery would be quite complicated, and that in order to preclude much friction that would surely result disastrously, it would be advisable to secure experienced and talented clerks to take charge of affairs. When the Commissioner concluded, Brown assumed an aspect as full of haughtiness as that ascribed to Cæsar at the head of his legions, and he replied: "I don't intend to employ nobody in my office who knows more than I do. See?"

"Then God help the office," was the Commissioner's rejoinder, and they parted.

* * *

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES of Mr. A. F. Oakey's return I wonder? Whence he came, or how, I cannot guess, but I have known few men whose point of view on local art was quite so superior. To hear him talk pictures was an illiberal education. One realized the awful advantages of life in Boston, and a feeling of inferiority was inevitable after five minutes of his conversation. Yet he was pleasant enough in his way, condescended to admire Keith, and said that Matthews was not half bad. All this was outside his line of endeavor, however. By profession Mr. Oakey was an architect—that is, he gave you to understand in the list of his acquirements that stood first. But he painted portraits, sketched, wrote essays on artistic and economical subjects, and did a variety of other things I don't remember at this moment.

* * *

The first night of Mr. Oakey's stay in San Francisco, I had the honor of sitting beside him at the Occidental. He wore evening dress, drank champagne, and looked intellectual. A shade covered his left eye and marred decidedly the expression of his face. He gave it to be understood that on an important law suit being tried in New York, his fortunes hinged, and his allusions to a youth of luxury were more eloquent than credible. However, he left that particular caravansary, and next I was told that he had selected from the ranks of the *demi-monde* a wife. His worse excuse for the entanglement was the lady's appearance. She was not even pretty. He took her to a big boarding-house on Sutter Street and there ensued a period of extravagance, wine several times a day, *plats* specially prepared by the *chef*. The bill came, but Mr. Oakey had not received his remittances, and he and his friend sought pastures new.

* * *

About this time he commenced delivering lectures, and at the Art Association gave a long dissertation on pictures, which, alas, an audience almost infinitesimal listened to. He discoursed learnedly in the studios, and obtained a place with Page Brown as draughtsman. In Society, too, he went a little, though I will do him the justice of saying his wife was always too ill to accompany him. Among other establishments he victimized was the Burlington; the Berkshire, too. In fact, the fellow was a first-class beat, and I do trust he may be apprehended and properly punished.

* * *

AMONG THE ARTS, ability to conciliate a creditor is not ordinarily reckoned. It is the diplomacy of impecuniosity, however, and involves as much skill as did the formation of the *Dreibund*. Of dun defiers Charles E. Locke is king. He can repulse a collector with the suavity of a Tallyrand, and such is his magnetism, he finds it the easiest of achievements to borrow money from men in whose debt he is deepest. The stories they tell of him are almost marvelous. Who but Locke could have sent off satisfied with promises in place of dollars, the Musicians' Union? He alone could have piloted through the country an organization so lacking in quality as the Juch Opera Company. Rumor has it that in the chorus are, at least, three Southern hotelmen awaiting an opportunity to seize on the receipts.

* * *

Among the stories of Locke the profession abounds in, there is one that tells of a tour through Texas. He was exploiting opera in in the Lone Star State with results lamentably meager. Audiences were miserable and unsympathetic, and when it came to paying hotel bills the treasury developed vacancy. It is no joke appeasing a victimized boniface, but after the first denunciatory phrases had passed, it was quite easy for Mr. Locke to persuade his late host to run down to the next stopping place.

"You had better come along with us," he would say. "Sure to have a big night at So and so. You get your money and have a nice trip in the bargain."

Unkind fate continued pursuing them, however. Prosperity refused to be beguiled, and by the time the troupe reached Dallas, four hotel keepers accompanied it.

* * *

One night half the vocalists deserted and to his friends, his debtors, Locke said:

"Just for the fun of the thing, supposing you fellows take part in the chorus. It will help me out, too, and reduce expenses."

The novelty of the proposition was irresistible. Thenceforth they were peasants, crowds, Roman citizens, as the production required. Still there came no improvement. On the contrary. One night Locke telegraphed on to his advance agent:

"Please find hotel whose manager has good tenor voice. Chorus overloaded with barytones."

Some years ago the impresario was in San Francisco producing an opera by local "hands." It was quite a musical event and the chorus was a large one. As usual there came a financial hitch. A deputation waited on Locke and calmly informed him they would not sing another note until they were paid.

* * *

Seemingly much perturbed he listened, and then assured them if they would but continue their salaries would be paid the following day.

"At eleven o'clock be at the office, and each one of you will receive all that is due to you." Mr. Locke was convincing.

A friend of mine, who happened to be present at the conference, dropped in the following morning to talk dramatic art to the impresario. Just at eleven a messenger announced the chorus awaited Mr. Locke.

"Tell them I will be there presently," he said, impatiently, resuming the subject. Half

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

an hour later, the messenger again interrupted. The chorus was impatient. They must wait, was his verdict, as he attacked a fresh phase of the theme under discussion. Again the emissary returned.

"These fellows say they won't wait any longer. They've got to see you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Locke in tones instinct with astonishment. Turning to my friend he said:

"I do wonder what they can want with me."

* * *

The result of his week at the Grand Opera House, however, is to relieve Mr. Locke of his most pressing embarrassments. In Society there is nothing going on, and the consequence is the sole source of amusement is the theatre. Each evening Miss Juch sang to fine houses, and her hearers realized the masterly inefficiency of her company which incarnates all the vocal sins—deadly and venial.

* * *

THERE ARE PATRIOTS in the *Cercle Français*. Not of the milk-and-water variety, mind, but vivid, vehement, ardent patriots, who will fight at a word, who love France and hate Germany, yet, at all the Club's entertainments one meets more Germans than Frenchmen. Indeed, if you would really see Teutonic Society at its best, it is necessary to attend a *Cercle Français* ball. The explanation of this phenomenon is that as individual American citizens, the Club has no objection to those, the accident of whose birth compelled them to see sunlight on the east bank of the Rhine. As members of this great commonwealth it is understood that national differences shall not be intruded. Yet, there is something unnatural about this lying down together of the racial enemies. Ever and anon, the antagonism creeps out, and then trouble ensues.

* * *

Considering the flag, the fracas at the *Cercle Français* entertainment last Saturday night was amusing. After the concert there was a little dancing, and then followed supper. At one table rather a jolly crowd of men and girls collected, and when the champagne was passed a few times, some one commenced "Hoch Sol sie Leben." The others took it up, and the well-known German refrain echoed through the hall. There is no question that this was bad taste, but it does not seem to me it devolved on Mr. Jack Blum to call them to order. This gentleman cannot bear even the sight of a Teutonic name, and he pales at the sound of a Prussian melody. He arose, reproved them in rather a vehement way, and retired. Of course, the episode created something approaching consternation, but peace restored, dancing was proceeded with, and not another "Hoch Sol" was heard.

* * *

But the episode was not ended. On the way down stairs, Henry Sinsheimer, who had a lady on his arm, playfully tweaked Mr. Blum's ear and begged him not to be so precipitate. Thereupon the patriot twisted round and inflicted his fist full on the other's face. There was no reprisal; Mr. Sinsheimer's lady claimed his attention, so the insult was swallowed and the procession continued. On the following day this dangerous fire-eater waited on his victim and made an ample apology. The affair has caused a tremendous amount of talk, and the conduct of assailant and assailed is freely commented on. That Blum is wrong is positive, but that Sinsheimer was right in accepting the blow is not proved. The Directorate of the Club regret the episode, and I believe they will take severe steps to call their countrymen to account.

* * *

Imagine how indignant the members of the *Deutchen Verein* would feel if, at one of their festivities, a party of French should strike up the "Marseillaise." Even at the San Francisco Verein, wherein there are many good Americans, the rending of the Gallic war song would cause trouble. One fact is interesting—neither Sinsheimer nor Blum thought of challenging each other. In Europe the first thought of either would have been blood.

* * *

A feature of the concert was the 'cello playing of Alfred Seligman. He is an enthusiastic musician, and has persevered in the face of current opinion on Sansome and Battery Streets which persists in regarding with impatience and distrust artistic tendencies in a banker. I have heard Mr. Seligman alluded to as a very nice fellow whose only weakness was a fondness for this instrument. But he can play. This was his first appearance in public. He rendered Servier's "Souvenir of Spa" in excellent style, and was vigorously applauded. He has justified his devotion, for he has clever execution and a fine tone.

* * *

OVER THE COFFIN of the late John C. Breckenridge few tears will be shed. His was a stormy life. More than for ability or strength, his character was remarkable for stormy passion and violence. At nineteen he married a country girl in Kentucky, who died giving him a daughter. When he married Miss Louise Tevis, he was not more than twenty-four. Then a very fine-looking man, son of a Vice-President of the United States, of a splendid family, he was considered a great catch, and to his courtship there were no objections. The ceremony was quietly performed and the two stood up at the altar the handsomest couple imaginable. But he was no man to live with. Their union was unhappy. He was extravagant, unreasonable, cruel. Lloyd Tevis did everything for him, put him in stocks with Dan Yost, and lost thousands through his mismanagement.

* * *

After the birth of a third child Mr. and Mrs. Breckenridge were divorced. Mrs. Tevis adopted their children, but after a year or so the father insisted on taking them to Merced, where they remained until he found he could get no more money from his ex-father-in-law. Then, he permitted their return. A third time he married—another girl with money. One child they had, but after a time the wife could bear him no longer, and she and her baby left John C. Breckenridge alone once again. What a relief his demise will be to the family, those only who know how apprehensive Mrs. Lloyd Tevis has been for her charges can realize. A desperate fellow, liable to commit any excess, though he was a Southern gentleman.

* * *

THERE IS LITTLE to be added to what the dailies have said about the late Judge Riordan. He was not a great lawyer, but I doubt if anyone on the Coast was better posted on the literature of the law. He was a scholar versed in classic languages and literature. He knew French, German, Spanish, and some Italian, besides Latin and Greek. His mind was not at all of the brilliant type, but his attainments were solid. On the bench, Judge Riordan was eminently careful and fair. He had many friends among the young lawyers, who used to visit his rooms over the Mercantile Library and talk books by the hour to him. He wrote a good deal years ago, was a friend of Bret Harte's, and was very punctilious in the matter of style. His decisions were always couched in excellent English, and in form were models. But they were better from the literary point of view than in the legal sense.

* * *

Judge Riordan might have enjoyed a good income had he not lacked practical ability. He devoted most of his time to literary work, and neglected that painful necessity of legal success—pursuit of clients. As long as he made enough to pay his rent and live, with a little over and above for the purchase of new books, he was quite content.

* * *

SANTA BARBARA is an ideal place for young men whose parents would keep them out of temptation. It is true, three full-fledged clubs flourish there—the Arlington Jockey, to which belong the nice Eastern youths who ride on Mexican saddles and fancy them *caballeros*, then the Santa Barbara Club, composed of residents—young men for the most part, and the Union, to which all the old citizens owe allegiance. It is the moral tone I allude to, however. That is almost altitudinous. A certain class whom ministers are much given to the denunciation of, is conspicuous by its absence. The Mexican maidens are apt to turn up their pretty brown noses at the tourists and the consequence is, visitors especially are good from necessity.

* * *

Santa Barbara Society is firmly organized. Most of the residents enjoy fixed incomes from Eastern properties, and they are living in California because of the climate. The fashionable set is refined, quiet, addicted to driving hither and thither in phætons and surreys, in summery costumes. There are scores of very nice girls, refined, cultivated, interesting. For beauties, one must come to San Francisco Bay. The rising generation,

however, exhibits the softening influence of the Southern atmosphere. Among the school children I saw dozens of maidens who, when they are old enough, will be as lovely as Montecito roses. The Santa Barbarans are in many ways deliciously unconventional. That stringent system of chaperonage in vogue here is almost unknown there.

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The girls are given a great deal of liberty. To ride or drive with a man is not a cardinal sin. Excursions are being arranged all the time, and it is not necessary to consider the possibility of poisonous gossip. These characteristics render Santa Barbara life very agreeable.

* * *

FOR PELLUCID PATRIOTISM commend me to that ardent reformer, Henry Eickoff. This gentleman is now almost as zealous in the cause of pure politics as, in the past, he championed Buckley. Among the latter's dearest friends he was outspoken in his admiration of the Democratic party's sole intelligence, and bowed the knee in his presence whenever there were eyes around to tell the Boss of his suppliance. In these degenerate days, when patriotism has become a synonym for disappointment, there are people who say Mr. Eickoff is for purity in politics for business purposes. This is a slander. The story of his conversion from Buckleyism to patriotism is short, and to clear his reuptation I may as well tell it. Just prior to the last Municipal Convention he begged an interview with his divinity in the Manhattan Club, and there asked that Isadore Gutte receive the nomination for Public Administrator.

* * *

They are friends, are Mr. Eickoff and the good insurance man, and it seemed to both the office could be administered in the best interests of the community if the former was attorney for the latter. It was a pretty proposition, and I am sure Mr. Buckley regretted the necessity that compelled him to refuse the nomination to honest Isadore. He expressed his regret, I believe, in terms suitably pathetic, but Mr. Eickoff was not appeased. That is, he left the presence of the Boss a patriot. Perhaps there were no tangible signs or tokens of his regeneration observable about his person, but from that day bossism in politics became the object of his most profound detestation, a feeling, indeed, that Hon. I Gutte shares in a degree quite as pronounced. And there are cynics who question the purity of reformers.

* * *

JUDGES AND PREACHERS have audiences at their mercy. By disputing with the pulpit one is guilty of sacrilege; when the man at the bar answers him on the bench he is fined for contempt of Court. But the law is dull enough to compel forgiveness for the most sarcastic of *bon mots*—if the verbal term is dextrous. Take Judge Coffey, for instance. If it were not for his neatness what legions of enemies his faculty of sarcastic comment would have made him. Here is a little passage that occurred not so very long ago in the Probate Court. The defendant was being examined and was exhibiting some cleverness in parrying the prosecution's examination. To a leading question he excused himself by pleading that an answer would incriminate him. The objection sustained, the prosecution continued:

"Is it not true you were once a lawyer?"

"I object"—from the defendant's counsel.

"Objection sustained, for the same reason," came promptly from Judge Coffey.

* * *

On another occasion Judge Coffey became rather impatient over the wrangling of two attorneys, one of them Luttrell Murphy, the other Charles Hanlon. It was a case of some importance, and about precedents and conflicting decisions there occurred disputes without number. It chanced that Mr. Hanlon offered an objection and supported it by an argument which Mr. Murphy replied to by asserting that his opponent's innocence of the law nivolved was an injury to his client. To which Hanlon retorted:

"Your Honor, it would be a confession of ignorance to claim as profound a knowledge of the law as Mr. Murphy."

"The Court agrees with both," said Judge Coffey. He turned to his clerk:

"Case postponed for two days to enable attorneys to complete their law studies."

* * *

AMONG THE PIOUS and good Catholic lawyers, Judge Michael Cooney must be reckoned. Prominent in several Irish societies, and Past President of a quintette of Sodalities, he exudes moral worth and carries a benediction in his countenance. Quite a tidy law-practice has this good attorney, whose life is practical testimony of the advantages of Christian piety. Among his peculiarities—and who of us have none—I must not forget his love of funerals. Out of pure sympathy he makes it a rule to attend all the Irish wakes and obsequies he hears of. He feels it his duty to condole with the widow and orphan, and I know of no more touching sight than to see him come into a room full of mourners. There is an expression of resigned woe on his face that would make an undertaker's fortune. In his neat black tie, silk hat in gloved hands, he takes his place near the casket. "Who is it?" the friends ask, and those who know him answer:

"Judge Cooney, the family lawyer."

* * *

By the time the corpse is consigned to the grave, widow and orphans regard him as the family lawyer, though they never in their lives had need of one before. To ask another lawyer to probate the deceased's estate would be pure ingratitude. It is given to Judge Cooney, who, in the course of time, collects his little fee and assures his clients that his deep sympathy is the cause of its moderateness. Many a fat estate has this good attorney picked up in just this way, for the Lord and the Church look after their own. I remember one story about Judge Cooney, and though it has never been in print, it is still good, if a trifle old. He had a contested will case in Judge Coffey's Court—an Irish family, of course, but dissensions were rife in its ranks. This case the sympathetic Jurist, for some reason or other, kept postponing. From Judge Coffey he obtained half a dozen continuances, and expected as many more.

* * *

It was set for trial, however, and when the usual motion for a postponement was made Judge Coffey said:

"Judge Cooney you have offered no reason I can consider, so I will order the case proceeded with forthwith."

"Your Honor," said Cooney, in his most melancholy and impressive manner. "I am anxious to have this case go over for a few days more. Relying on me assurance that the trial would not take place to-day me client has gone home. He is not here, your Honor, and in his absence I am not prepared. It was me assurance, indade."

"Judge Cooney," sternly interrupted Judge Coffey.

"Sor," said the sympathetic attorney.

"Your assurance and your client's credulity are ever a source of wonder to me."

* * *

A dramatic and musical entertainment for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will be given May 18th, under the auspices of the San Francisco Players' Club.

* * *

IN THIS COMMUNITY of gamblers, every one buys lottery tickets. It is the outcropping of the spirit that made an "old hoss" sale the event of months and San Francisco the headquarters of the goddess of

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

chance. Were it possible to gather statistics of the tickets sold in the Western Addition alone, the result would surprise. Few, save the dealers, realize the extent of the habit. One fact is positive, however, that out of California the several companies derive more revenue than from any other State in the Union. It must not be thought that the frivolous element alone indulge. There is Jake, the strangely-whiskered Hebrew who supplies the lawyers and bankers with their coupons. A character in his way, this individual, he has wondrous stories of fortunes made in an instant, of thousands missed by a second's hesitation. Speaking about his customers the other day, Jake detailed this:

"Von day I vas arrested, and ven dey found dose loddery tickeds in my pocket, dey bring me before de Police Court.

* * *

"Dis vas some dime ago. Beside de shudge on de bench vas Shudge Toohey, who vas den on de Superior Bench. I sell him coupons all de time. Ven he saw me he says:

"'Hullo, Jake, vat vas you doin' here? Vat crime haf you been guilty off?'

"'Vell, your Honor,' I says, 'I vas selling loddery dickets.'

"'You vas, vas you?' says he. 'Vell, an' serve you rite, too,' he says.

"'Vell, Shudge, vy you say dat?'

"'You rascal, you,' he say, 'you haf been selling me dickets for de last dree months, and not von off dem vas vorth a damn.'"

The Witness.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

It is an undeniable fact that *en masse* the San Francisco women are atrociously dressed on the street and at the theatres, and exceedingly well attired in their own homes or wherever evening dress is required.

Why this is so I have never been able to understand, but the fact remains the same. It may be that the peculiar climate of our city allows such wide scope for individual costuming that the present unfortunate result has been attained. At all events striking examples of this want of discrimination are to be seen on all occasions. If you will take the trouble to look, you will notice one thing: With but few exceptions those who are fortunate enough to spend a portion of the season abroad or in the East come back to us clad in the simplest costumes for walking and shopping; strictly speaking, the San Francisco girl, the one who remains here during the year, seems almost unconsciously to choose the most conspicuous of a season's fashions.

* * *

During the calling season this effect is most noticeable. On any pleasant Wednesday or Friday afternoon, of the season of calls one can see in the Western Addition street cars, calling costumes that in any other of our cities would not be worn unless a private conveyance were used, concealing in a measure the brilliancy of color and gorgeousness of texture from the vulgar gaze. One pretty little maid trips from house to house, card-case in hand, arrayed in a woolen frock of azure hue; another wears a brilliant brocade; another something brighter yet. These costumes are scarcely noticed as the exceptions.

For marketing and shopping the costumes are gradually becoming less conspicuous, and simple serge and cloth are substituted for foulard and surah, worn only two or three season's ago. Linen collars and cuffs are again becoming fashionable, and when of correct cut always give a neat jaunty appearance when worn with a tailor suit.

* * *

That much despised yet always attractive individual, the Summer Girl, is said to have prepared for the coming campaign a most fetching little costume, in which she will be irresistible; this goes without the saying. It is to be known as the Eton athletica and is made of navy blue serge or rough cheviot of mixed colors. The plain skirt has a leather binding and three narrow leather straps buckled around it, and the Eton coat is bound with leather and lined with gray taffeta silk opening over a *decollete* waistcoat, cut like an evening waistcoat, of blue and white piqué or blue wool vesting powdered with white dots. The very mannish shirt may be of white or colored material, is closed with a single stud, and is, with the linked cuffs, a noble example of the laundress's art and skill.

A conspicuous and amusing feature of the gown is a pocket cut in a curve in the shirt on either side, just as near the location of man's trousers pockets as feminine dress will admit. At the back the skirt and waist are attached, according to the most approved hygienic regulations, and the belt may be of leather or of the flexible gold ribbon which is now so deservedly popular as a girdle for slender waists. A pretty girl with her hands proudly thrust in the pockets of such a gown is a perpetual delight.

* * *

Insist upon Russian leather for your outing shoes—they have far more style and keep their shape better than any other of the light leather ones.

MME X.

LAWN TENNIS.

A visit to the courts of the California Tennis Club, during these pleasant afternoons, would certainly convince one of the fact that this Club is determined, as formerly, to be well represented in the approaching championship games at San Rafael, on June 30th, July 1st, 2d, and 4th. The continuous tournament is now well under way, and some very hotly-contested matches have taken place during the week. On Sunday last Collier defeated Stetson, and shortly after captured his match with Southard Hoffman, after the latter had walked off with the first set easily.

Pierre Moore, the Club's youngest player, is coming along fine in his play; owing to hard practice his match with Golcher was an easy victory in straight sets, Golcher only securing one game, which he made in the first set. Moore was also successful in his match with Coit, whom he beat by a score of 3-6, 6-3, 6-1.

G. De Long and Field also met in what proved quite an interesting match, the first set going to Field by 6 games to 4, and the last two sets and the match to De Long by scores of 6-1; 6-3.

Mitchell and Dutel played their match last week; it was won by the former by 6-3; 6-4.

H. B. Havens defeated H. Gunn during the week, but had to play quite hard to do it, as the latter has improved a great deal during the last few months.

Bob Eyre has not played since his victory over Linderman, last week. He and Code will probably meet shortly.

Collier has challenged Augustus Taylor, but the latter is about done with tournaments, and the chances are in favor of his defaulting to his opponent. A match between these two would prove very exciting, as they both play a clever, hard-hitting game, and are evenly matched.

A number of interesting matches will be brought off to-day. Adams, Hutchings, Davis, Collier, Stetson, O. Hoffman, S. Hofman, Bee, Yates, Wilberforce, and many other players of well-known ability will be there to cross rackets with one another, and some smart engagements are looked forward to.

The continuous tournament has been voted by all the California Club players to be quite a success, and makes any amount of rivalry among the players.

In a private match, on Sunday last, J. A. Code completely upset the calculations of the knowing ones by defeating Field two straight, 6-2; 12-10. A return match between these two players will shortly be arranged.

C. P. Hubbard, of whom great things are expected at San Rafael, this year, will not start in to practice earnestly until next month, when he will practice considerably with Professor Daily at the California Club courts

Stetson and De Long, the latest team to attract attention at the California Club, have been playing in excellent form. They quit even with the Hoffman boys last week, with a set each. A match between them and the Oakland Ponies would be a good thing to arrange.

Hutchings and Adams are expected to play their match to-day, and as both are in excellent form, it is a toss of a coin as to who will come out ahead. Hutchings has defeated Adams, lately, in practice.

The opening day of the New Oakland Tennis Club's courts has again been postponed until May 28th. Taylor and Yates will probably play a single, which will be one of many interesting events that have been arranged for that day.

S. E. Allison, who has lately joined the California Tennis Club, is a very promising player.

A number of players are of the opinion that by charging an admission fee to the courts of the Oakland Club, on the opening day, will affect the amateur standing of those who take part in the games, but as the admission fee is to defray the expenses of lunch, etc., they need not be afraid.

Taylor is evidently coming back to his championship form. His defeat of Haight, during the week, attired in his ordinary clothes, was much admired by those present.

Young Harron will devote his time to the study of law, and will not, it is thought, figure in any of the tournaments this season.

The California Club has two very promising players in the Whitney brothers, but it is quite strange that they seldom play with any one but themselves. An occasional set with the different players of the Club would benefit their game considerably.

The players across the Bay are all practicing carefully for the Alameda County championship that will be decided shortly after the opening day on the Oakland courts. The Oakland players have been putting in their time at the Madison Club courts.

THE SCORER.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

THE ATHENIAN CLUB.

THE PRIDE OF OAKLAND.

In San Francisco there is increasing rivalry as to which shall be *the* club of the city, among the several first-class ones. In Oakland there is nothing of the kind. There the Athenian Club stands alone, and anybody who pretends to be anybody, belongs to it.

Our sister city, in times past, has had several clubs, with greater or less prospect of permanency and standing, but it was not plain sailing with any of them, and each went to pieces in due time on one rock or another. Perhaps they did not have experienced captains or just the right pilot, or the crew was not big enough, but, at any rate, they were wrecked and went to pieces, leaving only driftwood for remembrance.

None of this driftwood went into the construction of the Athenian Club. It was built of new timber throughout. Even the models of the Oakland craft were thrown aside, and that of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, taken to build on.

This Club which now flourishes in the "Athens of the Pacific" is not very old; neither is it in its swaddling clothes. While full-grown, as clubs go, it has still that youthful vigor which augurs well for progress and advancement. It was early in 1883 that a few congenial spirits met and talked up the idea of a club; they got a few more and did still more talking. A list of names was prepared, and those who appeared upon it were first invited to meet at J. C. Martin's office and express their opinions, and then invited to put up ten dollars each to back said opinions. There were a good many opinions, and some fewer ten-dollar pieces, but there were enough of both to make a start.

The fact was, it did not take much argument to prove that the gentlemen of Oakland needed a place of rendezvous. There is not very much to do of an evening now, and there was much less at the time the Club was organized. There are no music halls, no regular theatrical performance every night at half a dozen places, as in the city, no hotel lobbies to meet in, or any promenading crowd on the principal street. Saloons and billiard halls do not satisfy clubmen, and social calls, with mild whist, where the presence of ladies interdicts tobacco, are apt to pall after a time. At any rate, the average gentleman in Society requires, for his perfect enjoyment, a certain amount of the freedom of club life. And he needs it in Oakland possibly more than elsewhere. So the Athenian Club was organized on April 14, 1883, with Dr. E. H. Pardee, as President; W. E. Dargie, Vice-President; John M. Lathrop as Secretary; George E. De Golia, Treasurer, and E. H. Woolsey, A. T. Eastland, Wallace Everson, Mack Webber, Chas. G. Yale, and D. P. Hughes as Directors.

The first couple of thousand dollars, above the initiation fees, was obtained by means of a limited number of life-memberships, and rooms were leased and furnished on Broadway near Eleventh. The sideboard and billiard-room privileges were at first leased, but this was unsatisfactory, and the Club soon bought the equipment and hired its own steward and servants. A library was started, the usual magazines and papers subscribed for, and the Club started on to carry out its object—"the association of gentlemen of literary, artistic, or musical tastes, and also of those who, by reason of their appreciation of literature, science, art, music, and kindred objects, may be deemed eligible."

This is the usual thing to put into the first paragraph of a club constitution; but the real object of the Club is better expressed in the Club motto "Indulge the Genial Hour." This was, of course, at first printed in Greek characters and words, as became the Club's classic name and desires, but so many people thought it had hidden reference to cards, billiards, etc., mention of which had been omitted in the Constitution, that the motto is now rendered in the vernacular.

Acting on the theory of the Club's mission, "Evening Chirps" were inaugurated on the same lines as the High Jinks of the Bohemian Club, and it may be said that many of the entertainments given were, in every respect, equal to those on which they were patterned. If there were not so many to choose from as in the older club, there was more freshness and enthusiasm for the first few years. The little *coterie* of newspapermen and musicians, aided occasionally by other members, worked hard to make the "Evening Chirps" successful, and have succeeded in giving the Club more than a local name. For the past three years, it must be confessed, these "Chirps Nights" have not been so frequent as formerly, since some of those who took the greatest interest and part in them have gone away from the town. Of late, however, a disposition is manifest towards renewal of these festive evenings, and the last two or three, in the new rooms, have been quite successful.

The clubrooms were formally opened on the night of August 4, 1883, with a "Chirps," the subject of which was "Introduction." The Archon of the evening was Charles G. Yale, at that time one of the few Bohemian Club members belonging to the new club. The cartoon of the evening was painted by Fred Yates, who has since made himself famous in Great Britain as a portrait painter. There were papers, there was music, there was punch; everybody got acquainted with everybody else, and a bond of good fellowship was established that bids fair to last many a year to come. New members began to flock in and the Club prospered.

Dr. E. H. Woolsey was Archon of the next "Chirps" with "Clubs" for a subject, and the late Rodriguez painted the cartoon. The next one was E. H. Clough, who chose "Folly" as his topic. The first Christmas "Chirps," and the first ladies' night was in December, 1883, the subject being "Oddities" and the Archon, Ex-Governor George C. Perkins Other Archons and subjects in the next few years were as follows: John A. Britton, "Dreams;" Edward F. Cahill, "Lies;" Ed. H. Hamilton, "Sins;" John M. Lathrop, "Sympathy, Reason, and Affection" (a ladies' evening); S. T. Black, "Aspirations;" Fred M. Campbell, "Christmas." This latter "Chirps" was the most elaborate and successful ever given by the Club. The Yule-log was brought in, the boar's head and baron of beef eaten, and the punch brewed. The ceremonies were carried out by the members in fine costumes. No single paper read was longer than could be written on a sheet of the Club's note-paper, so the cream of the brain-pans of all the writers was obtained. Following the "Chirps," in due time came Archon E. B Jerome with the subject of "Wine, Wit, and Women;" Geo. E. De Golia, "Legal Curiosities;" C. L. Meil, "Nothing;" Fred M. Campbell, "Holidays;" F. A. Harnden, "Hatchets;" Ed. H. Hamilton, "The Basting of the Bird" (Thanksgiving); W. E. Hale, "St. Patrick;" W. Churchill, "An Attic Night;" John R. Glascock, "Go As You Please;" S. B. McKee, "Dedication of the New Rooms;" E. H. Hamilton, "New Year, '92;' E. H. Benjamin, "Men and Women."

In an addition to these there have been several outdoor "Chirps" in the woods. There have been also a number of musical evenings for the ladies; the programme at these being carried out by such men as D. P. Hughes, W. J. Macdougall, J. H. Rosewald, Sigmund Beel, Henry Heyman, and others.

The Club began to be somewhat dissatisfied with its quarters a year or so ago, and several attempts were made to obtain better premises. Finally members began to drop out and affairs did not look very prosperous, so that something had to be done to put the Club back on its old footing. New clubrooms were engaged in the Park House block, on Fourteenth Street near Broadway, opposite the City Hall. The Club ran in debt some $8000 for new furniture. The members "chipped in" $10 each and paid $2000 for moving, and the thing was done. On October 16, 1891, the new rooms were formally dedicated. Since then the membership has about doubled and the Directors have been enabled to pay off $1000 the first month and $500 a month on the debt ever since, and pay all current expenses also. There is a good treasury balance on hand as well. A good many "croakers" did not believe such an increase in membership possible, and predicted financial failure. The result, however, shows that a well-equipped club, with good, handsome quarters, will attract members, when inadequate accommodations will not do so. The dues had to be raised, but not a single member objected to this.

The new rooms are handsomely furnished and very convenient. The billiard-room is large and light. There are several cardrooms, reading, and conversation-room, reception and ladies' parlor, two dining-rooms, etc. Meals are served in good style, and there are a dozen or so suites of rooms occupied by bachelor members. A prominent feature is the very large and well-ventilated "Jinks Room" where the "Chirps" are held on the upper floor. It seats comfortably quite a large audience and it has excellent acoustic properties. This is used as a music-room ordinarily.

In succession, the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the Club have been as follows: Dr. E. H. Pardee, President; W. E. Dargie, Vice-President; Mack Webber and J. C. Martin; O. Alexander and A. T. Eastland; O. Alexander (second term) and Charles G. Yale; W. E. Hale and V. H. Metcalf; Victor H. Metcalf and E. F. Cahill; W. J. Matthews and A. E. Magill; Charles G. Yale and F. S. Stratton; W. W. Foote and A. D. Thompson.

The present officers are W. W. Foote, President; Judge John Ellsworth, Vice-President; R. W. Miller, Secretary and Treasurer; Directors, Judge F. W. Henshaw, Ed. H. Hamilton, Harry B. Houghton; Election Committee, John R. Glascock, F. G. Dunn, F. E. Brigham, C. L. Dam, A. L. Stone, Chas. W. Kellogg, Chas. B. Gould, J. G. Edwards and T. T. Dargie.

The Athenian Club has been very fortunate in having in its service a model club steward in the person of James Vance, who has had charge of details since the first year. He has done very much toward making the Club popular, as he is tireless in carrying out any plan proposed, and is very obliging in every way. The Athenian Club would hardly be what it is without "Old Vance" to look out for the Club and the members. But his services are thoroughly appreciated by everybody connected with the organization.

I'll have to admit this soft impeachment, that appears in the Lake County *Avalanche:* "THE WAVE is a very interesting magazine. It is the leading Society journal of that city, and is one of the best edited papers on this coast. It is a magazine that should be in every family."

Views about the "TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS"

TO BE OPENED JUNE 1, 1892.

1. Castle Dome.
2. Sacramento River.
3. Tavern of Castle Crags.
4. Trinity Range
5. Castle Crags.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

MY DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Carefully educated to regard matrimony as a blessing in disguise, I am deeply pained by the unhallowed pessimism of "Modern Love." Not to the divine passion do I allude, but to George Meredith's poem. A masterpiece, if you will believe me, powerful, vivid, full of fine images and strong pictures—something to read over and remember. But, if among your connections are any men or maidens on the verge of an attachment, hide from them the volume. The lesson of it is deadly. It tells of a husband and wife who loved deeply and then lost the faculty of loving. They do not separate, but go through the world together; he, mad if their smiles encounter; she, seeming to be a "star with lurid beams crowning the pit of infamy. Each sucked a secret, and each wore a mask" Her beauty still attracts him. She is his, but she is a phantom of the past.

The utter hopelessness of his position is wonderfully told. The joys of life have suffered shipwreck with the ship and gazed upon him sallow from the storm. "Prepare, you lovers," says he, "to know love, a thing of moods. In love's deep words I dreamt of loyal life:—the offense is there!"

Given such a commentary as this in the midst of a budding sentiment and the result is fatal. If it is only out of sympathy one feels impelled to believe there is nothing in love. There is a tendency to "deep questioning which probes to endless dole," and the answer is dusty. Delusion, you know, is the life of illusion, and the more of both one has the happier. But it is a noble poem, eminently suggestive, comprehensible even—a characteristic one hardly finds this great man often guilty of. But turn to the "Sage Enamored and the Honest Lady." It is positively inexplicable. Doubtless, it contains remarkable truths, but so shrouded are they in a depth of words, that I could make nothing of them—only that the Honest Lady finally marries the Sage, and the presumption is that they live happily.

You have heard of Rider Haggard and his favorite heroes, Allan Quartermain, and Umslopogaas. In his latest work, "Nada, the Lily," he details the youth of the tall Zulu, tells how he came to win the axe "groan-maker," and, incidentally the life of Chaka, known as the Napoleon of Africa. Never having had the felicity of hearing you speak of the subject, I am ignorant of your sentiments on gore. In this book there is a splendid opportunity to satisfy the most ardent tendency in that direction. The interesting Chaka is never quite happy save when wading in blood. He slaughters regiments, tribes even, and Haggard will give you the effect of the pile of bodies by moonlight. Oh, for the days that are no more, when there existed such stupendous fighters, such unparalleled butchers. Nor does the gentle author stop at the material. He has Umslopogaas and his chum, Galazi, who wields a club called the "Watcher," hunt with a pack of ghost wolves of incredible fierceness. It is only when they are called that these animals assume physical being, then they bite, kill, tear, crunch every one and thing in sight. Nada, the Lily, is the daughter of Mopo, who tells the tale. She is a species of African Cleopatra, whose fascinations are most pronounced. Tribes fight for her, and because she is so lovely they will not permit her marriage to any one man. By all means—if you desire to dream of carnage—buy this sweet tale and join me in a prayer that Haggard when next he resuscitates Umslop. will take him into the heart of the Dark Continent and, on his way out, drown him in Lake Albert Nyanza. This story is not so clever as some of its predecessors. The form does not allow of the fine descriptive passages which the author has accustomed us to. There are plenty of opportunities in the course of Chaka's campaign for strong battle scenes. The narrative is virile and full of incident, but the relief of background carefully done, is conspicuously lacking.

They are clever and very prettily written, these seven tales by Mrs. Burton Harrison, bound together under the caption "A Daughter of the South." She has the fascinating knack of welding her stories together with just enough descriptive detail to set forth her characters, and just enough incident to make a climax and conclusion. A charming maiden is Bertha de Lagastine, a Creole, raised in luxury to lose all in the war. Her life in Paris is skillfully told, her love for the brilliant and handsome Belmont Carrington expressed very sweetly. She is so delightful a type that the intoxication of bringing light to her eyes and pink to her clear, pale cheeks must have been well nigh irresistible.

The best-told story of the collection or rather the one with most individuality in it, is "A Suit Decided." It tells of an American millionaire of the rough and worthy type traveling in England with his daughter of whom he speaks as Miss McCunn. This is a highly-educated young lady who takes notes of all she sees and hears, and who falls in love with a perambulating artist, Robert Kenyon. Nothing of a plot to speak of, but dextrously hung together.

In these busy days—for I presume they are—one must learn to live slowly. The passion for constant exertion is on us—if there is nothing else to do we must be reading, writing, or dancing, or walking. Would you know how to take this existence easily, then purvey "The Technique of Rest," wherein Miss Brackett dictates the best methods of cultivating leisure. She is an exponent of heaven's first law—order; all one desires is to be obtained by simple attainment of will power. She makes known valuable methods of going to sleep, and asserts positively that rest consists simply in producing harmony between the individual and her surroundings. There it all is in a nutshell. If you will rise at a certain hour every morning, refrain from argument with your relatives and have perfectly-trained servants, your harmonies will be perfect—so too your leisure. The difficulty of it all is that one must have, to commence with, a well-ordered intellect and a strong will. Given these concomitants and it is not necessary to study rest technique.

If I did not fear to trespass on forbidden ground, I should ask how long is it since you read "Sense and Sensibility?" A copy of that delicious book fell into my hands the other day, and nothing would do but that I must read right through it, in spite of the bitter necessity of writing that weighed me down. What an exquisitely pure, simple style Jane Austen had, how artistic her touches, how easily she differentiates her characters.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Nada the Lily," by H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Modern Love," by George Meredith. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Sense and Sensibility," by Jane Austen. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"A Daughter of the South," by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Cassell Publishing Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Technique of Rest," by Anna C. Brackett. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

—THE—

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THE EXTRA DRY

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A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, May 14, 1892.

CALIFORNIA'S NEED.

Some of my contemporaries are trying to give reasons for California's rearward position in the advancing army of States. They write that she has fallen far behind the band-wagon, and that among the stragglers she tails in like a fluttering rag on a wearied deserter's uniform. Their reasons for this show them to be of an imaginative rather than of a mathematical turn of mind. The fact that some of the papers published the truth about the recent seismic disturbances is given as one cause for the slight gain in population, as if emigrants cared whether they were swallowed up by an earthquake or blown into an adjacent week by a cyclone; others allege that the high price of farms keeps people away from California, and yet there is better government land here than one can buy in the Middle-western or Northwestern States for ten and fifteen dollars an acre; others say that the small increase in population is due to the fact that we have only one railroad in California, forgetting that if there were more, the people who are afraid of earthquakes and those who cannot buy the high-priced land of which they talk, would have so much better facilities for leaving a place that offered so few advantages.

My contemporaries are in error regarding the causes of California's lack of population, her inconspicuous position in National politics, and her inconsequential place in the business world. Her opulence of earthquakes nor her paucity of railroads have anything to do with it. The trouble is the Strike, more potent in delaying the progress of States than earthquakes or wars, famine or pestilence. The Strike has kept labor away from California; has threatened it with vengeance if it came hither, and has punished it with death when it has had the temerity to make its appearance. California's delegation in Congress, not content with the efforts of the strikers to retard our progress, has dislocated its aggregate of jaw in trying to assist them, and, unfortunately, the dislocation is not permanent. They are yelling a discolor into their vealy faces in an attempt to keep out the Chinese, whose chief crime has been an utter disregard for Unions and Federated Trades, and a prompt and pleasing refusal to join in strikes. This is what is keeping California back in the race for State superiority. This is the reason why our foundries are idle, our farms unworked, our vineyards losing money, and our capitalists investing their capital in places where the Strike does not put it in jeopardy, and where labor is less arrogant than in California.

California is backward because people will not come hither. She needs laborers, yet we turn them away; the yellow men who were received with so much pleasure twenty years ago are denied admittance now, and the chief reason assigned for their exclusion is that they do not assimilate—they will not join Unions, send delegates to the Federated Trades, and go on strikes. I am very selfish, and I desire to see California the first State in the Union; let us admit the Chinese, develop the resources of this magnificent commonwealth and take measures to exclude the Mongolians after this has been accomplished. In the meantime California's great need is labor.

INSTRUCT THE DELEGATES.

How does California stand in the Presidency? Will the convention that meets at Fresno next week decide that the Golden State is so far removed from the centre of the country that to express a choice for a man for Chief Executive would be a piece of impertinence that the rest of the Nation would not brook? Will the Democracy of California follow the advice of the *Examiner*—which has shown a lukewarmness in the campaign, as far as it has advanced, that is not compatible with its claim to the position of the party paper—and send to Chicago a delegation that may be turned and twisted at the will of some Eastern boss? I hope not.

If California is to have a voice in the coming election, it is time she knew it, and if she has a choice for President, Fresno is the place to express it. The Democrats of this State must favor some man for Chief Magistrate, and it were well for them if they made up their minds as to his identity. The delegation that goes to Chicago uninstructed will be the victim of circumstances, and the sport of every aspirant to the Presidency. It will not be denied that the Democracy of California knows what it wants better than any delegation that can be sent to the council of the party; it would be wise if, when it meets in convention next week, it would instruct its representatives to vote for a man who was the first in twenty years to carry the banner of Democracy into the White House, and turn out the rascals who had fattened in the public granary.

It is about time that California took a hand in National elections; if the Fresno convention does not instruct the delegates to Chicago, they should better remain at home, for all the good they can do the party, and for all the figure they will make in the East.

The announcement of the late Mrs. Theresa Fair's desire to found a seminary for priests justifies her memory among those whom her will mystified. That she intended to endow an institution of some character or other, her best friends well knew. They could not understand the omissions of her will. Now, it transpires she had decided to devote quarter of a million dollars to the futherance of this pet scheme of hers. With the Archbishop she had discussed the project until every detail was decided on. She signed a document agreeing to give this amount to the specified object; her signature was witnessed by two men of unimpeachable integrity, Fathers Montgomery and Prendergast. The instrument was drawn before George R. B. Hayes. After her death the claim was presented by Archbishop Riordan, and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs refused to allow it. Of course, the action of the executors was dictated by the heirs. There is no doubt that Mrs. Fair desired to perpetuate her name in connection with some such institution. She was amply able to do so, and her millions rendered easy the execution of her project. It is unfortunate her children have thus taken upon themselves to set aside the last wishes of their dead mother.

* * *

The railroad is out of politics, and is there any reason why the Democratic party should insist on dragging it back? The Stockton Convention happened not so many years ago that the Democracy can have forgotten the long painful years of minority and disaster that followed. Are there not issues between the parties sufficient for the day? Is not the Republican party as it stands in this State a sufficient antagonist for the Democratic party without adding to it the strength of the mightiest corporation on the Pacific Coast? A railroad like anything else must protect its interests, and when any political party declares war upon it, the law of self-defense throws its influence with the other side. Nobody who has studied the political situation in this State has any doubt that the Republican party plus the whole railroad power would overwhelm the Democracy. Why the Democratic party leaders should invite such a result is beyond understanding. For years the people have cried that the railroad must get out of politics, and now the pretended leaders of the Democracy demand its return. The truth is, that the people who claim to be leaders of the Democratic party are cowardly on National issues and seek a local fad or cry on which to conduct the national campaign. The State of California does not desire the anti-railroad species of demagogy revived, and if the Fresno convention should be misled by false prophets, history will repeat itself.

* * *

It is not likely that there will be any police interference at the Jackson-Slavin fight in London, although there is a disposition over there at present to bear down heavily on the pugs. The National Sporting Club, under whose patronage the Australians will box, has just incorporated, and each member has been required to take a number of shares to qualify himself for the duties he has to perform as witness and patron of fighting. The shares "come" at about $85 each, and quite a number of them are held in San Francisco.

LINDA VISTA TERRACE

SITUATED about midway between Oakland and Piedmont and traversed by the Piedmont cable road, is the most central and beautiful residence location to be found along the entire line of the road. The lots are large, and almost every lot affords a magnificent and unobstructed view in all directions. The altitude insures pure air and perfect drainage facilities, and the temperature averages 8 degrees warmer than in Oakland. The avenues are being graded and macadamized, and a complete sewerage system has been arranged. A number of fine residences have been erected and occupied by purchasers of lots, and the land is sold with restrictions as to the value of buildings, insuring a fine neighborhood. Present prices are very low, and favorable terms are offered, especially to those who intend building. Houses built to suit and sold on easy payments.

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MUSIC.

MUSICAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The second extra concert of the series of Musical Sunday Afternoons brought the season to a close. The resumption of these performances next season is problematic, and it is quite possible the musical public will be again bereft of the opportunity of hearing the larger concerted works for years to come. To Mr. Ludovici is due the credit of instituting these concerts, as well as in other ways supporting the cause of good music, and his retirement will be a distinct loss to the advancement of musical art, locally speaking. Viewed according to the profits made from the musical public in the sales of instruments, literature, etc., the assistance and encouragement extended by the numerous wealthy firms hardly balances the account of benefits received. Especially is the piano-making industry a profitable one, and in a country where no State aid is available, who should support musical art and artists if not these recipients of benefits, whose first cause is music? During the past two seasons, one eminent firm, the Steinway Company, has done its fair share of supporting the best concerts to be given here, and Mr. Ludovici has been largely instrumental in bringing this about. How much the musical public is indebted to the other important firms can be readily computed. If only to show what good may be done by the patronage of the prominent piano-making firms, when so minded, the past few seasons of concerts at Steinway Hall have served the purpose well, and remain an example which it is to be hoped will be followed in some form.

A String Sextette, *Op. 48* in *A Major*, by Dvorak, was new to the public, being given here for the first time. An *Elegie*, *poco allegretto*, conceived in Dvorak's characteristic style of mixed emotion, and the Finale, Thema *con variationi*, worked out with classic breadth and interest, left the clearest impression. The sextette, developed in pure form, is eminently colored with the distinctive, picturesque tone peculiar to the composer, accused by the æsthetes of being of a flame color. Made without pretension this music is one of the broadly-planned creations which live, a standard for the composers coming after. The Hermann Brandt Quartette assisted by Messrs. Knell and Gutterson, gave a performance not faultless, but sufficiently even in merit to exhibit the beauty of the work itself. The finale was the most effectively given of the four movements, and happily expressed the beautiful variations.

Mendelssohn's String Quartette, *Op. 13*, in *A Minor*, was repeated, and the playing in finish and enthusiasm justified the repetition, particularly the Intermezzo.

Mrs. Anna Warner Doyal played a piano transcription of Sigismunds, love song from Wagner's "Walküre." Animated by enthusiasm and ability, the pianist gave of her best to fill the performance with Wagnerian spirit, and succeeded in being interesting and emotional. Mr. Alfred J. Kelleher has sung with more sustained tone and more pure intonation; his enunciation remains unmistakably distinct; songs of Gounod and Dessauer were the selection.

The musical given by the Abbey-Cheney Amateurs is of so much interest to the large number of pianists and piano students that it deserves a column to itself, which will appear next week.

Of the concert given for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital—one of the few charities which may justly claim the unremunerated services of musicians—no detailed criticism is to be given, the participants having done quite enough in making an appearance. Mrs. Gleason Hassett made a popular and merited success, and Mesdames Eunice Westwater and O. P. Evans also pleased. Herr Brandt, Mr. Adolf Lada, and Signor Martinez gave the instrumental numbers, and Messrs. C. D. O'Sullivan and Frank Coffin were of much assistance in varying the programme.

On Monday evening the pupils of Mr. Henry Heyman make a public *debut* at Odd Fellows' Hall. Mr. Heyman has been particularly successful with his pupils, amongst them being Nathan Landsberger the lyric violinist. The recital should be of general interest.

Mr. Heyman desires it stated that the tickets to the violin recital of his pupils are not transferable, and that they will be honored only when presented by the persons whose names they bear.

LESLEY MARTIN.

Colonel F. S. Chadbourne has returned to the city after a couple of months' vacation in the East. The trip was a profitable one, and he has, I believe, some nice business propositions in his desk to consider at leisure. He says business is not any brisker at present in the East than it is here, due to the fact that this is a Presidential year. When the election is over there will be an improvement all along the line, and California will advance with the other States.

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The Morgan Organ and Harp Concerts are attracting considerable attention. George W. and Miss Maud Morgan are so well-known in the East that one really hesitates about giving them a formal introduction to San Franciscans who travel, and who have heard the artists of the country. The concerts will be given at the First Congregational Church on Tuesday evening, May 17th, and Friday afternoon, May 20th.

THE MUMMERS.

"NERO" AT THE BALDWIN.

The elevation of the stage goes on apace. Actors who are their own stages managers have already began to apologize for scenery. The time is not far distant when we shall have them sincerely deprecating the unfortunate condition of their support and supernumeraries. I saw, with sincere pleasure, the note that Mr. Mansfield set before his patrons on last Monday night at the Baldwin Theatre, calling attention to the fact that although he had the costumes and lights, the original scenery with which "Nero" had been presented before was missing. Had Mr. Mansfield gone a trifle further and expressed his regret that he was entirely unable to correct the English of that play, giving his reasons therefore, I should have regarded it as a warning of the approach of the millennium.

Mr. Mansfield's "Nero," and when I speak of "Nero" it is of the play as a whole, the scenery, the lights, the support, and whatever goes to make the production, is bad. The star may be as clever in this case as he is in any of his other productions, but the character has not got the interest that assisted him in making some of his other parts famous. Yet he rises so far above his support, that his audience regrets as sincerely as he does himself, his absences from the stage, and I violate no confidence in saying that he loathes every instant that he is not before the footlights.

It is most unfortunate that all of Mr. Mansfield's support treat Roman characters as if they were English, and if Nero had been a modern society play the same accent, the same walk, the same gestures, and the same tone would have been used. At times, the tragedy arose to the dignity of a comedy, and a stranger who had not known what was on the boards might easily have been deceived into believing that this splendid production of "Nero" was a burlesque,

Mr. Mansfield himself did not appear at his best. The earnest interest in his work that has made him so much a favorite in this country, was missing; he seemed anxious to get through with the play, and to me, at least, it was apparent superficiality in some of the passages that destroyed entirely the pleasure that I had in the production. Of course, an absence or the original scenery, may have had something to do with all this, but I doubt it. It is not likely that the ladies and gentlemen who are supporting Mr. Mansfield could be so much influenced by the absence of the original scenery as to stumble through the lines in the way they did.——

"Jane," according to every authentic report, is the most successful laugh producer that has been borrowed from across the water, though its success in a larger measure is due to the sprightly, well-defined interpretation given the piece by Charles Frohman's Company. The new comedy will make its first bow to a San Francisco audience on Monday night at the Baldwin Theatre, remaining for two weeks only. "Jane" is one of the few plays that can successfully sustain long engagements, as its history shows. Its success in New York was phenomenal, and in Philadelphia the orchestra at the Broad Street Theatre was forced to play from the stage every evening for an entire month in order to accommodate the public. Its Eastern success is a matter of theatrical history, and everywhere the comedy has been presented the occasion has been an event.——

"Blue Jeans," a sensational play by Joseph Arthur, which set the East wild with its realism, will be produced at the California Theatre next Monday night. "Blue Jeans," with its saw mill with real saws that saw boards, and almost saw the hero, its black bull, calf, its band of roarers, and a great many other real things, is a homely, domestic sort of a drama, one that is bound to please all who see it. It contains bright and witty characters, portrays scenes of life that are not unnatural or improbable, has many mingled passages of pathos and humor, and sentiment enough to please all lovers of the drama.

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The business of the Royal Baking Powder Company comes to us in the regular way, and is not, therefore, entitled to any special mention on that account. But the fact that other baking powder companies have been making war on this Company, and using all manner of unfair means to injure its business, is itself an appeal to the love of fair play which is a part of the character of every good American citizen.

The fact that the Royal Baking Powder Company has succeeded far beyond any of its competitors, is no doubt reason enough for some of them to say anything against the Royal Baking Powder that they can get newspapers to publish. We do not know whether that sort of thing has injured the Royal's business or not. We don't suppose it has, but of one thing we are sure, when the goods of any company have been on the market, as Royal Baking Powder has, for a whole generation, and been consumed by almost the entire population to a greater or less extent, with perfect satisfaction to all, and without having injured the health of a single person, then it will take more than spite or jealousy to injure its business. The baking powders made by this Company have been tested a thousand times by the most eminent chemists, and always pronounced pure and wholesome. This, added to the experience of the millions who have used them, will stamp as absurd the attacks of other manufacturers who are prompted by jealousy of their great success to publish false statements about the Royal Company's goods.
—*St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.*

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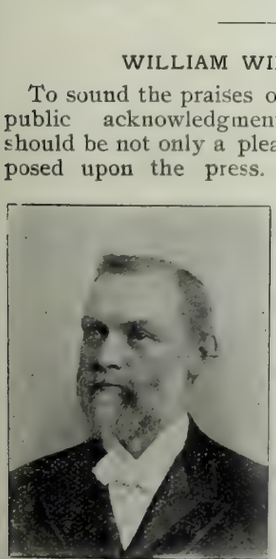
Among the best-known professional men in the city, Dr. T. H. Morris, dentist, of 47 Post Street, is the foremost. He has had a short, but exceedingly successful career, to whose triumph a large amount of brains, push, energy,

and native ability have largely contributed. Educated in Oakland, he took a position in the South, but later returned to the Golden State, determined to enter professional life. He supplemented his learning by a course at the College of Dentistry of the University of California, and graduated with splendid class honors. Locating in Suisun, he took his place as the leading dentist in Solano County, and gained a reputation that made the building of his practice in San Francisco a matter of no difficulty. He came hither in 1888, succeeding Dr. J. J. Dyer, and during his four years in the city he has made rapid strides in his profession. He is certainly one of the leading young men in dentistry here; his offices are fitted up in a manner that shows great prosperity; his operating rooms are stocked with the latest appliances for successful and painless dentistry. Abreast of the times in every line of his profession, Dr. Morris shows what pluck, perseverance, and ability can do in making a man successful in his chosen work. Socially, Dr. Morris is a great favorite, and is proud of the fact that he is a native son.

WILLIAM WILKINSON.

To sound the praises of those who deserve public acknowledgment of their merits, should be not only a pleasure but a duty imposed upon the press. In mentioning the name of William Wilkinson, therefore, there will be called to the recollection of everyone acquainted with public affairs an official of sterling integrity, conscientiousness of purpose, honesty and probity. Mr. Wilkinson, though an Englishman by birth, having been born in Lincoln in 1840, is an American by selection and instinct, and he is proud of it. He was thrown upon his own resources at an early age, and, equipped with confidence in himself, full of spirit to do and dare, he came to San Francisco in 1867 and established a boot and shoe business in the Western Addition. By dint of perseverance, a steady regard to business principles, honesty in his relations with customers, and his adherence to his promises which made his word his bond, he soon increased his trade to proportions that enabled him to retire with a competency a few years ago Mr. Wilkinson is respected and known as a public man as well as in business circles, he having been for many years a leading member of the Bear Club, a powerful organization of the Western Addition. He is now serving his third term as a member of the Republican County Committee, and he also holds a leading place upon the State Central Committee. In 1890 he was nominated and elected to the Board of Supervisors from his ward, and he has since fulfilled his duties with fidelity not only to his constituents, but to the city at large. As Chairman to the Health and Police Committee he has done much to improve the sanitary condition of the city and to increase the efficiency of the police force. As member of the Street and Fire Committees his services have been especially valuable, he having been instrumental in carrying through the extension of streets through the Laguna Survey. His record in the Board will unquestionably find the recognition it merits at the forthcoming Republican convention.



DENIS D. HUNT.

If any one acquainted with the personnel of the Board of Supervisors was asked to point out one of its most popular and efficient members, his choice would unhesitatingly fall upon Denis D. Hunt, the subject of this sketch. Mr. Hunt, unlike most public servants in this degenerate age, having seen fit to accept a public trust fulfills his official duties with the same painstaking care that he employs in the carrying on of his drug business, in which he has been engaged continuously in this city for more than twenty years. Mr. Hunt is a native of Herkimer County, N. Y., where he was born on December 2, 1844. In 1860, he came hither and located in Nevada County, where he worked for some time as druggist's clerk. Subsequently he came to San Francisco, and in 1877, branched out for himself and opened a drug store at the corner of Fifth and Folsom Streets, where he is still located. He became an active political worker many years ago, and six years since was a member of the Republican County Committee. He was an active member of the State Central Committee during the Blaine campaign, and is now prominently identified with the Howard Club. He was elected Supervisor from the Tenth Ward by a large majority in 1890, and his services in the Board have proved conclusively that the confidence of his constituents in his abilities has not been misplaced. He is Chairman of the Buildings Committee—a very responsible position—and as a member of the Water, Health, Police, and Hospital Committees, he has performed valuable service during his term. Mr. Hunt is affable of manner, generous of disposition, and his character above reproach. His sterling qualities as man and official have won him a host of friends, who will see that he succeeds himself in November next.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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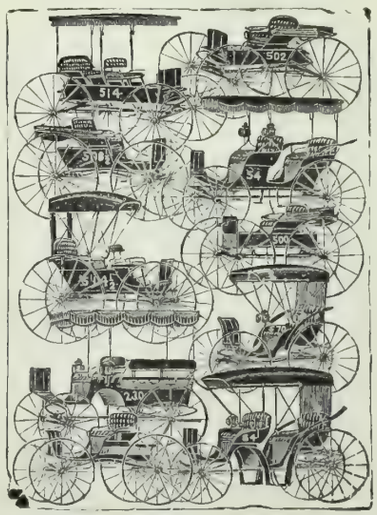

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J. C. SPENCER

THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS.

California is becoming famous as a summer and winter resort. Its hotels are second to none in this country or Europe, and whatever money and taste can do to improve on Nature, is done by those who have set themselves to build summer homes for Society. One would have thought, looking at the large number of hotels already in existence, that the people of California were fully supplied with resorts, but the companies who have put their money into hotels that cater exclusively to the Society trade are not depending alone on the people of the Golden State for their patronage; one-half the people one sees at the resorts now are from the East, coming hither to enjoy the glorious climate of California.

Among the hotels recently erected for the accommodation of the wealthier denizens and citizens of the State, the Tavern of Castle Crags is the most pretentious.

Without doubt this will become the most notable resort in California. Its location is the most charming in the northern part of the State, and the splendid advantages it possesses for those who seek health and comfort, will make it before long the most popular of all the haunts of Society.

The Tavern of Castle Crags is on the Shasta route, and will get the trade from the North as well as from the South. Its location is in a charming little meadow at the confluence of the Sacramento River and Soda Creek; from the broad north balcony a fine view of Mount Shasta is to be had, and the splendid granite pinnacles of the Crags are but three miles away on the west. A saddle trail of fifteen miles to the east brings the angler to Sissons' Horseshoe Bend, on the McCloud River—the attractions of this locality to the sportsman are too well-known to be dwelt upon at any length. A ten-mile trail, *via* Dunsmuir, to Castle Lake, "on the other side of the range," reveals the finest panoramic views of Shasta to be had anywhere, and the little lake that cowers under the western shadows of the Crags has fine trout in its waters and deer licks on its margins. Avalanche Cañon and the Soda Creek Mountains, finely wooded and watered, are easily accessible on the south, and views from the summits of the latter combine the Crags, Sacramento Cañon, and Shasta, in one grand, magnificent sweep. Three miles down stream the waters of Big Castle Creek join the Sacramento, and here also a saddle trail leads to a number of mountain lake gems in the fastnesses of the Trinity range, eight miles away; to sum it all up, there is no point of the compass that has not some object of unusual attraction.

The summit of the Crags may be reached by a good climber in less than three hours, and over three-quarters of the way may, at present, be covered on horseback; the ultimate plan is to construct a good saddle trail to the summit.

As to angling in this neighborhood, it may be said that there are no streams tributary to the Sacramento that are troutless; they have all been well stocked of late years from the fish hatchery at Sissons.

The tavern is in keeping with its name and surroundings. The architecture is antique, but its appointments are modern and up to date, and no further comment upon the *cuisine* need be made than that it is in the hands of the Del Monte management, with mine host Schonewald presiding.

The Tavern of Castle Crags will become a noted "half-way" house between San Francisco and Portland, in which case it will fill a niche in the traveler's itinerary that has heretofore been vacant. The overland journey to the latter city is nearly evenly divided at this point, and the arrival and departure of trains at Castle Crags station is, altogether, convenient and timely.

Comfortable accommodations will be made for 150 persons, and the charges will be moderate, averaging $14 per week. It is now expected that the Tavern will be ready for occupancy on June 1st, and remain open until the last of November.

AN EVENING CALL.

Mildred's cheeks were reflecting the blush of the pink roses pinned against the pulsing curve of her young bosom.

"Oh, Algy," she exclaimed, "Why did you come this evening, of all times?"

The smile that was on Algy's face died at the words.

"Because," he began, "because—why— Yes, I'm quite sure of it. You wrote me to come to-night."

"What a big, stupid boy you are!" the girl went on: "I did nothing of the sort. I am sure I said *I am not free.*"

"So you did, Millie, so you did," Algy protested; "but your note was dated yesterday, you know."

Mildred smiled, and Algy's smile, thus invited, came back.

"How silly of me!" she said.

"How jolly of you, I should say," Algy added.

"Jolly, because I shall have to send you right away home again?" Mildred asked, teasingly.

"Oh, you won't do that!"

"But you see," the girl went on, "I really can't receive you to-night. Look!" and she pointed to where, through the draperies at the end of the room, an empty arm-chair and a vacant rocker were visible in the library.

"Your father and mother are not at home? Is that it?"

"Yes."

"And I really must go?"

"Perhaps I might let you sit down just a little while if—if—" she hesitated.

"If what?" he asked.

"If you'll promise me that you'll be very—that you'll act just as you would if papa and mamma were in the next room. And now," Mildred went on, "will you ring the bell for me?"

"I am not in to any one who calls, Mary," Mildred said when the maid appeared and then she explained to Algy that she couldn't think of having callers of an evening when papa and mamma were not at home. It would be simply dreadful. "Why," she went on, "think what they might—what people might say, you know."

Algy thought.

Then he walked over to the *fauteuil* on which Mildred was sitting, and taking a place beside her, asked to look at the ring her father had given her on her birthday.

"Oh!" she said "would you mind drawing those curtains over the front windows? I am so afraid some one will call, and if they should see me, you know, it would be terrible for Mary to tell them I am out."

Algy drew the curtains, and returned to the examination of the ring.

"Awfully pretty," he said, looking Mildred straight in the eyes, and still retaining possession of her hand. "You are—I mean it is."

"Remember your promise," she said.

"Let me draw that portière, too!" he asked.

'With what object?',

"Well—er—you see it will be so much easier to keep my promise if it is drawn."

Mildred drew her hand suddenly from his clasp, and sprang to her feet.

Algy was startled. Had he made too bold?

"Milly!" he cried; "Milly!" but when she turned her face toward him he was reassured. She was actually laughing.

"Why, how frightened you are!" she exclaimed. "I merely got up to show you that you haven't half closed these curtains at the windows. To tell the truth, I don't believe they can be drawn closely. I think you had better lower the gas."

"And may I draw the portière, too?" he asked.

"Mamma and papa could hear just the same," she replied.

"Yes, but they could not see," Algy added. And as he spoke the brass rings, in response to his action, rattled along the pole, and the draperies shut out all but a streak of the library's lamp-light.

* * * * *

"I had not meant to let you stop so long."

It was Mildred who spoke. The rug at her feet was strewn with pink rose-leaves, but their color was still on her cheeks.

"It was very wrong of me to receive you at all," she went on, "because—"

"Well?" he asked.

"You don't think I misdated that note purposely, do you, Algy?"—*Town Topics.*

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CATCHING A COLONEL.

The Colonel of the Red Hussars was an Irishman, who was as proud of his nationality as it is possible for an Irishman to be, and that is not saying a little by any means. He carried his patriotism so far as to aver that not only were the Irish the finest, the most courageous, the most gifted, of the four nationalities, but that nearly all the really great Englishmen were really Irishmen. He justified his Hibernianism by a mode of reasoning which was highly original, but not wholly convincing. It would have provoked shouts of laughter in the mess if it had proceeded from the lips of a subaltern, but the Colonel was an altogether different person to deal with. It would be dangerous to quarrel with him, and he was as peppery as a London fog, or an old maid who has been jilted by the curate. It was considered far more advisable "to give him his head," and let him exhaust himself by the violence of his own efforts.

When he launched out on his favorite topic, therefore, he was listened to in disrespectful silence by his subordinates, but in revenge it was the greatest delight of the wags of the regiment to mimic his voice and manner, and to represent him as uttering the most astounding Hibernian falsehoods, garnished with numerous expressions of a wholly profane character. This was called "doing Old Pat," and was a very popular amusement in every messroom where the Colonel's personality was known. His real name, of course, as the Army List will tell you, was Colonel Dominick Sydney Power, but this is a comparatively trifling detail. He had been nicknamed "Old Pat" at a very early stage of his military career, and "Old Pat," of the Red Hussars, was almost as well-known throughout the service as Cox's Bank, or the cold meat train to Woking.

Therefore, when the Red Hussars heard that Sir James Macleod had been gazetted from the Blues to their own regiment, conjecture ran very rife among the officers whether Sir John would contrive to hit it off amicably with "Old Pat." It was generally felt that the stranger would probably prove a Scotchman of the deepest dye, with a very large allotment of Scotch pride and patriotism, while, no doubt, after his experiences in the Blues, he would be inclined to regard a mere Colonel in a Hussar regiment with more compassion than reverence. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be every prospect of some lively and exhilarating scenes when the Colonel should deem it fitting to take the Scotch baronet into his confidence on the important subject of national distinctions.

"It will be great fun if he goes for Old Pat, and gives it him hot, when he begins the usual rot," said young Fanshawe, with a broad grin, and it was generally agreed among the junior officers of the regiment that it would be great fun indeed.

While his subordinates were coming to this insubordinate decision, Colonel Dominick Power was engaged in reading a long letter from an old schoolfellow of his, and a former brother officer of Sir James Macleod's, to whom he had written a few days previously in order to make some inquiries with regard to the new importation into the messroom of the Red Hussars, and the Baronet's motives for effecting the exchange.

"A woman is at the bottom of it, as usual," wrote Captain Fletcher, of the Blues. "Macleod was very hard hit, and she threw him over for no reason that any one can divine. Pure devilry, that is all. He knew that you were ordered abroad, and he wants to get out of the country without appearing to run away. That's the bait. He is a capital fellow; no damned nonsense about him in any way; is a good sportsman; A 1 shot; and very popular in the regiment. There is only one point on which I had better caution you. *Don't bet with him.* He is a very devil at bets, and always wins."

"Is he, indeed?" mused Colonel Power; "and he may be the very devil himself for all he'll get out of me. It's meself that would like to see the Colonel of the regiment betting with a mere whipper-snapper of a subaltern—newly joined, too."

Sir James Macleod proved to be a tall, fair young man, whose long features and high cheek-bones testified very clearly that the place of his birth lay beyond the Tweed. He was not remarkably good-looking, but he carried himself with such an air of distinction that it seemed wonderful, as young Fanshawe said, that any woman could throw over "such a dasher, and a real, live baronet to boot." His manner, however, was that of a thorough man of the world; and it is not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he got on at once with the young men who were to be his companions for the future.

"We thought you would be no end of a heavy swell," said young Fanshawe, in a day or two, during which friendship had ripened into familiarity, "but you ain't a bit."

Whereat Sir James Macleod laughed good-humoredly.

"What shall you do when Old Pat begins his usual rot," continued Fanshawe, in a confidential tone, "about Ireland being the finest country in the universe, and everybody else being miserable scarecrows and outsiders? Shall you stick up for 'Auld Reekie?' I wish you would. It would make Pat so sick."

"What do you mean?" inquired the other.

Young Fanshawe explained his meaning at some length.

"And you think that he would be furious if any one contradicted him?" inquired Macleod, fixing a very wary gray eye on the other.

"Furious? I think he would have a fit."

Macleod deliberated for a moment with the same wary expression of eye, and then he said quite quietly—

"I should like to make a bet with you. I will lay you two ponies to a five pound note that if you will draw the Colonel out on his favorite topic, I will contradict him on every point, we will have a most angry discussion, and at the end the Colonel will be as good-humored and pleased as if—well, as if I had put a hundred pounds in his pocket."

"You don't know Old Pat," replied Fanshawe, shaking his head. "He'll make the regiment too hot to hold you in less than no time."

"Well, shall I book the bet?" suggested Macleod, blandly.

"No; I won't bet on a certainty."

"*Are* you sure," inquired Macleod, with an air of doubt, "that it isn't that you don't feel—quite—up—to drawing Old Pat——?"

"You may book the bet," cried Fanshawe, haughtily, and his cheek flushed with anger. "And if you lose you will have no one to thank but yourself."

"Quite so," cried Fanshawe, haughtily, and his cheek flushed with anger. "And if you lose you will have no one to thank but yourself."

"Quite so," said Macleod, calmly, and he made the entry in his pocket-book in the most business-like way. "And if I lose—well, at any rate I shall afford you some amusement!"

And so it came about that that same evening, after dinner, when the wine was circulating pretty freely, and a mellow glow was beginning to make its appearance on the Colonel's ripe visage, young Fanshawe, to the consternation of the mess, proceeded to introduce the subject of a certain deceased Irish politician.

"What a scoundrel that fellow was!" said young Fanshawe, apropos of nothing, and dragging the dead leader into the conversation precisely as Mr. Dick used to hoist King Charles the First's head into the "Memorial."

The other subs looked at young Fanshawe with an expression of amazement. Had he gone out of his senses, or had the wine got into his head? Closer inspection, however, showed that he looked unnaturally sober and unusually intelligent. Then there must be some game on—some game at the Colonel's expense. This would probably be good sport, and it would be as well to be in at the death.

Every eye was, therefore, fixed on the Colonel. Old Pat was not to be drawn by a young Fanshawe. He snorted indignantly, but reserved his steel for worthier foes.

The circle of watchful eyes now turned to Fanshawe. What would be his next move?

"My *pater* has just bought a hogshead of the finest Scotch whisky," said the youth, coming up to time with commendable alacrity and a cheerful smile. He launched out into some details on the subject, and his intentions thereto, concluding with the following significant remark: "I hate Irish whisky. It is such sickening, soapy stuff. I think Scotch is much the best."

A joyful gleam shone in the attentive optics. This was getting interesting. Young Fanshawe was actually of *malice prepense* "going for" Old Pat. "Hooray! Yoicks! Tallyho! Go it, young Fanshawe!" were the sentiments reflected in the breasts of that hopeful youth's brother subalterns; while even the Major, who certainly ought to have known better, grinned with intense excitement.

"Don't you think so, Macleod?" said young Fanshawe to the Scotchman, who was cracking walnuts with the utmost *insouciance*.

"Don't I think what?" he replied.

"That Scotch whisky is better than Irish."

"Why, of course. Can there be any doubt? Does anyone dispute it?"

This sally was too much for old Pat. He plunged at once into the fray, and a heated discussion ensued. At least, it was heated on his side, for Macleod retained an appearance of judicial calm which would have put Job himself in a bad temper. Young Fanshawe, it may be added, at once seized the opportunity to retire from the forefront of the battle, and took up the safe position of an interested spectator.

In a comparatively short time a great deal of unpalatable information was shot upon the

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AGENTS
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Colonel. He was told that not only was Scotch whisky far more pleasing to the taste than Irish, but it was less injurious to the health, and there was less of illicit distillation in Scotland than in Ireland. Warming apparently to his subject, and totally regardless of old Pat's passionate and profane defense, Macleod went on to enunciate the view that all that was really good and great in the Irish Nation was English or Scotch in origin, that the Irish colonies in English towns formed the most criminal and degraded portion of the population, and that there was actually something in the climate or the soil of Ireland which deteriorated the physical and moral character of the inhabitants. He said this with the calm utterance of a lecturer who demonstrates facts. There was even a softer undertone perceptible now and then, as if he pitied the advocate of so miserable a cause.

The Colonel became almost incoherent with rage. His face assumed a deep purple hue. He manifested an inclination to foam at the mouth.

"For proof of this," continued Macleod, "it is quite enough to refer to a well-known and incontrovertible fact. Whether it is due to the potatoes which they eat, or the bog-water which they drink, I don't know; but it is quite enough for my purpose that every Irishman of anything like ancient descent has a black roof to his mouth. You will bear me out in that, Colonel, I am sure."

The mess in vain endeavored to preserve a dignified demeanor. They were nearly choking with suppressed laughter. Young Fanshawe contrived to upset a decanter in order to hide his emotion. Another young scapegrace was obliged to go to the sideboard, where he gurgled subterraneously for several minutes with his back to the company.

"It's a lie!" roared the Colonel, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "An infernal lie!"

"How? A lie, Colonel? Do you mean to deny what I have stated?"

"I mean," shrieked Old Pat, "that the Powers of Ballycoran are one of the oldest families in Irreland; that they were on intimate terrms with Brian Boru; and that whin the blissid St. Patrick came that way, 'twas me own ancestorr that gave him the *Cead mille failthe* to Ballycoran; and if ye can find a single black roof in the mouths of the intirre family, may the devil fly off with the soul of the dirty varmin."

And with these words the Colonel struck the table a blow which made the glasses ring.

"This is very interesting, indeed," replied Macleod, gazing at the Colonel as if that dignitary were the Missing Link, or a new form of butterfly. "I had no idea that any one—even an Irishman—would dispute it. Now, I dare say that you have never thought of examining your own mouth?"

The Colonel's reply was of a nature that would have been an expensive one had he made it in the presence of a magistrate who piqued himself on enforcing the penalties against swearing.

"Strange, very strange," said Macleod, who was still quite calm. "Now, I think I will lay you two to one in ten pound notes that I am right."

A wolfish light shone in the Colonel's eyes, but he held back with the most praiseworthy self-control. It would be undignified to bet with a mere sub—and especially on such a subject.

"I will make it five to one in twenty pound notes," continued Macleod, with an air of great confidence, "that you yourself have a black roof to your mouth."

"I will take that bet," spluttered the Colonel, who was now in a white heat of rage. "By me soul, I will take that same, just to teach you not to bet on subjects of which you know nothing. It will be a useful lesson. And now how do you propose to decide this bet?"

Sir James Macleod suggested that ocular inspection would be the quickest and most satisfactory method—ocular inspection by the senior officers of the mess. Their words would probably be sufficient for both parties.

The Colonel demurred a little to this proposition. It seemed to him totally subversive of discipline. He was quite sure that the Commander-in-Chief would not approve of it. No other possible way of settling the question occurred to him, however, and, now that he had got so far, he was determined to win that £100 at all hazards, and give the young Scotch jackanapes his much-needed lesson.

Candles were accordingly sent for at once, and a dead silence ensued. Every man looked at the other as if inquiring what would be the next act in this singular drama. Even young Fanshawe forgot to laugh. The Colonel breathed heavily, and his eyes glared at his adversary, who still retained his unmoved demeanor.

At last the lights came. Armed each with a candlestick, the Major, the Captains, and the senior Subaltern in turn examined the gaping orifice which the Colonel revealed to their gaze, during which inspection young Fanshawe threw himself headlong on to a sofa, and kicked like a person in mortal agony, while two other subalterns expressed their feelings in a bear-fight behind the Colonel's unconscious head.

The verdict of the judges was unanimous. They declared that the roof of the Colonel's mouth was red, not black.

"Decidedly red," said the senior Captain, with a curious chuckle that seemed fraught with a world of meaning. "Not a trace of black."

"Not black?" cried Sir James Macleod in tones of amazement. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," replied the Major judicially.

"Pon honor!" remarked the others in chorus.

"Well, gentlemen, you *have* surprised me," said Macleod, glancing from one to the other as if he could scarcely believe his ears. "Of course I believe you—but—if the Colonel will permit it—I should like to look myself just to convince my own eyes."

"Look away, me boy," chuckled the Colonel, hoarsely. He was convulsed with delight at his complete triumph. "Ye'll have to pay for your peep."

"Well, then, please open your mouth a little wider Colonel, and will one of you hold the light? Really, Colonel, you must excuse me, but I can't see. You must really let me open your mouth a little wider."

With these words he actually laid one sacrilegious hand on the Colonel's nose and the other on the Colonel's chin, and pressed them gently in opposite directions. There was not a man among all the reckless crew who stood around but held his breath for the moment in anticipation of a terrible explosion.

The Colonel did not rise and annihilate the audacious Scotchman. He bore this insult like a lamb.

The indignity was, however, of the very shortest duration, for Macleod was satisfied with the briefest glance.

"I have lost," he said, quite cheerfully. "And I owe you an ample apology, Colonel. Luckily, I have the notes about me."

He produced his pocket-book, extracted two fifty-pound notes from it, and handed them to the Colonel.

The latter took them with the most portentous gravity. He was clearly puzzled and uncertain as to the right course of action. He puckered up his face in the most curious wrinkles. Then he rubbed his nose reflectively.

The humorous side of the question, however, presented itself very forcibly to him, and he broke into a broad grin.

"Well," he said, with a loud roar of laughter, "you are a damned impudent young rascal. But I didn't think that a Scotchman and his money were so easily parted."

And amid sympathetic roars from the entire mess, who thought the whole thing a capital joke all round, the Colonel's indignation melted into intense enjoyment of his own success.

The only person who was unsettled in his mind was young Fanshawe, who could not understand why Macleod should have risked a hundred pounds in so foolish a way.

"I don't think much of that Scotch chap you sent us," wrote the Colonel, a few days later, to his old schoolfellow Captain Fletcher of the Blues. "Too much brag; too little bottom. He'll never set the Thames on fire. Only a few nights ago he actually bet me a hundred pounds to twenty that I had a black roof to my mouth—cheeky young devil! Well, I took the bet, just to give him a lesson. You ought to have seen his face when he lost. Really, I couldn't help roaring with laughter to see how confident he had been and how sold he was. You must be a dull lot in the Blues if he always wins from you. Anyhow, I have broken the record."

Captain Fletcher wrote by return of post to his old schoolfellow, Colonel Dominick Power:—

Confound you! Didn't I caution you most pointedly not to bet with him? Couldn't you have known that there must be some devilry on, or a man would not throw away his money in such a preposterous fashion? Before he left us, Macleod laid me one hundred pounds to a thousand that he would pull your nose in the presence of the mess before he had been a week in the regiment, and without being court-martialed or even placed under arrest for it, and I have just received a round robin, signed by all your mess, declaring that he has won the bet.—*London Truth.*

AT THE RECENT ART SALE

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PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The soft impeachment that he is to be a candidate for Congress in the Fifth District, James D. Phelan denies. He believes his duties in connection with the World's Fair will take all the time he has at his disposal. His ambitions in other directions he will put aside for some future opportunity. I am sorry, for I am sure he would have been a strong candidate. He is available, reasonable, and industrious, and would have given his Republican opponent a hard tussle. Mr. Phelan leaves very shortly for Chicago to let the contract for the California building.

* * *

A pleasant little party was given by Mme. Ziska, on Tuesday evening last, in honor of the officers of the Austrian man-of-war. A number of them attended in their full regimentals, and made themselves quite popular with the slight stock of English they have acquired. Music and dancing passed the time very enjoyably, and the gathering did not break up until quite a late hour.

* * *

Echoes of the election contest at the Century Club still reach me. I learn that Mrs. A. A. Sargeant was not a willing candidate for the presidency. Her name was used not only without her authority, but after her wishes to the contrary had been firmly stated. It appears that when there first arose talk of an opposition ticket, Mrs. Sargeant was mentioned as the most available candidate. Without consulting her, her name was placed on the bulletin board. She immediately sent her friends a circular letter stating expressly she was not a candidate. Her advocates were so very zealous, however, they did not regard her declination, but calmly proceeded with their canvass. Then Mrs. Sargeant sent round another communication in which she asked that no one vote for her. This episode has caused a little feeling among the ladies who are still discussing it.

* * *

This institution has a capable and graceful presiding officer in Mrs. John Vance Cheney, under whose administration I am sure the Century Club will prosper. I will even go so far as to hope it will lose some of its curious pretentiousness and pomposity. This may be asking too much.

* * *

Robert Louis Stevenson's residence at Samoa is quite a large structure, and is most comfortably furnished. His study is on the second floor, and from the windows he commands a panorama of rich tropical beauty. Round the house there is an extensive clearing that is under cultivation. Here reside the writer, his wife, Lloyd Osbourne, and Mrs. Stevenson, R. L.'s mother. It is some distance from the settlement, but they ride into town, especially when there are any warships in the harbor. Stevenson was frequently the guest of the "Iroquois'" officers. With the Captain he was very friendly, and often dined. His conversational powers are as brilliant as ever. Taking "The Wrecker," as an indication there is no trace of a decline in his literary power. In the too brief installment in the May *Scribner's* there is a single characterization more skillfully done than anything I know of in English fiction.

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The engagement of Henry Newbauer and Miss Hattie Weinberger is announced. Both are well-known; Mr. Newbauer as a member of one of the most musical families in San Francisco, and 'cellist of the Philharmonic. Miss Weinberger is an exceedingly pretty brunette. Their attachment has been obvious for six months past, and the announcement of their engagement was no surprise.

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NOTES FROM SANTA CRUZ.

The outlook for the season of '92 in Santa Cruz is exceptionally good. In some respects, I may say in many, there is an evidence and promise of more substantial progress than for some seasons heretofore. It has been too much the case that this place, like many other fashionable summer places, had but one business season in its year, and was supposed to have no resources except its beauty and attractiveness as a seaside and bathing resort. The City and County, however, are possessed of many substantial interests and resources, which are susceptible of very profitable development.

The Municipal Election has just taken place, and Wm. T. Jeter, a leading lawyer, who has served as Councilman two terms, and was for several years District Attorney of the County, has been chosen Mayor. He is a young man possessed of acknowledged good judgment, considerable experience in city affairs, dignified, and possessing a pleasing style of address. He is Attorney for the Santa Cruz, Garfield Park, and Capitola Electric Railway.

The Council is composed of two enterprising young men, Messrs. F. J. Hoffmann and J. Howard Bailey, and two older and well-esteemed gentlemen, Messrs E. G. Greene, and F. W. Lucas. Mr. Greene owns a large and handsome property here, is a Director in the Electric Railway, and a practical promoter of street extension and improvement.

Work was begun Monday on the grading of the extensive grounds to be occupied by the new Union Freight and Passenger Depots of the Broad and Narrow Gauge lines of the Southern Pacific. The citizens are pleased not only with the fact that work on this long-talked-of project has been absolutely commenced, but, also, that the contract for grading has been awarded to Santa Cruz parties, while Santa Cruz builders are now bidding on the contracts for the buildings. The new buildings will result in the extension and improvement of a number of important streets.

The Electric Railway, mentioned above, has been far and away the most important improvement of the past year. It is a great success for its builders as well as for the town, and has secured franchises which assure continued extension of its lines for some time to come. It already has its handsome observation cars running from the beach along the San Lorenzo River, through Pacific Avenue, along Walnut Avenue, up Mission Hill, out Mission Street to Garfield Park; thence to the ocean shore or cliff drive, where there is a pretty pagoda-like waiting-house on the very cliff's edge, known as "Vue de l'eau." This is an attractive scenic trip, and has also opened up some very valuable building sites, among which Surfside is prominent. A branch of the road runs down Mission Street, another to the Lower Plaza, and a third is about to be constructed along Center Street to the new Union Depot. The Directors of the road are J. H. Logan, President; F. W. Swanton, Secretary; J. P. Smith, F. W. Ely, E. G. Greene, and F. H. Parker. The Bank of Santa Cruz County is Treasurer. Of this Bank Judge J. H. Logan is also President It consists af two kindred institutions under the same officers. P. B. Fagen is Vice-President, F. G. Menefee Cashier, and C. E. Fagen, Assistant Cashier and Secretary.

Among notable improvements is the addition of a third story to that well-known, almost historic hostelry, the Pacific Ocean House, now in charge of Messrs. McCollum and Billicke. A new and very elegant office is also among the improvements. The renovated hotel, elegantly furnished, will be complete by June 1st. Meantime its business has been but little interfered with.

Messrs. McCollum and Billicke will also manage the commodious Casino being erected just opposite Surfside, and near "Vue de l'eau" by the Electric Railway Company. It will be a resort for visitors with entertainments of all kinds.

Among other improvements I note large additions to the Sea Beach Stables and to those of Stice Bros. The favorite "Neptune" bath house of the Miller Bros., is being completely transformed with improvements of various sorts.

Never before has the Sea Beach Hotel presented so many attractions to visitors. Its location is unapproachable, jutting out over the bay and the beach from its superior height, and its elegant and comfortable rooms, parlors, and verandas supply an ideal seaside home. Mr. Sullivan tells me his engagements for June 1st exceed those of any former year.

BIZ.

SOCIETY NEWS.

Santa Cruz is preparing for the summer season, and I am assured that the number here, "in the swim," will be greater than ever before. The late rains keep the verdure and the roses perfect, and the whole place is a series of pictures—done in *water* color—but very beautiful.

Local pride in the transcendental beauty of the flowers and local charity combine each year to originate and carry on a Flower Festival and Rose Fair which is really worth coming many miles to see; this year it has been a big success. Mrs. J. P. Smith, of Sunshine Villa, took charge of the general decorations, and the three charities, the Woman's Aid, Women's Relief Corps, and Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, scored a triumphant success, socially, artistically, and financially.

The Xopos Club—I don't know where the name comes from, unless the original Aztec is responsible—is the Four Dozen Club of Santa Cruz, and has had very charming dances all winter. Its last one will be given this week.

Everybody is getting ready for summer, which practically begins here the first of June, although those who surprise the little city in its early spring beauty fall in love with it anew.

Phelan Park improves every year. It is a princely sort of place—the grounds, I mean—and all the cottages, including Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan's, are ready for the coming of Mrs. Phelan and Miss Mollie from Honolulu, James, Sr., from business cares, James D. from his seat on the World's Fair Board, and the Sullivans from the drive and bustle of city and political life.

Miss Kate Jarboe and her cousin, Miss Mabel Urmy, have been at pretty "Concha del Mar" for some weeks and it will be a very bright little "Sea Shell" that will welcome Mrs. Jarboe, when she arrives.

Beautiful "Sunshine Villa," is happy in the occupation of its owners, the J. P. Smiths—they will be here for the summer and many a pretty *fete* will be held there.

Major Frank McLaughlin has just seen the completion of one of the handsomest homes of Santa Cruz—"Golden Gate Villa." Mrs. McLaughlin and Miss Agnes will soon be here, and the hospitality of "Golden Gate" will be unbounded.

Mrs. H. McLane Martin is still here at "The Cabins."

The Sea Beach Hotel will be the gayest of hostelries this summer. Sullivan's flowers never were finer, and his rooms are rapidly engaging themselves to most desirable people.

Miss Miriam Wallace and Miss Carrie Gould of Van Ness Avenue have already arrived at the Goulds' mountain home, "Arcadia."

General Cadwallader and family, of Red Bluff, are among the many who have engaged rooms at the improved and gilt-edged edition of the Pacific Ocean House. The house will be most attractive in its new dress.

KATE KEARNY.

Overstocked . . .

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
A MONTH OF SPECIAL SALES.

During the Month of May, in order to reduce our surplus stock of goods, we shall hold a series of Special Cash Sales in every department.

Each special offered will be exhibited in our show windows, and will be on sale for One Day Only and Strictly for Cash.

Goods will be offered at prices unheard of before. Examine our Show Windows.

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These well-known Springs are under a new management. New Cottages, Swimming Pond, Electric Light. Telephone, New Bath House, etc.

Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

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Wonderful cures wrought in Inflammatory Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Etc. Delightful Climate and Most Beautiful Scenery in California. Spacious Social Hall with Excellent Music for Dancing.

E. J. FOSTER, Proprietor

SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

SACRAMENTO BUDGET.

SACRAMENTO, May 12th. DEAR WAVE:—"The oldest residents" have been shaking their heads and saying to one another: "Did you ever see such a late spring?" There seems to be no end to the winter. It is just too hard on the girls who have saved their money during the winter in order to buy a bicycle; we even go to the expense of having special dresses and caps, so as to look bewitching, and make up congenial parties, when down comes the rain, and not only that, the streets are all hollows and hills, and we are not allowed to go on the sidewalks for fear of knocking some slow-poke over; should think they might get out of the way. Adelaide and one of the L—— girls are the latest acquisition to the ranks. Mabel J—— also; she looks quite well in the blue suit and cap. It is all very well for us girls, or even young women, who are fortunate enough to be slight and graceful, but to the stout matrons I should say—*don't*.

We girls are all on the *qui vive* regarding the visit of the Delegates to the National Educational Convention. They are to reach here on the twentieth, and we have been led to believe that any number of desirable *parties* accompany them; so we are all ready to place our phaetons at their disposal, with the proviso that we be permitted to do the driving. Should suggest that there be a committee appointed to ascertain who the single men are, also their names and station. The promenade concert and ball, given on Monday evening for the benefit of the concert fund was quite pleasant, but not nearly so largely attended as it should have been, considering the object was to raise money in order to have our usual number of open air concerts. Why did not the ladies interest themselves, make up large parties, wear gay costumes, and liven up things? The men are all very well as far as money matters go, but it takes a woman to talk a thing up, so the next time a charity affair is contemplated, just remember this, and send word to Nina, who promises to boom it free, gratis.

Mr. and Mrs. Pond have returned from their wedding trip, and are settled in that very pretty cottage which Mr. Cox built for his daughter, Jennie. I am told theirs was a love match, and I wish them all happiness in their new life. The bride, I understand, has a most charming voice. and it was while pouring it forth in melody that the happy groom fell under its owner's power. So, girls, all learn to sing, for "music hath charms." To those who are so unfortunate as to have no taste nor inclination for music, I should recommend the lecture field. It is astonishing what a success women have achieved in that line. Any one who attended the Congregational Church last Sunday can testify to the crowd who listened to a woman talk, and all agreed that she did it well, But this is not telling you men anything new, for, since the day when Mother Eve "talked" Father Adam into eating that apple, you know to your undoing that by the "power of speech" our sex triumphs. So look out for us next week, when those stranger Delegates arrive, and we drive them around. If some of them do not remain, or at least return "some day," it will not be our fault, for we will be aided and abetted by our mother wit and the "power of speech." More anon from NINA.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, May 12. DEAR WAVE:—"In the spring the young" girl's fancy lightly turns to various things. That's the way it should read; and, in proof, some of the vagaries incident to the season I'll tell you. Cora gave a party at Congress Springs; queer! but true. About thirty of us went; had a fine drive, a jolly dance and a *petit souper;* but if you believe Cora paid the bills, then you don't know *soudings*. All the same it was lovely, and shows that San Jose girls are not very sleepy.

The Porters had theatricals; by some accident my invitation was so late in coming that I could not attend; I shall never cease to regret it, for if there is one thing in life more enjoyable than another, it is a social hour with congenial people—as the Porters, the Millers, the Morrisons, and the Mays. But then it must be trying to be always on guard, and while at the top of the ladder, to have the lower round fly up and hit you in the face.

I was just awful mad, Sunday morning, when the *Mercury* came out with nearly two columns devoted to San Francisco Society queens; it is simply outrageous; why don't the gallant Charley give *our* belles a chance? What is the "Encyclopædia" who has charge of the Social Mirror about that she permits her pen to give us such dry details, instead of the bright, spicy, entertaining items she used to give? We could fill the paper with beauties and belles, and if we don't look out the new crop will be in market before the old one is harvested.

Was ever such humility known in mortal man as in Dr. H. Calvin Brown, who has just returned to his practice here, after telling his would-be bride, on the evening before marriage, "that he felt so unworthy such a treasure" he couldn't face the music; so he went to Milpitas till the storm should blow over.

Mrs. S—— made a big jump, right into the centre of the circle of the 400, to the surprise of 399, by being chief assistant at the Kittredge reception. She played her part pretty well, too, considering.

Sam is in bad odor now; he has lost the hold of L——'s purse, and somehow it is pretty well understood that he played a double part in the affair.

The Presbyterian "At Home" of Mrs. F. A. Taylor was said to be quite a success; none of the real 400 were there, but a good sprinkling of the middle stratum aired their new gowns and sipped her tea.

My promised story must wait, because I am such a BABBLER.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, May 12th. DEAR WAVE:—I promised you a detailed account of the DeWitt-Helm wedding, did I not? Well, I am more than willing to keep my word, though the newspapers have written lengthy articles on this most delightful, as well as successful, function. The floral adornments were exceptionally artistic and novel, the ceremony being solemnized before a solid wall of white roses and ferns instead of under the antiquated wedding bell. Marie was attired in a white corded silk, *en train*, and carried a bouquet of Mareschal Niel buds and ferns. Frank, in the regulation evening dress, bore up bravely until the moment came for his response, when a shaky "I will" floated forth and relieved the awful tension of our nerves. Marie was calm and collected during it all, and acquitted herself nobly. We envied them until they faced that critical assemblage; at that moment *envy* ceased, the shaking of our pedal extremities assuring us of our inability to successfully pass through a similar ordeal. When the ceremony was over it was with the *greatest relief* that I moved out of the crowd to extend my felicitations to the happy pair. The presents were all Charley predicted, the handsomest being from Mrs. Helm and daughters—a solid silver tea service—and a deed to a $100,000 ranch from Mr. Helm. Weren't they a fortunate pair? They are on a Southern tour, and on their return will reside at home until the completion of their elegant cottage now being built on the ranch. Maybe Charley didn't glare at Frank in his part of best man. Louise was simply beautiful in her bridesmaid's costume, and Charley undoubtedly appreciated he fact. When Marie threw her bouquet, it fell to black-eyed Lula M——, who appeared becomingly conscious of its meaning. (So did a cerrtain blonde young man.)

I am *really thankful* that little Miss B—— has departed for her Eastern home. We have no young men to spare as targets for pistol practice, and if she had remained much longer that's the positions our Ward McAllister and Banker Frank would have occupied, tho' if "glances could have killed," pistols would have been entirely superfluous ages ago. Why can't our eligibles confine their insanely jealous fits to home productions. Most of our fair visitors have taken their departure and the boys all complain of "*broken hearts and bank accounts.*" I'm glad of it, they never kill themselves spending money on *us girls*. I would I were possessed of Ambrose Bierce's sarcastic pen to do justice to my feelings now. Well, there has been a perfect lull in social affairs since the weddiug, and I can hear of nothing on the tapis until next Monday evening, when the John D. Greys celebrate their silver wedding at their elegant residence; 150 invitations have been sent out to the married portion of swelldom and mamma says its to be a very elegant affair. Jack, with his accustomed shrewdness, remarked "What beautiful array of silverware 150 invitations mean." As *we youngsters* haven't been honored with invitations to the Greys, we will console ourselves with Mansfield's "Beau Brummell" at the Barton. After that event comes a continuance of this desultory *ennui* I suppose. I was surprised that more of the hostesses of our "fair visitors" didn't entertain in honor of their guests—Mattie and Kitty were the only ones—and there were fifteen visitors. Doesn't speak very well for our hospitality, does it? Jack told me of a party to take place soon at one of our handsomest residences, but I have been disappointed so many times lately that I will wait until further details reach me before announcing the event. Tom has asked me for my opinion of a girl who will make a suitable wife for the average Fresno eligible, as there seems to be a strange affinity between the subject "*marriage*" and myself I may devote my letter to that next week, as well as name the *suitable* girls here.

Yours, IMP.

LOS ANGELES SWIM.

LOS ANGELES, May 12th. DEAR WAVE:—It won't be a very long time before there's going to come out the details of an affair that the knowing ones marked for a match, but which is going to be a sensation of the most lurid type. Within the memory of most of the girls "in the swim," there came to this city a young Englishman of most pleasing address and prepossessing appearance. Like the general run of Britons who find their way to the Pacific Coast, he was out here for health and incidentally money, and shortly after his arrival got into business. He cultivated the exclusive circle of Society, and was not long in establishing himself firmly in that quarter. He was invited everywhere, and not long ago, those on the inside began to couple his name with that of a West End beauty. Latterly the most casual observer regarded the affair as one of the certain events of the near future. Other men regretfully ceased their devoted attentions. But, Oh! what a difference now. His chair at the office seats him no more; inquiries there or at his rooms bring forth no tidings; his most intimate friends among the men have not the slightest idea when or where he went, and a scorned woman is seeking him in conjunction with a large-sized brother. He did not leave a ripple behind him It is not a case of "I told you so," for no one ever dreamed of this model youth's jumping over his engagement traces. May be that is not the reason, but it is generally known in town that the brother is quick tempered and not inclined to argue.

During the past week there were two events in the social way, the receptions by the Prensses and Glassells. It is a long time since either one of these houses has been open to Society, and now that they have broken the ice, I hope it will stay broke—that is, the ice. Both families are well supplied with the "wherewith," especially the Glassells, who have a large house and all other facilities for entertaining on a large scale. At one time their house was open more than any two others in the city, but somehow or other of late years their large family is getting scattered, and those who are left seem to have lost interest in Society.

There won't be much more in the social way until the hotels at the seaside resorts fill up. We are just betwixt and between seasons, and the two questions to be decided and acted upon within the next fortnight is where to go and what to wear. I haven't made up my mind yet, but wherever I go you will hear the gentle voice of DEBUTANTE.

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REAL ESTATE NEWS.

In April real estate sales numbered 508 of the nominal aggregate value of $1,500,000. About one-third of the amount was represented by transfers of Western Addition property. The balance is accounted for by sales of Mission property, 50 and 100 varas and 202 sales of outside lands of the value of $210,000. It cannot be said that the market came up to expectations, but a fair business was carried on, and operators are sanguine that for income property prices will be maintained in the future. There is, however, a shrinkage in all other classes of property, and unless a material reduction in the rates of interest takes place, a further diminution in sales is imminent.

Real estate circles were agitated yesterday by a report that several fictitious sales of outside lands have been made by a coterie of swindlers, who have been operating for some time.

Until abstracts of the various pieces disposed of have been secured it is impossible to give an accurate idea of the extent of the sales thus made.

A long land suit has just been determined, settling finally the title to a lot of land on East Street between Washington and Jackson Streets, adjoining Chandler's coal yard. The possessory right of the present owner dates back to 1856.

When, after a fire in 1877, A. V. Smith, the owner, started to rebuild, the workmen were forcibly ejected on the plea that the land constituted a public street. Ever since then the case has been in various courts. The first decision that the title of Smith to the land was perfect was sustained on appeal by the Supreme Court, and the owner replaced into lawful possession by the Sheriff. Later on an attempt to reopen the case, making the people of the State plaintiffs, was made, and Judge Wallace decided against Smith, but his decision being reversed, the Supreme Court ordered him to adjudge Smith the owner in fee simple of the land; and so ended, only a few months ago, a litigation which as lasted more than fifteen years.

But litigation is a costly luxury and the owner, while he has the satisfaction of knowing that his title is now perfect for all time, finds himself not overburdened with coin, and so the property is in the market.

During the past two years auction sales of city blocks have been comparatively few. The reason has not been due to the fact that agents were not seeking sales of this character, but the real cause has been the almost impossibility to obtain the material. Within the past ten years block after block came under the hammer until the supply was well nigh exhausted. J. B. Haggin, Lloyd Tevis, C. C. Butler and one or two other old-timers held on for a long time, but finally, under the pressure of threatened street improvements and from many other like causes sold out their Western Addition holdings. There is now nothing left in tact of the former large possessions in that district except the Sullivan and McCreery blocks and within a week these will be considerably lessened. McAfee, Baldwin, and Hammond, are going to sell for these gentlemen next Thursday at the Real Estate Exchange forty-nine lots making one block and a half fronting McAllister, Scott, Devisadero, and Broderick Streets and Golden Gate Avenue. The property is beautifully situated on elevated ground, giving a fine view and a sunny exposure. Two cable lines and the electric road now building making the land accessible from every part of the city. Inducements in the shape of liberal terms will be offered, and purchasers may feel secure in the title, the property having been in possession of the present owners for nearly forty years and the title is to be guaranteed by the California Title Insurance Company.

It is reported that the fifty-vara at the corner of Sixth and Townsend Streets, has been sold to the Union Stock Yard Company for $125,000.

REALTY.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

First Editor—Why is it that you never speak editorially of your esteemed contemporaries?

Second Editor—We have no contemporaries. We always print the news first.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

The Oakland *Times* contains a very nasty dig at a foreign country, Ohio: "The President and four members of the cabinet are natives of Ohio. The Vice-President and the other four cabinet officers are from the United States."

Poor Mr. Pixley! The Fresno papers are very unkind to him. The *Republican* says, on what authority I do not know: "You may live to see Pixley a good Catholic. Pixley has worked the anti-Catholic business for all there is in it and it is a custom of his to go over to the enemy."

Now or Never!

The Last and Most Important

Auction Sale of the Year

At Real Estate Exchange

16 POST STREET,

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49 Grand Building Lots

On McAllister, Scott, Devisadero and Broderick Sts. and Golden Gate Avenue.

By order of Messrs. A. B. McCreery and Frank J. Sullivan.

These Unsurpassed Lots are situated in the very centre of the city and are surrounded by first-class improvements. They are accessible by two Cable Lines and one Electric Road. They command a grand view of the city and Bay. They are on the grand driveway (Golden Gate Avenue and Devisadero Street) to the Park. They are charmingly located for a home. They will prove a good place for your money.

TITLE PERFECT.

Title guaranteed perfect by the California Title Insurance and Trust Co., and policies of insurance issued to purchasers at the rate of $15 per lot.

LIBERAL TERMS.

Terms of Sale: Only one-third cash; balance in one and two years, with interest at 7 per cent per annum.

McAFEE, BALDWIN & HAMMOND,

10 Montgomery Street.

THE WRONG KISS.

J. N. PHILAN.

I kissed her dainty finger tips,
Looked in her eyes, and said, "I'm naughty;"
And with her pretty, pouting lips,
She said, "You are a little faulty.

"If I were you, and you were me—"
And more to speak she lingers—
"What would you do?" "Why, can't you see
I'd kiss your lips, and not your fingers?"

Then, acting on the impulse given,
I placed my hands upon each cheek;
And oh! the bliss, the joy of heaven
Was in that kiss, if so to speak.

Her dainty hands were in my hair,
And in my eyes the tears, like water;
My wife was dead—the sweet child there
Upon my knee—my little daughter.

SAN FRANCISCO.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

The only answer I can give to the following question of the Oakland *Tribune* is that probably the Republicans mean to use it as a retiring place after the election. "Now the story goes that Uncle Sam has purchased the Island of San Domingo. What do we want with San Domingo?"

Here is a beautiful paragraph from the *Sacramento Bee:* "The fact that Fox shot Borrowe through that part of his breeches covering the widest expanse of anatomy would indicate that the object of his aim was to blow out Borrowe's brains."

Cashier (to tough-looking customer)—Do you wish to make a deposit?

Tough-looking Customer (presenting pistol)—If necessary. Out wid de boodle!—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Son—But accidents will happen, father, in the best-regulated families.

Father—That's all right; but I want you to understand that mine is not one of the best-regulated families.—*Chicago Figaro.*

Young Authoress (reading MS. aloud)—But perhaps I weary you?

Enthusiastic friend—Oh, no; I long to hear the end of your story!

Bored Friend (with equal fervor).—So do I!—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Humph! The *Fresno Republican* has an "ulterior motive" in this paragraph: "An hotel exclusively for women, with accommodations for 5000 persons will be one of the features of the Chicago Exposition. It will be alone worth the trip to Chicago to see a collection of 5000 women who prefer exclusive association with their own sex. There will be no Fresno ladies in that particular hotel."

Mrs Bedford-Chord.—I see that after making me a gown and a tea jacket of that silk you had enough left to make curtains for your waiting-room window, Madame Longbill. I won't complain if you will tell me why Madame Cutwell refused to touch that silk and said there was not enough of it for even a gown.

Madame Longbill (calmly).—Probably Madame Cutwell's waiting-room has two windows.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Gabriel—Who was that called you up on the telephone?

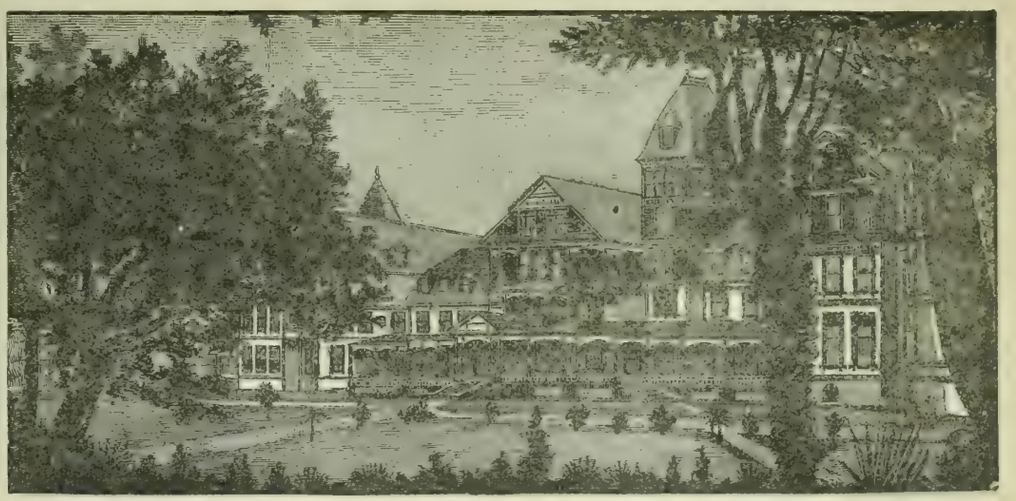
St. Peter.—Didn't catch the name; said he was a New York editor, and wanted me to send him woodcuts of some of our prominent angels to publish in his Easter number.—*New York Truth.*

The editor of the Oakland *Tribune* is in the hands of a doctor. He says: "The fatal folding bed is again at its deadly work of seizing in its murderous embrace its unconscious victims."

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc, use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label Sold by your grocer and druggist.

The excellent half-tone engravings which have appeared from time to time in THE WAVE are from the establishment of Bolton & Strong. The above firm has won a well-deserved reputation for high-class work and for promptness in executing orders.



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The only First-class Hotel in Santa Cruz, and the only Summer Resort on the Coast where can be found the finest land and marine view in America. New Dance Hall; Concerts and Hops arranged for throughout the season. Tennis Court and Croquet Grounds the finest on the Coast. Two minutes walk from railroad stations and steamship landing. Street cars pass the door. Free Bus to and from all trains.

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

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Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

B. W. HAINES, D. D. S.

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First-class accommodations either in Hotel or Cottages, now ready for engagement The Most Beautiful Summer Resort near the city.

Three Trains Daily Each Way. Two Round Trips Sunday, leaving San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 9 A. M.; returning, leave Camp Taylor at 5.30 and 6.25 P. M.; giving all a chance to see the Beautiful Redwoods and have a full day's outing. No Public Picnics are Allowed No Bar room in the Hotel A neat Club room with everything that class is maintained across the river.

JAMES I. TAYLOR, Camp Taylor.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, May 10th. DEAR WAVE:—Emma Juch, in "Tannhauser," was the attraction at the old barn last night, and the presentation of Wagner's masterpiece in that old place did seem too ludicrous for words. The scenery was bad, and the music, with the exception of Juch, was worse, but Mrs. Wheaton said: "It was beatific." Emma Farrier remarked that "It was just too lovely for anything," while the good-natured Chabot party guyed everything on the stage and everyone in the audience. Pretty Lou Brech said it was the ambition of her life to sing as well as Juch. Harry Melvin and Ed Vinzent, who are authorities on musical matters, were there. Harry, with his barytone, and Ed, with his flute-like tenor, would show to great advantage on the operatic stage. Wonder why they don't adopt it as a profession? It gives a man such rare opportunities to become a lady-killer, but possibly Harry and Ed have already done enough in that line. Just think, dear, it is just four months before the opening of our swell new theatre. The Amateur Company are preparing something gorgeous to present on the first night—the play and cast is as yet a dead secret, but Mrs. Pennoyer, with whom I crossed the bay recently, says that she is so sorry that Mamie Durham, Ella Goodall, Gertrude Baily, and Mrs. Richard Lyman, *née* Helen Flint, are not going to take part, they would have been such an attraction, etc. For my part, I consider that the girls are more than sensible. For home theatricals they do well, but leave public entertainments for the boys and professionals. No matter how well the girls might do, there are people who would find fault, and criticise them most unmercifully. *On dit* that Alec R—— has completely lost his heart in the direction of vivacious little Maud Morrell, who takes soubrette parts so gracefully. No wonder—she is a winsome, charming girl. How unfortunate that Frank Wellman and his pretty little bride should have such gloomy weather for their honeymoon. Mrs. Wetherbee says that, had she not been in mourning, she would have given them a gorgeous wedding. Ella is very appreciative of the kindness that Mrs. W—— has bestowed upon her. Do wish that Mrs. W—— would take me in hands, and do as much for me as she did for Ella. What a match-maker she is! Always finding a husband for someone. Mrs. Charles Pierce gave a whist party last week, but mamma would not allow me to accept the invitation just because the Pierces are not of the 150. Isn't it too ridiculous? Mrs. Stolp went, and she says that everyone behaved just as well as those in "our set." I think that this 150 exclusiveness is a delusion and a snare.

During the past week or two I was entertained at two or three card and dinner parties, but they were stupid affairs; any way, if hostesses want me to make pretty remarks about their entertaining, they must produce some new men. We girls are absolutely stagnating, just because we are compelled to flirt with married men, or broilers, an occupation which is not a paying pastime.

Can you imagine a stranger trio than gay Phil Remillard, staid Jim Aimes, and Bob Fitzgerald, who have been doing the Southern country in style? Bob returns much improved from his prolonged siege of —well, let us call it *la grippe*. Phil, with his father's money to back him, is going to develop into a politician of influence. He says had you seen Jim's devotions to the Southern beauties you would never again accuse him of being afraid of girls.

Ex-Governor Perkins and wife have returned from a short trip to the Islands. Isn't it too bad that we are going to lose the Uphams? They contemplate a trip to Alaska, after which they intend moving to San Francisco. Have you seen Mrs. Upham's cadet blue gown, with the white shirt waist? It is a very girlish affair. The blonde lawyer will die of *ennui* when his friends, the Uphams, are no longer here.

Charlie Snook has taken a cottage at Santa Cruz for the summer—the baby needs the sea breeze. Can you imagine that Charlie and Athearn Folger are cousins? They are totally unlike. The C. O. G. Millers are still in Berlin. Eva used to be quite a German student; she now has a chance to use that language. How I wish that Mary Griffen would banish the dude hat she wears. Her beauty is so picturesque that she should always wear large hats. By the way, it is whispered that fickle Cupid, for once, is constant, and that the arrows he sends in her direction are poisoned with nothing more dangerous than candy, and that the engagement will be the next announced by

FROU FROU.

What the Sonoma *Democrat* means by the following I'll leave my readers to judge; it certainly is very hard on us: "The newspapers of San Francisco are the most enterprising in the world in exposing frauds which are never punished. They spawn, like mushrooms in a hot underlying compost, spring up in a night, and bloom in the columns of the morning papers."

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Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

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Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

During the past week England has accepted the invitation of the United States to a Bimetallic Conference. The Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the Exchequer and head of the Treasury, received a deputation representing the various Chambers of Commerce and leading manufacturing industries. The object of the deputations was to urge the Government to the necessity of promoting an international agreement, urging the leading commercial nations to open their minds to the unrestricted coinage of gold and silver.

In the lower house of Congress, Representative Pierce has at the present time 107 names of members attached to his petition requesting the Committee on rules fixing a final day for a vote on the Bland Silver Bill.

The Miners' Association is in a turmoil of distress as the news from Washington is that Congressman Geary, of this State, refuses to vote or favor Caminetti's Hydraulic Bill which the Committee on Mines has reported favorably on. It is to be hoped that Geary will have a change of heart and support the bill, as it is of vital importance to the successful carrying on of hydraulic mining in this State.

I predicted and notified the readers and patrons of THE WAVE in the last few issues, that several mines on the Comstock would bear watching and were a buy for a turn. On Friday of last week the market closed dull and heavy, Con. Calif. selling @ 3.80; Ophir @ 2.20; Mexican @ 1.40; Best & Belcher @ 2.15, but on Saturday morning what an awaking there was for bears in the Pacific Board. On the purchases of Hirshfield, Franks, Goldman, etc., the first indications of a rise was in the air, but on the assembling of the San Francisco Exchange then was pandemonium let loose; such a scramble for shares took place as has not been seen for many months. Such brokers as Epstein, Marye, King, Zadig, Stoutenborough, doing a large Virginia City business, were the main buyers.

The first stock called was Ophir of which 2600 shares changed hands, 1500 selling as high as $4.50, an increase of 100 per cent over the previous day's quotation or $2.30 per share. Mexican, the next stock called, fared equally well, 1500 shares selling @ 3.10, a rise of $1.70 per share.

Best & Belcher the next, 1450 shares at average of 3.50, a rise of 1.30 per share, and then came the leader and mainspring of the Comstock, Con. California and Virginia, which has paid larger dividends than any known mine, having paid its stockholders a total of $77,878,000. Well, on the call of this stock the first sale was $5, a rise of $1 20 and then sold to the extent of 2250 shares to 5½, an increase of $1.70 per share. The total advance of these four mines to the stockholders was $900,000 over the previous day.

The total amount of shares sold on the call was 19,000, and during the day 28,000 shares more were quoted. This does not embrace the Pacific Board business.

And now as to the cause of the jump as I notified the readers of THE WAVE. We told them the North-ends had good prospects, especially Con. Cal. and Mexican. In the last they are working on the 1465-ft. level, from this they have sunk a winze 101 feet below the sill floor, this has a length of 43 feet and contains a quartz formation that assays from $3 to $7.50. From this a drift has been run south that extends into the Ophir ground, the face of this south drift is in ore which Superintendent Lyman says carries an assay value of $18. From the prices enumerated the market has receded, until the majority have reached the figures, or nearly so of last week. At present prices, with the many favorable indications, another advance may be looked for—not as great as the one just past, but sufficient to warrant the venture.

Con. Virginia is looking better now than it has been for the past few months. There are several levels where important work is in prospect, notably those from the 1500 to the 1800 level.

During the past week the ore worked was 985 tons of an assay value of $21.44 as against $20.10 of the previous week; the Secretary reports that after paying the bills for April account there will be a cash balance of $1800.

The middle stocks are still holding firm. Both Bullion and Potosi have a fair prospect. On the 1300 they are still in quartz, and as Messrs. Hayward, Hobart, Jones, Grayson, and Sherwood are large holders of these stocks, work will be pushed in the mines, so we caution the patrons of THE WAVE to watch these stocks.

It is thought that a decision will be rendered in favor of the Hale & Norcross, thereby increasing the value of the stock.

In the upper levels of the Belcher and Crown Point, of the Gold Hill group, very fair prospects are in sight. On the 600-ft. level of Crown Point they have some low-grade ore that looks very favorable, and on the 300 of Belcher the ore is also low-grade in bunches. Should either of these two make an improved show, both will advance rapidly, so will do to keep a weather eye on.

So from the several mines we may expect a strike equal to the one made in the Mexican that caused the rise of the past week.

The Yellow ships 28 tons of ore daily to the Brunswick mill.

The Mono, of the Bodie District, received during the the week $4200, making $17,000 received during the present run of the mill. The clean-up has yet to come. The Standard Con. of the same district has received $21,600 in gold, being the product of the mine for April.

Several of the Candalaria mines are to be reopened this month with reduced wages until silver goes up.

According to the reports there was produced in the past year in seven States and Territories $65,000,000 in silver.

P. Kernan and S. Jones, Mining Superintendents, returned this week to Virginia City.

The average silver for the past week has been 87¼ oz.

The Yellow Jacket has been assessed 20 cents per share.

The following dividends have been declared and will be paid. Oakland Gas, 20 cents per share; San Francisco Gas @ 35 cents; Omnibus Cable, 40 cents per share; the Atlantic Dynamite Powder, 40 cents; the California Powder Company, $1.00 per share; Pacific Transfer, 50 cents; Morning Star Mine of California, $3.00 per share, and the Hecla of Montana, 25 cents per share.

In Local Securities not much of note occurred; among the business we note the sale of 3000 Market Street Cable Bonds @ 122½; of 11,000 S. V. W. 4 per cent @ 91¾; of 8000 S. V. W. 6 per cent Bonds @ 119½; also 220 shares Spring Valley Water, 99¼ @ 98½; of 15 Pacific Gas, 80½ @ 80; of 20 San Francisco Gas, 69¾; of 140 California Electric, 16⅞ @ 17⅛; 160 Hawaiian @ 2⅞ and 3; of 50 Safety Nitro, 9; of 20 Omnibus Cable @ 59; of 10 Mer. Ex., 110; and 1000 Omnibus Cable Bond, 113¾; 10 Bank of California, 265.

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JUSTICE MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 10th day of May, 1892, an assessment (No. 51) of 15 Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, Haywards' building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of June, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on Thursday, the 30th day of June, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Haywards' building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

In the "shuffle" of the California's business and property, I find that the Home Mutual has drawn the former Company's home office building, and that as soon as the lease upon its present quarters expires, the Home Mutual banner will be planted at 318 California Street. It is likely that "Gus" Newell will at once locate his marine branch at this point, and the selection is a good one.

* * *

The Alliance, not satisfied with swallowing up the Union, of San Francisco, and "Cal's" old pet, the Royal Canadian, has taken over the Union of Christchurch, and is now asking for more. The disappearance of the "Union" from this Coast, I, for one, regret; it has been favored with a profitable business in the past, and was on the verge of an era of prosperity here when it surrendered. It is gratifying for me to learn that Bromwell, Fowler & Co. are already weighing the merits of several applications for the Union's business.

* * *

The new insurance paper, mentioned last week, is, I learn, practically an accomplished fact. It is to chat, gossip, and moralize about things and men in the business in a spicy way, and should prove successful.

* * *

The infusion of new blood in the Home Mutual's management seems to be prompting a "friskiness' that I hardly looked for in that staid example of conventionality. I learn, with more or less surprise, that a marine department is to be established under the management of "Gus" Newell, formerly of the California. After all, then, the Home Mutual's funds will no longer "be pledged to the security of fire policy-holders only, as the Company does no marine business."

* * *

The move is, doubtless, a wise one, all things considered, for after talking with some of my shipping friends, I have come to the conclusion, that, like every other institution in the world, the Fireman's Fund has its enemies, and that if a large share of the California's business is to be held, at all, it must be done through the Home Mutual. "Gus" Newell, who is to be added to the Home Mutual's roster as Marine Secretary, is a bright young man, and has had the advantage of intimate association with some of the brightest underwriters in this field, and has absorbed a deal of experience in a few years. His selection to fill the managerial chair guarantees technical skill and sound judgment in the affairs of the marine branch.

LOCAL.

THE LATEST IN LEATHER GOODS.

The success of the well-known firm of Sanborn, Vail & Co. has been due in a great measure to their progressive spirit, and their good judgment in introducing the latest styles in their various lines of goods to California. They have given especial attention to the ladies' trade, and enjoy a larger business with the fair sex than any other house in San Francisco. The importations of stationery have been larger than those of any house on the Coast, and the latest styles are always in stock. If the newest thing in leather goods is desired, there is no better place in the city to get it than Sanborn, Vail & Co's.

The success this firm has had with copper-plate work is flattering, and suggests that if a house wants to succeed it must keep only the very best Artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs should not forget the kiln-rooms which this firm has lately added, for the artistic firing of China.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

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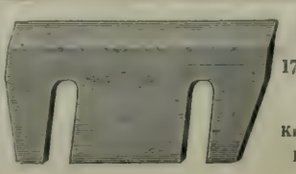

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7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

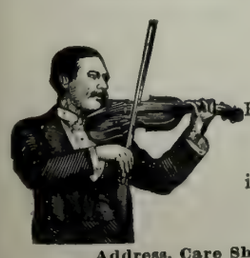
San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:0, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m



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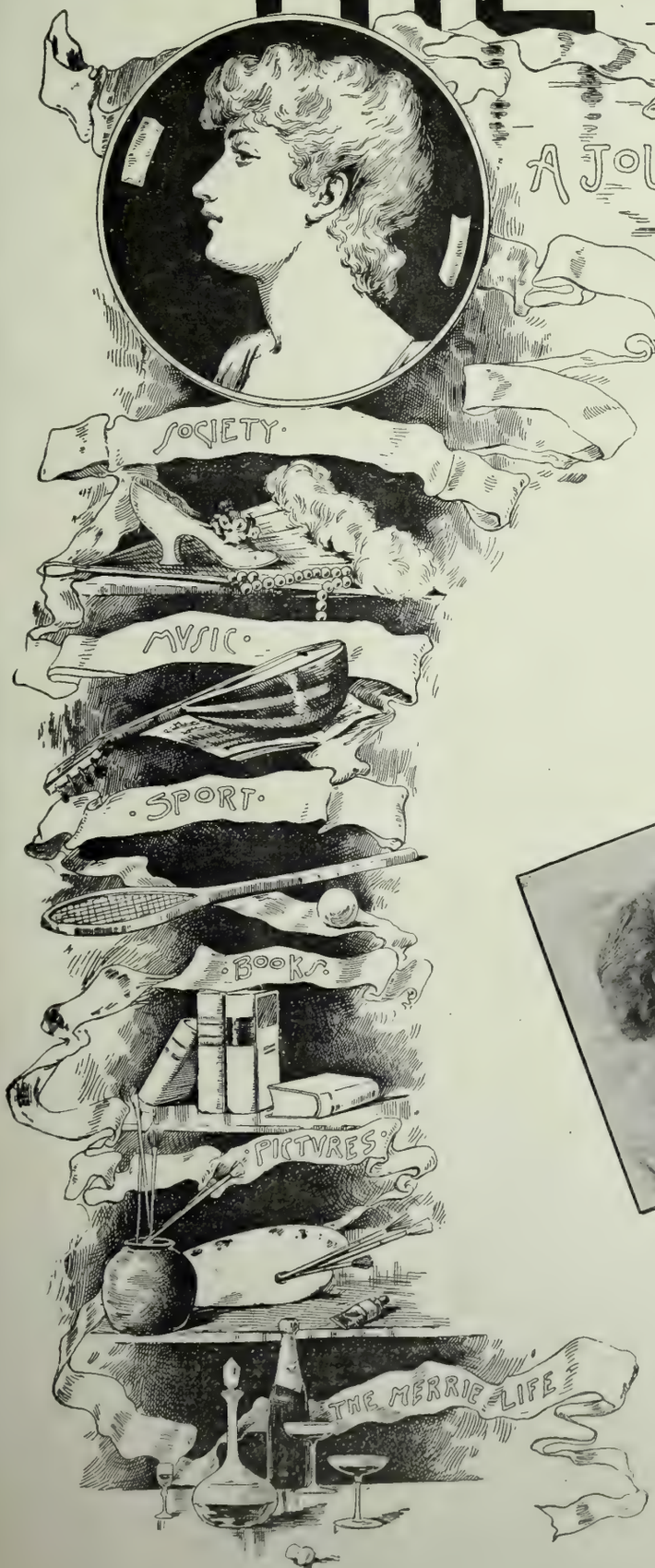

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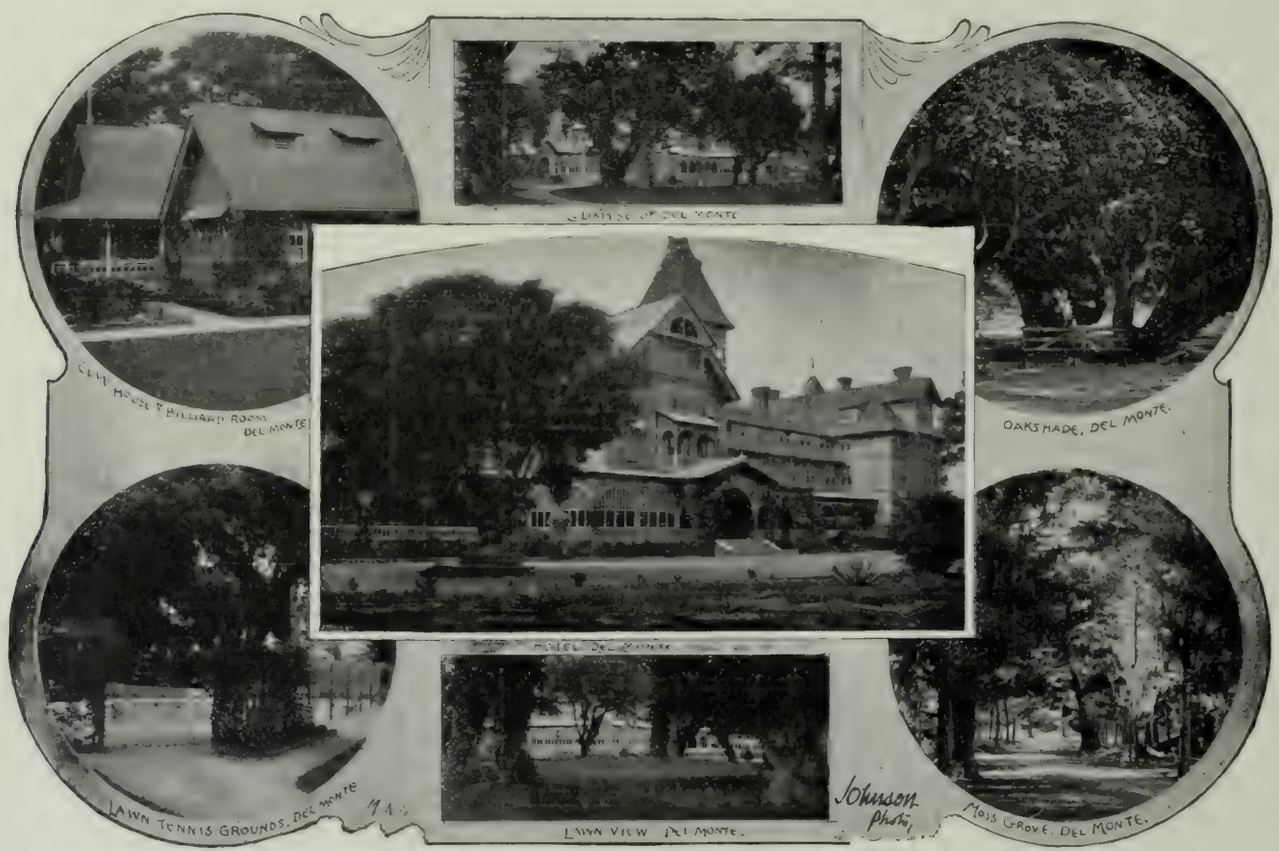

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 21, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Occasion is taken to present the pictures of three favorite and successful actresses this week. Aside from the fact that these young ladies are clever, they are pretty, and that would be sufficient excuse for publishing their portraits. Miss Bennett is the star in "Jane," Miss Burt is the leading lady in the "Blue Jeans" Company, and Miss Osterman holds the same position with Mr. Johnson's troupe.

SPLASHES.

BETWEEN MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS and Archbishop Riordan a question of veracity has arisen, that, in the interest of both, should be settled. In a newspaper interview, explaining why the Roman Catholic Church had not pressed its quarter of a million claim against the Estate of Mrs. Theresa Fair, the Archbishop stated it was Mrs. Oelrichs' opposition that induced, nay, compelled, its relinquishment. That her mother did make such a bequest, this lady had denied, and went so far to say she was of unsound mind at the time of her death. On the other hand, however, Mrs. Oelrichs is interviewed and asserts that she did not refuse the claim of the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed, she is both positive and indignant. Whom is the community to believe? That Mrs. Fair did sign an instrument promising to pay $250,000 for the erection of a seminary for priests is positive; that the executors refused payment of that sum, is certain.

* * *

That a seminary for the education of priests is not to be erected, may or may not be a subject for regret. The community is interested in learning the facts of this curious transaction. Here is a deed drawn up by George R. B. Hayes, one of the most honorable attorneys in the profession, signed by Mrs. Fair and the Archbishop of California, in the presence of two of the most honorable and dignified clergymen on the Coast. Its legality is not questionable. That it was the final stroke in the execution of a well-considered design is evident from the tenor of the instrument. Yet the executors reject the claim, and rather than commence litigation, it is allowed to lapse. There are numberless contentions to be urged to justify this refusal of Messrs. Mackay and Dey. That the church is rich and needs no more money I shall not discuss; it is not the question. It is, did Mrs. Oelrichs refuse to permit the last wishes of her deceased mother to be executed?

* * *

Mrs. Theresa Fair left her two daughters a little less than two million each and about one million to her sons. In her lifetime she had been charitable, and for charity it was thought she had made ample provision in her will. Her children alone, none of her old friends, her dependents, were provided for. Enriched beyond the dreams of avarice, with expectation of millions to come from their other parent, it might be thought these children would welcome any arrangement for perpetuating their dead mother's memory. But no, and from the statements of those interested, it is evident Mrs. Oelrichs had insinuated her mother's signature was obtained by fraud or force. How gladly such an accusation would be credited by those who are not Catholics Archbishop Riordan well knew. Yet, Dr. Burgess is authority that the deceased lady, when she signed this deed, was of sound mind.

* * *

If Mrs. Oelrichs did not refuse to pay the $250,000 was it Miss Birdie Fair, or did the executors act on their own authority? Both the latter assumptions seem untenable, and yet we are confronted by Mrs. Oelrichs' denial. It might be valuable in the connection to know that this lady has inherited the genius for economy that distinguishes her father. She has not only the keen regard for a dollar which has resulted in the amassing of his fifteen millions, but loves the smaller dime with an affection out of all proportion to its component cents. That she has shaken the dust of San Francisco from her feet is positive. From the old home on Pine Street she has removed most of the furniture to adorn her Newport residence. The old servants are dismissed, and all the revenues that went to the support of this *menage* are expended in New York.

* * *

One might forgive Mrs. Oelrichs a great deal if she practiced in Gotham the hospitality her mother was famous for in San Francisco. On the contrary, however. She is not accused of inviting to her home in New York any of the maidens who were her dear friends in San Francisco. The question of veracity remains one, but there is little doubt in my mind whose statement is the more credible.

* * *

SOMETHING OF THE NATURE of a baptism was the Owl's Nest celebration on Saturday evening—unintentional of course. The festivities were at their height when the first drops of the impending deluge fell. Then the lanterns spluttered and one by one went out. The celebrants assembled in the tent or under the huge buckeyes, and sang songs until they were hoarse. Had there been time to arrange an appropriate ceremonial, Jupiter Pluvius would have undergone an elaborate cursing. As it was, a motion to burn Lieutenant Finley in effigy was lost by but two votes. The feature of the affair was the dinner; it was an achievement. Think of cream of chicken soup, terrapin, broiled beef with mushrooms, asparagus, all exquisitely cooked, served hot in picnic fashion at tables spread under the trees. From the overhanging branches hung Chinese lanterns, and through the leafy vista, the illuminated skeleton of the clubhouse sparkled.

* * *

This big buckeye whose gnarled trunk and thick foliage served as a canopy for the festivity, is one of the treasures of the Owl's Nest estate. It was christened "Uncle George" by unanimous consent, after a speech from Dan O'Connell eulogizing the High Priest. During dinner there was much orating indulged in, and toasts drunk galore, none with more acclaim than that to Carter Tevis and Hyde Bowie, whose *menu* covers them with glory. Gowns of red and white were donned for the foundation stone ceremony. The procession wound in and out and all around the clubhouse, and then gathered around the pile of masonry. A tin box containing among other priceless treasures a bottle of whisky, the Constitution and By-Laws of the Club, etc., was placed underneath. Then, after solemn incantations and several libations of champagne, the stone was set in its place. Salvos of crackers, the blaze of a bon-fire, and thirteen guns from Druids' Hill announced the climax of the ceremony to San Mateo County.

* * *

The special train conveyed the celebrants home in good time, and they found a street car, besides a delegation of hacks, awaiting their arrival. Though as many of "the boys" did not attend as was anticipated, those who

came enjoyed themselves in an enviable manner. As for the institution, it will open with everything in its favor. The location of the clubhouse is perfect; perched on the hillside, it commands a peerless view. Four months hence it will be ready for occupation, so Mr. Polk says. In the meantime, the Club has secured the old Bowie homestead, a mile and a half south of San Carlos Station. Here are twenty rooms, ample accommodations for the hunters and fishermen who will at once commence to utilize the privileges of marsh, stream, and meadow, included in the twenty thousand acres that the Owl's Nest controls.

* * *

FROM THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB white-winged peace has flown far away. A first-class contention is exciting the minds and absorbing the conversation of the members. Three Directors have resigned, and the others are understood to be awaiting only a favorable moment to follow them. The explanation of it all is that Major Rathbone and his cabinet feel they have been snubbed, that if not permitted to carry out the policy they consider for the benefit of the institution, they will give others an opportunity of shouldering their responsibility. Some weeks ago I spoke of certain reforms the new Board purposed making, especially in the arrangement of the rooms. On the first floor, occupying the Stockton Street corner, is the reading-room. It is a spacious apartment and is but little occupied.

* * *

The cardroom adjoins, and though, comparatively speaking, a fair-sized apartment, is not large enough for the patronage given it. Indeed, it's often impossible to find a table. There being more poker players than readers the Board thought it a good plan to move the reading-room upstairs, dividing the accommodation thus obtained between the card players and the newspaper readers. A resolution to this effect was passed and posted. Thereupon ensued great discussion. From the readers came a chorus of objections, and, after sundry gatherings of the disaffected, a demand was made for a special meeting of the Club. This is an unusual and radical step—the ordinary procedure is to petition against the policy, and if there appears a majority against it, the officers drop it.

* * *

The meeting took place on Friday, and this day a week ago an election was held. Against the change there was a big majority. Now the Directors are up in arms. The reform they regarded as necessary and desirable—the action against them a reproof. This they will not submit to. At their meeting on Wednesday night, J. B. Crockett, Sam Hubbard and W. F. Russell presented their resignations. The Board proceeded to nominate others to take their places. At the next meeting three others will probably draw out until the Pacific-Union Club is in entirely new hands. It can readily be understood that the affair is creating the greatest excitement—indeed, the institution has not had such a flurry in twenty years.

* * *

Frank Carolan has already departed for Chicago, accompanied by his mother and sister. Osgood Hooker, who will officiate as his best man, leaves for the Windy City next week. I believe the wedding will be a very swell one, for the Pullmans will doubtless spare no expense to make it the most memorable marital event in the history of Chicago.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge leave very shortly for a trip to Europe. Their destination is Carlsbad, where Mr. Dodge desires to drink the waters. Miss Jennie Blair will accompany them. Judge Boalt and his family will also set out for Europe very shortly.

* * *

Miss Nellie Simrall, the charming Kentucky belle, who spent last summer here as Mrs. Catherwood's guest, will be married early in June to Professor Linley Caseley, of the Columbia College. Professor Caseley is a son of the Chief Justice of New Jersey and is an exceedingly handsome and very clever young man. The wedding will be a very grand one.

* * *

C. D. O'Sullivan leaves for New York, *via* Panama, about June 15th. Thence, he proceeds to New York, and after presenting a number of letters to prominent musical people there, he will go on to Paris and then to Bayreuth. After a course of Wagner, the coming barytone will proceed to Florence, and there, under the tutelage of the best tuition obtainable, will study earnestly for the next two years.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Rose Mannheim and Charles Weinshenk is announced. Miss Mannheim is a daughter of Isaac Mannheim, of the firm of Mannheim-Dibbern & Co. She is a pronounced brunette, very pretty, and exceedingly popular. Mr. Weinshenk is a rising young business man, and is a member of the firm of Armer & Weinshenk. Both Miss Mannheim and Mr. Weinshenk were members of the Friday Night Bowling Club, and I am told there are other engagements imminent within the ranks of that organization. They will receive their friends next Sunday and on the twenty-ninth.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Plum and James Irvine, is announced. Miss Plum is the daughter of C. M. Plum. She is a young lady of fine presence and much character, and has been actively identified with several charities. Mr. Irvine is the only son of the late James Irvine. He is a tall, rather shy, retiring young man who has plenty of business ability, and possesses ample capacity for the care of the million odd his father left him. Among his possessions is the great San Joaquin rancho in Los Angels County besides choice lo s of city real estate.

* * *

Regretfully, I am compelled to conclude there is no truth in Porter Ashe's statement of his intentions. To certain intimate friends, on the way from Tiburon, last Sunday, he pointed out the frame-work of a rising mansion on Belvedere. "My new house," he deftly whispered. "Maxwell and myself are building it; of course, you'll come over. Always at home, and glad to see you." Visions of a reconstructed Portah, enjoying his sybaritic seclusion of seaside villa life flitted before astonished eyes, and then it was all over the Bohemian Club that the hero of a hundred lost races had "struck oil" on his ranch, and proposed succumbing to domesticity. But Mr. Maxwell asserts Mr. Ashe is not assisting in the construction of said Belvedere villa—on the contrary, he is paying the bills out of the insurance business, in which he is an expert.

* * *

About the last day one would select for a Fete Champêtre was Saturday. That it was so successful speaks well for the industry of the Woman's Exchange managers. Mrs. Shafter, assisted by a delegation of army ladies, received the visitors as they arrived at Angel Island, and showed them the way to the bewildering array of refreshment tents. In them was a bountiful supply of all manner of delicacies, and for twenty-five cents it was possible to assuage an appetite of days' cultivation. Even then one was given a chance of a second supply, as return checks were presented to each departing guest. There was dancing too, for those who cared to, but the scarcity of men did not encourage this.

* * *

Larkspur Inn is doing an excellent business just now, and it would seem as if this popular resort would distance all its rivals this summer. Its splendid situation, so near the city, and yet away from the extremes of heat and cold that the people of San Francisco have suffered from this week, gives it an advantage over the less fortunate hotels. The business man can get to his office in a little over half an hour from Larkspur, which is a consideration that few can resist. The weather was delightful there during the week, and consequently the house was filled. The cuisine is the best in the State; the rooms are airy and comfortable, there is an excellent stable connected with the hotel. The bowling alley will be open on Saturday night.

* * *

After ten years' service with the *Chronicle* as Society Editor, Walter B. Cooke has resigned his connection with that paper, and will devote his energies to telling the readers of the *Argonaut* of the doings of the 400. Modesty would forbid Mr. Cooke reading what I should like to say of him. I sincerely hope, however, the change will be to his financial gain, as I am assured it is.

* * *

Among the Decoration Day excursions none will be more enjoyable than that to Martinez. A gay party will board the steamer "J. M. Donahue," at Clay Street wharf, and, after a charming sail to Benicia, will have an oppor-

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

tunity of viewing the British merchant fleet whose masters have arranged a regatta for their pleasure. The excursionists may enjoy a ride through the charming Alhambra Valley; there will be bands, dancing, and other amusements on the "Donahue," and altogether the trip should be a very happy one.

* * *

Mrs. Eva Bartlett, the widow of the late Captain Bartlett, is well known to a large social circle in San Francisco. She was quite remarkable in her way, and though one of the sweetest and most refined women I ever knew, she often relieved her husband, who was a great invalid, and took command of his ship while voyaging between here and New York. Capable sailors have told me she was an expert navigator, and that she could take the sun as well as the captain of a Cunarder. Cards are just out announcing her marriage to Captain E. A. Butler, a shipowner of Brooklyn, quite a wealthy man, I believe.

* * *

About a studio there's a spice of Bohemianism that one finds nowhere else. Daubed canvases and paint-spattered easels suggest artistic endeavor—which, in itself, is a great thing, even if it goes no further. Joullin's studio was the scene of a gathering of Donald Graham's friends one evening last week. It was in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Younger, who so soon depart for Europe. Special decorative effort had transformed it into an Oriental *mélange*—part bungalow, Japanese tea garden, and Chinese something else. Music was the staple enjoyment. The host sang a love song by Malloy. Miss Deane recited a love poem by the same hand. Charley Dickman told a few of his Bohemian Club stories and Joullin sang extracts from "B. K. H." Mrs. de Young recited "Lasca" with fine dramatic force. Refreshments were served, of course—punch, sandwiches, fruit, etc. With a delicacy Mr. Graham's enemies would not suspect him of, he refrained from intruding his champagne.

* * *

WHEN JEREMIAH LYNCH is not battling in the arena of reform he is enjoying a luxurious existence in his flat on Leavenworth Street. There are statuary, a bust of Cicero, in whom he traces a likeness to himself, books in abundance, and a mummy. On the walls hang reminiscences of Egypt, mementos of Constantinople in the shape of curious pipes and nargiles, urns from Thebes, and vases from Cairo. There is a copy of "Egyptian Sketches," bound in green morocco, which the late Khedive would not accept because of criticisms on his government it contained. A raven, besides bearskins from Shasta, a pair of huge Japanese vases, sundry Turkish and Persian rugs are among the details of his environment.

* * *

A description of his quarters which failed to mention Albert would be imperfect. He is the French cook who prepares the Reformer's little dinners, and his least merit is by no means an ability to comprehend the form of Volapuk which Jeremiah insists is French But these dinners are charming, and the *menu* always admirably composed. On Friday evening last, Mr. Lynch gave, in honor of Miss Kate Voorhies, a dinner which combined with admirable discretion *plats* from the *cuisine* of Lutetia and Egypt. It was a most ornamental repast; some of the entrées appeared as pyramids, another was a Sphinx, a mummy a third. It was very interesting and enjoyable. During its discussion, the host talked of Egypt to the Turkish Consul, George Hall, while Mr. Shortridge was eloquent on a variety of subjects in choice English. Mrs. Robert Bowie was chaperon.

* * *

Afterwards, there was music. Mr. Lynch discoursed on the violin. Mr. Hall sang, in his inimitable way, French and Spanish *chansons*. Altogether, it was a very enjoyable affair.

* * *

J. B. SCHRODER, the handsome young husband of Horace Hawes' widow, is before the Redwood City public in a new light. Among his intimates he has never figured as a moralist, yet he is now posed as a censor. The object of his virtuous indignation is no less a personage than Alexander Gordon, guardian of the surviving Hawes child, and by Mr. Schroder he is declared a personage unworthy the control of this important offspring. In his stead he would have Timothy Guy Phelps appointed. Mr. Gordon, it seems, resents Mr. Schroder's insinuations, and has been heard to mutter that the kettle should have some respect for the blackness of the pot. He purposes resisting the petition, and has asked that his accuser be compelled to account for the management of his wife's estate.

* * *

What the struggle will furnish in the line of spicy particulars I cannot, of course, say, but in Redwood City interesting developments are anticipated. The late Horace Hawes, Jr., left a widow, two children, and about $180,000. As guardian and executor he selected Mr. Gordon. The bereaved lady united Mr. Schroder to herself on a tug; one of the babies died, and now there is to be an examination into the manners, methods, and morals of the combination. I hope they may all be established pure as the driven snow.

* * *

MR. LAKE AND MRS. TOLAND were made man and wife, last Monday, out at St. John's Episcopal Church, and they are now at Monterey spending the initial moments of their honeymoon. Their bridal tour will be an extended one—nothing less than a trip through Europe. In a costume of gray silk and a gem of a bonnet, the bride looked charming—an accusation one could not justly prefer against the groom. Colonel Richard V. Dey, commonly known as Dick, was the sensation of the celebration. He was magnificently costumed, his long mustachios combed to perfection. Than his grace of manner, as he gave the bride away, it would be impossible to imagine anything more perfect. After Rev. Spalding had tied the knot, the bridal party adjourned to the Maison Riche, where a most sumptuous wedding breakfast awaited their intelligent discussion.

* * *

I regret to state it, but there were thirteen at table—a fact that did not militate in the least against the gaiety of the occasion. With the champagne speeches commenced, and some capital ones were delivered. The health of bride and groom was responded to by Mr. Lake. Mr. Bigelow made a clever speech, and also gave a neat address for Justin Ladagnous, who is only eloquent in French. Louis Hirsh talked, and Colonel Dey told good old stories of bygone days, and made everyone laugh over a reminiscence of the Highland fling which Miss Lily Hitchcock, now Mrs. Coitt, danced in the Oriental Hotel years and years ago. Not a tartan stocking could then be had in San Francisco, and the manner in which the difficulty was obviated made the point of the tale.

* * *

A score of times I have been asked how long Mr. Lake has known Mrs. Toland. They met years ago—indeed, before she divorced her former husband. He fell in love with her then; and a dozen times since, in San Francisco and in Europe, he has asked her to marry him. A few days prior to the marriage celebration he made a deed settling on her, for life, half his income of $14,000 per annum, yielding to her, besides, a half-interest in the inheritance he expects to derive from his father's estate. This instrument was drawn up by Robert Mitchell, and is in his possession.

* * *

I am not given, as a rule, to criticising newspaper articles, but that one in the *Report* describing the conversation between Mr. Lake and Mrs. Toland while they sat awaiting their marriage license in the County Clerk's office was in execrable taste. The sins of journalistic commission are as numerous as obvious. One cannot, with reason, expect delicacy or refinement considering the circumstances under which news is obtained and written. It seems to me, however, there should be some reserve—a little respect for people's feelings. If Mr. Lake or Mrs. Toland imagined their laughing personal talk was being noted down, I am sure they would have been dignity incarnate. Another gracious instance of refined newspaperese I noticed in an interview with Mrs. Coleman-Drayton, in which the reporter describes her bursting into tears, and begging her conversation might not be perverted.

* * *

TO THOSE who have closely observed the recent trend of political affairs, the dissensions in the Executive Committee of the Californuia Traffic Association, cannot fail to provoke a smile. Mr. J. B. Stetson is a very estimable gentleman, and one whom everybody confides in. But he is not nor never was an aggressive man, fond of controversy

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

for the sake of controversy. On the contrary, he is like a Great Dane dog—a man with a very fierce appearance and a very gentle disposition. When he took the field as President of the Traffic Association and essayed to lead the assault on the Southern Pacific Company, I felt sure the affair would result in a mere demonstration in force, for it is Mr. Stetson's nature, the moment the word "fire" is given, to throw away his sword and order a general retreat. He is caution personified—one of those queer men who are always about to do something, but who are constantly engaged in a desperate struggle with themselves to determine what it is best to do. His resignation, therefore, at the first sound of the conflict has not surprised me.

* * *

The California Traffic Association is composed of merchants, manufacturers, and persons engaged in trade. Any man employed in the transportation business or any other person who rides on a free pass is barred from membership. This is a comical provision. It shows the juvenile character of the whole affair. The assumption is, that with free passes in their pockets business men cannot be honest. Perhaps that is so; I do not know. Out of the body of merchants thus qualified, Mr. Stetson has appointed eighteen men, who, with himself, comprise the Executive Committee. These nineteen men are ordered by the Constitution of the Association to adopt and enforce a policy that will revive the trade of San Francisco, the avowed object being to break the "shackles" that now bind the city to the Southern Pacific. In order to effect their purpose, the Committee has employed a Secretary and a Traffic Manager. The latter is Mr. S. B. Leeds, one of the ablest railroad men in the country. His salary is $10,000 a year.

* * *

One of the first things Mr. Leeds did after opening an office was to recommend the "routing" of all the freight controlled by the members of the Association. In his letter, as I remember it, he said that if all the freight coming to San Francisco was diverted from the present routes and placed on the lines which offer the best terms to the shippers, the pool of the overland roads would be almost instantly broken up. This was a practical method of getting favorable overland rates from the Transcontinental lines at least. The Committee thought favorably of it, but they never did anything except think. The weakness of their pretensions is well illustrated by this action.

* * *

At the last moment it was discovered that "routing" the freight might be a bold thing to do, and it was laid over. Next came the competing overland railroad. This wild scheme was regarded as impossible, and hence it has been heartily endorsed by the Executive Committee. Next Mr. Leeds began to fight the Railroad Commission. As this was sure to result in nothing more than setting Mr. Jim Rea by the ears, and giving the newspapers a chance to print several columns of slush, Mr. Leeds was encouraged to go ahead. Finally, Mr. Leeds declared in favor of making the railroad issue a political matter. The Executive Committee approved of this idea, until the Republicans upon it found that the State Convention of their party would take no stock in the scheme. Then they distinctly disapproved of it. And when Mr. Leeds' ideas got into print, President Stetson resigned.

* * *

The affairs of the California Traffic Association are none of my business, and I do not intend to interfere with them. So far as I am concerned, the mature, well-fed, wealthy old gentlemen who compose the Executive Committee can go on in this way until the last one of them is gathered to his fathers. But, nevertheless, my opinion is that they all should resign and then disband the Association. As it is they are merely exhibiting publicly the weakness, the indecision, the caution, the political bigotry and narrow gaugedness (if such a word is permissible) that has brought the trade of San Francisco where it now is. Heretofore the blame for this condition of affairs has been laid at other doors; now it is becoming perfectly plain why the commerce of this city is going to the devil. It is in the hands of old fossils who are afraid of their shadows.

* * *

What shall be said of the mental acumen of men who support a governmental policy like that enforced by the McKinley act—and the Executive Committee is with three or four exceptions composed of Republicans—and froth at a railroad corporation which has nothing to do with their troubles? The national legislation of the Republican party is destroying the ocean commerce of San Francisco, the McKinley act and the internal revenue take from us a million dollars in gold a month; the narrow policy and grasping methods of these same merchants have driven the tradesmen of the interior to buy in Eastern cities, and the real estate speculators have skinned the last tender-foot who dares to come among them. Thus we are on the high road to commercial stagnation. The Traffic Association cannot mend matters, because the men who compose it are like leopards—they cannot change their spots. The crying need of San Francisco is a few men who will devote themselves to building and creating, instead of tearing down what others have built and created.

* * *

THERE ARE LAWYERS who regard a cause as half won if they have a friend on the jury. Indeed, I have known of intimacies of years' standing disrupted by a verdict for the plaintiff in cases wherein the defendant's attorney reckoned on victory because of a well-drawn panel. Not very long ago I described a prominent lawyer's deep chagrin when his partner at cards voted against the acquittal of a client, who was unfortunate enough to be on trial for manslaughter. Here is a story that Sam Shortridge tells on himself. It was a Chinese murder case, and the Tall Palm Tree of the Sierras was trying it for all his eloquence was worth. On the jury was an old friend from whom he expected great things, and when the twelve good men and true retired, the tall attorney had strong hopes for his client's acquittal. It was then six o'clock.

* * *

At ten the Judge went home, and half an hour later word came the jury had arrived at a verdict. A message sent for his Honor. Everyone was on the *qui vive* to know the verdict. The moments dragged like hours. The suspense becoming unbearable, Mr. Shortridge went outside into the moonlight. Suddenly he heard his name called:

"Hallo, Sam."

It was from the juryroom.

"What's the verdict?" he whispered.

"N. G.," said his friend, "N. G."

"Capital," thought Sam. "N. G. means not guilty, of course." He bounded into Court just as the Judge arrived.

"What is your verdict?" the clerk asked the foreman, as the twelve filed slowly in.

"We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree."

Shortridge almost fainted. He sought out his friend, the juryman.

'Why did you tell me the verdict was 'not guilty?'" he asked, in tones of extreme disappointment.

"I didn't. I told you N. G., and I thought you knew that stands for no good."

* * *

THE CONTROVERSY between Rev. John W. Ellis, D. D., and the collection of smug little dominies and elders who comprise the Presbytery of San Francisco is one of the funniest of which I have ever read. Scotch Presbyterians are noted the world over for the acerbity of their disputes, as well as the thrifty use they make of the business of rescuing their parishioners from damnation, and this is one of the most vehement of their battles. For twenty years at short intervals the Presbytery of San Francisco and the Synod of the Pacific, the *nisi prius* and appellate courts of the denomination, have spent a large portion of their time settling the personal differences of their peppery pastors; but no dispute that has ever taken place has equaled this one in downright humor. Nothing has been published in the papers concerning the suit brought by Ellis and now on trial in Judge Wallace's Court which would give a casual reader any idea of the real cause of the quarrel, and so I am tempted to condense the facts into a brief paragraph here.

* * *

It seems that for several years before December, 1890, Dr. Ellis was the pastor of the Central Presbyterian Tabernacle, a broken-down church, which he resuscitated. Though not a great orator he is an entertaining speaker,

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

and has a very adventurous disposition. The field presented by the Tabernacle was too limited for his speculative spirit, however, and so one day he proposed to Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of the First Presbyterian Church, to consolidate their congregations and make out of them one big concern. Mackenzie is a brilliant orator and draws large crowds. Ellis thought that with the little Scotchman to do the pyrotechnical work of the pulpit and he to hustle around for the coin, they could get up a boom in Presbyterianism, as it were, which would result in a tremendous church establishment. Undoubtedly this was so. Ellis and Mackenzie would have been the strongest combination on the Coast. There was some conversation between the two preachers about the project, the result of which was that Dr. Mackenzie practically agreed to consolidate.

* * *

But when the members of the Presbytery got hold of it, they scented danger in the air. One big church managed by two such boomers as Mackenzie and Ellis would swamp the smaller churches instantly. It was assumed that everybody who desired to get to Heaven according to the Presbyterian dogma would want those two dominies to take charge of them. There was a scurrying among the small fry, and before Ellis had a chance to get his scheme fairly started, Rev. Dr. Kerr hustled him before the Presbytery on charges of embezzlement, deception, and falsehood. An exciting trial followed, at the end of which the church authorities convicted Ellis on two charges of misappropriating the funds of the Central Tabernacle and deception. The latter consisted in saying that he had paid certain church bills when he had not. Ellis has retaliated by suing Rev. Dr. Easton, Rev. Dr. Kerr, Hugh Fraser, and Henry Hufschmidt for conspiracy and $100,000 damages. These are the gentlemen who voted to convict him in the Presbytery. I do not know them, anybody will blame them for knocking out that Prsebyterian boom scheme, but it occurs to me that the method adopted was unnecessarily drastic.

* * *

AMONG THE CONSTELLATION of Catholic lawyers, I know of no one whose morals are more admirable than Attorney Gartland's. An exceedingly pious man, his prosperity is undoubtedly the tribute of a discriminating Providence to regular attendance at church. He is a patron of the Probate Court, is Mr. Gartland—for the estates of those who die in St. Mary's Hospital invariably find distribution through his instrumentality—a phenomenon explicable, perhaps, by his relationsbip to the Mother Superior. Besides being good, Mr. Gartland is generous, and, with his friend, Mr. Curran, shares the cases that thus come to him. When the one is executor, he never fails to appoint the other his attorney, and the result is a division of labor that enables the collection of two fees. The sole obstacle to this interesting compact is a tiresome rule of Judge Coffey's which prohibits executors who are also attorneys, from collecting attorney's fees.

* * *

Of this order Mr. Gartland could hardly fail to know, but in his charges on a certain estate he presented an item for fees paid to Attorney Curran. With a twinkle in his eyes, Coffey summoned him to stand up. In a voice full of exquisite suavity he asked:

"Sometimes you attempt to practice law, I believe, Mr. Gartland?"

"Yes, your Honor," was the answer, delivered with a proper trembling at the knees.

"You have even appeared before this Court, if I remember right?"

"I have, your Honor," spoken with apprehension.

"Ah, then, perhaps you do not know of my rule that when an executor is himself a *competent* attorney, he shall not be allowed counsel fees for any attorney he employs?"

Mr. Gartland strove to speak.

Judge Coffey waved his hand reassuringly.

"But I do not *think* the rule applies in your case, Mr. Gartland, and I will not enforce it."

That was some time ago. Mr. Gartland has never so offended since.

* * *

A third story tells of a little tilt between Coffey and Reuben Lloyd—by no means a laggard when it comes to repartee. In fact, the *Chronicle* is authority for the assertion that no one at the Bar is half so adroit with his tongue. Mr. Kowalsky was anxious to see the decision in the Dama case, which was in Mr. Lloyd's possession.

"Mr. Lloyd," said the Judge, "in justice to your vanquished opponent, will you not let him see my decision, which, I believe, is in your possession?"

"Impossible, your Honor, just now," said Mr. Lloyd, in a bantering way; "I'm having the original lithographed, and I'm going to have a number of copies made. Mr. Kowalsky shall have one with pleasure. But your Honor knows I cannot have the lithograph made, nor I cannot have the copies made, without the original, so I cannot let it out of my possession. I cannot."

"There, there, Mr. Lloyd, don't continue telling the Court all you cannot do. It will take up *so* much time." The judicial voice was full of suave commiseration, and Mr. Lloyd beat a hasty retreat.

* * *

THE BODY of the late Nicholas Luning must rest uneasily if his spirit knows aught of affairs in San Francisco. Here is George Whittell actually defying his cherished rule against improving real estate. One by one he purposes removing the ramshackle shanties that cover the lamented Nick's real estate, rearing in their stead substantial structures in tone with the Mills and Crocker buildings that now so nearly approach completion. The first move in pursuance of this policy is the erection of a fine structure on the corner of Pine and Market. This will be a highly ornamental building, and will go far towards redeeming the architectural plainness of this section. As leases fall in, buildings will be torn down and new ones replace them, until the Luning Company will own the most valuable body of improved real estate in San Francisco.

* * *

A number of capitalists were discussing this property the other day, and from them I learned the income that the Lunings divide is close on half a million per annum. For some time after their father's death the members of the several families drew but $750 per month each, but now, all have as much money as they can spend—a most enviable condition of affairs—yet they are not buying pictures.

* * *

ONE OF THE INTERESTING bits of carscape on the line from Saugus to Santa Barbara, is the huge Lima bean ranch from which Dixie Thompson derives an income of $25,000 per annum. Mr. Thompson is one of the old settlers in that earthly paradise and he knows more about the Mexicans and their ways than any one around there, unless it be Father Fox of the Mission. He is very rich, owns a splendid ranch within a mile of the Arlington, and rides a thoroughbred whose silver trappings, in Spanish style, are the envy of all the *vaqueros* in the Santa Inez mountains. This bean orchard of his is about 300 acres in extent.

* * *

It is now an expanse of ploughed land, whose brown surface is unrelieved by a single weed. When his beans are ripe, he transports them to Boston by special train, and disposes of them there at a large profit. He is very hospitable and untiring in his attentions to any strangers whom his many friends all over the Coast consign to his care.

* * *

HIS SAD EXPERIENCE with Policeman Grant and the painful ordeal of his trial seem not to have destroyed the sense of humor possessed by Sam'l of Posen. He was one of a group telling stories the other day, and when it came to his turn contributed this episode which he located in a small Colorado town.

"Business detained me behind the company which had gone on to Denver," he said. "It was a small town I was stopping over in and my train left next morning at seven. I hate early rising, but there was nothing for it so I left orders at the office of my hotel to be called at six. Dead tired I slept like a bear in winter, and it seemed as though I'd not been in bed more than ten minutes when a thunderous rapping came at my door.

* * *

"No old traveler ever answers the first knock, so I just opened my eyes and waited. Again it came, louder this time.

"'Yes!' I yelled out, 'Who's there?'

"A rich Kerry brogue answered:

"'I'm the noight watchman just going off

me bhate. 'Tis now half past fure o'clock an' I thought I'd tell ye, ye'd just an 'our and a half more to shlape.' "

* * *

AT SAN JOSE an interesting case has been on trial for some weeks. It had its origin many years ago, and a pre-emption of land, a bloody, cowardly murder, and lynching were among the items that kept it fresh in the minds of the people. Nearly all the men and women who knew most about the cause are dead; a few still live, and on the witness stand, in the Santa Clara Court House, have told their stories within the past two or three weeks. The man who took up the land was Murdoch Nicholson, a sturdy, honest Scotchman; the murdered woman was his wife; the assassin, Matt Tarpey, who died at the hands of lynchers the day his victim was buried.

* * *

The story was retold on the witness-stand, when a suit for ejectment was heard against Murdoch. An old man, who was young when the tale began, related the facts to the jury.

"Matt Tarpey," said he, "owned a parcel o' ground on the old Watsonville an' San Juan road, but how he came to't I don't know, an' 'though I've had many years to find out. I'm no wiser on this score than on—on ——"

"Anything else," cried the lawyer for the Tarpey heirs. The attorney for the defense objected to the interruption, the words were stricken from the record, and the old man, paying little attention to the suggestion, went on.

* * *

"I'm no wiser now nor I was before," he continued. "Murdoch Nicholson came to Watsonville, where I lived, and with him was his wife, a stout, kindly woman, who became a favorite with us. Nicholson opened a saloon on part of the land that Tarpey claimed, and Mrs. Nicholson was put in charge of it. I've been told——"

"Stick to what you know," cried the plaintiff's attorney.

"Well, Tarpey tried to put the folks off the place," went on the witness, smiling, "but they wouldn't move. One night—it was pretty late, but some of us was up yet—one night we heard a gun shot. We ran to the place where the report sounded, and found Mrs. Murdoch writhering in blood. It was a dark spot, and the woman had been shot from ambush. That was Matt Tarpey's work."

This was objected to, but the objection was overruled.

* * *

"Tarpey was arrested, and was taken to Monterey, where he was put in jail. The funeral was held next afternoon. Everybody was there, as funerals was scarce in them days, and was events when they happened. After the sermon a prayer was said, and then we was told to take a last look at the deceased. When everybody had looked as much as they wanted to, a young man stood forward, and says, 'All them that wants to see justice did in this case stand to *this* side; them that don't want to see justice did stand on *that* side.'"

The old man stopped. "Well, how many men stepped to *this* side?" asked the Court.

"Everyone in the room," said the witness.

"How do you know the exact words the young man said?" queried the Court.

"Because—" the witness hesitated—"well, I was that young man."

"Was justice done?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, sir. We marched to Monterey, and lynched Matt Tarpey that night."

The case will be settled shortly.

* * *

WHAT IS THE INTIMATE connection, I wonder, between the telephone headquarters and certain select undertaking establishments? I would not dream of insinuating that messages of a tenor announcing deaths or serious illnesses are subsequently communicated to coffin establishments. That there seems reason to believe this the case, however, I must admit. Through some error in the delivery, a telephone message asking a well-known physician to call on a patient the following morning, was distorted into a demand that he call at once, as Mrs. Soandso was dying. Assured that this was out of the question, he did not respond, but on the following morning came to the house. He reached it in time to see an undertaker's wagon driving off.

"Heavens," he thought. "This is awful. She must be dead, really."

* * *

He rushed in. The house was as usual. His patient's husband came forward with a cordial greeting:

"Ah, Doctor, glad to see you. I've just had a curious interview with an undertaker, if you please."

"Well, I—I saw him at the door."

"Yes, actually brought along a coffin for my wife, whose death he said he had just heard of. Funny."

"How is Mrs. Soandso?" The Doctor was slightly reassured.

"Right as the mail, but for a little cold in her left eye. Come up and see her. She will have finished laughing over her coffin by this time."

* * *

SKILLED IN REPORTORIAL trickery, my friend, Tom Flynn, as a City Editor of the *Call*, was hard to deceive. No journalist in town could make a little exertion into a longer story, but none of his staff could "fake" a line without Tom being cognizant of it. Gifted with a fine perception of the value of one hundred cents, he was very rigid over expenses, and many a time I have heard the boys bewailing rigorously pruned bills for carfare, cab-hire, and other items essential in news-gathering. On the staff, some years ago, was a young reporter, Joe McArdle by name. He was undergoing the breaking-in process, and, though shrewd, was deliciously green. Being a bit of an amateur photographer, Flynn sent him, with an older reporter, to get up an article on the Holy Cross Cemetery, then opened in San Mateo County. It was necessary to purchase supplies, and Mr. McArdle, having acquired all he needed, brought the account, the following Tuesday, to the City Editor.

* * *

It was for a considerable amount. Each item, dryplates, lenses, etc., Mr. Flynn studied over, ticking them off, until he come to "hyposulphite, seventy-five cents."

"Come here, Joe," he called, "I want to speak to you a minit."

Joe came.

"Now, Joe," he said, "I understand this bill all but the hyposulphite. Now, tell me the truth. Doesn't that stand for the whisky ye had in the graveyard?"

* * *

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS one might fitly phrase the outing of the Pacific Yacht Club on Saturday last. From start to finish the excursion was punctuated with mishaps. The gunner whose duty it is to fire the brass carronades for the salute, inaugurated the series of disasters by blowing off a portion of his face. No one to blame, of course. A period of comparative quiescence followed. Then the rain. Such a downpour. It precipitated the crowning disaster. The tug "Fearless," could not make the Yacht Club wharf. Desiring to have the finest afloat, the management refused the "Alert" and insisted that Mr. Spreckels would give them the "Fearless." She draws more water than is provided by the organization. The result—she had to steam to the ferry slip, and in the blinding rain the Club's guests had to make their way to her. Two busses furnished the sole available means of transportation. For places in each, regular pitched battles were fought. The total value of finery destroyed I fear to state.

* * *

One bus capsized, and I am told John T. Dane, his wife, and daughter, were rather severely hurt. During the interval, those who were still left in the Clubhouse passed the time as best they could. Among the excitements was a little fracas between two prominent gentlemen, spirited while it lasted. Another was a series of fainting fits which a prominent young lady insisted in indulging in. However, between Sausalito and the tug, the crowd was finally disposed of, and then occurred the crowning catastrophy. 'Dolph Spreckels and Billy Kruse had determined to ship on the "Lurline," and a small boat awaited them at the wharf. Kruse embarked safely, but in the darkness and wet Spreckels missed his footing, stood on the gunwale, capsized the skiff and his friend, and both in an instant were floundering in the muddy water. Both had on heavy overcoats, and it was with difficulty they struggled to the surface.

* * *

I will not be so cruel as to describe the rigs they presented themselves in on the following

morning, nor the astonishment of friends accustomed to their perfect embodiment of Brandt's tailoring at the curious sight. However, they were the observed of all observers from Sausalito to San Francisco. I trust Jupiter Pluvius will not again so interfere with the Yacht Club's pleasure.

* * *

If the officers of the Austrian corvette are to be taken as good specimens of the *haute noblesse* of Austria, I should prefer to restrict my familiar intercourse to members of our own 400. I had the honor of meeting a bevy of them the other evening—thick-set, heavy-looking, bewhiskered youths, with unintelligent faces and unpronounceable names. They are pleased to be communicative on slight provocation about the prestige of their families and the privileges of their caste. I believe the commanding officers were very much put out at the failure of Mayor Sanderson to give them an official welcome. These dignitaries, in full uniform, awaited for several days the call of the municipal authorities, who, alas, failed to put in an appearance. Fancy what an opportunity the Supervisors have lost. There is a cask of Imperial Tokay on board for such occasions.

* * *

John Vance Cheney speaks of Walt Whitman as the great articulator, and before the Historical Society, on Tuesday evening last, he read an interesting paper on his characteristics, poetic and otherwise. After a perusal of "Leaves of Grass," I am forced to the conclusion that this bard was more entertaining personally than rhythmically. It must have been magnificent to watch him tramping through New York, his shirt cut low to display his taurine neck and splendid chest. Physically he was magnificent, and, I am sure, no human being was ever more deeply impressed with the splendor of his own proportions. Mr. Cheney's essay, like all that he writes, was scholarly, logical, and polished. His characterization of Walt's traits was dryly humorous.

* * *

THE TRIO OF STORIES I printed about Judge Coffey have precipitated on me a deluge of others. Every lawyer in town has at least one instance of his judicial wit, and there are some who go so far as to allege that the cleverest *bon mots* are those he drops into the capacious ears of his clerk. At snubbing an attorney it is positive the Probate Judge has no superior. He darts a sarcasm in a tone so soft that the victim does not realize his wound until the arrow begins to rankle. Attempting retort is out of the question, as the Judge has a woman's love for the last word, and never fails to put a sting in it. There is the case of Attorney Firebaugh. It is the rule in Coffey's Court that attorneys, in making applications for counsel fees, shall present itemized statements of their charges. Mr. Firebaugh handed in one containing the item, "Consulting authorities," fixing a good fee for that service.

* * *

"Consulting authorities?" queried the Judge. "May I ask what precedent you were seeking to establish?"

Mr. Firebaugh mentioned a familiar proposition.

"Ah, but I think a provision of the Code settles that. But perhaps you were not aware of the existence of the ruling?" The Judge was painfully polite.

Mr. Firebaugh hesitated, nodded his head. He was nervous.

"Perhaps, then, you gauge the value of your services by the extent of your ignorance?" Coffey pursued, in the same soft voice.

The victim, in his confusion, mumbled something that sounded like "Yes."

"Then, sir, you have been too modest."

* * *

In response to many invitations, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will give a supplementary concert at the First Congregational Church on next Tuesday evening. The music will be preceded by a short talk on the origin and romance of the harp, by Miss Morgan.

* * *

The Crocker Building approaches completion, but is delayed by the loss of two cargoes of mahogany that were to be used in fitting up the office interiors and the stores. Of course a new supply was sent for, but some time must elapse before it can be dried and worked up. However, the final decorative touches are being put on the frescoes in the bank and in Shreve's new store, and I am told it will not be long before both firms move in. The basement is being fitted up as headquarters for the State Board of Trade. Accommodation for colonization agencies of one kind or other will be provided, also. There will be ample room for a splendid display of the resources of California, as the basement is magnificently spacious, and its central location will ensure a large patronage of spectators.

* * *

THAT A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE must necessarily be a lawyer the decisions emanating from their Courts emphatically contradict. Very respectable gentlemen, they are, whose intentions must be admirable; for that reason one does not care to criticise too severely. The salaries conferred for their services are not remunerative and, doubtless, the city is given all it is entitled to. As a business proposition it might pay to increase their incomes, the return coming in diminishing the appeals. There is G. W. F. Cooke, for instance, a most genial old gentleman. I am sure he never suspected how little of a lawyer he was until the Republican majority made him a Justice last election. A species of *fac totum* of the late General Cobb, he was in evidence most of the hours of daylight round that dignitary's headquarters, on Montgomery Street. If he practiced at all it was doubtless from principle, so it is positive he could have had no clients.

* * *

That he was massively unaware of the Civil or Penal Codes, his method of procedure made manifest very early in his term. He is accustomed to taking the most trivial points under advisement, then handing down elaborate decisions from which it is the exception not to appeal successfully. I am willing to believe Justice Cooke knows something about English law—it is asserted he does. I heard an amusing story about a case in his Court the other day. It was a suit over a promissory note, and the attorney for the defense, a young man, was endeavoring to show that the plaintiff had failed to prove consideration. He moved for a nonsuit, reserving, of course, the privilege of offering evidence in case his motion was not granted. Mr. Justice Cooke took the matter under advisement, and a few days later filed a decision, not only denying the motion, but giving judgment for plaintiff.

* * *

"Your Honor," expostulated the young attorney, "is not your decision premature? I expressly reserved the right to produce evidence on behalf of my contention if you denied my motion for a nonsuit."

"Cannot help it, sir," said the Justice severely.

"It's a common rule of procedure, your Honor. I have a right to bring in evidence." The attorney was becoming angry.

"Sir, my decision has been rendered. I cannot alter it. I have made up my mind, sir. You can appeal, if you desire, but I never go back on a decision I render. I am not built that way."

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OUR MISTRESS, THE MAID.

BEING A MARRIED MAN'S AGONIZED VIEWS ON HOUSE SERVANTS.

There is a howl about the Japanese immigrant rising. We are threatened, God help us, with an anti-Jap agitation like unto that against the Chinese, which, to such of us as nature has endowed with capacity for brain fatigue, has been harder to endure these two decades than the Chinamen themselves.

What's the matter with the Jap?

So far as we have seen him here in San Francisco, he is a nice little fellow enough—intelligent, amiable, polite, busy, and not given to drink. His ability to "assimilate" is wonderful. When he comes here he adopts our dress and strives eagerly to fall into our ways. He is liked for this, and we praise him for it, though were we in Japan we should never dream ourselves of imitating his good examples.

Such Japanese as we have had heretofore have been mostly of the student class—youths anxious for education in Western learning and civilization. In order to support themselves, while acquiring knowledge (like popular candidates for the Presidency—Lincoln splitting rails, and Garfield driving mules on the towpath), these brainy and ambitious young men have gone into our kitchens and taken off their coats. As for the peasants who are said to be following them and going out to field labor, like peasants from other countries, I know nothing about them; but from all accounts the Japanese peasant at home is a simple, cheerful, cleanly creature, and I dare say, will not be greatly corrupted by life in a Christian land, if kept secluded in remote rural districts where he will not see much of the resident saints.

The newspapers are sounding that old reliable subscription-hooker and vote-catcher known as the "note of alarm." The Japs, we are warned, are to be feared chiefly because they come into competition with servant girls and reduce their wages.

For any competition with the servant girls that may accrue let us thank Heaven. The fear that fills the editorial breast on the point of wages is unfounded. The Chinese have competed with the girls these thirty years and more, and wages have not gone down. Chinamen, indeed, are far better paid on the average than girls. The reason is that the Chinese have better brains than the run of female servants, learn the duties of their calling thoroughly, and do their work in the spirit of other men who get paid for what they do. They are good servants, not infuriating fools and slatterns.

Chinese competition, I say, has not affected injuriously the earnings of female domestics. Wages are higher here than elsewhere in the country—a good deal higher. Few people object to paying well for competent household service, but money can seldom buy it, except from the Mongolian man. Let us hope that we shall soon have an ample supply of Japanese service as well, to re-enforce John.

For understood reasons that need not be mentioned, women servants, other things being equal, will always be preferred to men servants in ordinary households. But the indisputable fact is that women of moderate intelligence, who can cook decently, do housework reasonably well, and are at the same time cleanly and civil, are deplorably scarce. Such women command from $20 to $30 a month, with board and lodging—and this, not in fine establishments, where the best of them get much more, but in the flats and cottages of small families.

The other day I presented the following advertisement at the business office of one of the daily newspapers, but was persuaded to withdraw it:

WANTED:—An Agnostic girl, to do general housework in a small and irreligious family. Apply, etc.

Before Cupid and Hymen conspired to make me acquainted with grief, as an employer of "help," I was wont to regard with disgust the advertisements for "Protestant girls," and those others qualified by the announcement that "No Irish need apply." Such advertisers were, I supposed, narrow-headed nobodies with minds degraded by religious and race prejudice. I know better now. Most Irish servant girls are, of course, of the Catholic faith, and their church does not join in the Protestant complaint that it has "lost its hold on the masses." The Protestant girl is not a church-goer, while the Catholic girl is. Viewed in relation to the latter's salvation this is undoubtedly an advantage, but from the employer's standpoint her piety is to be deplored—not because of the time consumed in her church-going, but by reason of what she learns there. No doubt she gets the best of advice from her pastor and is kept in the path of honesty and chastity by the influence of doctrine and practice, but there are other things she learns which are not so admirable. The church is the servant girls' club, even as the corner grocery is the club of her visiting young man. Before and after service there is time for gossip and the comparison of notes. Then it is that the braggart exalts herself, regaling the sisterhood with accounts of her acts of impossible impudence to her mistress. And the more timid girl of less experience, fired by the spirit of emulation, takes these unsubstantial tales of heroineism for truth, and acts accordingly. Precisely as the young Eastern tenderfoot, familiar with newspaper stories of frontier ferocity and ready to live up to them, is more dangerous in a mining camp than the seasoned desperado, so is the foolish servant girl who models herself on the heroines of the church-going circle. Hence the demand for the less pious Protestant, and my own longing for a wholly emancipated Agnostic.

Ignorant, stupid, insolent, heedless, dirty, and doing drudgery unwillingly until the visiting young man gets ready to marry her, that is the average servant girl, and anything that shall help to abate her, though God send the relief from China and Japan, will be hailed by all civilized people (barring politicians and editors) with grateful joy.

One of the newspapers is showing how little shop girls earn, and how desperate is their struggle to live. So long as comfortable homes and much better wages can be had by these girls whenever they are ready to put aside their prejudice of caste—which is quite as strong, if not stronger, south of Market Street than on Nob Hill, and go into families who are suffering for want of capable domestics, they are not entitled to the sympathetic tear of sensibility. The mistress of fiction, she who delights in oppressing and humiliating the hired lady in the kitchen, does not exist in San Francisco. Good girls, when found, are too precious to be driven away by ill treatment.

The girl who does not prefer good wages, good food and lodgings and relatively light labor in a pleasant house to the slavery of the factory, with its rewards of a sealette jacket, bought on the installment plan, and the social recognition of the elite of Minna Street (with an occasional complimentary notice in the society column of Mr. Flynn's *Wasp*) is a fool.

What the situation calls for is not an extension of the "anti-coolie movement" to the Japanese, but the immigration of more servants from China and Japan. There is no danger at all that the doors of household service will ever be closed, because of them, on white girls who are fit to be admitted to kitchen and dining-room. But, happily, the Mongolian stream may reduce that dependence of the civilized portion of the community upon lazy, incompetent, and swaggering white females, which now adds so much to the terrors of the married state in San Francisco.

ARTHUR MCEWEN.

I LOVE THEE, GOLD.

MAURICE V. SAMUELS.

I love thee, Gold, though preachers say
Thou standest in salvation's way,
O Devil's gift to erring man!
But I will take thee when I can,
And in defense confess I'm clay!

Perhaps, o'ertaken by Decay,
A time will come in which I may
No longer swear, as I began,
I love thee, Gold!

But while I'm young it will not pay
When thou would'st come, to bid thee Nay;
So, though I be 'neath Virtue's ban,
The sacred truth is naught else than
A thoughtless wretch, guilt-stained, for ay
I love thee, Gold!

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

VIEWS ABOUT HOTEL AZALEA.

Chief of California's Summer Resorts.

HOTEL AZALEA is situated on the line of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, only twenty-nine miles from San Francisco, at Camp Taylor 700 ft. above the sea level. This beautiful resort has just been put in first-class condition. The attractions of Camp Taylor are well worthy of mention. Situated as it is in a Magnificent Grove of Pine, Redwoods, Laurel, and Madrone, with a beautiful stream running through the grounds, affording opportunities for Fishing, Boating, and Bathing, as well as offering many beautiful subjects for the Artist and Amateur Photographer. A Dark Room has been provided for the Amateur's benefit. The Drives and Walks surrounding the Hotel are thoroughly graveled, preventing the accumulation of either mud or dust. A beautiful drive of ten miles, through the grounds of the Country Club and Bear Valley, brings one to the Ocean, and a good road to San Rafael, only thirteen miles south, affords the advantage of connecting with all local trains to San Francisco. Being within three miles of Lagunitas Creek on the south, six miles of Tomales Bay on the north, and ten miles of the Ocean on the west, all connected by first-class roads, and a Good Livery at the Hotel, the guests have every opportunity of enjoying an outing—Bolinas Bay, Petaluma, and Sausalito are all an easy drive from Camp Taylor.

Camp Taylor is conducted as a resort for the pleasure and comfort of its guests. It is not a place for invalids or people who go into the country to air their fine clothes. The Table is first-class. Our own Dairy and Gardens furnish us with the best of Butter, Milk, Eggs, Cream and Vegetables. The rates at this Hotel are within the reach of all: by the day, $2 to $2.50; by the week, $10 to $15. One of the most enjoyable features of the resort is the Grill Breakfast every Sunday, served in the Grove of Grand Redwoods adjoining the Hotel. A Hop will be given once a week. Hay Rides and Croquet, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Pool, Boating, and Bathing afford a constant variety of in and out-door amusements.

Forty Cottages and a Hotel of forty rooms, in addition to an unlimited number of Tents, so erected that the veriest infant can rest in perfect comfort and security, make this place capable of providing for any number of guests when ample notice is given.

The North Pacific Coast Railroad is about to issue an improved time card. The road itself is now in better condition than any competitor. Its train service to Camp Taylor is first-class, and its rates are more reasonable than to any other first-class Summer Resort.

The verdict of those who were at the Resort last year was that it was the most charming Summer Residence in the State; with all the additions for the comfort and pleasure of the guests, it is the most delightful place in the world.

AMONG THE REDWOODS.

CAZADERO, THE CHARMING MOUNTAIN RESORT.

AMONG the mighty redwoods that cluster about like a guard of friendly giants, stands Cazadero, chief among the mountain resorts of California. With an eye to the future, and believing that the people of California, who live on the sea board want a complete change of scene and air in the summer the proprietor of this beautiful hotel determined to prepare for a large increase of guests this year, and has now the most comfortable, commodious, and convenient resort in the State, an ideal spot for the Society lounger, the place of all others on the Coast that the hunter, the fisher, the artist, and the business man would choose in which to spend his vacation. With its splendid natural advantages, augmented by art, Cazadero is at once the loveliest and cheapest place in California.

Cazadero is the terminus of the North Pacific Road, at the far end of the scenic line of the State, and no traveler has seen half the beauties of California who has not taken this trip into the very heart of the redwood belt, where are to be found the last and greatest of these giant trees. The hotel is situated on both sides of Austin Creek, a sparkling stream as pure as the snows that feed it, and which is filled with trout, that rises to the throw of the most inexperienced fisherman. On the banks of this stream, and only a short distance from the hotel, are the grounds dedicated to Bohemia, where the Bohemia Club meets every summer for its annual jinks. Austin Creek has many tributaries, all of which are alive with fish, and the estate of which the hotel is a part, is well stocked with game, which is at all times at the disposal of the guests.

Cazadero was famous some time ago as Ingram's, and the present proprietor, Mr. C. F. Burnes, in changing the name has only added to the hotel those things that will increase its prestige. The caravansary has been thoroughly renovated, many new rooms all furnished with the latest of modern improvements have been added, and a number of pretty cottages, artistic and comfortable, have been built for the convenience of those who prefer to live apart. A magnificent plunge bath is among the latest additions for the pleasure of guests, and bathrooms are in nearly all the rooms in the house. A perfectly-equipped stable is connected with the hotel, and experienced and careful drivers are in charge of the teams.

Some of the most charming scenery in the State may be found about Cazadero. Mt. Ross, the highest peak within a radius of 50 miles, is only 3 miles from the hotel, and the view from its summit, over 2000 miles above the sea level, is incomparably grand. To the west lies the gentle Pacific, to the north, the dense forests of Sonoma and Mendocino Counties; to the east Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helena raise their wooded heads; and to the south, the beautiful Valley of the Sonoma, with the City of Santa Rosa, offer a charming picture. A wagon road is in course of construction to this point of observation, and will soon be finished.

Altogther, Cazadero is an ideal place. Whatever is needed to make guests comfortable is there; every detail from barbers to musicians, from hunting to cuisine, is considered, and with a close attention that will make this one of the most popular resorts in the State before long.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—From "Love Letters" to "Modern Love" is a transition comparatively easy. This week I have advanced further—the sentiment without the ceremony. The weather you may regard as a little hot for the discussion of a subject so warm, but neither are of my seeking, and one must not contemn a harmonious literary atmosphere. Here I have an aggressive crank with brains and an inebriate spouse matched with a gentle, fragile, tearful woman whom he believes he loves. Contemptuous of the world, he persuades her to live with him—his wife in everything but law. The results of this little arrangement are more painful than interesting. It has a method of revenge more crushing than subtle, has the world, for those daring ones who set its conventionalities aside. What is a license, what a marriage ceremony? Nothing in themselves, save as marking a distinction—one side of which is disgrace, so-called. What sticklers for forms we are. One carries to the altar the same sentiment one retires with, and yet, in the eyes of the unthinking, it is the surplice, the incantation, the handclasp, and the "yes" that count. Am I not as firmly tied to you by the exchange of your ring for mine, by the pledge of lips and words, as if two cardinals and an archbishop married us? Of course, you will say, No!

A commentary on sentiment without ceremony you will find in "Roger Hunt." It is a subject intrinsically interesting, and Miss Wooley furnishes in her hero—he was but little of one—a lucid character study of a disagreeable type. How painful, aggressiveness combined with some degree of brain power and a strong dash of egotism can be, you realize; I know, of instances in San Francisco. Turn from this volume to the last novel of Juan Valera, "Don Braulio." Which is more charming, you may well ask, the individuality of the author which is exhibited in the paragraphs of quaint reflection scattered through the volume, or that of Doña Beatrix, the brunette whose eyes are so bright and whose lips are so red that she captivates all the men who come under her influence? A more extraordinary embroglio could hardly be imagined. Here is Count de Alhedin apparently in love with the wife of Don Braulio. He spends his nights with her in the salon of Rosita and for the honor of her good name he fights a duel with a poet and refuses the most elegant woman in Madrid who offers herself to him in marriage. But when Don Braulio suspects the relation between this very fascinating young gentleman and his altogether lovely wife one not platonic, it transpires that the Count is really in love with Inesita, and that his admiration for Doña Beatrix is a blind. Valera's method of story telling is exquisitely artistic. By imperceptible degrees the plot develops, and until one reads the husband's letter to Paco—a powerful bit of narrative, yet so tenderly simple—the reader never realizes that he has been on the verge of a tragedy.

The achievement of the book is Don Braulio, a rare type, depicted with such skill that the man lives on the page. That deep love of his for the beautiful Beatrix, and his terror lest he lose her, excite for him sympathy that is respect. What curious moralizing he does indulge in. Too clever by half, he describes himself, and one cannot but agree that had he but analyzed less and caressed more, Don Braulio would have ended a cabinet minister. By all means, read the book, and if you will take my advice, buy the May "Short Stories." It is the best number I have found in months, for it contains at least two charming tales—one, "A Divine Feast," which Miss Dawson translates from the French of Aubert; the other, "A Horse Thief," by Opie Read. In the latter there is the life and character that go to make a classic.

Three copies of Oscar Wilde's new book came to San Francisco. You must remember reading his rejoicings over the cover design of this "House of Pomegranates." It is a curious medley of reddish, pink, cream and gold, and, without exception, is one of the most unique specimens of bookmaking I have found. Printed on the heaviest creamlaid paper, illustrated by pictures that leave everything to the imagination, with vignettes and a title-page that are almost grotesque, the "House of Pomegranates" is a curiosity. With all the luxurious beauty of its typography the book is a disappointment. Mr. Wilde is too much of a cynic to write fairy stories, even if they be allegories. That his prose is delicious, that he excels in the delineation of rich, poetic pictures, one cannot deny, but however gorgeous the language, one would freely devote all the sorrow of the poor little dwarf, and the dreams of the good young king, for a few of the peerless cynicisms which one found in "Intentions." The imagery, the luxurious verbiage of "The Fisherman's Soul," are as if Gautier had written it, but there is no form, no swing; there are diamonds and rubies of phrases—jeweled sentences in starry profusion, but the art of the story-teller is not there; and yet you will say they are very beautiful.

Here is a new edition of "A Widow in Thrums," that clever book of Barrie's. He possesses true pathos and an ability at depicting Scotch character and dialect that put him among the foremost writers of the day. In his sentiment there is nothing mawkish—not a touch out, in his pictures.

The "New Harry and Lucy" by E. E. Hale and Lucrecia Hale, you may adventure on it if you would like to know just how they live in Boston to-day. About the volume there is nothing remarkable. That it is well written and highly moral goes for the saying, and doubtless you will arise from a perusal of it benefited in many ways. For my part I prefer the guide book and the novel separated, though I cannot refrain from agreeing with the authors that 200 years hence this volume will be of intense interest. ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Roger Hunt," by Celia Parker Wooley. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"Don Braulio," by Juan Valera. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A House of Pomegranates," by Oscar Wilde. James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Short Stories." The Current Literature Publishing Company.

"A Widow in Thrums," by J. M. Barrie. Cassell Publishing Co.

"The New Harry and Lucy," by E. Everett and Lucrecia Hale. Roberts Bros. publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

Here is a contented mind, that sees only blessings in misfortunes. The Los Angeles *Herald* evidently has a combine with the ditch-builders: "There is one consoling thing about our dry seasons in Southern California—and it is a great consolation when they are dryest—we escape the desolating floods of the Eastern country."

Wedding Invitations
Properly Engraved
—AT—
ROBERTSON'S, 126 POST ST

—THE—
Delbeck Champagnes
DELBECK & Cie EXTRA DRY REIMS
THE EXTRA DRY
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

THE BARTON & GUESTIER
(Established 1725 Bordeaux)
Clarets, White Wines and Olive Oils
FIDE ET FORTITUDINE — FOI HONNEUR ET PATRIE
JAMES DE FREMERY & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO
General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

AT THE RECENT ART SALE
MANY FINE PAINTINGS WERE NOT SOLD.
These are again on exhibition at our Gallery. On account of the departure of Mr. S. Gump for Europe, and the necessary preparations for moving to our new building, now in course of erection, we will sell all our Paintings and other goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.
S. & G. GUMP
581-583 MARKET ST.

"Larkspur Inn"
Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains, daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to board to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.
Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents.
Respectfully,
HEPBURN & TERRY.

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, May 21, 1892.

PILLS FOR PARTISANS.

The National Conventions will shortly assemble and prepare nostrums for the people, and thereafter the partisan will be commanded to swallow the party medicine no matter how distasteful, and his political faith will be measured by his readiness or reluctance to comply. The Republicans are certain to reaffirm the doctrine of high taxation and endorse the champion swindle of the century, the McKinley Bill. Immediately thereafter the Republican organs will instruct the public that commercial profit results from buying articles where they are highest and selling them where they are lowest, and urge the faithful to march to the polls and vote for a proposition which they would declare any citizen insane for attempting to practice in his own business. The farmer will be informed that should grain bags be made cheaper, so that he might keep part of the money he now pays for them, that he would be that much poorer.

The fruit grower will be shown by a flood of editorial light that unless the price of tin is kept up he will be unable to can fruit. That the public will refuse to consume fruit preserved in pauper tin. That even though competition prevents raising the price of canned goods, and having to pay more for tin he receives less for fruit, he must understand, that in order to get tin cheap he must vote to keep tin high, and that a tariff makes it high and low. To clinch this argument announcement will be made of the New American Tin Plate Factory, as big as Mount Diablo, the incorporation papers of which have already been erected in the town of Mud Flats, and which is "about to commence" the manufacture of anti-pauper, American tin plate, and which it is hoped will produce enough between now and election day to can the entire Republican Party. The American laborer, also, will now be a cause of great concern; the fear that the pauper labor from Europe might in anyway interfere with his property will keep the Republican editors from sleeping.

It will be explained that unless it is difficult to obtain the raw material, which he must have in order to exercise his physical force and skill, his wages will be low. In other words, that unless it is expensive to acquire material with which to set him to work he will starve. That unless we send a large instead of a small sum out of the State to purchase iron there will be nothing left for wages. And the necessaries of life—of course, they cannot be forgotten. Unless the American laborer, artisan, and farmer, pay twice the money for shoddy that foreigners pay for the best cloth, how can American labor be protected? If the public mind does not perceive the logic of the above high tariff argument the public mind must be wrong.

THE FRESNO CONVENTION.

The Convention has adjourned, and the heavens have not fallen. Some of THE WAVE'S contemporaries, eager to enjoy the spoils in a money campaign, urged the Democracy to commit suicide by passing rabid anti-railroad resolutions, not caring what became of the party so that their empty coffers might be replenished, or that their senseless and offensive egotism might feed itself on the cry: "We did it." The Democrats of California are to be congratulated that not more than one-third of its delegates at Fresno, were of the hair-brained, demagogic, sack-hunting variety, that is ready to sacrifice principle for promises or honor for cash. The resolutions passed, touching the railroad, were of such a dignified character that the obscure, crepuscular sheet of this city, that is known only to be laughed at, is in hysterics, and will, doubtless, construct a railway for itself in this evening's issue, on the same paper that it used a week or so ago.

But THE WAVE is of the opinion that the Democracy should have left the railroad alone. That corporation has shown a disposition to keep out of politics, and had the delegates to Fresno been wise they would not have dragged it into their platform at the suggestion and entreaty of journals who seem more anxious to have the Southern Pacific gag them with a handful of greenbacks than help the party to which they profess to belong.

The platform, generally, is a broad and liberal one, and should win friends for the Democracy. It was a wise step, one that the party will not regret, to send to Chicago only delegates who pledged themselves to vote for Cleveland. THE WAVE was almost alone in asking that some such demand should be made of those who desired to represent California in the National Convention. It is unfortunate that the party did not see fit to adopt Mr. Clunie's resolutions endorsing Judge Wallace's splendid fight against corruption and boodleism. The greatest Democrat in the West, a meet companion for Grover Cleveland, in his contest for the presidency, Judge Wallace did not seek the compliment that such action would have been; his party would have been the gainer had the resolutions passed.

Honors between the factions were even; the leaders settled their differences on the convention floor, and the Democracy is prepared to engage in what will be the most memorable campaign of the decade. California should be redeemed, the people must be awakened to their interests, which, if understood, would cause them to vote against the Tax and Ruination Party out of mere selfishness.

THE editor of the *Report* has just constructed another Transcontinental railroad, one of the very best that this journalistic wag has built in a month. It begins at the corner, connects with the retina, and has its terminus at the iris; it is, therefore, all in his eye. As has been stated before, he will shortly publish the time table and other advertising of the new road at fifty per cent increase on current rates. In this connection, I would say to the editor of the *Report*, that because a fellow-creature differs with him on railroad matters, the fellow-creature is not necessarily any more of a knave than is the man who gets an old press, and, after having it painted, passes it off as new. Also, the gentleman who yells "collar-wearer" at his neighbors oftentimes has to wear a shawl about his neck to hide the marks of a recent yoke, whose passing away was regretted, and whose return is sighed for.

CRITICISMS THAT SHOULD STING.

However much we may rail in public at the caustic comments of Mr. Rudyard Kipling on government in American cities, privately the more intelligent of us must entirely agree with him. Every person of average intellect in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, and San Francisco knows that municipal rule in all of those places is a government of aliens, for aliens and by aliens. To determine this, one need not personally inspect the brogues of the public officials. He may simply read the proceedings of Common Councils and Boards of Supervisors in the daily papers. The names of those in power will tell the whole story. Mr. Kipling's other charge that Americans have no regard for human life is equally as true. Men, women, and children are run over by street cars and horse vehicles every day; railroad trains fall through bridges or are smashed up; men shoot each other and kill their wives; sons kill their fathers and fathers starve their children; employees rob their employers and employers rob the public—and nobody is punished. Our jails are full of thieves and murderers, and nobody thinks of bringing them even to a trial.

As for decent streets, we all know they are a novelty in every large American city. They abound in dust, dirt, and fearful smells. The officials who are elected to care for them are too busy breaking into the Treasury to attend to anything else.

Is it any wonder that people of means flock to Paris and London when to remain here means to come in daily contact with such a government? It is idle to assert that the present system will "work itself out." It will grow worse. The boodler is becoming bolder every day. His brogue may disappear in time, but his thieving instinct—never.

The fact is, municipal government in America is a failure. The causes are known to everybody. The sooner we cease abusing foreigners who call the truth to our attention and see about reforming our wretched system the sooner we will have cities that are habitable.

PORTRAITS—No. 1.

He is a man of parts, yet so neglected has been his education that he cannot spell a common word; but diligent reading and a natural, acute understanding has given him a style in writing that is superb at times, and ridiculous on occasions. Where he got his eloquence in speech is as mysterious as his origin. Some say he is a Yankee, others allege that he is a Jew—saving the Jews themselves. Living in the community for years, he has skillfully probed its secrets, and, as every fester rose, has fed, like a gadfly, at its feasts. Always prosperous in the feeding, his boast that he was an integral part of the horse and wagon as it rolled along has ever proved idle, for the first whisk of the driver's whip would snap him to the next eczema.

Notwithstanding, he has never lacked courage, at least, if a certain imperturbable coolness can have that definition; for his judgment during forty-odd years in California has never failed where the pocket was concerned; and, in such a case, judgment means bravery. As legal adviser of the city, in the early "'Fifties," he never let the city suffer; indeed, he made common cause with the city, and saw to it that he should profit with its rise or decline. For which excellent reason the municipality always prospered.

Dabbling in politics and journalism, he found that the latter scheme afforded better business opportunities, for there was more *reclame* and less money spent in newspaper work. He took to it and called together a brilliant staff of writers, that should be a cloak to his designs. Disappointed in political power, he was resolved that those who had worked his undoing should be lashed with snakes and scorpions. At the same time, he had the presence of mind to sup with his enemies and receive good from them that had illused him. On one occasion, I remember, he had just signed away some valuable railway property to four or five greater robbers than he. It was under compulsion, and there was a dinner afterward to celebrate the event. His name went down with a flourish, but as he blotted the ink, and drank an adjacent cocktail, he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen—personally, you are damned elegant; but otherwise, you are a corporate, scoundrelly thief!"

And then he walked down to the banquet and entered into service in order that he might the better learn to betray his new employers. He knew too well already the way; the means were quickly found; the field he chose was lush with blossoms, and presently he gathered them all, waxing rich year by year.

And yet this man has not reached that monstrous end which should naturally follow in the career of a highwayman, and this because he has those newspaper instincts which serve the purpose of Guardian Angel over his career, be it ever so evil. He has always had the weakness that men call Charity. His is distinctly a furtive charity. Not only does he support a dozen poor relations freely and without question, but also he gives money, even offers it when he finds a woman of any age or any degree of ugliness in distress, or when an aged pioneer begs bed and food. Mind, he is ashamed of this, and would willingly disown it, for fear his purse should be menaced on all sides. In the question of usurious interest he would be unmerciful; if rent were not paid on the first day of the month he would prove brutal; and yet he would hand a hundred dollars to two meek Nuns for the support of a convent, for sentiment's sake, and sit down at his desk the next moment to abuse the "papistical" enterprise with all the venom that could fill his pen.

The turpitude of his public transactions is so flagrant that to persuade people of his private beneficence, would be to convince them that he was possessed of an over-clouded reason. Still, one cannot forget that Robespierre wept at finding his pet dove dead in the cage, nor will they deny that a secret tenderness may be hidden beneath a public malignity.

JUNIUS.

LAWN TENNIS.

Now that the good weather has fairly set in, it is quite likely that tennis players will take to the courts with a will and determination to practice hard and often in preparation for the great championship event which is only a very little way off.

The opening of the new Oakland Club's court is eagerly awaited by the Oakland cracks, who have been getting gradually rusty from want of practice. The opening will positively take place on Saturday, the twenty-eighth inst., when an interesting programme of exhibition games will be given. Among those who will take part are Gray, Tobin, Yates, W. Taylor, Bates, C. Neel, S. Neel, Hubbard, English, and other experts.

The courts, with its pretty clubhouse, will present quite an attractive appearance, as it will be decorated for the occasion in a manner that will make this an occasion long to be remembered by those who are fortunate enough to be present. A large delegation will cross over from this side of the Bay, and the form displayed by the Oaklanders will be sharply criticised, and their chances of winning honors at San Rafael this year will be carefully considered. Yates and Hubbard and Taylor and Yates will appear in singles, and Bates and Neel will play one of their old-time doubles against some of the many crack teams that will be present, probably Haight and Hubbard, the champions of the Pacific States.

The continuous tournament goes merrily on at the California Tennis Club, only two matches, thus far, going by default, that of G. Loughborough, who failed to show up within two weeks after being challenged by Drown, and also R. M. Eyre, who defaulted to Code.

The matches of the past week are as follows: O'Connor beat A. Carrigan; Drown beat Loughborough (default); Code beat Eyre (default); Code beat Bee; Dutel beat Blanchard; Adams *vs.* Hutchins; each won a set, and decided to play off later.

The following list of challenges, as they appear on the Club's bulletin board, are published for the benefit of those players who do not frequent the courts, and who are liable to default to their challenger unawares. By not answering a challenge within two weeks from date of posting challenge, which date appears opposite each name, the match goes by default:

May 6th, Davis challenges Stetson; 7th, Gunn challenges Havens; 8th, Collier challenges A. Taylor; 8th, Stetson challenges S. Hoffman; 11th, Coit challenges Moore; 14th, Code challenges Field; 15th, Bradshaw challenges Golcher; 15th, O'Connor challenges Eyre.

A number of matches will take place to-day and during next week, and it is to be hoped that some of the top-notch players will take interest enough in the games to appear on the courts and play. Only one of these matches has thus far taken place, between Yates and Hubbard, in which the latter came out victorious, and thus held his position at the top of the list.

Wilberforce has been quite ill and unable to play, but there is McGavin, O. G. Hoffman, and Aug. Taylor, who might play, as they are at the courts most every day.

Hubbard captured the tennis honors at a garden party given by Miss Gertrude Baily, at Oakland, on Saturday last.

The courts at San Rafael are, at present, in anything but good condition, but it is thought that the hotel management will see to this matter before many days.

H. G. (Chappie) Gardner has removed his tennis outfit to San Rafael, where he is domiciled for the summer. His object in going so early is to get in first-class shape for the singles event, in which he is tipped as a probable dark horse.

W. H. Taylor, Jr., despite the fact of his not practicing much of late, succeeded in defeating Professor Daily two straight sets on Sunday last.

Code, of the California Club, defeated Hobart last week in a three set match, 2-6; 7-5; 8-6.

The continuous tournament committee would do a wise turn by resigning their position in favor of a commitee that could be at the grounds daily.

S. L. Golcher is evidently bent on improving his game as he plays regularly with the Professor.

Stetson has not been seen on the courts for some days past. He is evidently resting previous to his match with S. Hoffman, which promises to be an exciting one.

The Palo Alto students' championship single tournament takes place on their courts this afternoon, an elegant silver trophy is to be contested for. It consists of a cup ten inches in height and is beautifully engraved. The chances of capturing this elegant silver emblem lies, from present observation, between Murray Campbell and Jack Thompson.

The students of Saint Mary's College will also take up tennis, and will shortly give a tournament; there are a number of excellent ball players in the college who would undoubtedly make expert racket wielders.

W. B. Collier played an unusually strong game with Yates last week, winning the first set 6-2 and losing the second 7-5.

O'Connor achieved two victories on Sunday last, defeating both Linderman and Carrigan and advancing two pegs on the list. He is anxious to meet Eyre now, and is confident of adding another victory to his list.

Following is a complete list of players as they now stand on the continuous tournament list at the California Tennis Club: Hubbard, Yates, Tobin, Gray, O. Hoffman, Wilberforce, McGavin, A. Taylor, Collier, S. Hoffman, Stetson, Treat, Davis, Hobart, Hutchins, Adams, DeLong, Field, Code, Bee, Eyre, O'Connor, Linderman, Carrigan, Mitchell, Dutel, Blanchard, Lee, Forbes, Robinson, Spencer, Gardner, G. F. Whitney, R. N. Whitney, Owen, Woods, Boardman, Havens, Gunn, Drown, Longborough, Moore, Coit, Golcher, Bradshaw.

THE SCORER.

As the season advances and the warm weather grows warmer, city folks of all classes begin to long for the country. One of the most charming and attractive spots within easy reach of San Francisco and suburbs, is Laundry Farm. Beautiful scenery, plentiful shade, and delightful streams, combine to make this an ideal resort. Picnic parties will find here every conceivable accommodation in addition to the natural beauties of the place. Laundry Farm bids fair to be very popular this summer.

The *San Diegan* is right about this: "When corporations combine and conspire to rob the community, it is time for the people to ascertain whether they have any rights which are to be respected."

DINMORE'S SOAP

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SAN FRANCISCO

THE MUMMERS.

A CURTAIN-RAISER AND "JANE."

One may not quarrel too r adily with the stage because it does not appear to fulfill the promise that it gave some time ago. Here the play is a pastime; its function is to make people laugh; it points no moral, teaches no lesson; we are getting further and further away from the melodrama, even, in whose blood-stained acts the observer might have read that virtue was good and vice bad. Now we find that pure young maidens will forgive faithlessness to lover's vows; that married women will overlook the infidelities of their husbands, and that even discovered sins find recommendations to mercy as numerous as signatures on petitions for murderers' pardons in real life. This is not right; it is meretricious in the highest degree. We must keep the stage pure, even if we are sin-ruined and vice-enveloped ourselves. Indeed, the more our immorality is painfully apparent, the more reason for keeping the stage clean. There is hope that the precept of the play will outweigh the example of the audiences.

The tone of "Chums," the curtain-raiser, which has been highly praised at the Baldwin this week, is decidedly low. The author has made the characters nearer the image of the Creator than usual; there is a divinity about the women that expends itself in forgiving what sweethearts and wives are not accustomed to condone. Aside from this the outcome of the piece is sadly palpable, and one finds small pleasure in watching the abnormal stupidity of the characters "mixing things up." The curtain-raiser is usually weak, vain, and unprofitable. But I commend them all; they are useful in covering up the noises of the shameless crew who come into theatres when the mummers are before the footlights, who never appear until the plot of the story is being told, and who make more noise and cause more confusion than the same number of policemen in a Chinese shop. If we cannot get rid of the late-comers, give us a curtain-raiser by all means.

"Jane" is the play. This might be the second act of "Chums" without creating any wonder; indeed, as plays go now-a-days, it might be merely a change of scene in the curtain-raiser, and never a question would be asked. I shudder when I speculate on what would have become of "Jane" if the piece had been entrusted to Messrs. Hammphatt and Mad'lles Misleadingladies. If I should judge the play by the laughter it provoked, I should have to say that it had more humor in it than any that has been produced at the Baldwin for some months.

"Jane" is bright, but not witty; broadly humorous, with now and then a disposition to fall over the line of propriety into suggestion. The story is just as improbable as are those of other farce-comedies, with a similar ending, and, if it is not as inartistic, it is every bit as palpable. I have always been of the opinion that the characters in these plays are mentally idiotic; if they would take the trouble to peep around a corner they would find their way out of all their difficulties; but they prefer to burn in the purgatory of the second act, and are only released from their unhappy state by some thin-shanked, unsteady-voiced lawyer. But "Jane" will have a good run. Miss Johnstone Bennett is a clever actress, who goes through the play without a smile. She is a careful performer, and gives a close attention to detail that will make her very successful. But she could do more in a better part. Mr. Arthur is a splendid mummer; he is thoroughly natural, and has no mannerisms to betray his school. Mr. Cotton does much to make the play a success, and Master Joseph Totten is clever enough to have a better part. Mr. Daly and Miss Gray are good, and the others fill their parts acceptably.——

A week from Monday at the Baldwin, comes one of the biggest engagements of the year, to-wit, Francis Wilson and his comic opera organization in their gorgeous production of "The Merry Monarch." Francis Wilson, from all accounts, is to-day probably the most interesting character on the American stage. Spectacular comic opera is apparently the favorite diet of American amusement-seekers, and it is safe to say that Wilson and "The Merry Monarch" will receive one of the heartiest welcomes ever accorded a Baldwin attraction.——

"The Gossoon," with Carroll Johnson in the leading role, has done exceedingly well at the Bush Street Theatre. The play is of the usual Irish sort, but is somewhat better than the majority of them. The hero foils the victim as often as need be, and the heroine is saved from the customary number of pitfalls. Miss Kathryn Osterman has the leading character and fills it very well. Next week "The Fast Mail."——

The success of the season at the California has been "Blue Jeans," the second week of which promises to be as profitable as the first. There is enough of the melodramatic about the play to make it a favorite with a large class of people here, and the large patronage proves that the author has touched the right chord. The cast is much above the average, and the plot and interest of the play are strong enough to carry the weak ones. "Blue Jeans" will go on next week.——

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NOTICE!

The next Steinway Hall Concert on Wednesday Evening, May 25th, as well as the remaining three concerts of this series, will take place at the Palace Hotel, in the Maple Room, instead of Steinway Hall.

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THE GOSSOON

Next Week, - - - THE FAST MAIL

THE YELLOW PLUSH BOX.

He turned the package in his hands. A subtle odor of heliotrope diffused itself through the air.

"Valuable family papers, eh? he muttered. "I can read the riddle better, M. de Nerval. I'll wager, my boy, that I would find a few faded flowers, a lock of hair, and some treasured letters, in this sacred trust that my chivalrous friend has left with me for a day. This duel, too, I dare say, is about her. Poor, rash knight-errant! As if any of them were worth risking a life for! Well, I must put this in a place of safety—and if he falls—I am to watch it consume till the last spark dies in blackness. But Gerald will not fall. I feel—"

What he felt he did not finish. The door was softly opened, and a young girl, fresh, bright, rosy as a summer dawn, appeared. She wore a gown of pale pink woolen material, girdled at the waist with a silver belt. Her bright hair was piled up in a sort of crown on her shapely head, but curled low on her brow above a pair of velvet-soft brown eyes.

"A visitor, Brother André," she said. "A very stern and iron-gray looking man. Important business, he says. I don't know why, but he made my heart beat faster."

"Is he the first man who has done that, little sister?" asked André Bertin, with a laugh.

"It beats with *fear*," said the young girl, nervously.

"Well, show the ogre in," exclaimed Bertin.

The next moment a middle-aged gentleman with a narrow, severe face and steely-gray eyes was bowing to him in a perfunctory manner.

"This is Monsieur Bertin?" he was inquiring with a penetrating gleam in his eye as when the sunshine flashes on steel.

Bertin bowed.

"I am the Judge of Instruction, M. d'Aubigny," he went on. "I come in the name of the law!"

"The law—I do not understand," said André Bertin, paling a little.

"I have come to search the premises!"

Bertin took a step involuntarily nearer to his desk as if to defend it.

"This is a disagreeable business," the visitor continued, "but in time of war we must submit to much that is not exactly pleasant. Here is a writ that requires your premises to be visited and all letters and papers seized for examination."

For a moment Bertin felt as if his blood was turned to ice. Then a consciousness of innocence reassured him.

"All right, Monsieur le Juge—go on, search. Here are my keys."

"I do not suspect you, M. Bertin," said the Judge, as he cooly gathered all the papers he found and tied them in a package, "but there are rumors, and this is necessary. I will take these with me and examine at leisure."

"I submit," said Bertin, proudly; "you will find nothing."

"But this!" cried the Judge, seizing the package and opening the paper. "What have we here—a locked box?"

"I—I have not the key of that," said Bertin, with some hesitation. "It belongs to a friend and contains —valuable family papers."

"Oh—ah—what is the name of your friend?" asked the Judge, skeptically.

"That I can't tell."

"Why not? I will ask him to open the box, and all will be right"

"No. I have sworn that no one shall see the contents of that box! I do not know what they are, but I am quite sure they are private papers, with which the law has nothing to do."

"I don't for a moment doubt your good faith and sincerity, but I must take the box. Anyone else in my place would break the lock. It would be easy to do it. But I will respect your declaration. I will keep the box intact till this blows over, and then I will restore it to you. I can do no more."

"Thanks!" said Bertin. "I must submit to that, I suppose."

So M. d'Aubigny seized the box and carried it away with Bertin's private papers.

Once in his office, he looked at the box with some curiosity. It was of yellow plush with cut-steel hinges, such as ladies use for handkerchiefs or gloves. The lock was very frail.

"Is looks as if it belonged to a woman," mused the Judge, "but this may be a ruse of Bertin's. He is suspected of being a spy for Germany, but—"

He examined the box again—a vague perfume escaped from it and was wafted toward him.

He started. "What is this perfume? I know it!" he cried; "it is white heliotrope!"

A sudden chill moisture dampened his brow. He stood for a moment motionless, breathing in the delicate odor. An iron hand seemed clutching at his heart.

"Oh! I am crazy," he murmured, "many women use white heliotrope."

But the perfume still seemed to send an electric thrill through him.

"If it should be Constance," he gasped—

In a sudden frenzy, he was about to break the lock, when he saw that the box was bound by something fine, almost invisible, as it was of the same color as the plush. He seized this almost imperceptible thing and unwound it.

It was a slender strand of golden hair! It curled about his hand like a thing of life! He dropped the box! For a moment M. d'Aubigny stood staring at this object as if a venomous snake had coiled about his hand. His face was livid. He was stifled. The air had suddenly grown dense. He clutched at his throat and gasped for breath.

"No, no; it is impossible," he groaned.

The next moment he seized the box furiously. "I *will* know," he muttered; "it is my right."

He stared about him with bloodshot eyes; a hundred wheels o' fire seemed whirling in his brain!

He found a metal paper-knife and inserted the blade under the cover of the box. The frail lock yielded; the cover lay open.

A few faded flowers, a knot of rose-colored ribbon, a tiny glove, and letters—letters without envelopes, written on thin paper and folded in the smallest compass. These were letters that had never gone by the mails!

From all the subtle odor of heliotrope floated up to him like a haunting memory.

He pushed everything away with frantic hand, but the letters.

He opened one of them.

"Oh! my God, my God!" he gasped as he fell back in his chair, rigid and motionless, as if turned into stone.

* * * * * *

Gerald de Nerval did not fall in the duel. He had wounded his adversary, but not fatally, and a sense of the joy of living pervaded his soul and senses as he hurried back to relieve his friend Bertin of the sacred trust, the yellow plush box.

Blanche opened the door. She was in tears.

"What has happened?" cried Gerald, with a vague foreboding of evil.

"My brother has been arrested," she sobbed.

"But how—why? It's a mistake."

"I know, but he's suspected. Oh, something political! But M. d'Aubigny says it will be nothing. He will soon be released. He told us that when he made the search, but it seems dreadful."

"A *search!*" cried Gerald, turning pale. "M. d'Aubigny?"

"Yes, he ought to be ashamed," cried Blanche, her soft eyes blazing; "he just took off all André's papers, the mean thing!"

"*All?*" cried Gerald, in agitation, his pallor increasing.

"Are you ill?" exclaimed Blanche, in alarm.

"Oh, no; it's nothing; that is, there was a yellow plush box among André's effects. I suppose that was not taken, as it did not belong to him."

"A yellow plush box?" said Blanche. "Wait! I will look."

She opened the desk. At the first glance Gerald saw that the box was not there. He felt as if some one had struck him on the head with a hammer.

Oh, irony of fate! Could it be possible that M. d'Aubigny had that box in his hands? He began again a frantic search. In vain. The box could not be found.

"But—this box—did it contain anything of value?" asked Blanche.

"Only the honor and lives of three persons," cried Gerald in a strangled voice, as he rushed from the room.

* * * * * *

In the white-and-gold boudoir of Madame d'Aubigny a twilight gloom reigned. The sunbeams that struck the heavy white silk hangings looked pale and opaline. The Judge stumbled over a fantastic gilt chair as he entered abruptly. A young woman started up with a stifled cry at the sound. She was fair as the foam fresh-bathed in Paphian waves. A gown of pale yellow India silk shrouded in lace and filmy chiffon fell in straight folds about the soft curves of her beautiful form. Her face was pale, but her lips were red as a pomegranate flower. In her sea-blue eyes shadows lurked—shadows that deepened as she saw the livid fury of her husband's face. She could not move. He strode toward her and fixed his burning eyes upon her.

"Madame," he said, without raising his voice, in a tone that cut like a sword, "you have a lover."

Her lips grew rigid, but she faltered: "Prove it."

"I can," he cried, thrusting the letters before her eyes. "Do you deny that you wrote these?"

Her heart stopped beating. She could not speak.

"Do you recognize them?"

"Yes."

"What have you to say?"

"Nothing."

M. d'Aubigny made a movement of rage. A thin line of foam flecked his discolored lips.

"Take care," he said, "do not defy me."

She did not speak.

"So you love another!"

Constance was silent.

"Speak, woman, I command you; you have never loved me."

"Never!"

"Infamous creature, tell me his name!"

"What name?"

"The name of your lover!"

A sudden light irradiated her face. He had the letters, but he did not know the name. She remembered that she had always used a pet name—originated when they were children together. She breathed again.

"His name," reiterated d'Aubigny.

"I will not tell it."

"Bah," cried the Judge, with a mocking laugh, "I know it."

"Then you need not ask me."

"It is André Bertin," he cried, exultantly.

The face of Constance betrayed utter astonisnment.

"You will deny it, of course."

"Certainly."

"Ah! well, I have proof. You are fond of proofs."

"Show me," she gasped. Her brain reeled, but one thought dominated amid the chaos; Gerald was not suspected; Gerald would escape.

"The law sent me to search Bertin's papers. I found there a yellow plush box. I took your letters from it. He got up some fiction about the box having been confided to him by a friend."

"Yet you opened it—how honorable!"

"Yes; I opened it. You do well to talk of honor! I read the letters. Then the iron entered my soul. I longed, madame, to strangle your lover with my own hands and throw his corpse at your feet."

Constance uttered a cry of terror. The image of Gerald dying at her feet sent a convulsive shudder through her frame. But she could save him.

"Come, is it André Bertin—yes or no?"

Constance was silent. Only her heart spoke. "Yes," she faltered. Let the whole world perish if Gerald could be saved.

Her husband cast one look of furious hate upon her and left the room.

"Oh, I am a wretch," cried Constance, hiding her face in her hands, "but I have gained time. I will think of some way to save him."

She tried to persuade herself that both could be saved, André was innocent, and of course he could prove his innocence without betraying his friend.

Five days dragged their slow length along, and Gerald never came. Her face faded like a flower kept too long in the shade. Unutterable anguish shone in her eyes. Her husband maintained a stony silence. But one day her pulses quickened at a step. She stood waiting—throbbing from head to foot. He was coming—he who could make her dust quicken if she "had lain for a century dead." She was in his arms. He was kissing her lips, and the soft, white curves of her round throat.

"I thought you would never come again, and you have been fighting a duel for me," she whispered. "Oh, Gerald, I have blasted your life."

"You have blessed it, my angel." he said. "But I have been waiting. I expected another challenge."

"Another?" with a shudder.

"Yes, your husband has your letters."

"I know," murmured Constance.

"The fact that the Judge meets me exactly as he did before makes me uneasy. He found the box at Bertin's. He probably suspects him."

"Oh, absurd!" said Constance, feebly.

"Yet I am persuaded of it. Bertin has some secret enemy working against him. I am sure it is the Judge. Bertin is branded everywhere as a spy. I have sworn to save him, And you must help me."

"I?" cried Constance, shivering with terror.

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO.

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

"I shall not let my friend suffer for me. I shall declare the truth."

"Oh, I'll go mad!" cried Constance.

"He does suspect Bertin, then?"

"What of it?"

"I must tell him he is mistaken."

She clutched his arm convulsively. "No, no, do not. He will not believe you. I confess, yes. I have made him believe that I loved M. Bertin.

"Oh! why, why have you done this?" groaned Gerald.

"I wanted to save you."

"But it is infamous."

"He would have killed you."

"Better so."

"But I loved you. I had to choose between the two."

"This is horrible."

"Oh, I know it is horrible," cried Constance, clinging to him, "but it would be more horrible to doom you to death. I would not have told the lie to save my own life—but yours—Gerald—yours."

Gerald dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, my love," she moaned, "do not hate me, do not curse me."

He drew her gently towards him, "My child," he said, "I am the only one who has no right either to judge you or blame you."

"Then I do not care for others," she said, with a smile.

"But I cannot become your accomplice."

"What will you do?' she cried, wringing her hands.

"Tell M. d'Aubigny the truth."

"Oh, then he will kill you," cried Constance, shuddering.

"Better kill me than André Bertin."

He took her hands in his. They were cold as ice.

"Constance," he said, "forgive me the anguish I must cause you. Honor speaks. I must obey."

"Gerald," she said, in a low, eager voice, "you know I have always refused to fly with you. Give up your purpose now, and I will go to the end of the world with you."

For a moment he was dazzled.

"Constance," he said, "could I be happy even with you, if I had condemned my friend to dishonor?"

She turned away with a passionate gesture and walked to the window. Her eyes burned with a strange fire, and blood-red roses flamed on her cheeks.

An approaching step was heard. Constance remained motionless. Gerald stared at the door. The Judge entered brusquely, then bowed to the visitor.

"I have a few words to say to you," Gerald began. He was ghastly pale, but his voice was firm.

"Will you come into my library?" asked the Judge, politely.

Constance made a step towards them. "I know," she said, in a slow way, "what M. de Nerval is going to say, and I want him to speak before me."

There was something strangely sweet and resolute in her voice. Both men trembled at her tone and her aspect. Some subtle change had passed over her.

"I implore you," cried Gerald.

"I wish it," she exclaimed, imperiously. "Speak here."

"So be it," said M. d'Aubigny.

"I would give the rest of my life to escape this," said Gerald, in an agonized voice; "but if it must be—"

"Go on."

"Judge, when you made the search at André Bertin's five days ago, you found a yellow plush box. He was ignorant of its contents. This box contained letters with no address. You believed them his, as you found them at his house.

"Whose were they?" cried the Judge, hoarsely.

"They were mine."

"Villain!" exclaimed d'Aubigny, glaring about him for a weapon. He had his pistol in his hand the next moment.

Gerald crossed his arms upon his breast, and waited. Constance moved in a feeble way to her husband's side.

"He does not speak the truth," she said, faintly.

The Judge savagely examined her face with his wrathful eyes.

"I believe you lie, madame. You wish to save your lover."

Constance staggered back as if the words had been a blow, then fell heavily on the floor. Her eyes were dilated, fixed. Her face was bloodless. She drew her breath with painful gasps.

Both men rushed toward her. But her husband flung Gerald off and raised her in his arms. He laid her on the divan. His face was white, rigid, terrible. "She is dying," he gasped.

At the words the heavy white lids lifted slowly from the glazing eyes. Constance looked into his pale, desperate face.

"What is it?" he cried. "What does this mean?'

"I have taken poison," she feebly ejaculated. "I want to die."

To Gerald the room and all in it seemed swimming away in lurid mist. He sprang to the bell and rang it furiously.

"Quick, quick, a doctor," he cried, frantically, to the servant who appeared,

A strange glitter struck athwart the dim eyes of the dying woman at that voice. Then the light was quenched as suddenly as when a candle is blown out. "Too late," she moaned—"better so—adieu—forgive."

The voice trailed away into silence. Over the face came a change like a strange mask.

"My God! she is dead," groaned Gerald, dropping on his knees at her side.

An iron hand dragged him back. The Judge confronted him like an avenging Fate. The cold touch of steel was at his temple. Gerald did not flinch. "Shoot me," he cried; "It is your right: Avenge yourself. I will be glad to die. Kill me."

D'Aubigny's arm fell. A cruel smile convulsed his lips. He dropped the pistol.

"No," he said. "You have wronged me too terribly. You have wounded me too deeply. You shall not escape retribution by death. I hate you too much. [illegible]

MONUMENTAL EVIDENCE.

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Smithson—If you call on Miss Parker, I'll bet that her father will kick you down stairs.

Dickson—I'll take the bet. They live in an apartment on the ground floor. *Kate Field's Washington.*

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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MUSIC.

STUDENTS' RECITALS.

The Abbey Cheney Amateurs, a number of young ladies whose musical culture has taken the most useful form, the art of piano-playing, gave a recital recently which deserves more space than can be given it. As amateurs, their work attains something like dignity. Being amateurs, individual criticism is out of place; the school is the thing. All the players understood equally well the relation between gesture and tone, and, properly taken, this is the foundation of good playing, and is thoroughly exemplified in the work of the greatest artists. No position of hand, arm, or torso is allowed to show sign of strain or effort, and the training has made the muscular action the expression of the intelligence. In the highest development of instrumental technique the perfect interdependence of the whole muscular system alone will achieve the result.

Piano playing carried out with universality should be a mental and physical study which should make students armed at every point. Mrs. Cheney's work as a teacher has the stamp of a complete intelligence running through all its finesse of *legato* to its utmost vigor of elasticity. The art and science of touch has been systematized and taught to these pupils whose playing goes as far as their talents, and the characteristics of the feminine texture of muscle and hand will admit of. Misses Harrison, Moulton, Newman, Cameron, Cosgrave, and Wyndford exhibited various degrees of talent in making liquid tone and expressing musical sentiment intelligently.

The violin is the instrument which requires, perhaps, more specific gift than any other, and the fact seems, unfortunately, to escape the observation of the majority who aspire to compel it to their wills. A perfect ear, which should go with every musician, is unhappily quite rare, and amongst the players who are with us now only two posssess the genuine faculty of true distinction in the pitch of tones. Mr. Henry Heyman brought his pupils forward at the Odd Fellows' Hall, some of them showing degrees of talent above the average. All of them young, they have accomplished facility and technical knowledge that have the benefit of rational teaching. Mr. Harry Samuels will probably become a virtuoso. The voice has received quite its due share of attention here, and the amateurs seem determined to correct the impression that amateur singing is not music.

Mr. Frank Stewart's pupils, some of them singers who have done work in public for a long period, sang in a smooth style with good delivery of enunciation and fair tone, showing intelligent cultivation. Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Newland, Messrs. Melvin and Woods have voices of quality and sing with taste.

The Philharmonic Society, at their last Wednesday's concert, gave a programme made up of numbers, all of them familiar, but none the less interesting. Mendelssohn's strongest overture, "Ruy Blas," Rubinstein's "Feramors Ballet" music, and Saint-Saens' "Danse, Macabee," formed the chief numbers. Mr. Louis Heine, with "Kol Nidrei" and another solo, and Miss Florence Jacquay's singing of "Die Theure Halle," Tannhauser, and "Air D'Isabelle" were the additional attractions. Mr. Brandt does his best with this band, made up almost entirely of amateurs, whose enthusiasm is greater than the measure of their accomplishments.

Miss Maud Morgan, the harpist, was the acceptable feature of the Morgan Organ and Harp Concerts given at the First Congregational Church. Her ability as a harpist is sufficient to give tone to some peculiar singing she permitted herself. Her power over the *pianissimo* and *mezzo* tint affects is remarkable, and her tone is not marred by the disagreeable short quality common to the average harpist. The selections commended themselves to the popular element. Mr. Morgan was overweighted with favorable notices; his organ playing is not beyond reproach. Handel, Mendelssohn, and Rossini suffered evenly.

The Steinway Hall Concert, to be given on Wednesday evening next, is of exceptional interest. Signor and Signora Ursumando both appear as soloists, Schubert's String Quintette *Op. 163* will be given, and Miss May Worth and Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan make their last appearance before leaving to study in Europe. Every number is interesting, and the String Quintette and Concerto for piano and strings are pure works of art. LESLEY MARTIN.

THE DRINKING HABIT WANING.

Of all the discoveries that have been made in recent years for the benefit of mankind, none has been fruitful of such magnificent results as Neuro-Tecton. This is a positively safe and absolutely sure cure for dipsomania, one that has never failed, and which does not leave behind the seeds of incipient insanity or the gems of a death-dealing disease. Its success in the East has been marvelous, and thousands of men addicted to the use of intoxicants have been cured. In San Francisco, since Neuro-Tecton has been administered by Dr. Long, corner of Geary and Grant Avenue, and at the office of Dr. Murray, the discoverer, 110½ Geary, during his absence, the remedy has had a fair trial, and the results have been more than encouraging. The worst cases of drunkenness have been cured, but there has been no publicity about it, no brass bands, or processions of the reformed. The men who have been so successfully treated have taken the cure, have returned quietly to their desks and offices, and have not been subjected to the scoffs of the public.

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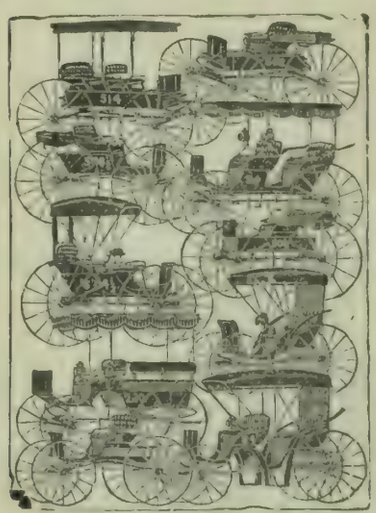

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

At this season, when shop windows are resplendent with spring and summer fabrics in all the gayest colors and newest designs, it is difficult to distinguish any one piece of material as being particularly attractive. However, in the windows of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., there has been a recent display of summer flannels so pretty and stylish for outing dresses and steamer dressing robes that even the casual shopper would be likely to notice them. I refer to the colored flannels embroidered in silk polka dots. Of these the white embroidered in white, and the blue in red have the smartest effect when made up. For instance, a bell skirt of dark blue flannel should have a bias band of the polka dot four inches wide on the bottom. Over a round waist of blue and red shot silk an Eton jacket of the polka dot flannel should be worn, faced in the shot silk to match the waist. Two deep plaitings of the silk are stitched down the front of the waist from the rolling collar to the belt line. A belt of narrow dark blue ribbon should have a silver clasp. This costume will be found very serviceable and jaunty for country wear.

* * *

I am pleased to note that the feather boa has had its day, and must now be put aside until some remote period when fashion in its folly may allow us to resurrect from camphorated chests that peculiar article of adornment, however, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." To take its place a dainty little article comes to us from London, called the Liberty scarf. It is made of soft silk or silk crepe with stripes of all the changeable shades, and is to be worn once or twice around the throat and the ends tossed over the shoulder or allowed to fall in front as the wearer considers most becoming. These scarfs are a charming accessory to light summer frocks, and will be found far more becoming to little women than the feather boas were. These articles are to be found at the White House in a delightful variety of colorings.

* * *

Old-fashioned organdie muslins are being shown in the quaintest and daintiest of designs, and make the most effective summer dresses if the quaint effects are carried out in the style of making up. Care, however, must be taken to avoid too large and spreading designs: they are never as becoming as the smaller patterns, and are not as satisfactory when made up. A simple and exceedingly dainty costume of this material has just been completed by a well-known modiste; it has a ground of pale corn color with a delicate tracing of violet blossoms forming stripes; the plain skirt is made up over the same shade of corn color taffeta silk, and has three ruffles of the organdie, each an inch wide, so deeply lapped that the whole cluster of frills when completed is scarcely two inches wide; the round waist has a square yoke of tucked shirrs, and huge sleeves shirred the same as the yoke from elbow to wrist; a sash of violet velvet ribbon five inches wide is folded into a narrow belt and is finished in the back with short loops and ends that fall to the bottom of the skirt; the standing collar and cuffs have a line of the velvet ribbon showing. A broad-brimmed Leghorn hat (the brim being allowed to droop naturally) is trimmed in loops of corn color ribbon and violets with their green leaves. This forms a most picturesque costume.

* * *

Truly, the new gloves are wonderful sights to see. They are offered to us at extraordinary sums, but when and where we are supposed to appear with them I cannot possibly imagine. Scarlet suéde seemed startling enough, but they are modest beside the pink and blue gauntleted affairs that are elaborately embroidered in gold and colored beads, bright yellow with finish of solid jet, or violet with beasts, birds, bugs, and flowers wrought in colored silks on the backs. I very much doubt if the well-dressed woman ever adopts this fad. One thing is certain, however, for the coming season suéde gloves to match in color the costume they are to be worn with will be good form. If the dress be too bright in color a soft subdued shade should be chosen. White, four-buttoned dressed kid will be worn with white serge, flannel duck, and corduroy costumes.

MME. X.

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SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Business Matters.

Among the valuable resources of Santa Cruz County, a chief one is its native bituminous rock, vast deposits of which lie in the mountains of the Santa Cruz range. The development of these deposits is still in its infancy, but the rock, as a pavement for streets and sidewalks, has stood the test of a number of years in the city and its perfection for the purpose is acknowledged here, as it is everywhere that it is tried. Pacific Avenue, the main business street, has been laid with the rock for some years; this past winter, Walnut Avenue, the broad and handsome residence street up which the Electric Railway runs on its way to the Cliff, has also been paved, and now Mission Street, the main thoroughfare of Mission Hill but heretofore a country road in appearance, is being macadamized in preparation for the bitumen, and the property holders each side are laying their sidewalks of the same. The good work has been commenced on other streets, and the new city government shows a commendable energy in looking after the cleanliness of these avenues, while the ladies of the Improvement Society, a popular organization, quite business-like in its methods, are waging a systematic war against the weeds and wild oats which impart a truly rural aspect to the side streets.

At the beech improvement is also in progress. The Neptune and Dolphin bath-houses, under the joint management of Ralph Miller and the Leibbrandt brothers, are putting on their summer aspect. The rafts are out, the awnings are up, and everything ready for business. The Electric Railway which runs parallel with the other lines at the bath-houses, has inspired considerable filling and grading, and will probably make its way as far as the Sea Beach Hotel soon.

Messrs. J. Bernheim & Co., and the Arcade (Schwartz & Son), the leading dry goods houses of the place, report sales considerably in excess of the corresponding season last year, and consider the outlook for the season better than for some years past.

At the Sea Beach Hotel and the Pacific Ocean House; business is lively this week owing to the session here of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias.

The F. A. Hihn Company, owners of large lumber, real estate, and other interests in the city and country, report real estate sales good; their Aptos lumber mills started up this week with a large force of men. Among the houses the Company is building is a very neat residence for A. A. Morey, Cashier of the new People's Bank recently started in Santa Cruz. Mr. Hihn, of this Company, was the founder of Capitola, a bathing resort on the bay shore four miles from Santa Cruz. Their sales of building sites there and the number of cottages they are building for rent and sale prove the prosperity of the place.

The Santa Cruz Electric Light and Power Company have on the way from the East a new dynamo of 1000 lights to add to their plant; it was made necessary by the increasing demand for incandescent lights in all parts of the city. This Company also furnish the power for the Electric Railway, and just placing a new engine and generator of large capacity. A year and a half ago the Company started with a small engine and a baby dynamo, much in doubt as to whether it could be made to pay; they have been obliged to enlarge their premises and add to their plant four times since then, and all new places of business and other structures are considered incomplete without the "incandescent." The city itself owns and runs its arc light plant, and there is also a Gas Company, so that the people get along very well if the moon happens to go out. BIZ.

Society Notes.

The concluding party of the Xopos Club, which I mentioned last week, turned out a bright success. The ladies wore new and pretty costumes, and there were a number of visitors who added to the interest of the festive scene. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Smith, of New York City, who are visiting Sunshine Villa. Henry J. is a nephew of genial J. Philip Smith, of Sunshine. The people here have dubbed him "Sunshine Smith," and the sobriquet well suits him. Uncle and nephew look very like each other. Morris Newton, a host in himself socially, was also down for the Xopos ball and banquet, and Honorable S. O. Houghton, of Los Angeles, was present. So, also, was J. W. Bourdette, of San Francisco, an attorney for the Southern Pacific, who possesses a happy and socially successful manner. The concluding banquet at the Pacific Ocean House was enlivened by much speech-making, and by the presentation of a silver water service to the outgoing popular President of Xopos, Richard Thompson.

This week the festivities are all in honor of the Knights of Pythias, who are holding their Grand Lodge here. The Pacific Ocean House swarms with Knights, and many of them seek the shore at the Sea Beach Hotel, where a fine banquet will be tendered the Grand Lodge by the Avalon Lodge of this city, on the last evening. There will also be a ball at the Pavilion; the uniform ranks attract, of course, the most attention, with their showy uniforms and scarlet plumes.

General Dimond and family have been at the Sea Beach Hotel the past week, and will come again this summer, even if the National Guard does not get here.

Mrs. J. P. Smith entertained the Dimonds at dinner, on Sunday evening, at Sunshine Villa.

The McLaughlins take possession of Golden Gate Villa this week.

The drive to Capitola will be a popular one this summer. Mrs. Frank Lewis, the popular hostess, has the hotel there. She was little "Patty Reed," of the Donner party, and is a sister of Mrs. Virginia Murphy, of San Jose.

At last we shall have a place of resort on the Cliff, where it will be a real pleasure to go—I mean out on the real ocean shore. We shall drive out the Cliff road, or we shall take the more democratic but still delightful electric car, and go to the Casino, a large and handsome building nearly completed, out in a eucalyptus grove near Vue de l'eau on the Cliff road. It has 600 or 6000 or something feet of broad verandas, dining-rooms, and refreshment rooms of all sorts, including a "grill" room—which, I believe, does not mean a place where you get "broiled"—a large dancing hall with a magnificent floor, and lots of flirtations and cozy little places. Messrs McCollun and Billicke, of the Ocean House, will open the Casino June 1st, and the band will play every afternoon. There is also to be daily band music at the Sea Beach.

KATE KEARNY.

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Assessment Notice.—Justice Mining Co. Assessment levied May 10th, 15 cents. Delinquent, June 10th. Salesday, June 30th.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Hayward's Building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MAGUIRE'S CAMPAIGN.

WITH THE POLITICIANS I am wondering if the Roman Catholic Church will exert itself to defeat ex-Judge Maguire, the Congressional nominee of the Democracy in the Fourth. He is a man of considerable ability, is Mr. Maguire. He is a bright man, but his political career has been a checkered one, and his course from the Church of Rome to vehement agnosticism, was not unmarked by literature. That is, ex-Judge Maguire was foolish enough to deliver himself of a pamphlet called "The Vatican." In the course of some hundred pages, he was unsparingly critical of the characteristics of his erstwhile faith and denounced the hierarchy from His Holiness down with voluminous vehemence.

The Church of Rome has had many Maguires, and survives, but its members have a trick of remembering attacks of this kind on election day. If there is a tendency to forget, the Powers that Be are found ready enough to spur weak memories to indignation. My personal opinion is that Judge Maguire cannot be elected. He has committed the fatal error, the unpardonable sin of antagonizing the Catholic Church, and he will have to pay the penalty. What I cannot understand is the character of Judge Maguire's partisans. He was the Reorganizers' candidate. Battling for him were ex-Judge Sullivan, J. J. Dwyer, Colonel Barry, and other strict Romanists.

Indeed, Clunie's withdrawal and Maguire's nomination were concessions to the Reorganized Democracy. At Fresno the ability of the Reformers was exhibited in the discovery of losing fights. Could a more patent proof of the error of the anti-railroad resolutions be given than their advocacy of them?

Nowadays one hears but little of Florence Blythe. I am sure she is enjoying life, however, for if I am a judge of faces, this charming young heiress has a capacity in that direction that her future dollars will prove useful in expressing. I had the pleasure of seeing her at Camp Taylor on Saturday evening last with quite a gay party. They had driven up from San Rafael—two young men, the Perrys and Miss Florence. It must have been to fortify themselves against the rain, then falling in torrents, that the young men, especially, consumed so much champagne. Having heard of no accident, I presume they reached home in safety—a circumstance which compels me to regard, with deeper respect than ever, the intelligence of the horse. I wonder if this episode had anything to do with the reported breakage of Miss Blythe's engagement.

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JAMES I. TAYLOR, Camp Taylor.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The Hydraulic Mining Bill, which to-day interests the miner of this State, and which is of such vital importance to this great industry, was brought last Tuesday, by the California delegation, before the House Committee on appropriation, and from the suggestions by the Committee the miners believe that a report will be made carrying an appropriation sufficient to begin work.

With the resumption of hydraulic mining California again will enter on an era of prosperity, and become a large producer of gold.

At the Stock Exchange this week shares were at a standstill, and the fluctuations were very slight. In no single instance was there enough excitement to disturb the most serene speculator, be he either bear or bull. Although the assays of Consolidated California were of an enhanced value, and on the opening of business on Monday, Consolidated Virginia sold at $4.45, an advance of 25 cents per share, they receded from this figure, because of a lack of speculation, until it reached $4.15, at which time "Bob" Morrow commenced to buy this and the adjoining stocks. It is supposed he was filling a line of shorts put out at the late upheaval. Mr. Morrow, being known as a pronounced bear, must believe it is dangerous to stay too long short at these prices, or, having fair profit in sight, believes in taking that, and awaiting another rise.

Con. Virginia, as I have told the readers of THE WAVE, has several very fair indications and as good a showing both on the 1500 and 1600-ft. levels. That on the last-named level is, especially, of importance, as the ore, which is a new body, and the Superintendent reports "as of fair quality," is good indeed; it assays quite high, between $50 and $60. From this and other indications in the mine I suggest that the patrons of THE WAVE to give more than a casual thought to the prospects of this mine. All hope is not yet over that the late find on 1565-ft. level of the Mexican will develop into better ore. At the present the assays are from $3 to $17; a south drift is now being run from this winze into the Ophir; should this improve, higher figures will rule both in Mexican and Ophir.

In the middle stocks, Chollar, Potosi, Bullion, and Hale and Norcross, nothing but the usual progress can be noted; but regarding the last-named, the Hale and Norcross, it is expected that Judge Hebbard will soon render his decision, and as this is supposed to favor the company, it will have a tendency to increase the value of the stock.

In the Gold Hills, Crown Point on both the 600 and 800-ft. levels are still in low-grade ore. On the 300-ft. level of Belcher, also the 1300 is still in bunches of ore that may improve.

In the New York Con. quite a bunch of rich ore was struck on the 600-ft. level; although small, they run as high as $80 and over. The stock has advanced from 25 cents to 50 cents per share, and, for a small-priced stock, is a good venture; and quite a turn can be made, as there is every indication that some interest is being awakened in the stock.

In the Tuscaroras, Nevada Queen has had the call, and on the purchases mainly of Jasper McDonald and Paxton the stock advanced to $1.40 per share. From the suggestions thrown out by the manipulators it is thought the price will advance further. The report of ore produced during the week was 37 tons first-class, value $250 per ton, and 182 cars second-class, average car sample $32 per ton; it is believed the April shipments amount to $50,000.

During the week the serious events occurred; first was the terrible explosion in the coal mine at Roslyn, Wash., by which 40 miners lost their lives; this was followed by a cave on the 800-ft. level of the Anaconda Mine, at Butte, by which 11 men lost their lives, and last was the bursting of the steam pipe 325 feet below the mouth of the shaft in the Penrose Mine, Leadville, by which it is thought 5 men were lost.

Bullion valued at $4600 has been received from the May Flower Gravel Mine of California.

There was shipped from Tuscarora bullion valued at $35,000 for account of the Union Mill Company.

From Superintendent Lyman, of the Con. Virginia, I learn that the amount of ore extracted and shipped to the Morgan Mill last week was 1086 tons, and the amount milled 980 tons, the average battery assay being $24.52 per ton as against $21.44 of the previous week.

Bullion valued at $4243 was shipped to the Carson Mint. The final reports from the month of April show that the gross assay value of the bullion was $82,701.

P. C. Hyman, President of the Tuscarora mines, has left for that district on business connected with the mines.

Homer King, one of the oldest members of the San Francisco Board of Brokers, will retire on the first of June on account of ill-health. Mr. Paxton will continue his business.

W. H. Hobart the capitalist and owner in the Chollar and Potosi Mine, is slightly better after undergoing a surgical operation.

During the week the following assessment were levied: Challenge, Mexican, and Belcher, each 25 cents per share.

The following incorporations declared dividends: The Contra Costa Water Company, 50 cents per share; the California Insurance Company, $25 per share; California Cable R. R. Company, 50 cents per share; the Osceola Copper Mining Company, $1 per share; the Great Western Quicksilver Company, one of 25 cents per share; Champion Mine, of Nevada County, @ 10 cents per share.

The price of silver during the week reached 88⅓ per oz., the highest in some time.

In Local Securities the following transactions took place at the Stock and Bond Board: Spring Valley Water Bonds 6% 19000 @ 119½; Spring Valley Water 4% 9000 @ 91¼; Omnibus Cable 6% 3000 @ 113¾; 10 California Street R. R. Co. @ 114½; Safe Deposit, 35 @ 47¼; Hutchinson Com. 200 @ 4; Hawaiian 250 @ 2½ @ 2⅜; Atlantic Powder, 40 @ 45; Spring Valley Water, 40 @ 98½; Pacific Gas, 65 shares 79⅞ @ 79¾; Oakland Gas, 50 @ 38¼; San Francisco Gas, 380 @ 69½.

SECURITY.

THE BON VIVANT'S BOAST.

The success that has been achieved by the California Hotel is a splendid tribute to the management of that hostelry. It was hardly believed possible that another house of the first-class character of the California would succeed in San Francisco, but the fact proved that the best in a city always has the greatest patronage, whether it be a newspaper or a hotel. The management was determined to make the California the high-class hotel of this State, and it has succeeded.

The Café has been made the most popular in the city, and it is now the boast and toast of the *bon vivants*. The excellence of the cuisine has made the restaurant famous, and it is now the place of resort for all those who know what good cooking and good living is. At luncheon one may see the business man, the club member, and the professional man here, enjoying every delicacy of the season at the most reasonable rates. The dinner is a marvel of the *chef's* art, and is enjoyed by hundreds every night. The California has become the favorite place for supper parties, and after the theatre the restaurant presents a charming scene, crowded as it is with the Society people of the city.

There is no more comfortable place in San Francisco than this, and during the warm weather one may eat and not be broiled like one's chicken or chop. The restaurant is cool and airy, and the accommodations for ladies are perfect.

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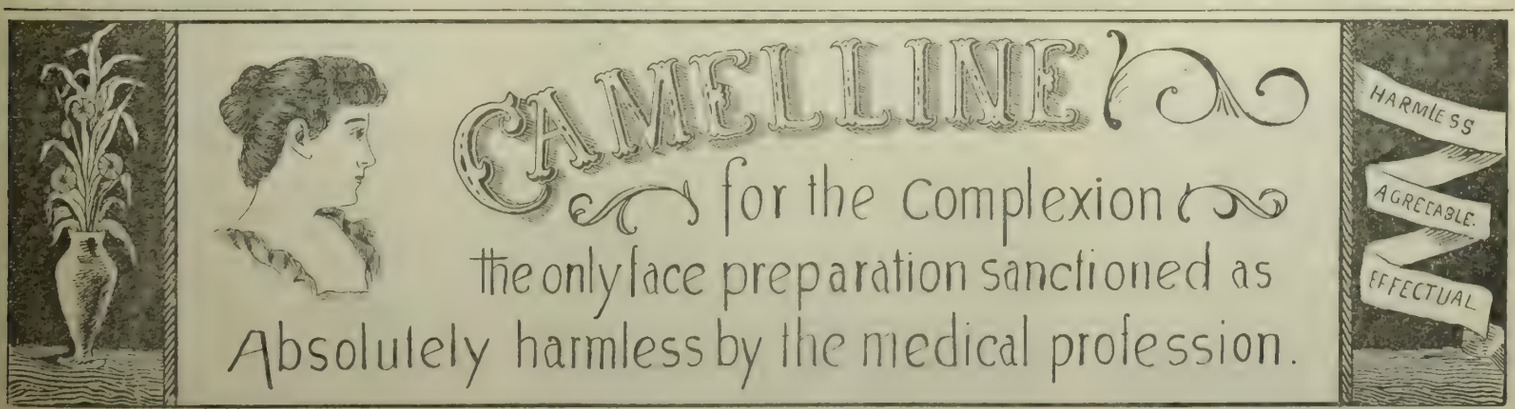

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, May 18th. DEAR WAVE:—Not only is fate against the Oakland girl, but even fair Luna fails to shine when we most need her, as was the case last Saturday evening, when the rain came down in tortents, and we girls were arrayed in all the gorgeousness of spring-time. It was wofully dismal, but, perhaps it served us right, for surely we have called a sufficient number of times upon a suffering public to assist us in collecting ducats for the Nurses' Fund of the Fabiola. If we could give something new, it would be different, but we don't—it is always the same old entertainment—playing by the Hutchinson Mandolin Club, piano solo by Bessie Wall, and singing by some one with whom we have grown up. The event of which I speak, was the garden-party given at Gertie Bayley's. If people want the glory of entertaining, why do they not give something in their own names? Gertie did the honors of hostess in a most pronounced manner. In the afternoon the tennis fiends, Messrs. Hubbard, Breck, Bates and Neel gave an exhibition of their skill—a sight only too, too familiar to the Oakland maiden. Sam and Charlie do not wear their tennis suits becomingly; Charlie seems to have neither words nor thoughts for anything but tennis—his bump for that accomplishment is wonderfully developed—so much so, in fact, that everything else is neglected. The beauty booth was under the protecting shade of a large umbrella, and the fair ones who dispensed pop-corn and pea-nuts were Emma Farrier, Fannie Prather, May Tubbs, Jessie Coleman, Bessie Wheaton, Alice Grimes, Nellie Chabot, and Frou Frou. Do you know, dear, that the selling of trifles light as air, by us, seemed more than *apropos*—not that we are absolutely incapable of making a remark out of the usual run, but it would be a mark of poor taste for us to even attempt anything original—it behooves us to smile, wear pretty gowns and be "real sweet." The Wall girls told fortunes, and womanly Bessie was quite the sibyl, as she made no error when she said that it was my most ardent wish to win Andy, so don't be surprised in the near future when you see the announcement of the engagement of Frou Frou and Andy. Maisy Blow is quite a young lady; she sold lemonade as did Helen Borden, who is, without doubt, the prettiest girl on this side, only she has such a thoughtless habit of looking at people—it seems that she reads our inmost thoughts—you can't imagine what a terrible ordeal it is to have a girl stare you through and through. Etta Chabot Knight was sweeter than any of the bon-bons that she dispensed, and Georgie Strong was another handsome girl who captured my eye.

The girls in the candy booth were too self-opinionated for me, so I gave them a wide berth. All the girls "in the swim" were in attendance, and one lone man in twenty appeared upon the gay and festive scene.

It is most fortunate that summer is upon us again, as it gives the girls who are left another chance to go on a husband hunt. We bait our hooks with the most enticing morsels here, but the fish won't bite, so in self-protection we are obliged to hunt for pastures new. The success that so many of our girls have met with elsewhere has given us encouragement. To-day, at high noon, I will witness the marriage ceremony of Jenny Lohman and Dr. Ward Coleman Cutter, of New York. She, bending over the sick in a New York hospital, won the heart of the young M. D. Isn't it strange that women change so? Jenny left here with the avowed intention of devoting her life and fortune to the suffering poor, but the career that she had marked out for herself changed at the first whispered word of love from the young doctor. Another wedding to take place this week is that of the sister of Tom's friend, Dr. Charley Rodolph; she also marries a wealthy stranger from Portland; and next month there will be nothing but weddings to write about, and, from present prospects, the announcement of Mamie's engagement. Query: Why is handsome, black-eyed Gus McDonald wandering around in Mexico and the southern part of the State alone? What could have happened to prevent that engagement?

I'm so happy that the Cohens have returned to Alameda; now I will have a place to go every Saturday; it is just like home over there—only Al Cohen's wife don't like me. Congratulate me, dear. The Reliance base ball team have at last won a game—actually beat the Palo Altos.

The topic of conversation in every drawing-room is Al Cummings and the pretty suicide. We always knew that he captured his game in the hunter's world, but never credited him as having brilliancy enough to play the role of a Lothario.

Isn't it too bad that the Goodalls have closed their handsome place, and left for foreign parts? They intend passing the summer in Europe. Ella's departure leaves scores of wailing boys; they all were her slaves, but she must be *ennuied* with their too-ardent devotion, and sighs for new worlds to conquer. If I am a little distrait, pardon me, as it is the influence of the warm day. Ever thine, FROU FROU.

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Way line sailing—June 18th, 1892, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, May 21, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Tuesday, June 14, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," Saturday, July 9th, at 3 P. M.

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SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

FRESNO AFFAIRS.

FRESNO, MAY 18th. DEAR WAVE:—*My* idea of the fin-de-siecle girl as she appears in Fresno, is the subject upon which I am supposed to dilate. Though it is a self-imposed task, I undertake it with no easy conscience, being fully cognizant of the annihilating glances in store for me if my painting is not a *perfect likeness* (?) of every Society bud in our 400. Our girls undoubtedly possess all those "desirable qualities" and accomplishments supposed to exist in the truly perfect woman and wife, so an enumeration of those virtues *here* is entirely superfluous. Now, *my* conception of the perfect girl in the matrimonial market is one who has seen something of the world—*traveled*, brushed shoulders with the four million as well as the 400—has seen enough of life to have rid her mind of the erroneous ideas conceived in the novel-reading age of sweet sixteen when all "men are paragons." The majority of our Society belles are not "traveled," very few are *well read* and some of us are innocent little dears with implicit faith in all mankind; now, this is all wrong. Think of the horrible awakening in store for Johnny's wife when he tells her "his late arrival home was due to business at the store;" or L—— when she hears she had no more than reached San Francisco when Tom had a fascinating, grass-widow out driving; or Mary when the Doctor is called in his professional capacity to minister to the ailments of a quondam sweetheart. My advice to the girls is "don't marry," but to the boys—if you seriously contemplate matrimony, take Maud, Rose, Corrine, Daisy, or Imp, and you'll be saved the exertion of making excuses; we know you so well now, dear boys, that the most artistic prevaricating is lost on us.

Well, I must tell you about the Grey reception last night. Mamma says it was "just elegant," the entire house being decorated in magnificent baskets of flowers, potted palms and ferns. Just imagine a party with the orchestra in the conservatory for the dancers, and the full band in the gardens for the promenade—rather swell, don't you think? Dancing and cards were the amusements of the evening, followed by a delicious supper. The presents were nearly all in sterling and were elegant. Lee and his shadow, Louie, "did the elegant," and contributed not a little to the comfort of the guests.

At last we are invited to the beautiful new residence at Faucher Creek nursery, and to that most delightful of all things—a *barn dance*. George has sent out between sixty and seventy invitations, and has received *not one* regret. Won't it be jolly? Johnny has invited me to go out with him. Imagine a six-mile ride with Johnny! That surely means a proposal. He has never been known to take a girl out and not propose to her. Kitty Hughes has departed for New York, and will visit the principal Eastern States, then go to Europe. We are dying with curiosity—wondering if this is the "all important shopping" trip or a second interruption in love affairs. Yours, IMP.

SACRAMENTO NOTES.

SACRAMENTO, May 18th. DEAR WAVE.—You will probably remember my having told you to be ready for the unexpected, which is usually sure to happen. Well, it came in the form of Cupid, who was very quiet this time, and no one even knew of his visits to this H Street damsel until the marriage bell was hanging over them and her friends were rushing hither and thither for flowers. To be more formal I will state that on Thursday afternoon of last week Miss Mabel Lewis and Mr. Robinson, of Grass Valley, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents, only relatives and a very few friends were present. They left for their future home on the same day. After all, it is just as well to hurry things up and astonish people. To the boys of the "Amico Club," heartfelt sympathy is extended.

Mrs. Joe Dillman's card party was an oasis in the social desert. We had not had a chance to go to anything for goodness knows when. She made a charming hostess, and as for the host, well, we all know what a dear Joe is. May they both live to give a dozen more. Mrs. C—— departed for the East on Monday evening; lots of people went to see her off. I tell you she will be missed this summer for she always entertains a great deal. May Blakeney went with her; my, what a pretty girl she is. I will wager any amount that she does not return to us Miss Blakeney. Mrs. Miller will miss her, but I understand her daughter is to enter the ranks of young ladyhood very shortly.

The craze for bicycle riding still continues; a large party went out to Oak Park during one of the moonlight evenings last week, returning by way of the Riverside. I will not tell how late they stayed for fear of getting myself disliked, but it was not so very early. Laura has gone and Ety will soon follow, and what will the young men do then, poor things, for some place to take Sunday dinners? Three houses withdrawn from them at once.

The Episcopal Church held a sale at Mrs. Van's on Tuesday evening, where they sold bags of every description, but I will tell you more of that in my next, as it is not well for you to learn too much of our doings at once; so look out next week for NINA.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, May 18th. DEAR WAVE:—Isn't it amusing to see some people wake up after everything is all over, and begin to bustle around ready to burst with their discovery?

That is the case with the little *San Josean*. After THE WAVE had discovered the situation, located the fort, opened fire and published the affair to the world, and the repentant sinner had fled the country, then this wonderful paper jumps into the ring like a bantam, flopping his ridiculous little wings and uttering his shrill little challenge. Too late, little fellow, too late! "Ye cannot enter now."

Society here is just as out of sorts as the weather. Only one function during the week. The Wheelocks gave a delightful afternoon to old ladies and a pretty dance to the young folks in the evening. The night affair was noticeable from the fact that quite an array of pretty girls was on hand—new faces. Tom said it was a treat to a man who had been dancing with the same partners for the last fifteen years.

Albertina set the fashion, and as her gathering included Stella B——, Relle E——, Blanch M——, and Edna B——, no doubt it will be copied. "Cards, music and conversation." Bah! In their very heart of hearts every one of these girls would have hailed the sight of a man in evening dress as a vision sent by the Lord. Don't cry "sour grapes" girls. Nobody believes it.

The political pot is beginning to simmer, by and by the boiling will be furious. The ingredients are all ready—"poisoned entrails, toad, and sweltering venom"—just "wait a liddle."

Will you tell me what *your* bluebook has to do with us? Here we are pulling hair because some of us are in and some are out Now, I am preparing to write a bluebook of our Society, and don't want any poaching on my game.

There's the stately and frigid Mrs.——, was a good chambermaid before she caught the Honorable. Her neighbor, Mrs.——, was a cook, and now they never have cookies on their table, and if you should accidently offer one, it would be construed as personal. Mrs.—— was a seamstress in the family, and she took care to put some stitches where they counted. The illustrious Mrs.—— was a milliner's girl, but if you think she could pin a feather on a hat you are mistaken. She thinks they grow there.

Mrs. L—— has taken Stella to the country to recuperate. Such a shock to her nerves, you know.

We are promised a fine sensation in which two fashionable M. D.'s will figure. Expectation is on tip-toe, so is BABBLER.

LOS ANGELES SWIM.

LOS ANGELES, May 18th. DEAR WAVE:—The past week has been the dullest in Society circles that I have experienced since holy week, and if it is not due to the Revival, then it must be attributed to the approaching seaside season. Some few of the large-calibered swells who own ranches have already hied themselves ranchwards, while the others are debating where they will spend the summer. No city in the State, excepting, perhaps, San Francisco, has so many good watering places within a few miles to choose from as Los Angeles has, and as both Redondo and Santa Monica are offering extra inducements, these two places will, at the first hot spell, be crowded, and will remain so till late in the fall. The Arcadia, at Santa Monica, will be under the same management as it has been for the past two years, while Redondo will be managed by the ex-Secretary of the California Club, a hotel man of long experience. The appointment of this gentleman is an excellent move on the part of the hotel company, and especially so for men with club tendencies, for he understands his business from Alpha to Omega. Both resorts are first-class all the way through, each one possessing attractions peculiar to itself. Both are celebrated for having three features in common, namely, the opportunities they offer for flirting, fishing, and surf-bathing. In addition to which, as above stated, each has its diversions *sui generis;* one has to be on hand and strictly "in the swim." Unfortunately, they are too close together for the young men to have a best girl in each, and they are just close enough to town to make it convenient for the married men to go back and forward each day to business. And the summer resort young man. Well, this is the season when his fancy turns to thoughts which either get him talked about, or he buys the solitaire and acknowledges the corn.

But of this young man more anon. There are several other resorts of more or less renown within a few hours' ride of Los Angeles. There's Long Beach, which witnessed the rise and fall of the Wilshires and Fleming. Maidens as a rule will feel somewhat shy of making a very protracted stay at this point. Further south there's Arch Beach and San Juan Capistrano, which latter place is the lair of the Judge. If this were the only thing you could say about it, it were sufficient to make the place famous. The town has always been governed, and is at the present day, by Judge Egan, whose legal advisers are Tom Rowan, Waddy Estudillo, Brodrick, and sometimes the Baron. Then, about once a year, the Union League Club takes an off day and a dip at Capistrano; that's another reason why it is famous.

Coronado on the south, and Santa Barbara on the north, get their share of Los Angelenos during the summer; during the winter these two places do their largest business. Pa has not made up his mind where he will locate us for the summer, but no matter where he finally decides, you will hear from

Yours truly, DEBUTANTE.

A TREAT FOR ART-LOVERS.

Turning aside for a moment from the elegant in stationery—without neglecting that important branch of their business—to the beautiful in art, Sanborn, Vail & Co. put on exhibition this week some splendid reproductions of the best-known artists. The splendid picture of "St. John's Eve," which was published last fall in etching at $150, has been re-issued in photogravure at a much lower rate. In this form of reproduction, the detail, perspective, and beauties of composition are all retained. Among the latest reproductions in color by Goupil & Co. the splendid picture "Vive l'Empereur" is the best, and should be seen. This is Edward Detaille, one of France's famous men.

A very fine work is "The Knitter," on parchment, by Waltner, after Breton; this is just as lasting as the original, and is a pretty bit for decorative purposes. "The Drinking-Place," one of Dupré's best-known works, reproduced by Green, is a charming picture, and is worth a visit to the gallery. All these works have just been published, and Sanborn, Vail & Co. are showing advance samples only.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Stagnation is the order of the day, a combination of reaction after the exertions of the past few weeks, and of the "warm wave," making the average underwriter willing to seek comfort rather than fame as a "doer of things." Still, I note an undercurrent of activity and predict lively times in the future.

Rumors are already afloat that a new local will shortly enter the ring. It is claimed, and I think rightly, that the recent retirement of two successful companies, the California and the Home Mutual, leaves an excellent opening in the local field, and it is gratifying to learn that the proposition is being enthusiastically entertained by the capitalists to whom it has been presented. Learning wisdom from experience, the new company will enter the struggle with a capital of $500,000 and a paid-up surplus of a like amount. This move shows a "long head" in the background, and such a company would, at once, command success. I regret that a pledge of secrecy prevents my entering into details just at present, but, of course, they will be kept quiet until thoroughly perfected. Success to the plucky, new local!

* * *

After all the talk of "downing the P. I. U. ring," it turns out that the last meeting of that body was simply another "love-feast," former officers being re-elected with but one exception. The amount of energy and "wind" wasted in abuse of the P. I. U. throughout the year is equaled only by the hesitancy and uncertainty with which practical reforms are undertaken. For months past, disgruntled members have referred in scathing terms to "the ring," in whose interests, it was claimed, the Compact was run, and breathed dreadful threats of what was to occur at the meeting. When that time came, they gracefully accepted the situation, and, as Craig would say, "sawed wood."

My advice to the gentlemen in question would be either to get in and do something or quit talking.

* * *

Sectretary Christiansen, of the American-Central, is with us again. The Coast seems to possess an irresistible charm for "C. C" about this time of year, and he has made so many visits westward that he may, almost, be called a local underwriter.

Secretary McGehee; of the plucky Southern of New Orleans, will be in town next week.

"Bob" Dickson went North last Wednesday evening; thence he proceeds eastward for business consultation with some of his foreign principals, who meet him in New York.

* * *

I notice a literary "tempest in a tea-pot" has been raised in Santa Cruz by the agents of the re-insurer of the California denying to the agent of latter Company any credit for representation or adjustment and payment on the case of the recent Pope House loss. Hinds, in his column reply, published in the *Sentinel* of the seventeenth, places himself right in the matter, and in such a vigorous manner, that his local competitors (who started the row) must of necessity "put up or shut up," as he tersely put it. The principals of both companies should put on the brakes at once.

* * *

Crop insurance is now being hustled after by growing grain insurers, but I predict a smaller business and a more general division this late season than heretofore.

* * *

Trouble is brewing in New York, and the smart practices of the resident broker upon both manager and customer is having its deadly effect. I predict another wholesale "skirmish" inside the next three months.

* * *

Mr. Calvert Meade, formerly with W. J. Callingham & Co., is canvassing the East with a view to starting a general agency.

LOCAL.

J. H. Rosewald is actively engaged in preparing for the production of his three-act comic opera, "Baroness Meta," which will be produced at the Grand Opera House under the patronage of the Woman's Exchange. The following ladies and gentlemen will sing the leading roles: The Misses Maud L. Berry, Julia Newman, and Frida Sylvester, Mrs. Charles Dickman; Messrs. A. C. Hellman, A. M. Thornton, Victor Carroll, and Solly Walter.

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7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6 15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7 15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9 00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9 50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 p m
8.30 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.10 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.00 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.48 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10 03 a m
*4.15 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	9.03 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

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Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5 00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 22. San Francisco, May 28, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL,

Is published every Saturday by the proprietors at 26 and 28 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

Subscription, $4 per year, $2 six months, $1 three months. Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) $5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., 210 Post street; East of the Rocky Mountains by the AMERICAN NEWS CO., New York.

THE WAVE is kept on file at THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 15 King William street, London, and 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris; BRENTANO'S, 5 Union Square, New York, and 206 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Nos. 26 and 28 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 28, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The gentleman whose portrait adorns the front cover this week needs no introduction to the people of the State or Nation. Colonel Isaac Trumbo enjoys the distinction of being one of the best-known citizens of California, and to tell of his financial ability, his business sense or social position would be to repeat history, something THE WAVE never does.

SPLASHES.

THE INITIAL ATTEMPT of my esteemed contemporary, the *Examiner*, to usurp the functions lately exercised by his Royal Highness, Christopher A. Buckley, has, I am rejoiced to observe, resulted in a dead failure. I say I am rejoiced to observe that fact, not because I bear my monarchial coadjutor in the field of journalism any ill-will, but because I am against all bosses and to none am I more violently opposed than newspaper bosses. The direction of public affairs by the late Mr. Buckley was not in all respects an unmixed evil. He kept down the taxes, stood off all the political burglars who were ambitious of breaking into the Treasury (reserving the stealage for himself) and on the whole appointed fairly good men to office. Perhaps the *Examiner* would also do these things as acceptably as Buckley did, but in one respect, at least, its rule would be terrible. Think of the awful consequences of *Examiner* bossism if every man and woman in the town (as they would be) were compelled to subscribe for the paper!

* * *

The contemplation of this frightful contingency causes me to rejoice at the failure of my royal contemporary to boss the Fresno Convention. No one has as yet told the true story of that affair. The *Examiner* itself, which knows it so well, has carefully refrained from telling it—principally, I suppose, because the truth is a record of its humbled bosship. The true story then is this: A few machine politicians in San Francisco and Oakland who failed to obtain appointments under Grover Cleveland when he was President, leagued with the "Monarch of the Dailies," entered into a compact to defeat, if possible, the desire of the country delegates to instruct the National delegation to vote as a unit.

* * *

The leaders in this scheme were W. D. English, Warren English, W. W. Foote, James V. Coleman, and Frank J. Moffitt. Three of them, Foote, Coleman, and Moffitt, were candidates for delegates to the National Convention. I do not know whether any of them hoped on reaching Chicago to be able to vote for Hill (as some of them have pretended), but I do know that the *Examiner* had a contract to get the delegation for ex-Secretary Whitney. I say I know it; I do not know it. Several reliable persons have told me that *they* know it.

* * *

The country delegates proposed D. A. Ostrom for Chairman, because he was a Cleveland man. English and his fellow-workers proposed Barney Murphy, because they knew his personal popularity would defeat Ostrom in any contest. The game was to elect Murphy, capture the Committee on Resolutions, and suppress all Cleveland utterances, including propositions to instruct the delegation. To further the game my esteemed contemporary shouted "Railroad" from the time the Convention assembled until it was over. It alleged that Ostrom was backed by the Southern Pacific, and hysterically pointed to the fact as evidence that John P. Irish and Edward Curtis were in Fresno. And yet the "Monarch" well knew that both of these men were ardent supporters of Cleveland and there solely in his interest. But like the jelly fish that blackens the water in its vicinity when attacked and escapes under cover of the commotion, my esteemed contemporary bawled and shouted "Railroad" until its shrill soprano had become a hoarse bass—all unmindful of the fact that every man in the Convention knew it was howling to order.

* * *

The game, however, failed to work. The Cleveland sentiment was overwhelming, and notwithstanding that the conspirators elected Murphy and captured the Committee on Resolutions, they did not dare to deliver the goods. Had they attempted to do so, the cyclone would have swept them away. The District Conventions, with two exceptions, instructed their delegates to vote for Cleveland, and before the main Convention would elect Foote and Coleman as delegates at large, it made them come before it and pledge their votes to the Ex-President. Not content with this, the conspirators were compelled to indorse him in the platform, instruct the delegation to vote as a unit, and abide by the will of the majority. Nothing short of positive instructions could be more rasping than this. A majority of the delegation is strongly for Cleveland, and there is but one possible contingency by which it can be captured for Whitney. If Cleveland should die before the meeting of the Chicago Convention it might, with promises of public plunder, be consolidated in favor of the *Examiner's* great navy-builder. As it now stands, the delegation will vote for Cleveland as long as he is a candidate.

* * *

BEING SOMEWHAT of a student of humanity I should like to possess a model of Dr. Healy's head. The late physician of the County Hospital is the personage to whom I allude. To my knowledge several interesting incidents of his sway have recently come. I cannot say they reflect a favorable light on his character, and I am awaiting the investigation of the Board with some interest. Perhaps it may be decided not to examine into his misdeeds, but I know of few more fertile subjects. What I am about to relate seems the culmination of impertinent knavery. For the officers' table at the hospital claret is provided. Dr. Healy obtained a requisition for a barrel of wine and brought it personally to the dealer.

"Give me the value of this in whisky," he said, "and send it to my house."

To Dr. Healy's residence it was sent. The officials' table yawned for claret and that they had for their pains.

* * *

It does sound high-handed, this, but Dr. Healy has a tendency in that direction. On the pay roll he had the names of several employees whose functions existed in his imagination. It is currently accused that the salaries of these dummies found their way into the longing pockets of Dr. Healy. In the Penal Code I believe there is a technical name for this proceeding. Perhaps a comprehensive term for the following, the same source might yield. Prior to his departure from the hospital, Dr. Healy had made duplicate keys to all the supply closets. They contain drugs, instruments, and a variety of medicinal and surgical essentials of similar character. When the shadow of his presence was removed investigation exhibited that he had not gone alone. In fact, the closets were

looted and the results now furnish this tender-hearted gentleman's consulting-room.

* * *

That the circumstances I detail sound incredible to those who are not Dr. Healy's acquaintances, I am ready to admit. Those who have come in contact with him, will not find it difficult to recognize his mannerisms. Such cold, bold freebooting is rare even in these days of boodle, that is why I am ambitious to have a model of this physician's head. I want it also to illustrate a book on San Francisco life that I think of calling "Thieving no Stealing."

* * *

SOCIETY is preparing for summer. Of festivities there is little talk, of the seaside a great deal. People with purses are making their costumes up; those without coin have made up their minds to stay at home. When there are dozens of places all equally delightful to select from, the matter of deciding which to confer one's presence on is troublesome. Indeed, I know of one matron driven almost to distraction over the rival allurements of Castle Crags, San Rafael, and Del Monte. If she concludes for the first, she will be unhappy thinking what is occuring at the last. Had she the intellect of a bee instead of a butterfly's I am sure her problem could be solved by staying at home. But that would be social suicide.

* * *

Many of the people whom one is accustomed to find at Del Monte have taken rooms at Castle Crags. The Goads are to be there, the Casserleys, the Rutherfords, and many more. I hear of many maidens directing their trunks in that direction, and I feel sure there will be an ample supply of feminine good looks. At Del Monte the prospects are admirable for a prosperous season. Mrs. Hager and her family will move bag and baggage there early in June. The Tevises, Haggins, and Gwins, will be found there later. Mrs. C. P. Robinson and Miss Robinson are going there in July, and a dozen others later on. At Santa Cruz the Jarboes are already domiciled. The Wallaces are going to the Sea Beach Hotel. For the Vendome the prospects are excellent, and San Rafael is filling up rapidly. As for Sausalito, to obtain even a single room over there, is an achievement.

* * *

Mrs. Catherwood and Mrs. Barnes have taken a cottage at Wawona and will be found there for some months to come. Subsequently Mrs. Catherwood purposes spending some time on her ranch at St. Helena. Judge Hastings has almost entirely recovered from his accident and will leave soon for Lakeport. The Sloss family and the Gerstles are occupying their house at San Rafael. The Louis Parrotts remove over there very soon. Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker have taken the Barroilhet place at San Mateo.

* * *

Morning concerts seem to grow fashionable. The Bella Vista was the scene of one Wednesday last, given by the Ladies' Morning Choral, under the direction of Miss Eleanor Connell. The Club possesses some excellent voices and the *morceaux* sung were given with expression and correctness. The programme was swelled by two violin solos from Hother Wismer, and a sonata given by Paul Friedhofer, with considerable taste. Miss Marie Halter proved an acceptable accompanist.

* * *

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley gave a lunch in honor of Mrs. Lieutenant Schwerin and Mrs. Ellicott, at which quite a number of well-known matrons attended. Mrs. Schwerin and Mrs. Ellicott are just from Baltimore, and as they are permanently domiciled in San Francisco, will prove a charming addition to Society.

* * *

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Susie Davis and Frank V. Wright, which will be celebrated on the evening of June 8th, at Grace Church.

* * *

Mrs. Dr. Whitwell, who went East some weeks ago to place her son at school, is now in Washington visiting her friend, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. She will return to San Francisco late in the summer. Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have just got home from an extended trip through Utah and Colorado to Denver. They will be domiciled for the season at the Rafael.

* * *

Fraser Ashurst was in town recently, exuberant as ever. Basil Ricketts, his *fidus Achates*, persuaded him to go to Honolulu, and for that charming region both set out in the "Andrew Welch." Ricketts has with him a library of law books which he purposes studying *en route*. He talks, on his return, of going up for the law examination.

* * *

Among the well-known people who will go to San Rafael next week, are Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher who will spend the summer there.

* * *

Mrs. George Harding is being entertained by many of her old friends. In her honor Miss Jennie Blair gave a pink luncheon, which was quite a charming affair. The table was beautifully arranged. The decorations were sweet peas and La France roses, arranged in crystal vases and massed down the centre of the cover of green silk. The *menu* was a delicious one, and embraced all the delicacies of the season. Mrs. Harding returns very soon to Philadelphia.

* * *

If Miss Hattie Crocker was not a belle she was really the most popular girl who ever lived here. That her marriage to Mr. Alexander removed her from San Francisco was a subject of regret, the more sincere because her type is rare. The estimation her friends hold her in is well illustrated by the series of entertainments they have given in her honor, during the brief term of her stay. She has had a dinner party every evening, a lunch each noon, and her every moment has been occupied in renewing acquaintances. The verdict is she is more charming than ever. Her charities are most liberal; to appeal in vain to her is an experience no one has had. Mrs. Alexander and her party left last night for "Castle Crags," and after spending a few days there at Colonel Crocker's villa, will return to Sacramento, thence going directly East.

* * *

The Pullman-Carolan nuptials will be celebrated June 7th at Chicago. In consequence of the death of Mrs. Pullman, mother of the Marquis, in New York, the ceremony will not be as elaborate as was anticipated. There will be no formal reception, and no invitations will be sent out, so the friends of the family here will understand the apparent omission. Still, it will be a very swell wedding. The Pullman mansion has recently been enlarged and redecorated thoroughout, and, as a matter of course, the floral adornments will be gorgeous —Thorley, the New York florist, having them in hand. Miss Florence Pullman will be maid of honor, and Miss Evelyn Carolan will be one of the seven bridesmaids.

* * *

Nine ushers will attend to seating the guests, all of whom will be verbally invited. Among them are Osgood Hooker, A. H. Small, and Abe Hamilton, all of whom have already started for Chicago. Edgar Carolan will act as his brother's best man.

* * *

Dr. Harry Tevis has returned to San Francisco and purposes stopping here some months. He will go to Monterey with the rest of the Tevis family. Frank Hicks is up from Los Angeles and is stopping with his mother Mrs. Hager.

* * *

There is to be a grand picture exhibition in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital in October next. Arrangements are already being made for it and I am assured the collection of works of art will be more notable than that exhibited sometime ago in Shreve's. Among other works, Vereschagin's "Blowing from the Guns" will be on view by the kind permission of Mrs. Hearst in whose possession it now is.

* * *

Byron Hot Springs is the Mecca to which a large number of people have gone during the warm term. This is a splendid place for the cure of chronic and nervous diseases, and the excellent results that have followed a week of the treatment are plainly seen in many of the guests. For those who are in perfect health, the Byron Hot Springs offers every advantage of the finest summer resort.

* * *

The Vendome is doing a capital business. I wonder what San Jose is doing for the hotel, which draws so many strangers to the Garden City? A caravansary such as it is, is worth a large subsidy to any town in which it is located. Among the guests I notice a number of San Francisco's 400, with a good

Arcadia Waukesha Water Cures Indigestion.

sprinkling of Society people from other parts of the State.

* * *

A very enjoyable party was given by the Grizzlies, the upper crust of Pacific Parlor, No. 10, N. S. G. W., at Pioneer Hall on Friday evening. The programmme of dances was pleasantly long, the supper was delicious, and all enjoyed the affair very much.

* * *

The children of the Mission Grammar and Pacific Heights School have covered themselves with glory and filled the city with music during the week. On Tuesday the scholars of the Mission produced an operetta, "Columbus," by Dan O'Connell and H. J. Stewart, and did it so well that the charming musical bit will be repeated. The libretto is full of bright bits, and the music is pretty, pleasing, and catching. On Wednesday evening, the children of the Pacific Heights School presented "Their Majesties Abroad," by O'Connell, Stewart, and Gates. The Grand Opera House was crowded, and the little ones showed a wonderful knowledge of stage business, and sang and acted brightly and cleverly. The operetta was historical in its plot and the characters were all well sustained. Charlie Cunningham, Robbie Ferral, and Jimmie Ringrose, had the leading parts.

* * *

I regret to say that the Brotherhood of Men about Town has lost two of its brightest and best-beloved members, either of whom has been "good for a spree" for the entire organization every night in the last year. These young gentlemen were heading directly for the Home of Inebriates, and I am told the keeper of that institution had had his eye on them for some time. To the sorrow and regret of the Brotherhood they met Dr. S. F. Long, who introduced them to Neuro-Tecton, and the pot-houses that once knew them know them no more. When they informed their friends of the treatment they were taking for dipsomania, they were laughed at, and bets were made that they would be on the promenade within a week. I regret to say that the Brotherhood lost its share in the pool. The Brotherhood of Men About Town and the Royal Bloodsuckers are in deep mourning, and the phrase Neuro-Tecton is as much feared as is plain, ordinary water.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Bell went East on Wednesday evening, after a very agreeable stay in San Francisco. Several farewell *fetes* were given in their honor, the most notable being a breakfast given at Delmonico's, at which Harry Bigelow was host. A delicious *menu* composed by St. George P. Brady, who is an advanced epicure, was partaken of, and over the *café noir* a dozen neat stories and amusing experiences were told. Miss Irene Everett, who has decided to go on the stage, accompanies them to New York. She has ability and a rare degree of beauty, so should make a brilliant success.

* * *

A NEW PRESIDENT, and almost an entire new Directorate, rule the roost in the Pacific-Union Club. Major Rathbone, President on the opposition ticket which so triumphantly overcame the regular one a few weeks ago, has stepped down and out, and with him two more Directors, so that six of the Board have resigned. The survivors have appointed others to replace them, so the institution does not lack government. Of the new regime, the President is Charles Page, the attorney. L. C. McAffee is Secretary, Sam McKee, Treasurer, as of yore. Sam Hubbard has been persuaded to withdraw his resignation, and is back on the House Committee. Southard Hoffman is one of the Directors.

* * *

These changes have been made with such suddenness that half the membership hardly realizes what has happened. It is certaintly a loss to the institution to be deprived of the services of men of the calibre of Major Rathbone, Joseph Crockett, and W. F. Russell, not to mention H. C. Platt and the others. That an effort should have been made to relieve their feelings is very positive, but it seems to me their sensitiveness was a trifle pronounced. However, they regarded the vote against their policy as equivalent to an expression of lack of confidence and acted accordingly. It is really no fun being a Director, and I am half inclined to believe that at least half the Board was glad to be relieved of the responsibility. What the new men will do remains to be seen.

* * *

JERRY LINCOLN has not yet returned from Washington. His friends who admired that dry humor of his are anxiously asking when he will be home, and to them the initiated whisper—not while there is a cent of his $10,000 extant. There are people who imagine young Mr. Lincoln is purely ornamental. To them, though I decry the destruction of delusions, I will say he is a lawyer. He has gone so far as to have offices and a partner, but his legal energies were equal to but one case. Mr. Lincoln and his associate were attorneys for the Whitcomb estate, of which Jerome Senior was executor. I forget the details, but I know a great deal of work was involved and Jerry had to exert himself. It was a long time in going through—but Mr. Lincoln emerged with a fee of $10,000 and his partner with double the amount.

* * *

He is a good deal of a philosopher, is "the Sphinx," and he reasoned that a young man with a capacity for enjoyment and a rich parent, was foolish to drudge over law books after he had just made $10,000. His office he closed; his partnership he dissolved, and off he went. I imagine no one feels especially uneasy, inasmuch as Jerry has a shrewd capacity for taking care of himself and he will, indeed, be sharp who takes him in.

* * *

City Editor Tom Williams has gone East to do the Republican and Democratic Conventions for the *Examiner*. His reports of the two State conventions were most creditable, and have covered him and the *Examiner* with glory. Williams is an able, aggresssve journalist, a brilliant talker, and an entertaining writer. He gave a farewell supper to the *Examiner* staff on Monday night at Norman's. The "boys" gathered in force, partook of a capital meal, and afterwards listened to some bright speeches by Ross Jackson, Al Murphy and others. The sensation of the evening was Mr. Bigelow's bumper to the departing host. He called for a huge fish-bowl, which a myrmidon filled with foaming Pilsener. This, "Pete" raised to his lips, and drained at one draught. Half a dozen others essayed to repeat the feat, but without success.

* * *

WYATT EARP is still in town, doing, I know not what. He is quiet in manner, is this noted desperado. One would never suspect from his appearance his terrible achievements. He has cold, hard eyes, however, and a nervous trick with his hand that suggest the practiced gun-fighter. In the Territory, there are dozens of good stories floating round about the Earps and "Doc" Holliday. They were terrors and inspired a degree of respect that President Harrison could not excite. One night Wyatt and "Doc" Holliday put up at a hotel in Tombstone. They had been on one of their raids, and the house being crowded, were given a single room. About two in the morning "Doc" woke Earp.

"Wyatt," he whispered, "there's someone crawling in the window."

"Hush," returned the desperado, "don't make a noise and we'll rob him."

* * *

The burglar slid into the room to find himself confronted with two pistol barrels. He dropped his revolver, whereupon Earp went through his clothes, found three dollars and some cartridges. These he confiscated, and with a hearty laugh, let the culprit depart the way he came in.

I believe the story that tells of the meeting between Earp and Dave Nagle. When the latter cold-blooded assassin was elected Sheriff of Tombstone, he pledged himself to disarm the town, and meeting Earp, summoned him to disarm.

"Better put your guns away Wyatt," said the new Sheriff politely, pointing to the other's arsenal.

"Too much trouble," returned the desperado with a cold glance putting his hand in his pocket. "Shoot 'em off."

Nagle did not accept the suggestion, but quietly walked away.

* * *

CHARLES MICHELSON of the *Examiner*, or "Mike" as he is familiarly called, is one of the cleverest newspaper writers in town. He can do up anything from a murder to a mammoth case, and being versatile is called upon

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

on occasions to act as City Editor. The Cerberus of the editorial rooms is a colored individual whom experience and Tom Williams have taught to execute orders to the very letter. A habit of suggestion he inaugurated his career with was cured in its earliest incipiency. To get up an astronomical article two volumes were borrowed from the Lick Observatory library, and as Mr. Michelson was responsible he was told to see the books were returned. He parcelled them up and called the Cerberus.

"Call a messenger boy, John," he said, "and express these down to the Observatory."

"Yes, sah."

It was only necessary to take the books to Wells, Fargo's.

* * *

Three days later the Ceberus put his head into Michelson's cubby-hole and said:

"De messenger you sent with dose books to San Jose is outside, sah, and wants to know where to collect de bill?"

"I never sent a kid to San Jose," exclaimed Mike.

At this juncture the boy entered with a document calling for $8.40—hire, train fare, and board.

"Dey treated me fine down at de Observatory, sir," he said, "an' de President said to thank you for de books. I couldn't get back no sooner."

Questioning developed the fact that the Cerberus had expressed both books and boy to San Jose, and now the business office insists that Michelson shall pay the bill.

* * *

LAWYER LEZINSKY is a strange being. If a touch of madness is evidence of superior brain power, he is a genius. An uncomfortable individual, aggressive to a preposterous extent, so narrow-minded as to be incapable of seeing but one side of a question, uniting these positive qualities with a degree of persuasive eloquence that has made him a successful jury lawyer. Give him a case, and that zigzag intellect of his begins brooding on it. By no means a profound lawyer, he will be content with the most cursory study of the authorities. The facts appeal to him, and by the time he enters Court the righteousness of his cause is a passion. Then, his opponent's lawyer is a scoundrel, the Judge who interprets the law contrary to his views is in collusion with his enemies, and the jury that ventures to decide against him is bought.

* * *

Lezinsky has a most uncomfortable faculty of getting into trouble. At first it seemed as though he provoked these encounters with bench and bar for advertising purposes, but now he has quite a good practice, and he is no less aggressive. Judge Finn refused to permit him to enter his Court for some remark he made. Swain, a juryman who found a verdict against him, was branded as dishonest, and Judge Hunt read him a severe lecture. With all the members of the Superior Bench he has, at one time or another, had collisions. Withal, he knows how to talk to a jury. Those who are acquainted with the inconsistency of his mental attitude could hardly have been astonished by Mr. Delmas' revelations. Yet his dishonesty is temperamental. I would not dream of blaming him, nor apparently did his employer, whose subtle intellect knows men and judges truly.

* * *

He was the best scholar at the Boys' High School. He was head of the highest class; he could not fail to graduate number one. Yet, with everything in his favor, he was caught cheating, and dismissed. His father was a man of considerable ability, but pre-eminently impracticable. He committed suicide because, he alleged, he could not make a living for his family. But his taking off was the best financial stroke he made, for his life was heavily insured. The amount, invested in real estate, produced a comfortable competence for the survivors. The boys are all clever, but curious. One has written poetry of considerable excellence and saturated with Emersonian philosophy. Another is a prosaic business man. It seems curious that a man of Lezinsky's type should have gained membership in the Citizens' Defense Committee. It seems he is Ottinger's attorney, and that capacity, besides his aggressive push, operated to place him among the staid merchants and capitalists that form this eminently respectable organization.

* * *

A MELANCHOLY MIEN and a capacity for seeming sympathetic are essentials of success in undertaking, but they must be accompanied by financial instincts if eminence is to be attained. The atmosphere of grief in which the undertaker exercises his calling prevents the development of business by the methods of other professions. He is the creature of a sad contingency, and as "Death cometh soon or late," he can never know when he may be required. As people are not in the habit of having family undertakers, as they have doctors, lawyers, or grocers, it is usually the first applicant for the trade who sells the coffin and furnishes the trappings of woe. At the City and County Hospital some years ago the rule in vogue was that in the event of a death the undertaker who asked first for the body had the privilege of burying it at market rates.

* * *

Between rival firms the contest for supremacy waxed fierce. The ambition of all was to obtain first information, and endless were the subterfuges adopted to attain this desideratum. Attendants or officials were not permitted to telephone to their friends—in fact, precautions were taken to give a fair field and as little favor as possible to the trade. In the course of time, however, a small saloon came to be opened opposite the great gates. The same as most other establishments of its kind, save that a very genial, pleasing young fellow was in charge, and the whisky sold was excellent. So good, indeed, that no nurse or attendant connected with the institution ever thought of drinking elsewhere. Over the bar they chatted pleasantly about the sayings and doings inside, and in the most natural way in the world would tell of this death or the other.

* * *

It came to pass, then, that an emissary from the firm of Flanagan & Gallagher was on hand but very shortly after each demise to claim the corpse, and in the course of time they controlled the entire business. In vain did their rivals endeavor to learn the secret of their success. Hints of collusion were indignantly repelled by officials; no one was ever seen giving information. Their method defied detection until one afternoon a driver for Mallady happened into the little saloon while the proprietor was away. He heard from an inner room a voice announcing, as though through a telephone, a death in the hospital. The game was up. A wire was found running from the saloon direct to the successful undertakery, and a little investigation developed the methods of the successful firm. Now, the business is done by contract. There is a city undertaker who each year is awarded the entire business, and the good old rivalry and the saloon are matters of history.

* * *

Mrs. Leland Stanford left in her private car for Washington, last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen T. Gage accompanied her as far east as Ogden, from which point they went to Salt Lake City, to remain there a few days before returning to their home in Oakland.

* * *

I HAVE HEARD IT STATED, on authority more or less reliable, that my old friend, Long John Wilkins (colored), intends to renounce his ancient allegiance, at the coming election, and vote the Republican ticket. I hope this is a false rumor, but if the stories he relates concerning his recent trip to Fresno are true, I do not know that a fair and discerning public will blame him. The fault will justly be attributed to the Democratic party itself, which, in convention assembled and prepared to redress the miscellaneous grievances of mankind, was so far recreant to its trust as to permit insults to be heaped upon its faithful votary under its very nose. It deserves to lose the vote of Long John Wilkins (colored), and if it shall be defeated at the coming election on that account, I for one will not waste any sympathy on it.

* * *

History records that in California there have been three distinguished colored Democrats. In the order of their seniority they were Hank Jones, Alexander Fisher, and Long John Wilkins. For many years Hank Jones served the people as a rear porter in the Legislature, until finally, poor fellow, he was gathered to his fathers in consequence of fatty degeneration of the heart. Fisher for eight years was janitor in the Mayor's office under those staunch Democrats, Bartlett, and Pond. He

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

is an eloquent Baptist preacher, and is still a leader of the colored Democracy.

* * *

But Long John Wilkins is a greater man than either of the others. The oldest inhabitant does not remember when he became a Democrat. He has attended every convention of the Unwashed since the days of John Bigler, and has held the office of rear porter under a dozen Democratic Legislatures. Neither the vicissitudes of party rivalry and changing policies nor the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune have succeeded in shaking his faith; He was as staunch a Democrat two weeks ago as ever.

* * *

He believes that the war did *not* free the negro and that the Union armies, generals and all, were Democrats, and he will so believe until he dies. It seems incredible that such a man could suffer ignominy at the hands of a Democratic Convention, and if Long John did not tell the story himself I think I should discredit it.

* * *

On the second day of the Democratic Convention at Fresno (so I am informed) Long John gained admittance to the hall and took a front seat. His tall, gaunt figure is not an unusual sight at such gatherings and the fact that he had taken a front seat and appropriated the largest and best fan in the place excited no comment. Democratic Conventions are glad to be reminded that all men of the colored race do not credit the slander that it fought to continually enslave them. But Long John's felicity was short lived. A local potentate named Jacobs (white) approached him and said, "Get out of here."

Long John was amazed. He is not in the habit of being addressed in such a peremptory manner and he arose dignifiedly.

"Sah," he said, "I ama gentleman, and I hope you will not so far forget yo'se'f as to address me thus brusquely again."

"You are not a gentleman, you are a Republican, confound you," replied Jacobs, "and I want you to get out of here instantly."

* * *

Long John is so black that an asphaltum kettle becomes radiant beside him; but he was now fairly white with amazement.

"A Republican!" he gasped. "My Gawd, sah, this is too much! My friend, I do not know you, but I swear that I voted the Democratic ticket before you were able to vote."

"Never mind, now," replied Mr. Jacobs (white) "I know you well. Get out of here."

Of course Long John got out, but when he reached the sidewalk and begen to reflect upon the charge that had been preferred against him he was unable to suppress his pent-up emotions. "A Republican, my Gawd," he gasped, again and again.

* * *

It was not long, however, ere the Convention took a recess. As the delegates emerged from the hall Long John was still relating to the outsiders his experience inside, and giving his views of the character and breeding of Mr. Jacobs (white). He did not observe the approach of Senator George G. Goucher (also white). He was, in fact, somewhat startled when that party thundered, "John what did you insult my friend, Jacobs, for?"

"Insult your friend Jacobs! My Gawd, Senatah Gouchah, I did nothing of the kind."

"Yes, you did; you said he was a foreigner and could not vote."

Appalled at the terrible misconstruction that had been placed upon his observstion concerning Mr. Jacob's comparative youth and his comparative age, John ejaculated, "My Gawd, Sen——"

But Goucher did not wait for the remainder of the sentence. "Take that, you black rascal," and, suiting the action to the word, he smote Long John on the southwest eyebrow. Yes, by Heaven, that is what he did, not with the flat of hand, but with his clenched fist; and the blow, shall I record the painful truth? blacked Long John's southwest eye!

* * *

But this was not all. On the same evening the Fifth Congressional District Convention held a meeting. As this is Long John's district he was present, and the Chairman invited him to watch the door. This honor thus thrust upon him unsolicited caused him for the nonce to forget the terrible humiliations of the day. Little did he dream that another insult more deadly yet was in store for him. Charlie Weller arose to make a speech. He attacked the pending motion. He intimated that it was an infamous one, and was gradually reaching a point in his remarks where he intended to casually mention the fact that the mover of it had served two terms in San Quentin for burglary, when he suddenly paused to ejaculate: "Sir, there is a nigger in this woodpile, and I can point him out to you."

* * *

The metaphor was lost. All eyes were turned toward Long John. Judge Sullivan rose solemnly and asked Mr. Weller to give way to a question. Mr. Weller courteously acquiesced.

"I would like to ask the gentleman," continued the Judge, "if, in speaking of a nigger in this woodpile, he refers to the stalwart and able doorkeeper?"

Long John did not wait to hear the response. He withdrew with great dignity—throwing up his job of doorkeeper, as it were, on the spot. The next day he returned to this city. I have but one comment to make with reference to these affairs. If the Democratic party loses Long John's vote this year and is defeated, I shall know where to uncover those who are to blame. They will be Mr. Jacobs, Senator Goucher, Charlie Weller, and Judge Sullivan (all white).

* * *

THE EFFORTS of attorneys to prevent publicity in divorce cases are as amusing as they are futile. They invariably assure their clients that the strictest secrecy will be preserved, but they know that such assurance is vain, notwithstanding the fact that there is a law which enjoins clerks and judges from divulging any of the proceedings in divorce suits. It may be well for people who contemplate a return to single blessedness, to know that it is folly for them to rely upon the promise of a lawyer to baffle the newsgathers of the press. Court clerks and judges have tried in vain to conceal the names of people who pass through the divorce mill. They are successful only when the case impresses the reporters as being unworthy of publication. Several of the Superior Judges have had occasion to grant decrees to intimate friends, and have ordered the records sealed, and minute orders entered surreptitiously in order to deceive and foil the reporters. In some instances days and weeks have elapsed after the entry of judgment, and the parties concerned have begun to congratulate themselves on the absolute secrecy that had been observed, when they become amazed to read all about it in the papers.

* * *

It may be interesting to know that young Judge Garber, who has not yet absorbed all the knowledge pertaining to judicial affairs, has lately constituted himself a reformer, with a view of preventing infractions of the law, by which the objectionable Court news reaches the reporters. He has thrown additional safeguards around his department, and expects to accomplish much, but has so far merely succeeded in whetting the appetite of the news seekers, and it may not be long before they get an opportunity to relate some sensational incidents that will cause him to wish that he had not interfered with what they consider their prerogatives. For instance, they may sometimes learn that an injured husband, who is the defendant in a divorce suit, purposes filing an affidavit containing serious charges concerning the manner in which the case has been manipulated by reason of the fascinations of his wife, and they will not neglect to gather all the facts and get them into print. Reformers sometimes tread on dangerous territory.

* * *

HOW LONG is this robbery to last? A young street contractor who had not had much experience with rascals in public office found himself in a predicament. He had finished some street work, and could not collect any money from the property owners who were liable for the cost of the improvement, because a deputy upon whom the duty of making out the assessment devolved, declined to issue the necessary document. When importuned by the young contractor to furnish the assessment, he assumed the air of a faithful public servant not susceptible of imposition, and remarked that he had been authentically informed that the mortar used in the work had not contained the requisite quantity of cement. The young contractor knew that this was not true, but he felt that

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

he had no redress. He, however, had the good fortune to meet a veteran contractor to whom he explained the complication that had arisen, and which might cause a loss of about $2000. The veteran smiled at the young man's discomfiture, and remarked that he had omitted something more potent and important than cement.

* * *

"What do you mean?" queried the young man in surprise.

"About twenty dollars," was the reply. "Let me give you a pointer. When you see the deputy again, approach him cautiously and make a demand for your assessment. At the same time slip a double eagle into his vest pocket. Then you will experience no further trouble."

The advice was faithfully followed, and the assessment was at once forthcoming. As the young man was about to depart with the coveted assessment roll, the deputy smiled sweetly, removed the yellow coin from his vest pocket to a capacious purse, and remarked: "Cimint is a very good thing, but it's not always nicissiry, do you moind. Rimimber, that we're niver hard on our friends."

* * *

AN OBNOXIOUS SCAMP, the knowledge of whose identity would not be worth the effort to discover it, sends in the following, which was clipped from Saturday's *Argonaut*, and adds a few lines, whose effluvia are bad grammar and the usual noisome emanations of a sewer-like imagination:

> Various rumors about the *Argonaut* have led to several propositions being made to us for its purchase. We may as well state, therefore, that there are to be no changes in the proprietorship of this journal, and that it is most distinctly not for sale. The *Argonaut* is in a very prosperous condition, and its owners have not the least desire to part with it.

I have no desire to speak with "Observer," whose exuberant idiocy is of such a magnificent character that it should insure him a warm welcome to the councils of the un-Godded, but to Mr. Pixley, who may be responsible for the above statement, I would say a few words. Mr. Pixley is right when he says propositions have been made for the purchase of the *Argonaut;* probably he is within the confines of truth when he says the paper is not for sale; but when he says the *Argonaut* is in a prosperous condition, I call on an intelligent jury to pass on the evidence he offers to prove the statement. "Observer" will be excused in this instance; I said "intelligent" jury; he can become a juror in Murphy's Court.

* * *

"The *Argonaut*," says the editor of that paper, "is in a prosperous condition." Prosperity, among other things, means successful progress in business, a prosperous paper flourishes, thrives. Now, that is exactly what the *Argonaut* is not doing. Mr. Pixley makes an *ex parte* statement regarding his paper; it appears under his own name; it is the editorial utterance of a man who would have you put as much faith in it as you do in any other statement that is printed in his paper. Now, regarding the prosperity of journals, the American Newspaper Directory, issued by George P. Rowell & Co., is authority; every publisher knows this, and advertisers believe it. In the edition of 1891, advertisers and others interested may find on page 88 that the *Argonaut* is given a circulation rating of F. 2, which means that Mr. Pixley's paper had a circulation exceeding 12,500. That is just 250 less than the circulation of THE WAVE. Yet, only a year later, (last week) this prosperous journal, the *Argonaut*, is rated by the same American Newspaper Directory as having a circulation of 7500. That's progress for you.

* * *

In one year, the *Argonaut* has fallen off 5000 in circulation. That means over 418 copies a month; nearly 100 a week. A loss of this character is tremendous, and it began when THE WAVE invaded the *Argonaut's* field. There is no staying the course of a journal when it pitches downward. Mr. Pixley may as well don the uniform of the Irish police officer whom he reviles, and try to arrest a falling meteor in the mid-heavens as attempt to keep the *Argonaut* in the position it held for years. When the next American Newspaper Directory comes out, his paper, at the rate of its past losses, will have at most 2500 readers; after that it will be like the *News Letter*, whose history is too sad for words.

* * *

HAYSEED JOURNALISM has been rampant in California these last two weeks. In the dailies one finds nothing but the movements of the National Editorial Association, and on the streets the lanky, bucolic badge-wearers confront one at every turn. Admirable in the advertising abstract are all these country newspapermen. It is presumed their effusive screeds anent the glorious climate and the fertile soil will swell the population. I hope some return for the hospitality lavished on them will be made, but I trust few of them will be so fascinated as to remain among us. That would be hard. They have been made much of. Greater prominence has been thrust upon them than, individually or collectively, they ever succeeded in conferring on themselves. Their careers have been exploited in connection with their portraits, and the *raison d'être* of either publication has not been made apparent.

* * *

The few men of capacity or eminence in the party are members of the Pennsylvania delegation. They have a special car given them by the Pennsylvania railroad—the only modern sleeper in the train. The rest are relics, reminiscences of Pullman's early efforts at perfection. The Philadelphians include T. V. Cooper, Collector of that Port, the Assistant Managing Editor of the *Ledger*, and State Senator Harry Hall, who has been elected a delegate at large to the Convention at Chicago. Their car proceeds to Minneapolis for the Republican Convention there.

* * *

At Hotel del Monte the editorial gathering made by no means a brilliant impression. Preparations had been made to entertain 400. Only 150 arrived, and of these some forty odd headed for Monterey. As soon as the delegation arrived, a crowd approached the register, over which Clerk Clough smiled blandly.

"What are the rates of this hotel, anyway?" asked one who deputized himself spokesman.

"Breakfast one dollar, lunch seventy-five cents, dinner one dollar," returned the imperturbable Clough.

"Pretty high—umph! What's your best meal, young man? At which do you give most for the money?" was the next query.

"They are all first-class, sir, but I think dinner is the finest." He was very polite.

"Guess, friends, we'll wiggle along without any lunch," said the speaker.

And they did.

Heaven only knows how many eggs and other supplies went to waste on account of the party's failure to materialize in the numbers prepared for.

* * *

AT A PRESS CLUB "late watch," one generally hears something clever. All the talent in town collects there, and it is strange if someone does not amuse. On Wednesday night the editors were entertained and one of them, W. B. Green, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, told some stories that convulsed the gathering. Far more artistic than aught ever done by Marshall Wilder was his imitation of Daniel Webster at Rochester. It was inimitably, deliciously humorous. Judge Hunt read a clever paper on "The Court Reporter," which I would like to reproduce. It was exquisitely satiric and contained half a dozen *bon mots* that the boys are still circulating. The Bandurria Club was in evidence. Neely O'Sullivan sang, Lawrence Hanley told, artistically, a theatrical story. The "Blue Jeans" quartette gave half a dozen serenades, Wm. M. Bunker gave the visitors some points about the State, and forgot to say a word about the railroad.

* * *

Altogether the late watch was a brilliant success. Ed Moran, "on the desk" worked off some clever hits and presided very gracefully. There was no formality whatever, but beer in quantities. A huge bowl of punch which the delegates from Texas pronounced "great," sandwiches innumerable, tobacco and corncob pipes. There can be no question but that the Press Club has at last assumed its proper position as the only organization of Bohemians in San Francisco. It has associate members among lawyers and artists, but the working journalists are in control. For its entertainments the preparations are few. When the musicians and mummers are on hand to make melody and mirth, it is not necessary to organize with thunder as though a Bohemian jinks was being elaborated.

* * *

In the Press Club, the Presidential candidates are already bestirring themselves. In fact, their campaigns are in full swing, and the membership is being marshaled in a manner

that testifies abundant energy. The aspirants are William M. Bunker, Ed Moran, and Harry Todd, though the first has not engaged actively in the canvass. Between Moran and Todd, however, the contest promises to be a picnic. The question of the moment is, who will get the regular nomination?

* * *

THE PROFITS of proprietary medicines must be quite large, if one is to judge by the large amount of advertising the manufacturers do, the air of prosperity that they all wear, and the difficulty there is in buying into the different concerns. I am informed that some of the stock in the Joy's Sarsaparilla Company, which has been held very close, was recently sold to a gentleman whose name appears very high in the list of San Francisco millionaires. For my part, I would wish for no better indication of the success of this Company than this; the buyer is a careful, conservative man, whose investments all pay.

* * *

This is one of the very few California proprietary articles that has been a success. It is purely a local production, and, for that reason, I have just a trifle of pride in seeing it prosper. It seems to be away beyond the point where failure is possible, and I envy the gentleman who has succeeded in getting the largest block of stock the Company has ever disposed of.

* * *

JAMES P. PIERCE, of Santa Clara, is one of the many men worth $600,000 whom the world has made a millionaire. He is rather a common-place individual and amassed his wealth by dextrous manipulation of a blue gravel mine which paid dividends it never earned. With the sale of his stock the bubble collapsed and the victims found themselves owners of a fine tunnel which had cost as much as the mine had produced. Those of us who read Court reports will remember the Excelsior Mining suit which the Supreme Court decided in favor of defendant. That involved half a million of Pierce's money which Dr. Ayer thought himself entitled to. Had he won, however, I cannot help believing collection would have proved difficult, for the astute financier had divided his possessions among his sons and daughters.

* * *

The marriage of their father to a servant must be very painful to the Pierces. They are people who have kept very much to themselves so far as Californians are concerned. Their friends for the most part are in the East where the girls were at school. Besides being handsome the daughters are elaborately educated; they graduated from Vassar and, I am told, are bright talkers. Their home at Santa Clara gives evidence of culture and refinement in the character and harmony of the furnishing. The house, however, is not the palace the *Examiner* would have us believe. Wm. M. Lent built it and Pierce purchased it from him years ago. The grounds are very beautiful. Being accustomed to surroundings so refined, and associated with such a rare type as was his wife, I cannot conceive how he has sought a wife from the kitchen.

* * *

I AM SORRY for young Mr. Cummins. There are scores of damsels of the May Jenner type in town and what happened to him might occur to a hundred men much less circumspect. He is the victim more than the maiden, and probably she would have committed suicide had he never been included in her acquaintance. The dailies seem all to have forgotten how Cummins distinguished himself some years ago by an act of heroism that seemed to speak volumes for his courage and coolness. While in the garden of his father's house in Fruitvale he heard the gallop of horses and a shriek of terror. Rushing out he saw approaching at terrific speed a carriage and pair. The driver had lost all control and it was only a matter of moments before an accident must occur. Seated inside were an old gentleman and a pretty girl.

* * *

In an instant Cummins was in the middle of the road. A bit of an athlete, he caught the reins and swung all his might on them. The horses swerved and stood still. There alighted from the carriage the late Remi Chabot, the millionaire, and his daughter Miss Nellie Chabot. They were profuse in their expressions of gratitude, presented him with a magnificent diamond memento, and the episode concluded by the two young people falling in love. I believe their engagement was announced, but the father died; their plans were disarranged, and, well, the engagement was broken off. I have often observed that heroism like virtue is its own reward.

* * *

During the warm summer months whether people enjoy the good fortune of spending their vacation at the seaside, the springs, or in the mountains, or whether they are unfortunate enough to be obliged to pursue the monotonous daily routine of business life, they all endeavor to keep cool. They buy the lightest wearing apparel to be had. I noticed this fact to be particularly true of the gentler sex, as I made a call the other day on an old friend, Joe Rosenberg, at his place of business 42 Geary Street. The demand for Summer Blouses was something wonderful, and the different styles and combinations shown were almost great enough to bewilder any ordinary mortal.

* * *

WILL "THE VATICAN" overthrow Judge Maguire? is a question individual Democrats are asking. That no abler man nor one more likely to shine in Washington could be selected, is positive. Less obvious, though, the wisdom of nominating an individual whose animus against the Church of Rome was so pronounced. That Archbishop Riordan will undertake a campaign against him I do not imagine for a moment. That there could be any interference of that character is quite incredible. However, one may be certain the strictures of "The Vatican" will be extensively circulated among Roman Catholic voters by whoever is chosen to oppose the ex-Judge. It is said that the District Convention considered the objections that might be urged against their candidate, but concluded his merits would outweigh them.

* * *

The influence of the Catholic Church as an element in swaying votes is not positive. During the sandlot riots, when Dennis Kearney was advocating the destruction of local interests and the confiscation of property, Archbishop Alemany, inspired by the current fear of trouble, issued a pastoral letter to his flock warning them to keep away from the Sandlot. It was read one Sunday in every Catholic Church in town. It was couched in solemn terms; it was very explicit, and yet it was supremely ineffective. That afternoon the pastoral was Kearney's text, and he waxed eloquent on it. In scathing terms he denounced the interference of the clergy, and asked his hearers if they would let the priests dictate to them. I remember his peroration in which he warned the Archbishop to keep the church out of politics. This, of course, is not a parallel case, but it may serve as an example.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE POOR MILLIONAIRE.

A FRIEND IN NEED RISES TO PLEAD FOR HIM.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

It is needed that a voice friendly to the millionaire should be raised. I raise it.

Consider the millionaire and his plight. King of Philistia he is, to be sure, and none gainsay his power, but most of the Philistines who are not millionaires, though they join sincere toadies in their adulation, privately hate, envy, and malign him. The atmosphere in which he lives, charged as it is with flattery, lies, covetousness, and larceny, creates in the mind of the millionaire illusions which prevent him from perceiving the reality of things. His notions of his own importance, ability, and merits are necessarily swollen and distorted, and his sense of proportion in viewing other men is all askew. He is lonely above the common lot, having outgrown his friendships; for it is not in human nature to be an equal friend with those who are under perpetual suspicion of seeking to advantage themselves at your expense. His attitude toward the world, when not one of condescension and patronage, is that of the armed knight who, sword in hand, stands ready to do battle with all comers.

For the millionaire possesses in excess what everybody else is short of and wants very much indeed—money. He knows that there are few who would not rob him if they could, and he finds it a safe working theory to assume that there are no exceptions to the rule. So incessantly must he be on guard over his treasure that he comes inevitably to deem money the only good—the one thing worth human effort. To heap up his pile he has striven with all the energy of his being, gladly floored antagonists in the scramble, mounted on their bodies to reach higher and for more, ruthlessly seized dollars wheresoever they glittered, unmindful of their ownership, and looks back without remorse at unnumbered felonies committed to the undoing of men as willing to commit felonies as he.

The millionaire, like the rest of us, is a creature of his environment. If his struggles and achievements and luck have hardened his character and twisted his mind they would have done the same for most of the less successful. Let us, therefore, be slow to jump upon him with the iron-shod heels of criticism and to deafen him with the bray thereof—not out of Christian charity, but for our own sake and that of posterity. The millionaire is what we—and by we I mean the mob of us which is called Society—have made him. To view him with scowls and berate him with bad language is of a piece with the conduct of a gardener who should plant and nurture a squash vine, or a stink weed, and then go angry because it did not bear La France roses. Enlightened selfishness dictates that we should be mild and considerate with the millionaire, and though we may repent that we have made him, even as the Almighty repented that He had made any of us, our aim should be to improve him, for he is, with all his faults, the incarnation of the achieved ambition of modern life—the consummate flower of our material civilization.

It is the duty, and should be the pleasure, of the Children of Light—those of us, that is, who understand the true value of a dollar—to educate the millionaire. In that direction lies the solution of the social problem—the abolition of poverty, and the civilization of that fearful mass of ignorance, dirt and grossness typified by the workingman—the workingman who, as Mr. Bierce says, we all honor, and avoid. "There are just two kinds of men in the world," a millionaire once said to me. "If a man knows the worth of a dollar he's a gentleman; if he don't, he's a loafer." And this is true, though not in the sense intended by my friend the millionaire. Another millionaire I knew who owned a royal estate near Stockton. Mr. Jones, as he testified in a lawsuit, was "most gin'rally half full." When this happy mean had been overstepped it became Mr. Jones' chief amusement to drag a candle-box filled with twenties from under his bed, spill the coins on the floor, and dance upon and among them, he flinging his arms about and uttering exultant cries the while. Exhausted, he would drop into a chair, take another drink, and gasp:

"Damn everybody! I've got the scads, an' I can buy everything and everybody—on'y I don't want to. That's *me!*"

Mr. Jones had, to an extreme degree, the millionaire's understanding of a dollar's value. Had he been a little farther removed from savagery he would have danced not on the actual coins, but among the fine things bought with them, and experienced the same kind of pleasure and sense of triumph and power. But Mr. Jones was not an ordinary millionaire.

It should be remembered that the American millionaire is young. Speaking of him as a class, he has existed only about thirty years. If he be arrogant, purse-proud, ostentatious, and frankly greedy and selfish, as well as unmerciful and unscrupulous, there is time in plenty for him to mend under proper educational influences. Like his country, which has its coat off and is grubbing in the ground developing its material resources, he is new. Mentally he is still in overalls, and his soul is yet in the hod. His self-esteem has developed like the liver of the goose being treated with a view to *pate de foie gras.* This is natural. He sees about him everywhere men far cleverer than himself in many ways, who are yet poor; and he exalts himself, forgetting (or rather never knowing) that the money-making talent is the most common of all talents. Its rewards are disproportionately great because in order to exercise it the labor of other men must be employed, which gives the money-maker rent, profit, and interest—in other words, the opportunity to appropriate the earnings of others; in short, the chance to steal. The writer, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, are denied this aid to the acquirement of wealth. It is in the unreflecting man to feel himself superior to that which he can buy, and the millionaire, encountering no difficulty in purchasing the services of men endowed with much rarer talents than his own, deems himself their better. This is his great error, for to it is due that poison of Philistinism which steeps the millionaire's complacent mind. Mr. Jones of San Joaquin, had he gone to Paris, could have hired the genius of Meissonier or Duran to paint his portrait, and can yet, if he desires, employ Sir Arthur Sullivan to set his jig among the twenties to music.

It is upon the social side that the millionaire should be most sedulously educated. His present tendency is to mould himself upon the aristocracy of Europe, to the extent of his understanding of them. His imitation is necessarily superficial, and a caricature. Denied their pride of birth, without the influence of distinguished ancestry, free from the restraints of caste, unchecked by the customs of a ripened society, and destitute of the sentiment of *noblesse oblige*, the unfettered new millionaire copies only the luxury, the display, the pastimes of his model, and is most influenced, usually, by the example of the worst members of the class which he ignorantly admires. With age there will, if we educators do our duty, be a revulsion from this folly and vulgarity. With age, and the tuition of the Children of Light, hope can be entertained that the American millionaire may be imbued with an ambition to become an American. The Republic having rejected the gauds of royalty and titles of nobility, declared the essential equality of men, and made merit the sole claim to distinction, it is conceivable that the principles of the Declaration of Independence may be gradually extended from the political to the social domain, and that the happy Americans of the future shall be able to point to the home-grown millionaire and say with pride to all the world:

"Here is an aristocrat such as mankind has never before beheld. His wealth has been honestly earned. He believes in the Ten Commandments and obeys them. He is modest. He seeks the applause of his countrymen by deserving it. He is a Christian who does not confess his faith in Christ by paying formal respect to His teachings, and ignoring them in his life. He is a republican, and his superiority to his fellow-citizens is not manifested by efforts to rob and oppress them, or by flaunting his riches before the eyes of poverty. He is educated. He is well-bred. He is good. He's a bird."

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—The immorality of authors interests me but slightly. If a man can write fine prose does it matter if he be saint or sinner? It is his production that is important, not his personality. That he may be vicious does not detract from his description of virtue; he may be a coward, and yet conceive heroes. For his example we care nothing if his precepts are neatly phrased. A very good family, whose members enjoy my estimation, refuse to read de Maupassant because he had a harem, and regard Saltus as defiling because he divorced his wife. It is this same superstition that demands honesty in journalism and probity from preachers. Yet, the word formula that truth employs is used by the liar. Sincerity is a matter of accent, enthusiasm, of vehemence. Who would think of questioning the candor of a man who expresses himself at the top of his voice?

Someone tells me the author of "Imperial Purple" is no stranger to the luxurious vices he so brilliantly depicts. Does that relieve his jeweled phrases of a single gem? It seems to me the experience adds the charm of accuracy—still one of the virtues. It is a prose panorama of Rome and the Cæsars, is this latest book of Saltus. The paragraphs are pictures, here lambent, there lurid; here gorgeous with the colors of a sunset, there lucid with the pale delicacy of moonlight. It is easy to contemn the man who wrote "The Pace that Kills," but there is little in English that compares with the inimitable characterization of Cæsar. What splendid prose is that description of the great General pleading in the Forum the cause of Masintha against the Numidian King; or that epic triumph of his return from Gaul. We follow with delight the enchanting story of Tiberius' wanderings to Hyperborca, the land where happiness was a birthright, to the Fortunate Isles where were men whose life was an uninterrupted delight, who, when overtaken by age, lay on a perfumed grass that produced a voluptuous death. There is no intrusion of detail, these imperial pictures are impressionist studies. They are written as though Loti had become a historian.

The splendor of luxury, the fabulous spectacles, the monstrous crimes, the stupendous vices of ancient Rome live on these pages. He makes one realize Messalina and revere Marcus Aurelius. It is not Swinburne's Faustine he describes, not she whom red, gold, and black imperial had twice crowned, but one "in the poise of whose head, in the expression of the lips there is a commingling of just that loveliness and melancholy which must have come to Psyche when she lost her god." I turn from the volume with regret.

If vigor and rhythm, and picturesqueness were poetry, Mr. Rudyard Kipling might be a candidate for Laureate. He possesses a splendid, verbal faculty, a sinewy vividness of style, a strong sense of form and power of condensed phrase. Decidedly readable, too, original, barbaric, interesting, the ballad of "The King's Jest" struck me as the best of the collection; "The King's Mercy" also, is good. The barrack room ballads we have all read before. Better than most work of this kind, it is valuable as representing the phase of Tommy Atkin's life in India.

"The Bride of Infelice" is fine and lurid. The hero is as beautiful as a day-dream, besides being an English nobleman. Two heroines, one blonde, the other dark, exhaust the possibilities of loveline. The villan is a wicked footman masquerading as an English nobleman. There are, doubtless, other characters, but when, in the first chapter, I found that Thayer Volney was a young Greek god, "that his face was at once noble and handsome, that his dark brown hair was tumbled into a mass of burnished ringlets above a brow upon which rested the stamp of truth and refinement," I only read as far as Alice Meredith's alabaster brow, and then stopped. Cleopatra, or Helen of Troy, were not in it with this charmer, whose eyes "flashed out like purest sapphires, and reflected in their depths a world of love and tenderness." Of course she had patrician features, which were "animated by a glow of color which underlay the damask of her cheek like a blush rose, but burst in richest carmine from her full, half-parted lips." The wonder for me is that publishers can be prevailed on to print such ungovernable rubbish.

You have heard Max O'Rell lecture? Then you have read all his books. Happy are you, Miss Matilda, if you have taken your intellectual cake from this witty and accomplished Frenchman only from the platform; in his writings you miss the charming accent that spices his remarks, the exquisite gestures that illumines a joke, the facial changes that are as eloquent as the finely-tuned voice. You miss all these in his prose, in return receiving an elaboration of his thrice-told stories, sermons preached from jokes whose age makes them no joking matter, and here and there a slip of the pen that shows where a foreign tongue would have stumbled over what our alien friends are pleased to term "Ex-crrab'l' Engleesh." Mr. O'Rell's "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles" is dedicated to Jonathan. Need I say more? You know when the satiric Frenchman dedicates a book to John Bull, how we suffer; when to the Americans, how the English are the victims. When he gets ready to inscribe a volume to the French, English, and Americans, I pity the Germans; the slaughter will be fearful. The bright things he writes in this last book of his are worth reading, and the excellent reasons he gives for the religious tenets of France would redeem a theosophical brochure from tediousness. It is interesting to find Mr. Blouet serious; but it's very dull. His tribute to France might be an epitaph, and one always knows what to expect in them. But I should advise you to read the book; not all at once, but when you have been bored by callers or are tired after an hour or two at the last tea.

Rather an interesting tale of the true German type is "The Household Idol" by Mary Bernhard. The plot is not improbable, nor the characters important, but one does not readily put down the book until one reads *finis*. I have a neat edition of those clever little essays of Jerome K. Jerome, which I will send you should you care to reperuse them. They are full of personality and humorous confidences which seem to me the secret of his success. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Imperial Purple," by Edgar Saltus. Morrill, Higgins & Co., publishers, Chicago. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Ballads and Barrack-room Ballads," by Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Bride of Infelice," by Ada L. Halstead. The Bancroft Company, publishers.

"The Household Idol," by Marie Bernhard. Worthington & Co., publishers.

"English Pharisees and French Crocodiles," by Max O'Rell. The Cassell Publishing Company. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

—THE—

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ALEXANDER CENTER,
General Agent

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, May 28, 1892.

A SLANDERER.

Out from the obscurity of his Baptist pastorate the Rev. W. J. Jordan has lifted himself by his own tongue. Filled with an intimate and accurate knowledge of the stage—gained from people who had been to the theatre; giving no thought to its history, its splendid past, made glorious by men whose lives will be examples to the generations when the Rev. W. J. Jordan ceases from troubling and is known no more; understanding nothing of its aims; ignorant of the good that men greater than he had said of it; knowing naught of its charities and its kindnesses, he attacks it with the brutality of bigotry, slandering its women and vilifying its men, and to the lasting shame of the Protestant Church in California, none who heard him denied his statements.

I do not know what manner of man the Rev. W. J. Jordan, of Dixon, is; nor do I know whence or why he came; his object in defaming the stage I cannot tell; only this is certain: That in denying the chastity of the women on the American stage, and in robbing American actors of honor, branding them all as licentious Pariahs and vile and dissolute characters, he threw from his shoulders the cloth that should shield a minister under almost all circumstances, and courted criticism as a man. As such, he is a deliberate and malicious vilifier; an ignorant and coarse calumniator; a nasty, brutal, and mendacious wretch. Surely he presumed on his position in the church to secure him immunity from the attacks of the unrighteous for his debauchery of the truth.

A serious question presents itself in this case: Is the Rev. W. J. Jordan, of Dixon, sane? I doubt that he is. No man with an ounce of brains—or sufficient to expound the Gospel after the fashion of the Rev. Mr. Jordan, would, without investigating the subject he desired to discuss, make such slanderous statements as those of this Baptist preacher. Had any responsible person made the charges that the Rev. Mr. Jordan voiced, he would have been hustled into Court, and public opinion would have convicted him either of hopeless insanity or deliberate slander. Had this Baptist divine dared to rise before an intelligent congregation of laymen—not his own, as their retaining him is presumption against their intelligence—he would properly have been hissed from the pulpit.

Who is this man Jordan who makes of the actresses of America wantons, and of the actors libertines? From what high peak on Fame's lofty range did this man descend to enlighten those whose eyes had been too weak to reach his eerie on the mountain top? Has he supped with Beecher or did he hold the hand of Newman? Who is the Rev. W. J. Jordan, of Dixon, and where is Dixon?

Ministers of San Francisco, you have asked why your churches are empty. You have too many Jordans in your pulpits.

THE SENATORIAL CONTROVERSY.

Has the election been settled in California? Have the Republican and Democratic hosts met, and has victory again perched in its customary place? One could easily believe as much. Here are the friends of the candidates for the United States Senate quarreling over an alleged contract that Mr. Felton is said to have made with Mr. De Young, whereby the former, in consideration of the latter's goodness in throwing his votes Feltonward in the last fight, was to assist the Republican editor in his ambition next year. The position these gentlemen take would lead me to believe that there are no Democrats in California, or if they that are they are in the same position as the Republicans in Texas. With the huge majority that the Reorganizers should gain in San Francisco it seems to me that the Democracy never had a better chance to carry the State.

Anyway the election may result, the fight for the Senate is premature. No doubt, Mr. Otis thought he was doing a service to his friend in stating in the Los Angeles *Herald* the story of the compact between Mr. De Young and Mr. Felton. That matter was given publicity in THE WAVE at the time the bargain was made, with this difference: That nothing was said of the alleged papers drawn up and signed. There were no papers signed, and Mr. Otis should know it. Mr. Felton did promise to assist Mr. De Young to go to the Senate next year for his generosity in yielding to him. It was a verbal contract. "Win or lose, De Young," said Felton, "I will help you next time." Mr. Felton afterward repeated this; and there are a dozen witnesses to that effect.

That the controversy will help the cause of either of these gentlemen is very doubtful. The people of California may not care to see the highest office in the State made a commodity, to be bartered for by two or any other number of men. It is a position too high and altogether too honorable to be reached by bargaining and wire-pulling; ward politics should not be allowed to enter into the contest. Let the struggle be made on its merits, and let the man who has done most and who can do most for California win it. Of the Republicans, De Young is the man.

THE new and beautiful Transcontinental Railroad the *Report* constructed on Thursday evening has filled the interior with admiration. It is one of the most complete and best equipped lines in the country; it runs from the well-known town of Display Head, southeast to Double-Leaded Brevier, which booms perennially. The engine, baggage, and passenger cars are constructed on the electro-type plan, and have been seen on all the excursion advertisements of the city for years. Mr. Bunker has flung a banner to the electro-type breeze, and against the dull gray of the *Report* sky the long line of dark smoke looks like a sombre streamer. It is also so natural that one can almost imagine that one hears the rattle and thunder of the wheels as the first engine dashes over this Transcontinental Road. In glancing over the *Report* columns I regret, as much as does the editor of that paper, that the time-card has not yet been inserted, but I suppose it will follow shortly, at fifty per cent advance on usual advertising rates. Talking about railroads, my crepuscular contemporary has had nothing to say lately of its third (and new) press.

* * *

THE *Examiner* is sobbing hysterically over the condition of the working-girl in San Francisco. This poor young lady is in a bad way; she would rather starve to death in an imitation sealskin cloak than live comfortably and happily wearing an apron. One of her, who got twenty-five dollars a month and board and lodging, craves sympathy because her hard-hearted mistress insisted that she should wear collars, cuffs, and a cap when she was waiting on the table. This arrogance on the part of "the lady of the house" must cease. In the meantime give us Chinese boys.

* * *

THE fight in National politics in the past was between the Republican and Democratic parties. This year it is likely to be between the Democracy and Mr. Blaine. This should make the contest an easy one. The "Tatooed Man" will have no better chance of winning against Cleveland this year than he had before.

* * *

THE Nicaragua Canal is a certainty. The company will shortly issue six per cent gold bonds, secured by an assignment, in trust, to the Manhattan Trust Company, of a certificate of the Maritime Canal Company, of Nicaragua, for $5,000,000 of its long-term bonds. They are redeemable within five years at par, and the interest is provided by a special cash deposit. The kindly manner in which the people of San Francisco has received the canal proposition insures a ready sale of these bonds, which are certainly a splendid money-making investment.

* * *

IT is to be hoped that no mistake will be made in the election of Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. There are a number of very excellent men in that body, and the choice should be a good one. Of all the gentlemen mentioned for the place, Max Popper seems to be the most available. He fully understands the policies of the State, is a hard, earnest, and conscientious worker, and would give satisfaction. However, he has the interests of the party so much at heart that if a better man can be found he will cheerfully aid him to the place. But, gentlemen, do not make a mistake here.

PORTRAITS—No. 2.

They all say, "Why is he what he is?" and yet they never get the answer. There are persons in England by the hundreds who attend bank meetings by the score, because every meeting attended is worth a golden guinea. These persons are known as "guinea-pigs," and, strange to say, we have but one specimen in San Francisco.

He is fat, he is pretentious, and he is actuated by a cupidity so weak that it is jeered at; he possesses the secrets of men far more powerful than himself, yet he could not use them if he would, and he unwillingly forgot them at their birth. From the great counting-house he sits apart, enshrined in the Holy of Holies, and the many clerks there must send an ambassador to gain his ear. In other great counting-rooms in neighboring places they call him the "stuffed mummy," and other disrespectful things; yet they take off their hats when he walks up California Street, and make the obeisance that a missionary would allow the hungry cannibal.

He is director and officer in eight large, nay, important corporations, and all because of the one lofty place in which others, a thousand times more crafty, placed him.

Once he had a master—a master who was as generous as the time in which he lived. But this master had a peculiar talent for charming snakes, and one day the serpents turned and devoured him, because their appetites had grown beyond the rations their master would allow. So the reptiles chose a new charmer in their master's servant, for it was he who had first suggested their abnormal hunger, and so it has happened that the stuffed mummy has become inhabited, so to speak, by the serpents. He nods when they curve within him; he bites when they coil.

Socially, he is irreproachable, and for most formidable reasons. They say that Ahab, the weakest king that Israel ever had, was wooed by Jezebel with an overwhelming vigor. In this modern instance, there seems to have been a flagrant repetition of ancient history. The French have a saying that applies: "He spat in his soup before he drank it;" and the application is not at all bad. Yet Jezebel and Ahab march into the temple every Sabbath, occupy the seat nearest the altar, and thank Heaven that their dollar is more righteous than the widow's mite, and when the High-Priest has sent the last fumes of the fatted calf soaring toward Paradise, Ahab passes the plate through every aisle, and counts the shekels with a banker's scent for gold.

JUNIUS.

A CHARMING PLACE.

A man's duty to his family does not end when he clothes and feeds his wife and children. He owes it to them, to himself, and the country that their health and happiness should be cared for. If health and happiness are to be found elsewhere than in the dictionary, it is at Belvedere, the most charming of San Francisco's suburbs, and the most delightful spot on the Coast. The large number of people who have bought real estate and erected homes here is the best assurance of the splendid advantages of this place. It is within easy reach of San Francisco; the Tiburon boats cross nearly every hour; the trip is made in half an hour; there are no fogs; the winds are soft and balmy; the sewerage is perfect; the water is sweet and pure; the scenery is the prettiest in the State, and——. But what more can mortal want? If you would only take a trip over there on Sunday—you can do it for twenty-five cents, and 'buses meet every train—you will find that Belvedere is a most delightful place to spend the summer.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The international Bimetallic Conference to which the United States and England have agreed to, is taking shape slowly, although France and Belgium have agreed to send delegates. Germany and Austria so far have taken no steps looking toward representation.

During the past month the Government purchased about 3,200,000 oz. of silver at a little above 88 cents per oz.

For the past week, speculation in mining shares were at a standstill. In none of the mines were the fluctuations of a nature to warrant the operator in either buying or selling, the majority changing but 5 or 10 cents either way, from one session to another. A few small turns could have been made by the nimble operator could the extreme limits have been reached, but to both the brokers and their clients it has been a most unsatisfactory week.

Charley Hirshfield, the leading operator of the Pacific Exchange and who operates principally for Virginia City dealers, apparently had selling orders each morning and supplied the boys with from 1000 to 1200 shares of the leading stocks at slightly reduced rates from the previous day's closing prices.

At the close of last week, it is supposed on account of the increased value of the assays in Con. California, Walter Gollin, the insurance man and a free lance in the market, in conjunction with E. Gauthier the broker, started in buying Con. California at $4.35, and on their purchases it reached $4.80 on Saturday at the open session, but on Monday and Tuesday on the selling orders of Homer King, Cope, and Walls, it receded until it reached its former starting point $4.30, though at this price the buyers commenced to come in, and at the present writing a hardy tendency is apparent and higher prices will prevail.

The most startling news from the front was the new departure in working the Hale and Norcross Mine by Superintendent Ryan, which is of unusual interest and which may be followed by results of benefit to the stockholders, but also to Comstock mining in general.

The departure consists in the beginning of repairs to the incline below the 1640 or Sutro Tunnel level, with a view of opening it up to the 1800 level and the establishment of mining in that part of the mine. In the original sinking of the incline years ago, the haste to reach the lower levels prevented the prospecting between the 1700 and 1900, the ground between these two is unknown, and in this area there is plenty room for ore. This will be the first resumption of deep mining below the Sutro Tunnel since the Combination closed down in 1886. It was known that there was ore on the 1900 at the time work was stopped. If this departure should prove successful, and profitable ore developed, the sentiment favoring the resumption of deep mining in the lower levels will again prevail.

As I told the readers of THE WAVE in the last few issues Con. Virginia should be a buy; on the general outlook of the mine and the way the stock is manipulated on the different levels quite a quantity of pay ore is being extracted, and on the 1600-ft. level a small body of rich ore in sight, we believe in the near future this stock will enhance materially.

As I said in the last issue, for a small stock, New York at 45 cents should be a good gamble, as the rich ore on 640-ft. level, although not widening, is still a fair prospect.

In the outside district, Nevada Queen of the Tuscaroras has had the lead, and as I called the attention of patrons of THE WAVE previously to this mine last week, the price advanced from about $1.30 to $1.85, from which figure it receded on Wednesday to $1.25. Nothing of a further new nature as regard this mine can be said. In the Bodie district the Bodie mine is still prospecting, and at the Mono they are extracting and shipping the usual quantity of ore to their mill which is kept running steadily.

Superintendent Lyman reports that the Con. Virginia for the last week extracted 1064 tons of ore which was shipped to the Morgan mill, but only 98 tons were crushed, of which the battery assays were $26 per ton, a large advance over the previous week assay. Bullion was shipped to the amount of $14,830 to the Carson mint.

The Harmony Mine, at Nevada City, made a fine strike a few days ago, they ran into a bed of gravel that pays $20 to the car, it is said to be very rich in gold and the best seen in that district.

At the Needles, San Bernardino, the Mattie Ellen has struck it quite rich, the ore assays 2565 ounces of silver to the ton. The Pittsburg, owned by Hyde and Hunt has a lot of ore ready for shipment; a large force of men are now employed in the mine.

The Gold Mt. Mine, of Amador, is pushing improvements right along; the ditch and tramway will soon be completed. Enough ore is being produced to keep the twenty stamps working to their full capacity.

It is reported that a syndicate of Chicago capitalists have bought the Stonewall Mine, in San Diego County, of the heirs of the late Governor Waterman for the sum of $2,000,000.

The annual election of the Crown Point takes place on June 6th. There may be a slight contest for the control, as the brokers' combine claim to be still in the field.

H. H. Schlapp, assayer-in-chief of Broken Hill mines, Australia, is here, and will visit the Comstock and other mining districts of the Coast.

A. C. Hamilton, Superintendent of several Comstock mines, is visiting the city.

R. F. Morrow returned from his ranch, after a brief visit.

It is rumored on Pine Street that J. L. Flood will pay the Comstock a visit, and that J. W. Mackay will shortly start for California.

Monday being Decoration Day, and a legal holiday, the Stock Boards will adjourn from Saturday noon until Tuesday morning.

Bullion valued at $15,395 has been sent to the Carson mint for the Con. Virginia, making the total shipments to date, on the May account, $34,470.

The following assessments have been levied: Overman, 30 cents per share; Summit, 5 cents; Bullion, 25 cents; also, the following dividends: Ontario Mining Company, 50 cents; Daly, 25 cents; the Aspen, 25 cents; also, the Morning Star Gravel Mine, of Iowa Hill, of $3 per share, making $30 in a year and a half; there are 2400 shares in the mine.

At the Stock and Bond Exchange business was light, the most notable sale being 35,000 California Street R. R. 5 per cent bonds @ 103½; 3000 S. P. of California 6 per cent @ 113; 3000 Market Street Cable @ 125; also, the following shares: 75 Spring Valley Water, 98⅜ @ 98; California Electric Light, 650 at 16¼ @ 15⅛; Safety Nitro Powder, 50 @ 10; Vig. Powder, 450 @ 2½; Hawaiian Commercial, 300 @ 2⅛; Omnibus R. R., 45 @ 59; Presidio R. R., 30 @ 25.

MIRAMONTE AUCTION.

The fine property of Frank J. Sullivan, located near Mountain View, will be offered at special auction on the premises, on Saturday, June 4th. The property consists of ninety-three small Fruit Farms, of various sizes, and is considered as being as fine as any property of this kind in the State. Messrs. McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond will sell the land.

DINMORE'S SOAP

Washes Everything but Morals and Conscience.

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SAN FRANCISCO

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The stage of the city has been singularly barren of good plays this week. With the exception of "Jane" we have had little to go wild over, and as that is in its second week, it had no claim on that large class that will not see a production if it can't do so before anyone else. Notwithstanding the mediocre talent on exhibition at the theatres, the patronage was large, due, in a great measure, to the coolness of the weather, and to the large increase in the floating population. For next week we have some good promises. Mr. Wilson as "The Merry Monarch," will make fun for the Baldwin audiences, "The Fast Mail" will appear at the Bush, and "Blue Jeans" will remain at the California. It seems strange that in a city the size of San Francisco we should have but three theatres.

Francis Wilson and his large band of merry-makers will enter upon their engagement at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night. It is refreshing to find that his manager does not announce his coming with the usual collection of flattering adjectives common to the advance agent's methods. We seem to have every necessary assurance that he means to win our favor by giving us his two most successful operas, produced precisely as they were seen in the home theatre in New York. "The Merry Monarch," his opening opera, is said to be exceptionally bright, humorous, and picturesque, while "The Lion Tamer" is said to excel it in spectacular effect.——

"The Fast Mail" which appears at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday evening, May 30th, is said to be the most successful railroad and scenic melodrama on the road this season. Mr. L. J. Carter, the author and manager, has contrived to weave into a consistent story nearly all the good points of the sensational drama which tradition has handed down, adding thereto the most ingenious mechanical effects of the day. Observing the drawing qualities of a tank of "real" water, a fire engine with "real" horses, and a fight between "real" pugilists, Mr. Carter has determined to combine into a single piece as many similar attractions as could well be crowded together. It must not be inferred that Mr. Carter has "appropriated" anything. He has merely been a close observer of cause and effect, and then devised original situations and mechanical novelties along the lines which lead to success. The climax of each act is strong enough to sustain a whole play. The dialogue is said to be bright and clean, and the company well trained, making the piece go with a vim. "The Fast Mail" will be presented for one week only. ——

"Blue Jeans" is as popular as ever, and the third week promises to be as successful as the preceding two. Following it comes "Little Puck," with Frank Daniels as the hero. This entertainer is a great favorite here, and he will have a very prosperous season. His company is a good one, including Miss Sanson, Miss Thomas, Bert Coote, and Tony Williams.

Visitors to that most delightful of all suburbs, Mill Valley, should not forget that to get there they must take the Sausalito ferry at the foot of Clay Street, and, at Sausalito, take the Mill Valley branch of the North Pacific Coast Railroad.

Here is a quiet shot at Mr. Hill, which the Fresno *Republican* got in amid the excitement of the Convention: "Cleveland's name does not appear on the arch on Mariposa Street as it was supposed it would. Its absence has caused much unfavorable comment. It has on it only the names of dead Democrats. Strangely enough, they forgot to put Hill's name on it."

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AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - - - - Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER, - - - - - - Manager

MONDAY, MAY 30th

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AND HIS ENTIRE

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PRESENTING THE SUCCESSFUL OPERETTA

The Merry Monarch

Direct from the Broadway Theatre, N. Y.

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MONDAY, MAY 30th

LAST WEEK LAST MATINEE SATURDAY

—The Successful Comedy Drama—

BLUE JEANS

MONDAY, JUNE 6th

FRANK DANIELS IN LITTLE PUCK

Seats on Sale Thursday.

NEW BUSH ST. THEATRE

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MONDAY, MAY 30th ONE WEEK ONLY

The Great Realistic Melodrama

THE FAST MAIL

Unapproachable Scenic Effects

NEXT WEEK, JUNE 6th

THE · MIDNIGHT · ALARM

HOW easy it is to pour a few spoonfuls of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** into the wash tub, which will prevent the flannels from shrinking, besides saving half the labor and soap in washing clothes. As a cleansing preparation for the household it has no equal.

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A FIN-DE-SIECLE ROMEO.

The Honorable Bob Softas, younger son of Viscount Mewles, was one of those amatory young gentlemen who are never happy unless they have some *affaire du cœur* on hand. How many *grandes passions* he entertained and abandoned in the course of a year it would be difficult to say; probably, on the average, about one a week. But his *affaires* were, for the most part, of a somewhat secret and stealthy kind, since he was peculiarly gifted with that pseudo-romantic spirit which rejoices in having to carry on a flirtation under difficulties, and to exercise ingenious artifices for keeping tryst with the loved one. In justice to him, however, we should add that his attentions were quite harmless, containing nothing more seriously reprehensible than the amatory silliness of a spoony, but by no means vicious, young man.

Now, Bob's father, though not actually a pauper, was far from well off for his rank; and he found it necessary to get all his sons into professions where they might earn something, at any rate, towards their own livelihood. Bob—in view of the fact that he had less brains than any of his brothers—was destined for that calling which in noble houses is usually the *pis aller* of the fool of the family, viz., the church. And after scraping through his examinations at Cambridge, he was sent to read theology for a year with a certain well-known divine who "coached" for ordination exams.

This gentleman, the Rev. Barnabas Brummage, was a sensible, kind-hearted fellow, who thoroughly understood young men, and did not look for unnatural piety in youngsters merely because they were qualifying for holy orders. Being a shrewd judge of character, and having keen powers of observation, he soon discovered the Honorable Bob's little weakness; and several times, when he had found him out in flirtations with girls of a lower station in the neighborhood, had remonstrated with him in a friendly manner on his folly—not taking the absurd course, which some over-strict tutors would have done, of impressing upon him the heinous wickedness of such offenses, and pointing out to him that if he persisted in them he would infallibly lose his immortal soul; but laughing at him kindly for being a silly young fool, and suggesting that such conduct was altogether beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

It was not long after the last lecture that this foolish young man found, and eagerly embraced, the opportunity of a more romantic *liaison* than had ever come within his range before.

In the neighborhood of Chatleigh, where Bob's tutor lived, there was a large Church-of-England Sisterhood, conducted (for it was an eminently ritualistic institution) much on the lines of a Roman Catholic nunnery. The Mother Superior of the establishment was a most ascetic old lady, who ruled her subordinates with rigid strictness, and who, if sourness and austerity of demeanor are signs of holiness, must have occupied a desirable place in the future state.

It was an interesting and instructive spectacle to watch her conducting her charges to church on Sundays. How keenly she kept her eagle eye fixed upon them all! How sternly she frowned if some novice perpetrated the levity of a smile, or betrayed a sinful interest in worldly matters by looking curiously about her at other members of the congregation! And (for, after all, the Sisters were but women) this was by no means an infrequent occurrence.

There were those, indeed, who said that the old lady was not so severe as she looked. The Reverend Barnabas, for instance, who was personally acquainted with her, used to affirm that beneath her stern exterior beat a kindly, considerate heart.

One Sunday the Honorable Bob, in company with two of his fellow-students, happened to go to afternoon service at the church which the sisters attended. And the susceptible young aristocrat, always on the lookout for something interesting in the female line, was at once attracted by the two rows of women in their distinctive uniform, who sat in the front pews, devoutly contemplating the east window, as they waited for the service to begin.

Having managed to secure a seat which commanded a good view of them, he proceeded to a critical examination of their individual faces, and was delighted to find that several of them were young and good-looking. In fact, one—who, fortunately, sat nearest him—was uncommonly pretty, he saw; and with his usual impulsive and foolish amorousness, he immediately laid himself out to catch her eye. It was some while before he could accomplish that result, the young lady being apparently too much occupied with her devotions to have attention for anything else; but at last, towards the end of the service, he actually did surprise her looking at him. In her large, expressive eyes he seemed to read something which was not discouragement, something which made his silly heart beat more rapidly. Twice again ere the service was concluded he caught the young lady's eye, and each fresh look appeared to him more languishing than the last. His heart began to throb quite violently, and a self-satisfied smile lit up his handsome, if rather vapid, countenance. Nor was his satisfaction at all impaired when he found himself being regarded with a stern, disapproving frown by the Mother Superior.

It may scarcely, perhaps, seem credible, nevertheless it is the fact, that this foolish young man thought of little else all the week than his beautiful *nun* (as he called her to himself); and three times, actually, he took solitary walks to the convent, and contemplated its bare walls from the road outside, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of *the* lady's face at one of its numerous windows. Next Sunday he again repaired (this time alone) to the church which the sisters attended. He spent all the service—we blush to write it of a qualifying clergyman—in making efforts to catch his adored one's eye. Half-a-dozen times or more he was successful in his object; and yes, oh, joy! the looks she gave him were sweetly, unmistakably tender.

By the time he came out of church, he was in a state of rapturous excitement and exultation. The beautiful nun reciprocated his sentiments. He was sure of it. There was no reading her soft, expressive looks otherwise. He *must* contrive to communicate with her—that was certain.

He came down to breakfast on Saturday morning looking quite careworn and ill. He had not proceeded far, however, with his morning batch of correspondence when he came to a letter which caught his attention, and no sooner had he opened the envelope than the expression of his features changed, and he was raised into the seventh heaven of bliss.

The communication which thus affected him ran as follows:—

To the Hon. Robert Softas.

DEAR SIR:—It is with great difficulty that I have discovered your name, and it is with many qualms that I venture to address you. I know that my conduct in doing so is altogether unconventional—many would call it altogether unmaidenly—but I trust that you will not condemn me for it. Nay, sir, I am sure you will feel, as I most strenuously feel, that where the reciprocity of kindred spirits is fully understood and appreciated, it were only false modesty in a maiden to shrink from affording the channel of communication which, by the force of cruel circumstances, it is in her power alone to open. If I have not read you aright, sir, and if I am mistaken in that which your eyes have seemed to tell me—you are a gentleman and will respect a helpless girl's secret. But if the tale which my inner consciousness whispers to me is true and real, why then—— But, no! I dare not write more, for fear of the utterances into which my throbbing heart might surprise me. Let me only add, that in this convent the privacy of correspondence is respected, and that a letter addressed to me here as Sister Mary Martha will involve no risk of discovery. M. M.

A much less foolish and amorous youth than the Honorable Bob might well have had his head turned by so flattering a letter from a beautiful girl, who was almost a stranger to him. Of course, he took advantage of the suggestion conveyed with such naïve candor in his charmer's letter, and that same day he indited her a long and fervent epistle, which he was careful to take and post with his own hands, that no prying eyes might read the address upon the envelope.

In a day or two he received an answer which positively set his impressionable heart on fire, and at the end of a fortnight he was in regular correspondence with her. By this time he was becoming impatient for an interview with his fair correspondent. Although he attended church regularly, to speak to her under the eye of the Mother Superior was out of the question; indeed, he found, to his disappointment, that she would now scarcely cast a glance upon him during the service, being evidently afraid of calling the attention of the Superior to what was going on. At last, despairing of any other means or obtaining an interview, Bob suggested by letter that he should pay a visit to the convent garden at night, and hold converse with her from her chamber window, if such a course were feasible. To his intense delight, he received by return of post an answer in the following words:

MY DEAREST:—Your plan is quite too lovely and delicious. Come to-morrow night after eleven—as you suggest. My window is at the extreme left of the convent's frontage—on the first floor. But I shall be burning a light there, in order that you may be *quite* sure about it. There is a large wistaria growing up just on one side of my window, by which you will easily be able to clamber up and just tap gently on the pane, to give me the signal of your presence; and as you will be so near, you see, we can converse in the softest whispers. Mind you do not fail to come. I am *dying* for the interview.

Yours devotedly, M. M.

P. S.—Just one caution. Climb over the garden wall well to the left of the outer gate, so as to keep as far as possible from Jowler, our watch-dog, who is chained up there, and is very savage.

"Hang it," said the Honorable Bob to himself, as he read this postscript, "I'm glad the brute's chained up, anyway! I only hope he

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AGENTS
SAN FRANCISCO

won't go rousing the whole place by his infernal barking, and disturb my interview."

He passed a restless day, which seemed as if it could never come to an end. But at last eleven o'clock came. The Honorable Bob, who was waiting ready in his bedroom, blew out his candle, and locked the door; then, opening the window very quietly, he rapidly lowered himself on to the grass-plot below, and made off.

The convent was nearly two miles away, but the brisk pace at which the young fellow moved caused him to be a very short time in covering the distance; indeed, within twenty minutes of the time when he left home, he found himself just outside the convent's garden-wall, looking about for a convenient point at which to scale it. Luckily, the wall there was not very high, and he soon found himself inside the close.

He made his way cautiously to the left hand of the edifice. Yes! There was the light burning in the end window on the first floor, as his mistress had said it would, and there was her shadow—her darling shadow—moving to and fro in the chamber across it.

With trembling fingers, his heart beating the while most vehemently, and his breath coming in short gasps of excitement, he seized the stalwart stem of the great wistaria, and began to clamber up. He was a fairly expert climber, and having a thick, upright stem to hold to, and plenty of horizontal branches on which to set his feet, he found little difficulty in mounting to the level of the first floor.

Having rested there a few moments, to calm the agitated, yet withal rapturous feelings, which the immediate prospect of that first delicious kiss of love aroused in him, he leaned forward to tap the casement softly with his fingers.

Horrors! what did this mean? Had he made some great, some ghastly mistake? He was trembling in every limb, but no longer with rapture; and he had to clutch the wistaria stem tightly with both hands to save himself from falling off his perch. For as he looked in at the window, his eyes had fallen, not on the sweet, young face of his mistress, but on the aged, sour, and ascetic visage of—the Mother Superior!

Good heavens! Had she seen him? He tried to flatten himself as close as possible against the wall, desperately hoping that thus he might be invisible to the old lady if she looked out. But when, after the lapse of several minutes, which seemed to the agitated Romeo like so many hours, she neither opened the window nor made any sign that she had caught sight of him, he concluded, with immense relief, that he had escaped her notice. And he began to descend the wistaria quickly and stealthily, intending to make himself scarce with all available speed.

But, alas! safety was not to be thus easily won. He had not taken two steps downwards before he heard a sound from below which struck his appalled heart with a new and paralyzing terror—the low, savage growling of an angry dog. Looking down, he could just see the brute's figure in the darkness, evidently waiting for him at the foot of the wistaria.

After the sudden dismay which this discovery occasioned him, the Honorable Bob's first feeling was one of thankfulness that he had not climbed farther down before making it, and thus come within reach of Jowler's teeth. But a moment or two's reflection brought it home to him that he had not much to be thankful for, after all; for, of the two alternative prospects—either that Jowler should make desperate efforts to reach him, and wake up the whole house by his furious barking, or else that he should remain there quietly at the foot of the wistaria and hold him (Bob) safely treed till morning—both were sufficiently appalling. Yet what was he to do? The choice only lay between climbing up inio the jaws of the Gorgon above or dropping into those of the Cerberus below.

While he was pondering desperately on these things, he saw the light in the Mother Superior's window suddenly go out.

"Ah," he said to himself, "the old girl's gone to bed. I'll wait a little longer, just to give her time to get to sleep. And then I must see if I can't make friends with this infernal beast of a dog."

After remaining until his cramp and stiffness became well-nigh intolerable, he moved a step downwards, and began to address the dog in his most blandishing accents.

"Jowler—Jowler—good old dog, then!"

Jowler's only response to the overture was a surly snarl.

"Nice old Jowler—faithful old fellow!" continued the Honorable Bob, insinuatingly.

Jowler snarled rather more savagely than before.

"W—w—as it a n—n—n—i—ce old d—d—og then?" the young man persisted, in hesitating and quaking tones. "It wouldn't bite, then, would it?"

But Jowler's response seemed to imply that he *would* bite if he got the chance. At least, his growl was particularly vicious, and—and—why, there was surely something very queer about the way that growl finished off, a sort of quavering, bearing almost a resemblance to smothered human laughter, and yes! why, Jowler's dark form was rearing itself erect on its hind legs, and the animal's quavering snarl had wound up in a most unmistakable and uncontrolled guffaw.

"All right, Softas," said a very familiar voice, in the shaky tones of intense amusement, "you may come down as soon as you please. Jowler won't bite!"

Mystifiedly conscious that he had been the victim of a humiliating hoax, the crestfallen Bob descended from his perch to where the "Old Barabbas" stood on the ground awaiting him. The Reverend gentleman was holding his hands to his sides, and laughing "fit to split," as the saying is. Before he had recovered himself sufficiently to address any further remark to his pupil, a head was thrust out from the window above, and the old lady's voice, also quivering with evident amusement, exclaimed—

"Tell your young friend, Mr. Brummage, that I feel highly flattered to think that at *my* age my charms have provoked so ardent and determined an admirer; but that even he, with all his attractions, would never win my obdurate heart to forsake the condition of spinsterhood!"

* * * * * * *

As they walked home together, in the darkness of the night, poor Bob feeling a more hopeless fool than he had ever done before, his tutor turned to him suddenly, and said:—

"Softas, if I were to tell the story of to-night's experience to your fellow-pupils, and especially" (with a chuckle) "were to reproduce the persuasive blandishments you lavished on Jowler, I don't think you would hear the last of it for some time. But so long as you remember your dignity as a gentleman, and steer clear in future of these silly amours, I shall be the first to forget the episode. Is it a bargain?"

And the Honorable Bob, with heartfelt earnestness, replied, "Upon my word of honor—Yes!"—*London Truth.*

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MUSIC.

STEINWAY HALL CONCERT.

Local music is now about to enjoy what may or may not be a well-earned repose. There can be no doubt that the period of rest, the next three months, is good for all and sundry amateurs and professionals, and is necessary for the healthful process of forgetting. Cruel as remembrance is, says the unforgivable ballad so shockingly sung by the talented amateur, it's hard and almost impossible to forget the wrongs perpetrated upon the tympanum in a whole season of local concerts. Silence is alleged to be golden; it is in some cases of a more positively beneficial quality, still, that is recuperative and healing.

The Third Concert of the present Steinway Hall series, given in the maple room at the Palace Hotel, was interesting beyond the usual point which most concerts attain to. The popular feature of the programme being the singing of Miss May Worth, and Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan. Both are on the eve of departure for Europe to study the art of vocalism as expounded by teachers of celebrity. So many feel themselves called to the stage, lyric or operatic, and so few are ultimately chosen as public favorites, that the gift of prophecy is growing to be an addition to the list of solemn nuisances the progress of music wearily drags with it. To say that these aspirants after perfection or fame, as the case may be, have abilities, is repeating the obvious. Having faults which the local education experienced has evidently failed to eradicate, it is nothing more than rational to suppose that these may be overcome in the centres where good art has been fostered for centuries. Mr. O'Sullivan's gifts are of a higher calibre than those of any young man who has recently started from here with the intention of becoming a vocalist, and bears with him the good will and wishes of the local musical world. Miss Worth is also sufficiently endowed with capabilities, and the extra advantage of youth, to warrant the expenditure of time and effort indispensable to acquiring a complete, artistic education. On such an occasion applause, recalls, and complimentary phrases mean friendly encouragement, and both Miss Worth and Mr. O'Sullivan received an overflowing measure thereof.

Durante's Concerto, a vigorous and interesting work, was repeated with Signor Ursumando as pianist, and a string accompaniment. Signora Ursumando, who sets the needed example to our pianist of giving new works of sufficient interest, played a Sonata in three movements, of Turini, an old Italian master. It must be confessed the Sonata, with the exception of the *andante* number fell short of expectation, both *allegro* and *prestissimo* proved somewhat colorless and bare. Signora Ursumando gave the piece with her usual aplomb playing; for the redemand the spirited Caprice, by Martucci, which she introduced here. The Hermann Brandt Quartette assisted by Mr. Fred Gutterson, had a more successful performance of the Schubert Quintette *Op. 163*, than on its first performance some time since. Long, over-informed the Quintette remains a wonderful work like Spenser's "Faerie Queen," full of beautiful depths, in their way quite individual. The great *Adagio* was played with the improvement that extra rehearsal and familiarity bring. The next of this series of concerts, perhaps the only one of our local concerts to be remembered without pangs of unhappiness, will be given in the same hall the last Wednesday in June.

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

It is with infinite satisfaction I note that the principals of our most famous schools have forbidden the use of elaborate fabrics or costly trimmings for graduating dresses, only the simplest designs being permitted. Not only is this a most excellent decision, inasmuch as it does away with the competition that would naturally arise among the girls, and could only result in unpleasant distinctions, but young girls only look their best in the simplest of costumes, though it is often difficult to convince them of the fact.

For very young ladies white will be worn to an unusual extent during the coming season, and never has the variety of exquisite fabrics been greater to choose from than now—soft crepons, mulls, organdie, and the old-fashioned plain and dotted swiss, so simple and effective when properly designed. Do not imagine that because your material is simple and inexpensive that you must load it with ribbon and lace to make it presentable. One of the prettiest and most attractive dinner dresses seen at Del Monte last season (and, by the way, it would be quite as good form this summer), was a white swiss worn by one of our belles. Little frills of the material were the only trimming, and even the narrow sash was a long strip of the swiss hemmed and frilled on the end. Of course, the accessories of dainty white slippers, silk hose, and gauzy fan were perfect in detail, but were as simple as the frock they were worn with, consequently the whole was in perfect good taste and harmony. If your material is very rich and elaborate your trimming should correspond in quality—if you have a thin silk or light woolen, a pretty lace or dainty ribbons make a suitable trimming, but for light cotton materials the less trimming you use the more attractive your gown will be. A little soft lace on the body, and perhaps a wide ribbon sash is quite enough.

* * *

The correct thing in traveling bags for this season will be elephant's hide with a small bag of the same leather attached in which a card with the owner's name and address should be slipped.

* * *

Never were fashions more propitious for satisfactory home dressmaking than now, and any girl with a little patience and ingenuity can manage to make a pretty summer frock. Simple bell skirts without linings (as they are nearly all made now) are, with a good pattern, no trouble at all, and the waists having no visible, hip curves to be carefully drawn, can be managed almost as easily. A pretty example of the "home made" frock was worn at a luncheon last week. The material, cream deeply crinkled crepon, was made with the usual bell skirt with two little rows of cream velvet ribbon on the bottom. The waist had a square yoke outlined in a coarse, straight-edged lace five inches wide, and fell on the shoulders over leg o'mutton sleeves. The girdle was composed of a flat wreath of artificial green leaves and red berries. The effect was extremely picturesque.

For a convenient and stylish summer wrap, particularly for country wear, nothing could be prettier than the military capes made of rough blue cloth or serge and lined with the same material in red. They are cut round and fall several inches below the waist line. There is a deep collar of the blue material, and the fastening is a small lap of the same buttoned on either side of the neck with small brass buttons.

MME. X.

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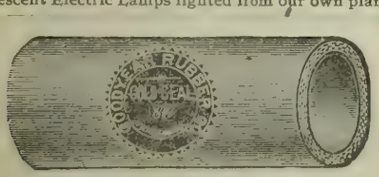

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SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

"In the Swim."

Society is still on the verge of the summer "swim" and there are not many events to record. But, speaking of the "swim," the daily increasing line of bathing suits hung out to dry along the street car frontage of the "Neptune" and the "Dolphin" prove that the summer days are not only coming but are really here. Indeed, during the late lamented hot wave, there was only one place to find surcease of suffering, and that was in the breakers, which tossed hundreds of bathers into delicious coolness during that trying "spell of weather."

"Johnnie" Leibbrondt of the "Dolphin," and "Ralph" of the "Neptune," have both got out their summer smiles. Ralph's roses and marguerites are all abloom in front of the esplanade, and he looks leniently at the pretty girls who ruthlessly ignore his printed request not to pick the flowers.

The Pythian ball and banquet mentioned last week as coming, were successful. Sullivan, of the Sea Beach, outdid himself as a host and a Pythian on the occasion of the banquet, and the dining, wining, and speech-making, were all of the best.

The ladies having been tabooed for that evening held a symposium of their own, as the guests of the Avalon ladies of Santa Cruz, and had a nice, ice-creamy sort of a time.

The Pacific Ocean House blazed with knights in "tin hats and red feathers" and was general headquarters.

On Monday evening of this week Miss Agnes Hihn, second daughter of F. A. Hihn, gave a very elegant reception and auction party at the very handsome residence of her parents, which occupies the block between Church and Locust Streets. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Louis W. Hihn, of San Jose, and by Miss Marion Goodwin, of Santa Cruz. The guests numbered Society people from Santa Cruz, San Jose, and San Francisco. The flowers were the prettiest seen this year—a specialty being made of azaleas, wild ones, just now in the height of bloom hereabouts.

The Earl and Countess of Meath were at the Sea Beach Hotel last week. They are delightful people though their line is philanthropy rather than Society. They saw Santa Cruz and its environs under the guidance of Mr. Henry Meyrick and, if possible, will spend next winter here.

Miss Tessie Hihn is visiting in San Jose.

The "cottagers" are gathering in—next week the hotel people will come and THE WAVE shall have a full account.

KATE KEARNEY.

Business Matters.

Santa Cruz has developed an attraction of late years for religious societies, several of which have established their summer domiciles in the suburbs, and others are awaiting an opportunity to follow. It seems to be a pretty good business proposition on both sides, for in each case the church organization has received a liberal donation of land and a coin inducement to come, pledging itself in return to make improvements of a specified value within a limited time, while the donating property holders and those in the vicinity have found their return in the opening up of new building tracts and the advance in demand and in values, and the city at large profits in the same way, as well as by the annual or semi-annual presence of conventions and the increased advent of summer visitors to these resorts.

The first society to establish itself thus was the "Christian" or Campbellite State Association which secured by donation several acres near the Cliff, at that time wholly unimproved. They called it Garfield Park, laid it out in streets, "circles," and building lots, built an immense "tabernacle" in the midst thereof, with the aid of the above-mentioned coin consideration, and have also built some cottages planted trees and shrubs, etc. But the business moral of this is that that portion of the town has steadily developed, and, following in the wake of the Park, have come the laying out of F. H. Parker's fine tract of Surfside with a long frontage on the Cliff and along broad Garfield Avenue, the bringing out directly through the park of the Electric Railway, the building by the electric company of pretty Vue de l'eau, with its grand surf and cliff views and, now, the erection of the "Casino"—which ought to have a more appropriate name—in the midst of a eucalyptus grove, which will be opened about June 1st, by Messrs. McCollum and Billicke of the Pacific Ocean House, as a grand pleasure resort.

The Baptists followed—they went in the other direction and secured "concessions" in the Eastern suburbs, between two picturesque oak-bordered lagunas which open into the bay, named their place "Twin Lakes," built a pretty little chapel, with a small hotel and clustering cottages, laid out broad and handsome streets. The first thing that followed was a street car line leading from the city out to the tract; then there was projected a grand drive, to be known as "East Cliff Avenue," to stretch from Santa Cruz along the bay shore to Capitola, the F. A. Hihn Company's pretty bathing resort. Right of way and the building of the Avenue along their frontage with other donations have been given by the Hihn Company, and the Avenue, with several substantial bridges has been finished beyond Twin Lakes.

It leads directly through another resort—that of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, of which Mrs. James R. Deane, of San Francisco, is Grand President. This is a lovely spot, the land given to the Society by its owners; prominent among whom was Judge J. H. Logan, President of the Bank of Santa Cruz County. The Executive Board of ladies have managed this tract in a most business-like way, and have received much valued advice from Judge Logan. They have called the resort "Santa Maria del Mar," have laid it out on a generous plan, planted thousands of trees and shrubs, and built a commodious hotel as a resort for the weary, the ill, and the rest-seeking of their faith. The Superintendent of the whole has been the Grand Vice-President, Miss Wilson.

The Congregationalists are now looking for a location, and promise to spend $50,000 at once in improvements.

The matter of the division encampment of the National Guard, is agitating business circles considerably and will be determined this week. Mayor Jeter, John T. Sullivan, of the Sea Beach Hotel, Messrs. McCollum and Billicke, and others, are taking an active part in raising the necessary fund which has kept growing until $7000 is now wanted. But Santa Cruz looks for a return from the division and its accompanying visitors of not less than $60,000 in cold coin added to her circulation, and will probably not flinch at the amount of seed to be planted for the expected crop. There should be a permanent State encampment and Santa Cruz should have it.

BIZ.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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OAKLAND

is the one the people read, and no journal in Alameda County has a bigger circulation than the

"TIMES"

whose local news, editorials, miscellany, and make-up are the best.

NEW STORIES.

Lillian Lamson has developed into a remarkable actress. Her performance of Sue Eudaly, the wicked adventuress in "Blue Jeans," is irresistibly funny. The vivid vigor of her tragic manner, her tall, lithe picturesque agility, above all, the truculent vehemence of her voice, are full of delicious humor. As I sat listening to her natural misuse of the mother tongue while demanding her rights from "me husband, Perry Bascom," I could not but remember an idyl of the good old days while yet her dramatic talent slumbered. She had many admirers, had Lillian, but none she liked so well as a pleasant-spoken youth named Ed Fitzgerald. Together they went to dances and picnics, and that he doted on her tall blondness to the verge of matrimony Mamma Lamson doubted not.

* * *

It struck this good lady that Ed's courtship had lasted long enough for the preliminaries to be settled, and, without consulting the prospective groom, she arranged to have the ceremony performed. A Justice of the Peace was asked to the house, a wedding feast was spread, the parlors decorated, and a number of guests bidden to assist.

"Must be having a party to-night," said Mr. Fitzgerald to his friend Mr. Maguire as they approached the brilliantly-illuminated residence.

"Something's going on," assented Mr. Maguire.

Both stopped. A premonition of possible trouble flashed through Fitzgerald's mind.

"Go in Maguire and see what's up. Tell 'em I'm coming in a few minutes."

Maguire was warmly received, and on learning his friend's wedding was to be celebrated, made his escape and poured the impending horror into his ear. That night Maguire went and slept in Oakland, and a day afterwards he was in Tia Juana on the Mexican border.

* * *

The marriage was not celebrated, but Maguire, being as nice a young man as Mr. Fitzgerald, stepped into the niche in Miss Lamson's heart that his recreant friend had vacated. They went to balls and picnics and with tender solicitude Mamma Lamson watched the bud and growth of their young affection. Alas, the next I heard of Maguire was from British Columbia. The cause of his sudden departure he did not explain, but he was pressing in his request for a loan. Was it not cruel of them to engage a stage box for the opening performance of "Blue Jeans?" I had to smile at the reproachful glances darted at them from Sue Eudaly's brilliant eyes.

* * *

In by-gone days, ere Dr. McLean became famous as an expert surgeon, he spent his leisure hours cultivating the 400 of the period. As a waltzer he was eminent, and the sole drawback to his personality was a tendency to serious conversation. This, though he tried, he could not repress. One night at an important function he was asked to escort to dinner the charming daughter of Senator Cole. She was a fascinating young person, and, I believe, is still extant—in Vienna or somewhere. Over the oysters Dr. McLean commenced conversation.

"Miss Cole," he said, in his blandest tone, "have you ever studied Roman jurisprudence? A most interesting subject I assure you."

Miss Cole simpered a little.

"What is that, Doctor? Have I ever studied what?"

"Roman jurisprudence," he repeated.

"Dr. McLean," said Miss Cole, with majestic dignity, "I never discuss medical subjects with physicians. They are apt to go too far."

* * *

Circulating in Society, now-a-days, is a University Professor, whose intellectual eminence is equaled by his Terpsichorean subtlety. He has a simpering manner and a real capacity for enunciating age-worn platitudes in words of four syllables. At a small dinner party in the home of one of the elect, he was asked to take into dinner a sweet maiden of eighteen one of the season's debutantes—a dear little girl full of small talk, with the intellectual capacity of a rabbit. They sat down. The Professor spoke not a word until the soup appeared. Then, in a tone of portentous gravity, he said, as he leaned towards her:

"Miss Soandso, have you ever remarked the marvelous likeness between the characteristics of Cicero and William Ewart Gladstone?"

A SYMPHONY IN YELLOW.

BY FRANCIS SALTUS.

A northern sun tinged with sallow light,
A sea that swoons on leagues of citron sand;
While in the dreamy background grimly stand
Groves of weird willows sered by autumn's blight.

The sky in strawy tips is covered quite
By indolent clouds which nonchalantly fanned
By drowsier winds, blend on the aureate land
With stacks of wheat, ungarnered, dry, and bright.

A golden dusk serenely falls and fades
As if it shrank to love the sere earth more;
Sky, clouds, and leaves fuse in one color rare,
While by the sad waves, flecked with fluctuant shades,
A blonde girl watches the mad sea gull's soar,
With scraps of sunlight in her wind-loved hair.

—*Chicago Figaro.*

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Boys' one-part Bathing Suits, from 75c. per suit.
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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Patriotism is a condition sadly unusual in these times, but, strange to say, strong evidences of the feeling are coming to light in one agency, at least. It is with sincere pleasure that I learn that Arthur Donnell, who has been "pushing Indian depredation claims" in England for some time past, returns with the General Agency of the Patriotic of Dublin. Okell, Donnell & Co. have made a successful fight with their former companies, and with the re-enforcement of the Patriotic will, doubtless, make things hum on the Coast. The Company ranks well up at the top of the list, on the other side, and with policy blanks printed on green paper bearing the harp, and with a convenient "O" in connection with the firm name, should at once command a choice position in the affections of the insuring public.

* * *

Spokane seems to have the faculty of making even on its insurance premiums, with rather uncomfortable regularity. With everything, apparently in its favor, Spokane has achieved a reputation as a "hard town" among the companies, its one weak point being a restless floating population, that lowers the average moral hazard. What a pity it is that this class should be permitted to really depreciate the value of property owned by deserving men, yet I, for one, frankly admit that I can't see how it is to be avoided, unless underwriters "taboo" the place.

* * *

The Oregon, of Portland, tired of maintaining a $50,000 deposit in order to enjoy a premium income of $8000 per annum, from this State, has re-insured, and abandoned California to her fate. "Ed" Hall, by drawing the lines closely, is making a company of the Oregon, and it shines conspicuously when compared with the other web-footed locals.

* * *

Craig has a "double" in the marine business, at least so far as piety goes, in Henry H. Nagle, of the Parrot Agency. An evidence of his charity, to say nothing of justice, is seen at present in a row he is making over a small defalcation on the part of an unfortunate, who was expected to act as cashier, bookkeeper and general roustabout to Nagle, for the munificent salary of $50 per month. It is the old story of the private mark T. M. made by the Yankee woman on her pies, over again; it was "'tis mince" or "'taint mince" with the boy, any way you fix it. He had to live, and robbed Nagle and his Chinese Company rather than the public. I am confident that a man who expects clerical assistance for nothing deserves no sympathy when the inevitable happens.

* * *

I am anticipating, with pleasure, the promised Album of Underwriters now in preparation by the *Weekly Underwriter* of New York. When Editor Hayden was here he collected photos of our leading underwriters, and the publication, when it comes, will be of interest.

* * *

I hear it whispered on the street that "Money" Baggs will soon add another company to his Marine agency,

* * *

Colin M. Boyd has taken a partner in the person of Frank Dickson, and the firm of Boyd & Dickson will, in future, control the City business of the Robert Dickson outfit, with the exception of the Royal Exchange, which Nathan & Kingston represent. LOCAL.

THE FASHIONS CHANGE.

If one wishes to see an artist display, something that is a thorough index to a large and excellent stock of goods, one should take a peep at the windows of Sanborn, Vail & Co's big store on Market Street. Many fine pictures are shown there, and the latest styles in frames are seen to advantage.

If you write letters on obsolete paper you are not "in the swim," and the Society woman is known by her correspondence. Among the newest tints that Sanborn, Vail & Co., have just imported are Venetian Repp, Royal Purple, and Crane Distaff. These, fashion has decreed, must be used by its votaries, and their popularity will be immediate. In the meantime, this firm does the best copper plate work in the city.

The sooner the people of Fresno get about remedying this the better. A county, situated as the *Central California* says it is, will lose prestige. "We are buying more outside the county than we are selling outside. We must reverse this condition of things."

The San Bernardino *Courier* should make this general, instead of local: "In the coming campaign let personal feeling be supplanted by the good of the Democratic party. That is necessary to win."

Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Its Agents are found throughout America, and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM MAY 22, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*3.58 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursion	8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Central; Renovated and Newly Furnished throughout; New Management; Special Inducements to Families. Superior Table.

WRIGHT & MALLORY, - - - - Proprietors

OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, May 26th. DEAR WAVE:—When Dr. Colman Ward Cutler won Jennie Lohman, he captured one of the most *distingué* women in Oakland, as she is well-educated, tall, *svelte*, fair as a lily, and has the loveliest little feet and hands; they are so beautifully shaped that the magic touch of a sculptor could make nothing more perfect; and she has a fine character. St. Paul's was where the wedding ceremony took place, and it really was the most charming affair that fashionable church has ever seen, and I'm quite sure that it cannot be eclipsed by the numerous weddings that will be celebrated at the same place next month. It should be a harvest time for Dr. Ritchie, but they do say that Eastern gentlemen are not so generous as our native sons.

So you want to hear about the groom? Well, dear, he is delightful to talk to, but not remarkably good-looking. He is the physician in charge of St. Luke's Hospital, New York; you remember that is where he met Jennie. He seems awfully devoted to her. She was as beautiful as a dream in a quaint wedding-gown, and the maid of honor, Miss Addie Mills, was almost as handsome. Jennie and Addie are cousins, you know. Since the choir-boys led the bridal procession and the bride carried an ivory prayer-book, it will be the proper thing for all the coming brides to do likewise. Athearn Folger paid his most marked devotions to the maid of honor, but she seemed as cold as ice. She has been a Society belle too long a time to allow the flatteries of a coffee-and-spice merchant to turn her head.

I'm becoming a little saddened over the departure of so many of our loveliest girls, and what our Oakland men are thinking of to allow it, is beyond my poor comprehension. Immediately after the wedding breakfast, Dr. Cutler and his bride left for their New York home. Do you know, dear, that I'm going broke on account of the wedding presents that I'm compelled to give Jennie, Stephanie, Fannie, Flossie, Ruthie, and Margaret? The only consolation is that I hope to have the compliment returned in the near future. Mamma wants me to leave for a trip to Alaska, but I've decided to remain home until after the last wedding, and then I hope to join the John Jacksons, Billy Bonds, and Billy Hamiltons, at Napa Soda Springs, after which I'm going to visit Ned Hamilton's handsome wife at Sausalito.

While calling at the A. A. Moores, recently, I was treated to a lecture upon the tardiness of the Oakland youth, and I was quite embarrassed, as I felt that Mrs. Moore was casting reflections in Tom's direction. She says that out of all the men she entertained at Ethel's debut party, not more than a fifth have had the politeness to make a party call. It would be far better for the boys not to accept the invitation than to go as a sense of duty, and stand around as if bored to death, and never make a call.

"Baby O'Connell," Billy Hamilton, Arthur Pope, Lester Herrick, Cleve Dam, and Charlie Pierce have a genial amiability, which is ofttimes a surer guarantee of social success than a figure of artistic proportions, and yet, there are times when they would give all their worldly (?) goods for the power to bend at the waist-line when they lift their hats to some particularly bewitching damsel, upon whom they wish to make a lasting impression. Al has gone back to White Plains. Why didn't he take with him the red-faced cheese-and-butter man of Oak Street, the gay Judge and his wily friend the Captain, and the banker's son? Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbits, *née* Lizzie Folger, left last week for their New York home. Mrs. Folger cannot accustom herself to the loss of her daughter. Mamie Griffen and her brother Frank intend spending the summer at the various eastern watering resorts. Fear that, after all, I am to be deprived the pleasure of announcing *that* engagement. Lieutenant Cunningham, Stephanie's *fiancé*, has arrived upon the scene; he is remarkably handsome and jaunty—just the man to capture a young girl's fancy. Will tell you more about him when I know him better. Will also give you the little details of their wedding. The opening of the new tennis grounds will take place before my next. There is to be quite a display of flannel in all colors. Do come over and see how absurdly ludicrous some of our beaux appear in their tennis suits, but promise that you will not make fun of them. Adios FROU-FROU.

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SOCIETY LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

SACRAMENTO NOTES.

SACRAMENTO, May 26th. DEAR WAVE:—Well, the editors have been and gone and we have gained a lasting reputation for hospitality; I really was surprised that we could keep up so well with the other cities in the way of sights to show strangers; we even went a shade ahead of Stockton; but, then, they have no Capitol or Art Gallery. If the weather had only been a trifle cooler it would have been just perfect. We girls were rather disappointed that we had not more opportunities for quiet conversation, although I was on the reception committee, I did not have a single young man. I turned my phæton over to another girl, and, what was my rage afterwards to learn from her that she had driven a "fine young man" all around town and gone up to Folsom with him.

The Bag sale at Mrs. Van's was very pleasant for a church affair, but it could not be called a Society success; in fact, I have often remarked that those sort of things seldom are. Why is it that the gay world and the church do not enter into some compact? I am sure it might be beneficial to both. The Fair held at Pythian Hall by the Methodists was very successful; Rita C—— plays very well; and the recitations, given by the "especially engaged" talent, were quite good; but why don't they have something different in the way of entertainment that would attract outsiders? Then they could make money without so much fancy work, which is never pretty and seldom sells. I hope the next church entertainment or fair will follow my advice.

Mrs. Jack W—— has the Crocker carriage and now leads them all in style, driving out daily with her picturesque little daughter by her side. Sacramento is really picking up in the matter of stylish turnouts. What is the matter with "Pipie" and the young lawyer? He is looking pale and sad, while she drives smilingly around with others. He is a friend of mine and I don't like to see him so sad. I understand she is soon to leave us again; with the other sister married and gone, that house will be quiet. Etta has been visiting in San Francisco again; she will leave the first of June with Mabel C—— and a party for New York and Europe. I am afraid this place will be awfully slow for them when they return; that is one trouble of traveling, it unsettles one so; still we would all go if we could, and I suppose that next year, we will all start off *en masse*.

The great question which is agitating us all at this time is where to spend the summer, for, of course, we cannot remain at home, even if we are more comfortable. I may join a party, one composed of those "in the swim," and let you know of our doings; am sure it would interest you. The girls have all donned their summer costumes and are looking "just too sweet." More anon from NINA.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, May, 27th. DEAR WAVE:—It does good to stir up some people, for instance, the little note I gave in regard to the style of our Society notes (which, by the way, are always read by both young and old), has blossomed out into something like a fair effort on the part of the Madame to make them as interesting as they were a few months ago, but oh, dear, why does she harp on the lack of Society men, as if that was not branded on our inner consciousness as if with a hot iron. Sappho declared truly there were but seven eligibles here, and there are fewer now. Will B—— can't be caught, he is too much engaged in his business; Mr. Nesmith finds his leisure best enjoyed in *your* swim, so he doesn't condescend to our pond; Howell has lost interest in *us*, for his "heart is over the sea;" Sam is in bad odor with all the girls excepting the beauty on "Gossip Row," and we are in a sorry pickle. True there is Bobby, but he is rather young for us.

Our only fashionable boarding school gave the annual exercises Wednesday. Of course, it was a swell affair; pretty girls and pretty dresses. They are way up in music, and it is to be hoped the audience was in French, for the graduate read her essay in that tongue. Miss W—— is a lovely girl and bore her honors with charming grace. There's a fine lot of belles training there. It must be confessed we do not understand the secret of enjoyment here. Think of giving an "at home" in this torrid weather, from three to six, with doors and windows hermetically sealed, gas lighted; thermometers up in the nineties; women actually prespiring, looking red-faced and vulgar, despite their new gowns. It was terrible. Yet that is what Mrs. J—— did. A breath of rose-scented air outside would have been a god-send, but we didn't have it. Such a "trooly rooral" district as this could safely indulge in *al fresco* affairs.

The Goodriches knew enough for that, and their "cherry party" was a period of unmixed pleasure. Just imagine it, trees full of glossy, luscious, tempting cherries; ladders so you could gather your own, a lunch that would have made Epicurus happy and you have it in a nut-shell.

You read about the Pierce wedding. I tell you that all this hullabaloo about it seems odd. She's as rich as he is *now*, so they are equal. Her origin is as good; if she was a seamstress, he was a boarding-house keeper. What's the matter anyhow? He is old enough to know his own mind and what would add to his comfort. Our 400 can't be shocked, but if they are, I refer them to my last letter and to an old proverb, "People who live in glass houses," etc., see?

The great editors with their wives, cousins, and aunts have come and seen and marveled, at the shabby inhospitable manner that they were received and treated in the famed Garden City. The Brainards did exert themselves with a few from Mississippi and the pompous Doctor and his wife entertained a few from Pike. The whole burden, however, rested with Manager Snell, of the Vendome, and Mr. Beach of the St. James, who did their parts nobly, but the rest of us did not show up.

We were glad to see that Mrs. Dr. Smith has come into her money. Now she can indulge her filial instincts and minister to her mother's necessities.

BABBLER.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, May 27th. DEAR WAVE:—A novel, a bowl of cracked ice, and a hammock, would fill all my requirements at present, provided that the hammock could be hung in a *cool* spot. Heavens! This weather is maddening, especially so to poor Imp, who is compelled to remain here all summer and see "Beau Brummell Lee" or Johnny floating around in those gauzy silk shirts, the picture of comfort and coolness, while we girls swelter in tight dresses. Ugh! so much for being a woman. It was with envy I witnessed the departure of the Harris party this morning for Yosemite Valley; two chaperons, several jolly girls and men—won't they have a delightful time? They have an Oakland eligible in the party, but I hardly think Mattie's beautiful eyes will ever look with favor upon any one but Stony or Am, tho' they do say the atmosphere in the Valley makes one very forgetful of quondam attachments. Just look at the Judge's case. Several others in our 150 have signified their intentions toward a Yosemite Valley trip, while others are making preparations for the Coast. Mary, Fanny, and Maud, have departed for San Francisco and Santa Cruz; Esther will leave soon for the Coast, and Corrine, Lizzie, and Rose, are endeavoring to form a party for the mountains or Coast.

The usual exodus to San Francisco of the Woodworths, Reichmans, Forsythes, Mullers, Eggers, and Phillips, will commence early in June. Think of the wilderness of men here in July!

It's surely too warm for entertaining—George's party last Friday evening demonstrated that. But wasn't it a lovely affair otherwise; we all went out in four-in-hand coaches, and such singing (?) you never heard. Upon our arrival at the ranch we were graciously received by George's lovely sister, and her guest Miss Rambo, of San Francisco, a young lady unusually bright in conversation and looks. After several hours dancing in the beautifully decorated barn, we strolled back to the house, where a delicious supper, served by the Barton Café, awaited us; we did full justice to the cool ices and creams, I assure you. I had but one real hard shock during the evening, and that was occasioned by Lee's white kid gloves, Johnny's *blasé* air quite offset Lee's immaculate kids.

Jack told me that a certain officer of the '89-'90 Club, whose aspirations soar rather high, will be snowed under "most beautifully" at the coming election. He is experiencing a violent case of swollen head at present and imagines he has but to say "Yes," and the office of the President is his! Johnny has made a very efficient President and deserves a second term, and if we girls have any influence I think *he* will receive it, too.

Considerable curiosity was displayed over the enthusiasm of a visiting editor last week, when he remarked to a Republican reporter how "beautiful that blonde is." Many are wondering whom he meant, there were so many fine-looking blondes there. Well, it isn't hard for Will, Tom, or Imp, to guess who the most beautiful blonde was, on that occasion. 'Twas Daisy, of course, she's our prize beauty, and the *only* blonde here who can be called "beautiful." They say a San Jose capitalist thinks so, too. Here I've been lauding Frank S——'s fidelity to the skies, and he's no better than brother Will. I imagined Corrine was his fate, then Cora came on the scene—now its *another* brown-eyed maiden. Inconstancy thy name is Shep. I hear Maud is to take part in an opera in San Francisco in November, she's very brave to attempt it, I'm sure. Colonel Trevelyan observed the Queen's birthday by giving a banquet at the Barton Vineyard. Of course, the affair was thoroughly English, and only a few of us unappreciative Americans were invited. Last evening the elegant Mansfield entertained the 150 with his magnificent impersonation of "Beau Brummell." Johnny, Frank H——, Will, and Collis, were there, note-book and pencil in hand, jotting down pointers for future uses. Yours, IMP.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, May 24th. DEAR WAVE:—I suppose that you don't know that we have a new tennis club up here? Well, we have; it is called "The Pastime Lawn Tennis Club" and is composed of all the swells. Jim Jerome Smith (Mrs. Frank Stuart's young love) is President (it is on a vacant block owned by them); and Gert Elliot, Vice-President. This is the first thing the Smiths have been in since their marriage.

Will and his "out-of-town" wife always did play tennis, though I don't know how well she plays. She is down visiting ma in San Leandro just now. Eugene and Algae belong, though I fear Algae may injure herself playing in such a lively and undignified game. Miss Post is also amongst the players. Miss Elliott, I am glad to say, does not have to jump very high, unless the balls happen to be "sky-scrapers." I will give some of the players a little advice: Arthur—Don't play without your hat, the wind might hurt your precious crimps. Henry—Old joints break easier and stand less than young. Frank—I never heard of wine being explosive, but don't exercise too much, dear. John—My dear young man, don't you think that that awful game is wicked and harmful? But enough of this, the rest are not worth writing about.

Did you hear about the young lady who went to the informal Kid's party (wrongly called Gaiete) the other evening, in full dress, and how she said afterward that she didn't care if she didn't get a single dance, as the thing "wasn't up to much."

The editors have been dined and have gone away to forget all about Stockton probably, and only remembering the hot weather in this vicinity. S.

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LAWN TENNIS.

There will be very little tennis on this side of the bay to-day, as everybody is going to cross over to Oakland to witness what promises to be some very exciting contests between the many crack players of Oakland and San Francisco, who are to take part in the opening festivities of the new Oakland Tennis Club's courts, which takes place this afternoon at two o'clock, sharp.

These courts have recently been completed, and are in appearance equally as handsome as any on the Coast, not excepting the grounds of the California Tennis Club.

The contests that have been arranged should be well worth a visit to the courts. Tobin, Yates, O. and S. Hoffman, Hubbard, Bates, S. Neel, Carr Neel, Sanborn, and Marx are an aggregation well worth going to see, and they are all in excellent condition, the result of constant practicing for the coming championship meet.

Champion Taylor having sprained his ankle in practice last week, makes it quite doubtful whether he will take part in to-day's games, as he is not disposed to take chances of being disabled, considering the short time between now and the grand event in July.

A single match between O. S. Hoffman and Charley Hubbard is on the cards, and this will certainly be an exciting go, as the left-handed California Club man is at his best at present.

In the event of Taylor not taking part it is quite likely that Yates will take his place with Tobin, and oppose the pony team, Bates and Neel, in doubles.

The Alameda County championship will take place on the same courts on Monday. Among the entries from the California Club will be J. A. Code, Joe Tobin, and W. B. Collier, Jr. The latter has improved immensely of late, and in a practice match with Tobin one day last week succeeded in winning three straight sets.

Aylett Cotton, a prominent tennis player from the Stanford University, was a guest at the California Club on last Saturday.

The style of his game is novel, and some of his strokes are wonderful, particularly his backhand, which was a source of astonishment to the large audience that witnessed his playing. It was much regretted that a match was not arranged between him and some of the cracks.

Geo. De Long is devoting much time to practice at the California Club, and his play is improving accordingly. Last week he succeeded in defeating no less a personage than Wilberforce by a score of 6-4.

The return match between Code and Field, in which the latter was a hot favorite, resulted in a surprisingly clever victory for the former. Code also defeated Field in the continuous tournament match.

A. J. Treat defeated Collier two sets out of three, on Wednesday last. The playing of the victor was driving order throughout, and he succeeded in keeping Collier in the back courts throughout the match, which bothered the hypnotist not a little.

Mr. Paul Oscanyan, a prominent member of the New York Tennis Club, is a guest of the California Lawn Tennis Club.

Harry N. Stetson and George DeLong paid a visit to the Stanford University lately, and succeeded in defeating every team they met.

The following challenges now appear on the continuous tournament list at the California Club: May 18th, Hoffman challenged Gray, Havens challenged Woods, Gunn challenged Boardman; 21st, DeLong challenged Adams, Davis challenged Treat, Owen challenged R. N. Whitney; 22d, Dutel challenged Mitchell, Golcher challenged Coit, Code challenged DeLong.

The rule relating to challenge in the continuous tournament has been revised to read as follows: "The challengee shall name two days during one week from date of challenge; the first match posted shall be the first to be played."

From present observations O. S. Hoffman is by no means a poor candidate for the all-comers event in July.

Toby Allen, the Alameda Club's midget, succeeded in besting Hellman in the Alameda continuous tourney.

The same Club feel elated over their team's victory at the Madison Tennis Club, on Saturday last, when Waterman and Holmes, the oldest and youngest players respectively of the Club, defeated Jacobs and English, a similar team of the Madison Club, in two straight sets.

A number of California crack players will journey East shortly after the July tournament.

Harrison, Pillsbury, F. DeLong, and A. Goodall are expected shortly from the East.

The Olympic Tennis Annex will hold a tournament at their grounds shortly, for an elegant trophy.

Miss Crouch, the lady champion of the Pacific Coast, will soon leave for the East, but will return in ample time to practice for the championship games in September. She may possibly take part in some of the many Eastern tournaments.

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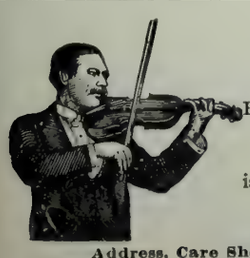

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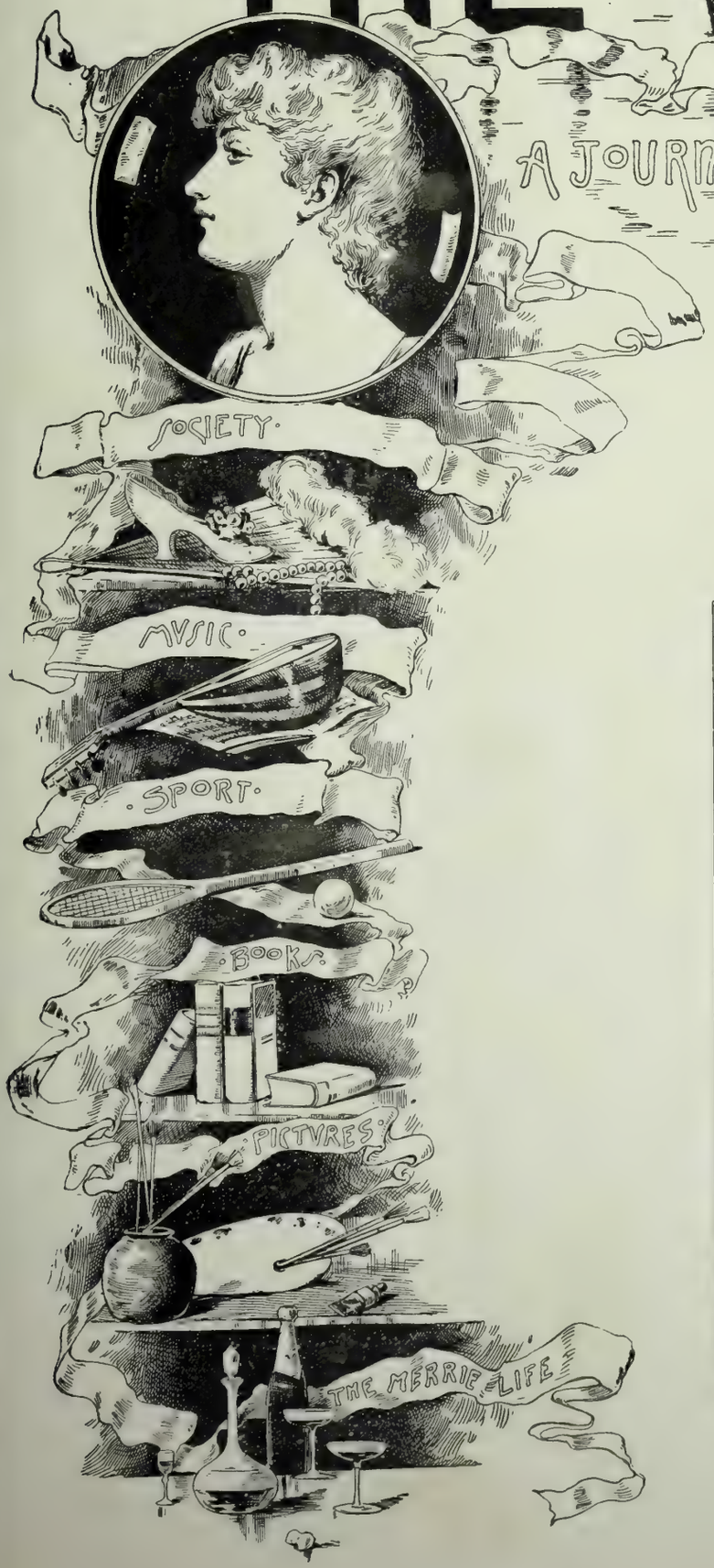
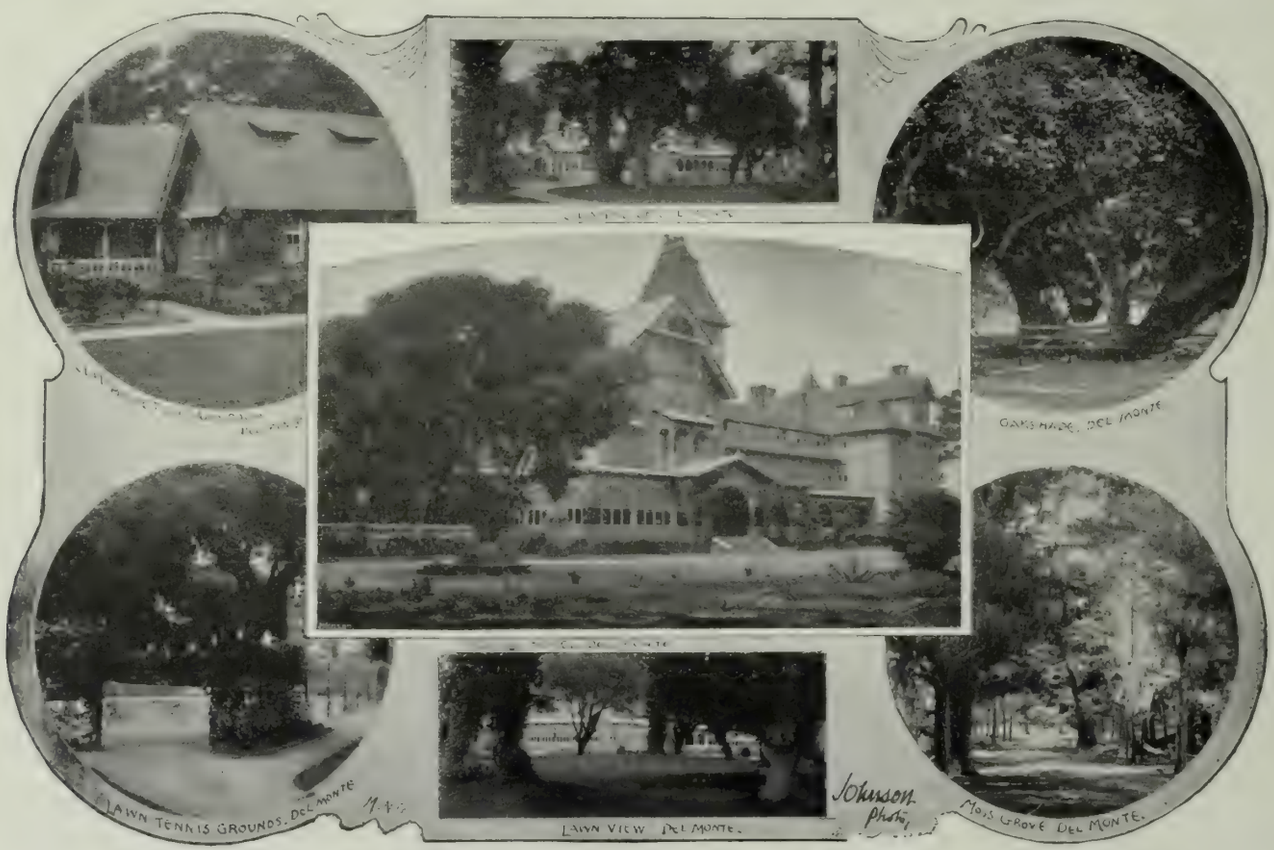


DR. S. F. LONG.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER
• • RESORT • •

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE



MONTEREY, • • • CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD, - - - Manager.

THE ∴ WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 4, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

It is hardly necessary to name the gentleman whose portrait embellishes the cover of this week's paper. Dr. S. F. Long is one of the best-known physicians in the city, and enjoys a practice that is second to none. Dr. Long is now a member of the Board of Health, a position for which he is eminently qualified. Professionally and socially Dr. Long has the esteem of all who know him.

SPLASHES.

LANSING MIZNER and the Bohemian Club have parted. Those who know what they were to one another must realize the intensity of the strain that severed them. For years, the Benicia lawyer has spent the abundance of his leisure under the ægis of the owl. Among the merry-makers at low jinks he has been pre-eminent. In moments of exaltation, indeed, he has soared among the melancholy and lofty spirits who have made high jinks their own. He has toted round distinguished guests and imperiled his immortal soul revising the climate, ameliorating clarets and enlarging pumpkins. In fact, he has ever been one of the institutions of the organization, and it could as ill afford to lose Dan O'Connell, Peter Robertson, or General Barnes. That he has gone out from Bohemia his intimates alone know. The membership hardly suspects the loss it has sustained.

* * *

The current of events that precipitated this sad segregation I shall set forth with all the brevity in my power. For the Bromley jinks Mr. Mizner descended into San Francisco and prepared to enjoy the intellectual feast provided for the occasion with all the whole-souled exuberance of his temperament. Entering Irving Hall, he became aware of the presence of a number of strangers and inquiry developed the existence of a new scheme for enabling outsiders to enjoy jinks. Registered from regions foreign to the municipality through the connivance of their friends, cards of temporary membership were granted them. Thus equipped, the feast of reason and the flow of soul was as open to their intrusion as though they had passed the ordeal of the Election Committee unscathed.

* * *

Beneath all his humor there lurks in Lansing Mizner's soul a sense of stern justice. Speculating on this phase of club life, and the base and abject tendencies of humanity in general he found himself with the visitors' book in his hands. Accompanied at the moment by Casey Noble, and animated by a desire for sardonic comment, he inscribed therein some ridiculous name from a preposterous place, and added as introducer, "Porter Ashe." Mr. Noble, in the same spirit, I suppose, followed his example, but assumed the responsibility with his own signature. A few days later some one discovered the names and the active membership, always on the lookout for Portah's latest, enjoyed the joke hugely. But the directors frowned. At least some of them who entertain no admiration for the most accomplished of guyers did.

* * *

Over the triviality a serious discussion arose. "The Club had been insulted; an apology was necessary," was insisted. When Mizner learned the aspect of affairs, he, of course, came forward and pleaded his guilt. After several controversies, the Secretary was directed to write Mr. Mizner and Mr. Noble, reprimanding them for their dire offense, with the warning that a repetition meant serious consequences. I presume the missive was awkwardly worded, or that the Benician was disgusted with the directorate; at all events he resigned. He was asked to withdraw his resignation; he refused, and now his allegiance is given to the University Club. About the whole business there seems to have been an unnecessary lack of tact. In the offense there was nothing calling for censure. The Board will have much to expend its thunder on before its year is out. It should keep some of it in reserve for great occasions.

* * *

TO THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB, white winged peace is very slow in returning. The members are trying to realize the revolution that has taken place, and most of them are loud in regretting the loss of Major Rathbone's cabinet. There is no doubt it was the most efficient the Club has had in years. In the meantime, however, the situation begins to develop humor. President Page's policy is similar to that of his predecessor. A change is necessary, and he purposes doing what the late Board was instructed positively against. The library must go upstairs. The reading-room will be changed into a sitting-room, wherein the members can smoke, sip champagne and converse at their pleasure. Therein will be found the newspapers and magazines, but the books and the silence go up to the third floor. For the present cards will be confined to the cardroom, but it is only a matter of time before the tables will be permitted to overflow into the reading-room.

* * *

This particular cardroom is regarded as the special property of the older men. They play four-handed games, cinch, euchre, whist. In private rooms, on the upper floors, the poker players congregate, though the rule as regards limit includes the entire institution. It seems, after all, therefore, that the recalcitrants who so earnestly fought the proposition before are not to make much out of their resolutions. They will have their labor for their pains. In the meantime there are only six members on the Board, and there appears no great eagerness to appoint the other two. However, there is nothing like getting the proper men.

* * *

IN ARMY CIRCLES one so rarely meets a celebrity that I am sure the advent of Mr. Clarence Dow will be hailed with delight. As the guest of Colonel Shafter, Mr. Dow is stationed at Angel Island, and it is given out he is about to enter the service of Uncle Sam. He is quite a handsome young fellow; he has blue eyes, fair hair, and a manner indicative of superiority, physical and mental. It is not long enough ago that he acquired fame for any of us to forget his achievement. He married Millie Price. She is the young person of forty odd who has figured as a high kicker in sundry spectacles, and it was in Denver she conferred her pronounced virginity upon Mr. Dow. I have forgotten to explain that his father is worth millions, and is President of the First National Bank of that city.

* * *

It is said the dancer pulled the matrimonial catch on Mr. Dow after she had saturated him with liquor. He goes so far as to state he was very drunk at the moment he conferred his worldly goods upon her, a statement she denies. However, it is sometimes hard to disentangle this type of knot, and in pursuance of an effort in this direction Mr. Dow is at Angel Island. His father has a great deal of influence at Washington, and the object of his joining the army is to prevent him being

mulcted by his spouse for alimony. I believe the young man has an income of at least $1000 a month, which he spends lavishly. I am told he has presented to Mrs. Shafter a fine naptha launch with which to run to and from Tiburon whenever she feels so inclined.

* * *

IT WAS A CELEBRATION — that I know—of what, no one could tell me. A mingling of Saxons and Latins certainly. Before midnight a reception; afterwards an orgie. Music of course; and punch. A great deal of punch. A curious old house, abounding in cupboards, closets, and gimcrack passage ways, through which the guests wandered uncontrolled. Cleanliness was at a discount. Crossing the ballroom—in fact, whenever locomotion became necessary, the maidens carefully raised their trains from the floor; some few tiptoed their way—one damsel of bulk imposing I saw essaying perambulation on her heels. About the entertainment there was little sensational until eleven. Then arrived the only genius in town, who proceeded to stir the elements. To the punch bowl he proceeded, and into it poured three bottles of whisky.

* * *

After that movement. All partook of the innocent-appearing beverage. The results, unlimited. Dark Spanish and Italian eyes sparkled, and the blue, gray orbs of the *Americanos* glistened. Conversation grew from a babble to a roar. The champagne served at supper, a fine repast, seemed to intensify the tumult. The only genius heaped coals on the rising flames. The punch giving out, he explored the house for more. Liquors and liqueurs he found in all the cupboards. He compounded some of all in a vast bowl. He included absinthe. Over the exuberance that then ensued perhaps it is better to draw a veil.

* * *

THE ANNUAL ELECTION of the Concordia Club took place on Tuesday last. There being no opposition, the regular ticket headed by Charles Ackerman, was declared in. Over a proposed amendment to the constitution, there was a decided division, however. In its old quarters, the Concordia's initiation fee was $50. On moving to the palatial pile on Van Ness Avenue it was advanced to $100. This amount kept out quite a number of young men eminently suitable for membership and an amendment was proposed—that the fee should be $25 for those under 30 years, $100 for those over.

* * *

However, this does not meet the approval of the old heads, who failed to see why they should be discriminated against. An amendment to the amendment was therefore put, reducing the fee to $50 to everyone, and was carried by a large majority. The Club is now ready for a brilliant year. It has a capable President and a competent Directorate, composed of men who can make anything a success. I believe the new Board may inaugurate its reign by giving a midsummer jinks. An entertainment of the kind should prove very delightful.

* * *

THE OWL'S NEST grows daily. No time is being lost; the stone work is being put in and Natt Brittan looks almost happy. In the meantime arrangements are being made to secure the old Payne homestead as temporary headquarters for the Club, and as soon as the Directors agree on terms, etc., the members will be notified. Mr. Polk is giving considerable attention to the interior fittings of the clubhouse, and his latest idea is to fit the central hall with safety lamps of the Davy pattern. This is certainly an innovation. The *raison d'etre* the architect declines to state, furnishing, by way of explanation, a mysterious wink and the statement that precautions must be taken against fire. President O'Connell is equally secretive, but Theodore Payne states it is to protect the Welsh rarebits. I cannot regard this as satisfactory.

* * *

The Olympic Club's boxing tournament on Thursday evening was not a great success. But one of the contests developed features of interest. The others were indifferent exhibitions of the manly art, and seemed to indicate a decline in the vogue of the sport. Just now, however, no one seems to be giving lessons. Walter Watson is incapacitated, Corbett is on the stage, Fitzsimmons is also a Thespian. It seems to me the Olympic should try and secure a boxer of eminence to instruct their young idea how to spar. Of course, Mr. Van Court is excellent, so far as he goes, but he has not a great reputation, and hardly commands a big following.

* * *

In these Olympic contests I have observed there is always a tendency to give the best of it to the Olympian. If a question arises, the bias seems against the outsider, and though, of course, there is fair play, I have often thought the decisions rather small. The Olympic is a powerful club, and it has become the representative athletic institution of the Coast. There should be left no ground for complaint in details so trivial.

* * *

A total membership of 290 has the Pacific Yacht Club, and there is every chance tha the coveted 300 will soon be attained. Then an initiation fee of $25 will be charged, and the finances of the institution thus swelled. There is no doubt but that the Club has completely recovered from its spell of apathy. It has a successful career before it now, though I wish it better luck than attended its last entertainment.

* * *

Del Monte is beaming this week. Before many days it will be booming. The summer exodus to Monterey has set in and the month will not be very old ere the west has succeeded the east on the piazza, among the cypresses and lawns. The impression that Castle Crag will detract from the supremacy of Del Monte this season is without any foundation. Quite a number of people who are ordinarily found at the Southern watering place have taken rooms at the Northern caravansary, but the new-comers will more than make up for their absence. In fact, the prospects for a gay season were never better. The set that goes in most eagerly for entertaining, besides the very best people, are to be at Monterey. Most of the pretty girls will be found there, too. The silly cliques that disturbed the equanimity of so many last year have been broken up.

* * *

I believe most of the season's debutantes will be found at Del Monte. There is a tendency in the direction of entertaining among them that it is likely the summer will develop. On Saturday nights and Sundays there will be the usual gathering of clubmen and others who will continue to keep holy the Sabbath in the orthodox way.

* * *

The Saturday night dance is becoming an institution at the Rafael. Last week, after the tables and chairs were cleared, the dining-room was taken possession of by disciples of Terpsichore, and to the sweet strains of cornet and violin they waltzed to their hearts' content. Some very pretty costumes were displayed by the guests. To-night the dancing contingent will be much larger, for, besides the additions to the register that the week has made, a large contingent from the town and Ross Valley has promised to take part. There is every prospect that the season will be quite a gay one.

* * *

The Misses Voorhies have arrived at Griffin in Georgia after a very delightful trip. They were entertained at Chicago by Dr. and Mrs. Garceau, *née* Hyde, who gave a dinner and a theatre party in their honor, also by Henry B. Stone, who gave them a lunch at the Auditorium. They anticipate passing the summer amid a perfect whirl of gaiety.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Lillian Batchelder and Charles M. Plum, Jr., is announced. Miss Batchelder is the daughter of A. H. Batchelder, of Oakland, and Mr. Plum is the son of the well-known furniture dealer. I believe the wedding will take place in the near future.

* * *

With the first day of the sixth month the summer season fairly opened. To the Rafael and the Vendome there was something like an hegira. It was no light task settling comfortably all the applicants for rooms, but it was done to everyone's satisfied. The Hotel Rafael has become gay. At night the dining-room presents quite a brilliant appearance, crowded with maids and matrons in pretty dinner dresses. In the corridors and on the verandas the young people promenade up and

Arcadian Waukesha Water cures Indigestion.

down and enjoy the balmy air of the region. Bowling as usual is popular and the sport has numerous devotees. Among the most accomplished are the Misses. Dillon, who have become adepts.

* * *

On Sunday last, Sanford Sachs and Albert Meyer gave a picnic to Crystal Springs which proved an enjoyable affair. The party took train to San Mateo, and thence to the Springs, traveled in a large 'bus. A delicious and very elaborate luncheon was served at noon. After that, the party split into couples, and passed the afternoon sauntering around amidst the sights and scenes of this picturesque neighborhood.

* * *

Mrs. Belle Donahue has disposed of her San Rafael residence to J. F. Fugazi. She does not surrender occupation until August, however. The remainder of the season she will spend at Del Monte. Few of the San Rafaelites have entertained as extensively as Mrs. Donahue, and she will certainly be a loss to the Society of that growing municipality.

* * *

The late W. S. Hobart was rich. He came into the world possessed of a cold disposition and an ability to make money. He commenced low; when he died he had known all the pleasures that money can give. But he had little capacity for physical enjoyment. Shrewd, calculating, crafty, his success was uniform. He did not indulge in mistakes; he made few losses; he was not extravagant; his vices were not conspicuous as are those of some rich men. Mr. Hobart had few friends; men of his temperament rarely indulge confidences and care little for intimacies. He had a passion for money-getting and it aborbed him—finally killed him. His wife died a few weeks ago and he leaves two daughters and a son and over four million dollars. The eldest daughter, Miss Alice Hobart, is a sweet girl, shy, quiet, refined. She made her debut the season before last and in her set has many warm friends.

* * *

STUART TAYLOR, the eminent and exquisite, is returning to California. He will be here within a few weeks now, and is already engaged in outlining his policy. Among the possibilities are his candidacy for the Senate should a Democratic Legislature be chosen. He would regard agreeably a foreign mission, or the Collectorship should Cleveland be elected President. Above all, he purposes reentering the Bohemian Club from which he resigned prior to his departure. I doubt if Stuart could in any contingency be made Senator. I feel certain he will never grace another Federal office, and I am persuaded in any contingency he will not squeeze into the Bohemian Club. There appears a prejudice against him which those of us who have learned to love his cheery democratic manner cannot understand. Can it be the story that attributes the graceful lines of the Taylor figure to corsets that produces the prejudice against this poet and fire-eater?

* * *

I am not very much surprised at the success of the *Post*. George Heazelton told me when he took the paper that he had one plan and only one, upon which to build it up. He purposes making every department excel the same feature in any other paper in town. He took up the Produce Exchange for instance, and the *Post* is the authority among the bulls and bears. The Society column has been imitated by all the other papers; that is the best evidence that it is a popular feature of a daily journal. The sporting news of the *Post* is written in the most fearless way, and on book-maker ever gets a line in its columns to influence betting. The *Post* excels, and I presume that is the reason the paper has made such a hit.

* * *

The Nicaragua Canal is a certainty, and the demand made for the bonds has taken the form of a popular endorsement of the project. It would seem to be the duty of the merchants not only to subscribe for these bonds, but to work for the Canal. As an investment the bonds are excellent, bearing, as they do, 6 per cent, gold, guaranteed by the strongest trust company in the country, and carrying with them a 20 per cent bonus of the Canal stock. The prospects of the Suez Canal were not as bright at its inception as are those of the Nicaragua; yet the stock now commands a premium of 600 per cent, and the tolls have just been reduced 50 centimes, while a larger dividend than ever has been declared. It is stated that if the Canal is finished a prohibitory toll will be asked. That is nonsense; men are not investing money to have it idle, and the experience of those who use the Suez proves that the tolls will be reasonable.

* * *

DR. WARBURTON lived down at San Jose. One of the characters of the Garden City, he enjoyed the respect of his neighbors and the affection of his friends. Like most men whose hearts and heads are in the right place, he had not too much patience. A good enough churchman, he attended service, but all that the preacher said was not accorded by him that respect which trivial piety demands for its utterances. It was in the Presbyterian Church, one warm Sunday, that this occurred. The minister was a stranger. He spoke with a Scotch burr, and his discourse, as he attacked it by heads, opened up illimitable verbal vistas. I forget the text, but, having opened, he followed on, firstly, secondly, thirdly.

* * *

It grew hotter, and the minister's energy seemed to keep pace with the rising thermometer. Dr. Warburton sat up straight in his pew. He mopped his forehead with a large silk handkerchief. On rushed the current of exhortation. Impatiently the old gentleman rose. He stepped into the aisle, and slowly strode towards the door.

The preacher paused.

"You would prefer, then, to go to hell, sir, than listen to the truth?" he thundered.

"Yes, sir—from you."

* * *

The will of the late L. L. Robinson has been offered for probate in Martinez. It disposes of an estate of $750,000, and the sole legatee is Mrs. Cutter of Van Ness Avenue. She is Mr. Robinson's sister and between them there existed a deep attachment. In fact they were devoted to one another and for years past her home was his. His confidence in her ability he shows by appointing no executors. All he had simply reverts to her. The estate consists of the Los Medanos rancho, a magnificent tract of 8500 acres in Contra Costa County besides large interests in hydraulic mines. Mr. Robinson was one of the owners of the North Bloomfield and in the fight against the farmers seeking to restrict this form of gold getting, he was one of the leaders.

* * *

His revenue in late years has been mainly derived from the ranch, much of which is under cultivation. Mrs. Cutter's daughter is Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, to whom this property will eventually revert.

* * *

Alfred Wheeler has become so attached to Lake County that it is with difficulty he tears himself away from that beauteous region for even a day. To the satisfaction of his friends, however, he made his appearance in town this week, looking only a little bronzed as the result of three months' life in the open air. He has become quite an agriculturist, and is setting out his ranch on the borders of Clear Lake in fruit trees and olives. I believe his villa is one of the prettiest in the county. Its exterior shingled, the interior finished in hard woods.

* * *

It is high up on a narrow plateau, sheltered and surrounded by a magnificent forest of black oak. From the edge of the plateau there is a fall of 2000 feet to the borders of the Lake, extending over a richly-wooded country, diversified by countless streams. The prospect extends over the entire county. Below is Clear Lake, and the Blue Lakes rival the azure of the sky, surrounded by mountains. This spot Mr. Wheeler has been trying to obtain for years, and has only just succeeded in acquiring.

* * *

Can anybody tell me how Joe Rosenberg, of 40 and 42 Geary Street, manages to retail the famous "Sanitary" Fast Black Hose at prices they are sold at in Europe? Has he been importing them? I think the matter would bear investigation.

* * *

WITHIN THE PAST two months my esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Irwin C. Stump, has declined one public honor and resigned another. In these days of political arrogance, when every office has a hundred seekers and every

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

position of honor a dozen envious rivals, this conduct is unaccountable. One of the positions spurned by Mr. Stump was the Chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee. I am informed that my friend, Mr. Jake Neff, of Placer, Chairman of the Stockton Convention, actually wept for the privilege of again naming Mr. Stump on his list of committeemen at large. In fact, Mr. Neff was not the only man who sighed to restore Mr. Stump to his old place as leader of the party; a large number of prominent Republicans literally howled for him. During several days after the adjournment of the Stockton Convention this howl proceeded on the assumption that Mr. Stump's plea of "time" was untenable. "Time," ejaculated Mr. Neff, "the world is made of time. As we say up in Placer, that gag won't do. Stump has more time than anybody."

And it seemed useless to argue the point. Mr. Neff was calmly proceeding to place Stump on his list, when Harbor Commissioner Bassett took him aside and whispered in his ear. "What? you don't say?" he said; "that puts an altogether different face on the matter. Of course, I won't appoint him."

* * *

I have been wondering, ever since Mr. Neff's list was made public, what Harbor Commissioner Bassett could have whispered that so suddenly quieted the universal demand for Stump. It was said that he is exceedingly busy since he has undertaken the management of the Hearst estate. Of course, I have not swallowed any such story as that. The busiest man on earth has as much time as the most inveterate loafer—if he only thinks so; and, as Mr. Stump has attended to all his affairs during the past two years, including the responsibilities of a newly-acquired family, and managed the Republican campaign also, it was safe to wager a large sum that the "time" yarn was a fairy story. But it seemed to be genuine when Mr. Stump sent in his resignation as Prison Director to Governor Markham. Here, indeed, was a genuine abdication of power, for, whatever may be said of the political shoals that beset Prison Directors, there is is no question that those positions carry with them a vast amount of prestige. The Prison Board disburses near half a million dollars a year and appoints or controls three hundred active politicians. Among the Directors of the past ten years there have been incubated several State Senators, a candidate for Attorney-General, an actual Secretary of State, and one or two embryo Governors.

* * *

Of course, from an ideal standpoint, the position of Prison Director is one of honor and extreme unction (it having considerable work and no salary), but from the standpoint of the practical politician, the power centered in it is never to be sneezed at. Hence, when Mr. Stump sent his resignation to the Governor it seemed safe to assume (as had often been stated), that he actually intended to retire from politics. Harbor Commissioner Bassett, so the rumor hath it, carried the message to his Excellency. "Accept it? No, I will not," said Markham. "Mr. Stump is too good a man to be lost to the prisons. I'll see him myself." But Mr. Bassett took the Governor aside, as he had done Chairman Neff, and whispered in his ear also. "Indeed," said Markham, "you don't tell me. Fixed, is it? All right, the resignation goes."

* * *

I am told, however, that Mr. Bassett spent a much longer period at the Governor's ear than at that of Chairman Neff, the occasion whereof I have been struggling for some weeks to divine. There must have been a pressing necessity for making to the Governor a much more protracted explanation. Indeed, it has seemed to me extremely probable that Mr. Stump's retirement from politics and the Governor's cordial acceptance of his resignation as Prison Director were somehow mixed up together.

* * *

Within a week I have communicated my suspicions to a politician who makes it his business to know everybody else's business. "Plain enough," he exclaimed; "the game two years hence is to make Stump Governor of the State. I have known that for a long time. Stump is now clearing his decks for action, as it were. As a candidate for Governor in 1894 he would be in an awkward position if he were Chairman of the State Central Committee, or a member of the Board of Prison Directors. Bassett, Burns, Wilson, Quinn, and the others who belong to their crowd, have agreed to support Stump, and all the sails of the party are now being veered in his direction. That is why he left the Committee and resigned from the Prison Directors."

* * *

This, then, was what Harbor Commissioner Bassett whispered in the ear of Chairman Neff. But what is to become of Governor Markham? He also has "aspirations." I wonder if he has been promised the Senatorial vacancy when Stanford resigns? He belongs to a lucky race of politicians, who, no matter how vigorous may be the elemental disturbances, always land on their feet. He went to Congress with Felton, Morrow, and McKenna, in 1884. The former is now in the Senate and the two latter are in the Federal Judiciary, while Markham himself is Governor. The movements of Mr. Stump, the cordiality of Mr. Markham, and the general snugness of this entire outfit, seem to indicate that the Stockton Convention gave rise to the greatest political combine of the period.

* * *

THE LATE COLONEL F. A. BEE, Vice-Consul of the Chinese Empire at this port, was, in more respects than one, a remarkable man. He was a telegrapher by profession, and had but a mere smattering of the law, although, in the after years of his life, he devoted some attention to the latter calling. From constructing telegraph lines in the Sierras in the early days, he drifted to this city, and began to practice in the lower courts. In the latter 'Sixties he was what is sometimes contemptuously referred to in society novels as a "briefless barrister." Naturally—for I believe his inherent disposition to take the part of the helpless and oppressed was uncontrollable—he became the champion of the Chinese. At first he defended them in the Police Courts, and later on he began to appear for them in the higher tribunals. In this way he unconsciously obtained the confidence of the entire Chinese population, and ultimately made the acquaintance of the mercantile classes.

* * *

No race of people are more the victims of blind confidence than the Chinese. They are compelled, wherever they come in contact with the superior Europeans, to make their trusts and friendships the basis of all transactions. Colonel Bee early discovered this, and soon took advantage of it. In 1876 Congress appointed a Commission consisting of two Senators and four Congressmen to visit San Francisco and investigate the complaints against the Chinese population. At the head of this commission was Senator Oliver P. Morton, the famous Indiana war Governor, then unable to walk, pale and hollow-eyed and dying, and yet still commanding, defiant even of Death.

* * *

Colonel Bee appeared before this body, which sat for weeks at the Palace Hotel, as the regularly paid attorney of the Six Companies. His associate was Ben Brooks, a brilliant lawyer, long since dead. It was here that Bee first attained eminence as an apologist and defender of the Chinese. The odium that followed was almost overwhelming. At that time it was the custom of the maddened populace to burn Chinese wash houses almost daily, stone their occupants on the streets, and threaten incessantly to blow up the Pacific Mail ships which brought them here. Every ward in the city had from one to a dozen "Anti-Coolie Clubs," organized to stem the tide of yellow immigration and boycott the representatives of the race already here. The excitement constantly ran high. Even so mild-mannered a man as Editor Pixley, then a practicing lawyer, in a public speech advocated burning the Pacific Mail ships at their docks.

* * *

The newspapers soon began to abuse Colonel Bee, and the campaign orators to denounce him. He was interviewed and misrepresented, harassed and insulted, and finally assaulted on the public street. But he bore it all with stoical fortitude. Indeed, on several occasions he gave evidence of the possession of much physical courage and Christian resignation. In no single instance did he reply to his detractors. He succeeded in procuring from the Morton Commission a non-committal report, and then apparently retired, accompanied by the curses of his own people, into obscurity. A few months later, upon his

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

advice, the Chinese government established a consulate in this city. Along with a fat Mandarin who was sent out to take the office of Consul-General, came a commission naming Bee for Vice-Consul. The Colonel was surprised, but accepted the office and the comfortable salary attached to it. For a while the persecutions of his own race continued, but ultimately the newspapers grew tired of their abuse, the pictorials weary of their cartoons, and the hoodlums forgetful of his existence. In fact, he became a bore, and as such relapsed into well-earned peace and quietude.

* * *

When His Imperial Majesty of the Yellow Dragon established a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary at Washington, the Consul-General here was promoted to the new position. He sought to take Colonel Bee with him, but the old gentleman refused to go. Subsequently several attempts were made to induce him to take up his residence at the National Capital, but without avail. He said he had been so long accustomed to the cool breezes of the Golden City, that life in the frost-smitten and sun-burned Capital would scarcely be worth the living. Twice the Chinese Government increased his salary and enlarged his fees, as a recompense for his past valuable services, and to the last he retained the confidence and friendship of the entire Mongolian population of the Coast. There is probably not a Chinese in the United States to whom his name is not familiar. He has passed the last ten years in daily association with the Mandarins of the Consulate. He had long since mastered the Chinese language and its literature, and had become so absorbed in the aspirations, feelings, and sentiments of the yellow race, that many good people fancied, along toward the last, that he was beginning, in face and figure, to resemble the Mongolian. The Chinese will search long and widely before they will find a defender so able and courageous as he—a man who will abandon his own race and devote all his energies to their service.

* * *

THIS STORY I TELL as it was told me. It may be true; it is not impossible. The episode occurred in the grillroom at the Palace. The most devout patron thereof is Carter Tevis, an intelligent *gourmet*, who has the best the establishment affords, and, as no other man does, knows the resources of the cellar. In a recent exploration of Senator Sharon's private stock, Mr. Tevis found a bin of Pommard, very old, and of the finest vintage history records. The discovery he celebrated by a dinner, at which the delicious wine was served. From assembled connoisseurs there burst forth rapturous encomiums on its delicate flavor and exquisite fragrance. Soon, all the epicures in town were notified, but they found Mr. Tevis had the call, and retired disappointed.

* * *

Shortly after all this there assembled at the same table, Colonel Sonntag, Colonel Trumbo, Nat Brittan and Willis Polk. Carter Tevis joined the party and the talk drifted to wine. Everyone contributed a story of some wonderful brand he had found, and the terms bouquet, tone, and flavor, were handled as though the crowd was composed of dealers.

"Why not let us try a bottle of your Pommard, Tevis?" suggested Colonel Sonntag.

"Delighted. I know you gentlemen can appreciate a good burgundy," returned Mr. Tevis, rising from the table. He went into the bar, held a conversation with a waiter and soon afterwards a large bottle cobwebby about the neck, swathed in a napkin and reclining in a basket was brought in.

* * *

Expectation beamed from every face. With extreme care the wine was poured into fine, thin glasses. Each man drank a mouthful and assumed the expression characteristic of connoisseurship.

"Exquisite," burst from Colonel Trumbo.

"Delicious," fervently ejaculated Nat Brittan.

"What bouquet," exclaimed Colonel Sonntag, rapturously.

"It's great," came from Willis Polk.

"I'll have to get some of this. Can you let me have four cases?" asked Colonel Sonntag.

"I'll take three cases," added Colonel Trumbo.

"But you'll have to pay hotel prices for it gentlemen. Its out of Senator Sharon's private cellar, you know. You may regard the price as too high."

"Bother the price," said Mr. Brittan, "'The Owl's Nest' has to have some of this. Let me have nine cases."

"Hotel prices, gentlemen," admonished Tevis. "It's Sharon's and they won't make any reduction.

"I'd like a couple of cases, too," said Willis Polk, "but though I've just got a commission for a church over in Alameda, I'm not a capitalist. What will it cost us?"

Mr. Tevis made a brief calculation on his cuff.

* * *

"This is the hotel rate gentlemen. It is from the private stock. I'll have to charge you fifty cents a gallon. Not a cent less."

As he spoke he removed the napkin and displayed the label of an ordinary California claret. The dead silence that ensued was broken by Colonel Trumbo's order for champagne.

* * *

JUDGE HEBBARD has now a reputation. His judicial term revealed him a bright young man, shrewd, logical, but who might or might not rise to an occasion. In the Hale & Norcross suit he had his chance and he was not found wanting in the type of ability that confers distinction. Courage was required to render that million-dollar decision, though legally it is not a strong opinion. What the consequences will be is a question of interest. The right to appeal is the defendant's, but to do so they are compelled to furnish a two-million-dollar bond. Then the chances are against the higher Court reversing, as the record is singularly free from errors. The suggestion that Hobart and Hayward may find it desirable to square Fox is unavailable, as he acted for the stockholders, and a compromise made by the directors would require for its ratification a two-thirds vote of the stockholders.

* * *

The importance of the decision is gradually being realized on Pine Street. It proves that justice can be had, and I am convinced half a dozen mines will soon be involved in litigation. There is a movement, I am told, against Bob Morrow for his management of Overman. When he assumed control there was between sixty and seventy thousand dollars in the treasury and a large body of ore in sight. Now, the coin has disappeared with the ore; over $150,000 in assessments have been levied, and the question is, where has it all gone to? The other mines on the Comstock under the management of Jones, the Sharon estate, Floods, Mackay, Mills, are all susceptible of investigation, and may yield results most gratifying to their stockholders. The era of dummy directors is gradually drawing to a close.

* * *

If no appeal is taken by Hobart and Hayward the stockholders will probably take measures to levy on the city property of the two defendants. They have ample to cover the amount, as both are extremely rich in real estate. Hayward has not enjoyed the uniform success of his partner, yet he has over a million and a quarter invested in San Francisco. Quite recently he obtained half a million dollars from the commercial banks on the security of a blanket mortgage covering all his property in town. Against H. M. Levy no immediate steps can be taken. Having deeded his property to his wife it will be impossible to recover, but should it revert back in course of time, there will be plenty of men ready to commence proceedings.

* * *

It seems strange there has been no advance in Hale & Norcross stock. As soon as the million dollars is paid in there will be due to the stockholders something in the neighborhood of $10 per share. It is now selling for $1.40. One must, of course, gamble against the litigation being indefinitely protracted.

* * *

RICHARD MANSFIELD is difficult to live harmoniously with. Like so many successful mummers, his conceit is overpowering, and he regards as lost the moments he is not in the centre of the stage. With his company he is overbearing, dictatorial, impatient. There is a little story which illustrates a phase of his character. He was playing Nero for the first time, and, of course, was interpreting it with all the force and strength of his art. The Garden Theatre, where he was installed, has a dome of glass over the auditorium. In the middle of the Emperor's impassioned love-

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

making rain began to fall, producing a disturbing undertone to his impassioned speeches.

* * *

Nero glared at the wings imagining the noise came from there. The supers took no notice. In the midst of one of his grandest sentences he stopped, rushed over and shouted impatiently:

"Will you stop that uproar?"

The groups dispersed; the rain continued its patter on the roof. Again Mansfield moved toward the wings. A super stood smiling at him.

"Have I not told you a dozen times to stop that noise, sir? What does it mean?"

"That's no noise—that's rain," was the answer.

"I don't care, sir. Stop it any way."

* * *

THE WOLFF DIVORCE suit is being accorded far more attention than it is worth. Neither husband nor wife enjoyed the fine social position the dailies have given them. He is a rough, vulgar fellow, who worked himself up in the jewelry business, and though in a very comfortable way of business, had no position whatever. Indeed, when his engagement to Miss Rosenblatt was announced, most of her friends regarded the match as a *mésalliance*. She was a very pretty girl, but her parents, though at one time rich, were poor. Mr. Rosenblatt, years ago, had the biggest lace business in town, located where Fratinger's now is. He became involved in stock speculations, however, and lost all his accumulations. He then became a commercial traveler, and some two years ago lost his life in an accident on the Union Pacific Railway.

* * *

Owing to their straitened circumstances, the Rosenblatt's lived very quietly. The girls did not go a great deal into Society, and the wedding of Miss Lillie was a very quiet affair. That her matrimonial plunge was a mistake, the evidence being adduced in Judge Slack's Court is proof. The possession of ten thousand a year is no criterion of the existence in a male being of any of the moral or manly virtues.

* * *

RABBI FALK VIDAVER is a truly pious man, of no great energy and little ability, mental or commercial. He succeeded in charge of Sherith Israel Synagogue, his brother, the late Henry Vidaver, one of the most eminent Jewish divines in the country. An eloquent preacher, he never lacked listeners. In fact, people came from all parts of the Coast to listen to him. Personally, however, he was unpopular. Like most men of great ability, he was egotistical, impatient of dictation or suggestion, and arrogant. His sincerity his congregation questioned, even when charmed by his splendid periods. But Falk Vidaver has always been on excellent terms with his congregation. No one ever questioned his fidelity. The change was desired because a younger, and more energetic, Rabbi could do much that he left undone. Perhaps, had Falk succeeded a divine of less capacity than his brother, he might have had a more agreeable time with his congregation.

* * *

It seems as though our good friend, Ira P. Rankin, had retired from the iron business. Some months ago he disposed of the Pacific Foundry, in which he was chief owner, to the Union Iron Works. Since then, installed in a cubby-hole office, he has been busy selling certain pieces of stock that he had left over. I don't fancy Ira's retirement will be regarded as a loss to mechanics. He had all the business cunning that distinguishes men of sanctified lives. Among his associates it was customary to look out for him. He is not regarded as a capitalist, but doubtless his ardent economy has enabled him to lay by a few thousand dollars.

* * *

NOT GIVEN to believing all I am told, the story that reaches me about Tom Maher strains my credulity. A bit of a practical joker is Tom, and somewhat of an epicure as well. He lives not to eat, of course, but no one more thoroughly appreciates a fine dinner. There was a gathering of his friends at Campi's a few evenings ago. The *chef* there understands Tom's tastes, and prepares macaroni and potatoes to please his taste. It was a jolly crowd; as *plat* followed *plat* they applauded host and cook until encomium had no further expression.

After the *entrées* there came a pause. Then appeared the head waiter with a silver platter in his hands.

"Something new, gentlemen. I'm not to tell you what it is." Mr. Maher was mysterious.

* * *

All partook and pronounced the dish delectable. It was juicy, exquisitely tender, delicate.

What it was composed of he refused to tell. The secret of its preparation he could not be induced to impart. Finally, after the banquet, the curiosity of one of the revelers overcame him. By dint of bribing the waiter he was let into the awful secret. He learned that to the appetites of his friends Mr. Maher had sacrificed six well-grown Maltese kittens. They were beauties, too, purely bred, and with the loveliest fur imaginable.

* * *

FAKING BEING the most fascinating phase of journalism, I live in envy of the editor of the South San Francisco *News*. This journal offers each week a charming display of improbabilities that are possible. A dozen times since it came into existence anathemas have been showered on it—not by the general public, but by that inner circle of initiates—the city editors. About the time the *Examiner* had worked up an excitement over the bulldog-badger fight at San Leandro, Mr. Morphy exploited a pig and rattlesnake encounter in South San Francisco. That was a battle, indeed, and the dailies sending out men to investigate, found the arena was the editor's brain. The next bold fiction was the description of a Chinese cat farm out near the Potrero, followed, later, by a powerful story of the slaughter of said Celestial by his feline pets. With an amplitude of detail, one learnt how the Mongolian returned home after a protracted absence and found his charges starving. While feeding them his foot slipped, he fell in and was torn into a thousand fragments. The *Chronicle* had two men out authenticating this romance.

* * *

Mr. Morphy has a vivid imagination, and when not hampered by facts, for which he has a serene contempt, writes very cleverly. His conception of an episode is always more interesting than the actual occurrence, and I have never heard anyone argue more vehemently against the time-worn adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Mr. Morphy believes "it is the unreadable that occurs." Sent by the *Examiner* to describe the Comstock he produced a series of harrowing pictures, abounding in high lights and deep, dark, dank shadows that conveyed information to those who thought they knew the great lode best. I believe he has been warned not to return to Nevada. Publishing the South San Francisco *News*, it is unnecessary to explain there is little in the paper that refers to that region. Indeed, the editor who is from Cork, conceives himself insulted if asked for information about the stockyards.

"Sor," he said to someone who ventured to inquire about the big project. "Sor, do I look loike a butcher?"

Nervously, and with due humility, the other begged his pardon.

* * *

THE HANDSOME THING is what some people find the hardest thing to do. Here is my friend who gives away a horse and carriage with every suit of clothes; who will present to you an overcoat with every negligee shirt bought; who will give you a gold watch with every pair of half-hose you buy, would appear to be the soul of generosity and the inner heart of kindness. Yet, I am told he is not; indeed, from what I learn, he has the instincts of a miser, and the outward seeming of a Timon. Until he gave a party at his house a few Sundays ago, I was under the impression that he loved to bestow largess; that hospitality was his hobby, and kindness his greatest fault.

* * *

The party was an engagement affair; all his friends were there, and a note had been sent to the newspaper offices, asking the editor to please send up a reporter. The majority of them did; my friend is a good advertiser. When the reporters got up to the house, they were taken into a back room; the dresses of the guests and others were described; an inventory of the presents was made; the names of those in attendance were given; the courses in the supper were recounted, and the decorations and their cost were told off. Then the

host proposed a bottle of champagne. The reporters said no; and I desire to remark here that the reporter says no much oftener than he gets credit for, and is, in nine cases out of ten, much more of a gentleman than his host.

* * *

On this occasion, the host was imperative, and, to escape his importunities, they accepted the offer of a glass of wine, and a bottle was brought in, and, following, were two or three guests who clustered about it like flies around a honey jar. They were not invited to drink, but when the reporters were satisfied, they attacked the champagne. The present supply was consumed; the guests ordered more; that became exhausted, and a third bottle was ordered. The host stood it as long as possible.

"Boys," he said, at last, "I don't want to spoil your fun, but if you don't quit there won't be enough wine left to go round, as everybody who was invited has come to the party."

With an apology for having probably deprived some of his guests of their share of the wine, the reporters—who had taken one glass each—departed.

* * *

BEING SOMEWHAT FAVORABLY disposed towards Supervisor Ellert, I regretted to notice his absence from the Board the night the franchise delivery took place. The circumstances under which it was made I am not with, but I do know that for the sake concerned of appearances, at least, the candidate for Mayor should have voted in the negative. Mr. Ellert cannot excuse his absence on the score of ignorance. He knew well the Street Committee had completed its arrangements, whatever they were, at a secret session, and that the Board would be called on to vote. Rather than take sides he remained away. As Chairman of the Finance Committee Mr. Ellert has not been a success. Already there is a deficiency of $135,000, and by the end of the term I am positive the expenditures will be at least $200,000 on the wrong side of the revenues.

* * *

Members of the Board have rounded up the various departments, requesting the exercise of due economy, in order that the surplus in the various funds may overbalance in a manner the general deficiency. I am afraid they will have their labor for their pains, for coin once voted is hard to control. Had Ellert possessed the firmness and caution necessary to ward off attacks on the treasury, it would have been an easy task for him to discourage the Board's extravagance. But he lacks the element we call backbone. Indeed, had he a proper endowment thereof, what a chance there was of making a record in the readjustment of Spring Valley rates. Only those who have studied the question are aware the last order, in a covert way, increases while apparently reducing the monopoly's tax.

* * *

It would be interesting to learn if any attempt has yet been made to collect for the city two per cent of the gross earnings of the Hyde and Jones Street Railroad. The franchise of this line was granted under the conditions of the Democratic platform of 1888, and the charter provides that the expert of the Board of Supervisors shall determine the amount of said gross earnings. Since then, however, other franchises have contained the provision, but the earnings are reported to the Board by the secretary of the corporation. The municipality cannot determine for itself. In other words the sting has been drawn. The Hyde Street line is ripe for reaping. A dividend therefrom might aid Supervisor Ellert to reduce the deficiency. Whoever knows aught of street-car traffic must know that this road has proved a capital investment from the start.

* * *

The Salvation Army keeps prominently before the public, especially since the advent of Brother and Sister Montgomery, on whose devoted heads I ask a shower of blessings. I am told the organization is about to furnish some valuable information for the benefit of saints as well as sinners. It is nothing less than a map of San Francisco with "spots of Hell" marked thereon in red ink. Some years ago the Army published one for London and for the lonely traveler there exists no safer guide. Hackmen and hotel clerks are the custodians of this species of information, but the Salvation Army is in a position to give them points.

* * *

Hanging in the sitting-room of Colonel Fred Crocker's residence is a very notable picture "Returning to the Convent" that he purchased while East a few months ago. It is an admirable example of the famous Spanish artist, Edouard Zamacois, and I am told cost something in the neighborhood of $16,000. A number of monks standing in the Monastery gateway are watching the struggles of one of their number with an unwilling donkey. On the ground, the refractory animal has spilled the contents of its panniers and it is tugging obstinately at the bridle by which the stalwart monk is endeavoring to drag it along. Full of character and humor are the faces of the brothers in their long robes and cowls. In the background, through the trees, rise the roofs and tall chimneys of a little town. The tone of the painting is even and yet harmoniously rich, the composition is admirably balanced. In fact, it is a work of art well worth seeing.

* * *

A SERIOUS LOSS, that of the Fulton Iron Works. The firm of Hinckley, Spiers & Hayes will be out something like $200,000 by Sunday's fire. That they are independently rich is true, but it is a large amount, and they are not millionaires. The machinery destroyed represents a large fraction of the total, but what has so swelled the aggregate was the quantity of stock on hand. For instance, a pile of condenser tubes valued at $10,000, just come in, were melted, and two carloads of engines which the firm had only received the week before, shared the same fate. The season, too, has been very dull, and the firm has had its force at work turning out stock. A vast amount of material, of one kind or another, was on hand for the approaching summer trade, besides orders just ready for delivery.

* * *

However, the Fulton will be rebuilt at once, not in its old location, but somewhere on the verge of deep water. Among foundrymen the firm is regarded as the most enterprising in town. In a legitimate way its success has been greatest. In obtaining contracts it relies rather on its work than on personal influence. James Spiers is, perhaps, the most capable mechanical engineer in San Francisco. With every detail of the business he is thoroughly conversant. To him the eminence of the concern is mainly due. He is said to have been lucky in his investments, and is regarded as independently rich. Hayes is the wealthiest of the trio, being one of the owners of the Kennedy Mine, from which report assigns him an income of $5000 per month. He was appointed a Prison Commissioner the other day to succeed Irwin C. Stump.

* * *

My impression is that the fire will prove a gain to the firm. Located beside deep water, equipped with modern machinery, for that destroyed was out of date, the Fulton will be in a position to compete with Eastern concerns, and will certainly be able to turn out engines and boilers cheaper than its competitors. I believe Mr. Spiers intends bidding for the cruisers, and as he has built as many as thirty steam schooners, there is no reason why he should not succeed. At least, he is no novice.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE COURT REPORTER.

BY JUDGE JOHN HUNT.

READ AT THE PRESS CLUB'S "LATE WATCH."

There are many avenues to distinction but none to wealth in the varied duties of a reporter's life. Men have become great in journalism as war correspondents, whose pencil could render "a fearful battle in music;" others have become famous as letter writers, as artists in word pictures of landscape and sea; some have achieved distinction by their witty and facile descriptions of the scenes and events of daily life; but in all the domain of reportorial duty, what knight of the pencil can hope to achieve greatness, or have greatness thrust upon him, in the prosaic duties of a court reporter? Next, probably to a church conference or a prayer meeting, nothing is ordinarily duller than the proceedings of a Civil Court. Hence, the court reporter is oftentimes compelled, in order to present a readable article, to draw somewhat upon his fancy, largely upon his imagination, and oftentimes upon his mendacity.

Accustomed as I have been to associate with those children of light, the lawyers, I have necessarily breathed the air, and dwelt in the atmosphere of great moral heights; I have abided, for many years, in that place of truth, the New City Hall; a place where, though the wicked may not cease from troubling, yet the weary are at rest. In that abode of veracity who could hope "to wake to ecstasy the living" liar.

Accustomed, as I have been, to the atmosphere of truth, and associating as I do, only with the veracious attorney, what marvel is it that any statement which contains the slightest element of falsehood should move me like a Vacaville earthquake shock? And yet, often when I have concluded the trial of some dull case, with its weary details and facts, as dry as a member of the Press Club after a late watch, I have been saddened to read the next day a supposititious account of the case in which I recognized nothing familiar save the names of litigants, and they are nearly always spelled incorrectly.

It is the fertile genius and the prolific fancy of the court reporter which enables him, with a touch of his pencil, to make the dull front of the law as attractive to the reader as the shaggy head of Bottom was to the charmed fancy of Titania. After I wrote this last sentence it occurred to me that the simile of the ass's head in connection with the Courts was unfortunate; but I will let it stand.

In journalistic, or readable sense, the best results are oftentimes obtained by a judicious commingling of fact and fancy. Truth may not always stalk barefaced before the public eye; the invention of the reporter thus becomes pardonable. Not that I claim for a moment that the court reporter possesses more skill in mendacity than any of his associates; far be it from me to make invidious distinction where all are equally entitled to such proud pre-eminence; but, as has been well said, a Thibet shawl could as well be credited to the insensate goat that grew the wool, as the author of a fact, embellished with the reporter's skill, could claim its paternity.

I regret that I have never heard of a wealthy court reporter; at least, I have never noticed their names upon the subscription lists for a competing railroad. Ross Jackson, who once attained respectable distinction in the capacity of a court reporter, and who now earns a precarious subsistence as a city editor and foreign correspondent of the "San Francisco Law Journal," informed me, confidentially, that the salary of a court reporter did not earn him a decent *per diem*, to say nothing of his *per nightem*.

In the course of a judicial experience of many years, I have always entertained a kindly feeling for the court reporter. I am always glad to see him in the courtroom; for I consider that, like the organ in the ballad of "Maggie Murphy's Home," he gives the Court a tone. He is the abstract and brief chronicle. Without him, we could never see our Courts mentioned under the pleasing caption of "The Divorce Mill." I shall always entertain for him kindly feelings, pleasant memories; and here, in this presence, where he is largely congregated, I can best express my feelings toward him by offering this favorite sentiment of Dick Swiveller, "May the wing of our friendship never molt a feather."

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Would you be a little in advance of the fashion? Would it not be a satisfaction to know that when your summer frock is quite *passé* your neighbor will fashion her new one after the same model? If you have aspirations in this direction to carry them out will be a very simple matter. Get down the old family photograph album (for it is but fair to suppose it occupies some remote shelf in a still more remote closet) and turn to the *carte de visite* of an aunt or grandmamma of, say, thirty or thirty-two years ago, and you will be almost sure to find the costume worn very near in design the one your *modiste* will suggest within a few months. Indications are that even the long drooping shoulder seam is coming back to us, and the huge bagging sleeves will be set in with a cord several inches below the shoulder; skirts will be full and flowing, and waists will be short with deep berthas or wide collar effects for trimming. It is sincerely to be hoped that the narrow, straight collar bands will not be revived; they are trying even to the freshest face, but for the style in general, if quaint materials be used and a few modifications be made, the effect will not be unsatisfactory.

* * *

Leather trimmings are growing in popularity, and, used in moderation, add very much to the style of cloth and serge street and traveling dresses. Deep turn-over collars, butchers' cuffs and belts, come in sets, and are made in embossed, plain and stamped leathers. They are not very expensive, and make a jaunty finish for a plain serge dress.

* * *

Delicately tinted batistes and percales, with embroidered dots and heavy guipure insertions woven in, make effective summer dresses. The material is wide enough to serve for the skirt length, having but one seam—that which extends down the back. The fullness about the waist is gathered into the belt in front (instead of being fitted by gores), and is plaited in the usual way at the back. This is to be worn over a narrow gored skirt of the same material. The waist has a sleeveless, tight-fitting lining, sometimes cut low at the neck; the high outside has a yoke of the guipure embroidery. The waist is gathered to this yoke with two small erect ruffles, and is brought down to the waist line by a double shirring, front and back, and has two rosettes of narrow shot ribbon of contrasting color on either side of the shirring in the back.

Sateen no longer holds a place with desirable materials for the season, the thinner and daintier fabrics having entirely taken its place, and foulards, unless the design be in small chintz or pompadour figure, are not considered desirable, the thin stiff silks being more suitable for summer styles.

A very dressy gown for summer wear is of white silk with narrow stripes of black alternating with vines of small pink roses, the only trimming used being black satin ribbon.

MME. X.

A PROTEST.

Why do our poets always sing, pray tell,
The stately charms of by-gone golden days?
The powder, patch, and ruff of ancient belle
Who lent quaint grace to old colonial ways?
No tall, fair, modern maid inspires their sonnets;
They write no odes to our new Easter bonnets.

You sing of dainty slippers, gold and green, Sirs,
That trod Nile's deltaed shores in far-off ages;
The mouldered glove of some dark Grecian queen stirs
Your throbbing hearts like memory's pictured pages.
You praise the white strength of her supple fingers,
As if in our dull world no fairness lingers.

Is beauty's sun forever overcast?
Is tender strength of womanhood departed?
Are noble souls all buried in the past?
Can maidens soothe no more the stricken-hearted?
A woman's hand, strong, firm in life and love,
Can still bring bliss, though *not* in Attic glove.

— Inna Laura Coe, in Kate Field's Washington.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Our Trade Mark in Every Hat is a Lasting Guarantee — FOR — First-Class Material Superior Workmanship Perfect Taste And Exclusive Designs

MOSHER & CO.

Finest Imported Millinery

All Prices Marked in Plain Figures.

143 POST STREET

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—In current fiction people rarely talk to the level of their parts. The discriminating critic always wears spectacles and speaks like a pedant, the art connoisseur peers into pictures and reels of platitudes, the musician is enthusiastic over Mozart or sarcastic about Scarlatti in involved technical periods. The epigrams of the wit are always discharged between chapters, or outside the covers. There is Lytton's great man who "makes his usual *bon mot*" and turns on his heel. The love epistles of the literary hero are either stilted or affected; those of the fond but brainless heroine, full of neat turns and verbal twists that one acquires after years of pen labor. There are exceptions, of course. Not a note out is there in one of the sweet sentences of Tess Durbeyfield. Her expressions seem steeped with her individuality. One realizes almost without description the soft rich beauty of her face, the tenderness and depth of her eyes, the full rounded lines of her figure. St. George in "The Lesson of the Master" speaks as a great novelist might. His reflections are those of a man who has seen through life and knows all its possibilities. His cynicism is almost tender, but none the less absolute. He has no hope, no delusions. Thought and experience have given him insight. He knows.

David Grieve, you say, is consistent. Consistently a bore, save when he is in Paris. That episode with the pretty artist seems to me the redeeming feature of a most prosaic novel. In those love chapters there is atmosphere and truth. The youth is carried away by the absorbing rush of sentiment. He is as in life he would have been. All of us are made up of diverse faculties—the sum of these is character.

I have just finished a clever novel by John Oliver Hobbes. It is called "The Sinner's Comedy," and in its *dramatis personæ* it includes a cynic who succeeds in being epigrammatical. His name is Digby Vallence, his air is the self-satisfied one of the criticised turned critic—he practiced toleration as the Saints did self-denial. One cannot but think of Oscar Wilde in reading of this personage, whose paradox "there is nothing so natural as art," had made him famous. Speaking of love, he says, "It is only a very unselfish man who cares to be be loved; the majority prefer to love—it lays them under fewer obligations." Again, "Love comes to a man through his senses—to a woman, through her imagination—indeed, women love men for their virtue; while men very often love women for the absence of it." Discoursing further about a friend, ever ready to discuss one with another, he made them chiefly for this pleasure, he says, "A man must be faithless to something—either to a woman, or his God, or his firmest belief." But the narrative is full of just such clever turns and twists of expression. There is Sir Richard Kilcoursie, whose views on women are more remarkable for their chivalry than their reverence—"that she had lost her youth was a blot on creation; that could lose her virtue made life worth living." Of the two female characters Anna Christian is the better conceived. There is true passion in her love for Dean Sacheverell; true insight as well. This author has the gift of writing dialogue that is instinct with personality of the speakers. In the studio scene, where she shows him her picture of "The Flight of Pompilia," one hardly realizes the absence of background. The man and the woman are speaking from their hearts. It is real sentiment, not flirtatious make-believe. That, indeed, is what gives the volume strength. What a clever touch is this:

"She held out her hand to say good-bye.

"'Not that hand,' he said, 'the other. You give your right hand to everyone.'"

This phase of true love between two exceptional characters forms an admirable contrast to the scenes between Sir Richard Kilcoursie and Emily Prentice. Here are two drawing-room types playing on the edges of sentiment. She is "a nice problem in diplomatics; he could never be sure of her—not the least considerable of her fascinations," in his eyes. It is a delicate bit of satire that passage in which she consents to marry him. About "The Sinner's Comedy" there is a grace of form that gives the story a decided literary value. Little is there that could be called extraneous. The author's style is exceedingly clever, full of analysis and cynical aphorisms. For instance, here is a passage, "For two years Richard was perfectly happy in her friendship—or, at least, possessed by the excitement that passes so readily for happiness." It is neat, clear and curiously impersonal. A discussion has arisen as to the identity of the writer whose "Some Reflections and a Moral" attracted attention. Is John Oliver Hobbes a man or a woman? *Truth* decides for the latter. I will not guess. There is no sex in words.

Over "The Blacksmith of Voe" you will not be able to work up much enthusiasm. It is the work of an unpracticed writer who has some robustness of expression. Paul Cushing, the author, I should imagine, is a man who late in life has turned to literature. Of the sense of form he is devoid, but he has considerable feeling and earnestness which more than half condone for his artistic misdeeds. The characters are country people, strong, vigorous, healthy. They have violent passions and vehement prejudices. They love with body and soul and hate savagely. They stand out against a firmly painted background, the superb landscape of the Valley of the Voe.

A series of dark, disagreeable pictures, these of "The Jew at Home," which Joseph Pennell furnishes to the growing literature of the subject. Unfavorable, certainly, and yet seeming not unfair. The first Jew is met at Carlsbad, "a miserable, weak, consumptive-looking specimen of humanity, a greasy corkscrew ringlet over each ear, head bent forward, coat-collar turned up, hands crossed on his stomach, each buried in the opposite sleeve, coat reaching to his heels, and a caricature of an umbrella under his arm." He is the type of those encountered in Vienna, in the Judengasse, later in Buda-Pesth, and then in Brody. This is the great Jew town of Hungary and it is a strange picture that is given of the life there. "Once one of the free cities of the empire," says Pennell, "and then a flourishing place, it became a centre for Jews. It has now lost its freedom, but not its Jewish population. The town has become poorer and poorer and so have its 20,000 inhabitants." The great weakness is the aversion to manual labor, and it is this that makes the Jew so hated in Austria. "The Austro-Hungarian Jew produces nothing, he lives on nothing, he wants nothing. His home is cheerless, his costume is disreputable, and he stands round doing nothing with his hands in a country where every one else of his class is at work, takes a pride in his home, and dresses like a picture."

The Russian Jew as exhibited at Berdicheff is treated with similar disfavor. It may be Pennell is prejudiced, but he writes frankly and with considerable lucidity, and his illustrations are clever.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Sinner's Comedy," by John Oliver Hobbes. Cassell Publishing Co., publishers For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Blacksmith of Voe," by Paul Cushing. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Jew at Home," by Joseph Pennell. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Tale of a Lonely Parish," by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, June 4, 1892.

CAMPAIGN PROMISES.

The American laborer will shortly be ordered out to march through a hard political campaign, and he should be ready for duty, having enjoyed a complete rest for four years. It is astonishing the solicitude displayed by the Republican party for the laborer on election years and no time else. It is refreshing, and restores faith in human nature and philanthropy. Nowhere else do the lion of capital and the lamb of labor lie down together in brotherly tenderness as they do here on Presidential years. Then the millionaire forgets his gold, and ceases dodging the assessor. We see him (no longer crouching over his desk trying to screw yet another cent from the tricks of trade) out among the people, on the platform, or appearing in the press, appealing as a missionary for the laboring poor, whose hardships wring his heart, whose sorrows are his, and whose trials are his; he asks—nay, demands—that the production of the foreign laborer be excluded from our soil, that our countrymen may not be made paupers through its competition; he insists that capital, such as he represents, shall be compelled to pay living wages—sufficient wages to support a high degree of comfort, and an elevated state of civilization, and he asks further, coming down to details, that this state of happiness may be accomplished not by excluding the foreign pauper himself, but by keeping out the articles of his trade; foreign paupers, it being understood, having trades and producing great abundance of everything.

The American laborer should be happy in the love and affection of capital. To feel that the sole happiness of capital is found in protecting and defending labor should be a source of great joy, of complete happiness to him. But, although THE WAVE would not disturb the harmonious sweetness of the scene, it would suggest to labor to avail itself of the season's opportunities and insist on a few changes. Let the great American tariff, which is collected in the name of labor, be paid to labor direct. Do not pay it, as now, direct to capital and trust the employer to do the right thing in the long run for his laborers. The tax is taken in the name of the American workmen, and let them receive it. Let the American laborer refuse to be defrauded by allowing the capitalist to collect this tax, which becomes great protuberances, called trusts, on the face of the country, swelling out milllionaire Carnegies and their kind, who mock labor across the wide abyss that separates them from anything of the kind. What can be left for the laborer out of a tax which must first make the manufacturer a millionaire before it reaches him? Let the laborer insist that this tax that makes him rich (in Presidential years) be borne, at least in part, by the manufacturer.

At the Union League Club banquet last week some excellent speeches were made. The average was so much higher than usual that it is worth commenting on. Sam Shortridge's effort was really excellent. He rose to heights of eloquence and raised the enthusiasm of the gathering. Collector Cooper, of Philadelphia, made a stirring address; told some rich stories, and wound up with a declaration that provoked a roar of laughter.

"Gentlemen, I am no rhetorician, but only a redheaded, hopeful man."

REVISING GOD FROM THE BIBLE.

In our hunger and greed for the new, old things are passing away. Emulous of those who have made fame and reputation in horticulture and floriculture, Professor Paul Haupt, the Bibleculturist, has undertaken the task of pruning the Book of books. The improved work will appear shortly, and what atheists and agnostics have left to us the noted Semitic scholar of Johns Hopkins has taken away. That the new Bible, the American Bible is its name, will create a sensation there is no doubt. Professor Haupt, who will edit the work, chose Ecclesiastes as his field, and has robbed that beautiful book of all religious sentiment, all promise or hope. From an advance proof one may learn what this iconoclast has done. For instance, earlier than the first lesson in patriotism, when the widow's tears spoke eloquently to the orphan of the husband and father's love of country, the injunction was given "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Professor Haupt has dispensed with that, as with this other of the commandments that empearl Ecclesiastes: "Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." In its stead are the words: "Amuse yourself while you are young, and try to be in good spirits."

As the years roll on it is easy to be religious. The commandments are construed to mean whatever you would have them mean; the injunctions that were laid on the whole people sound differently now than they did long ago; in our youth we were taught to fear God; now we are commanded to amuse ourselves; long ago we were to remember our Creator, now we are instructed to follow that law that has for its great fundamental doctrine the principle of "Look out for No. 1."

It seems as if the great theologians who prepare the religious *menus* for us are of the opinion that the world can get along pretty well without the Lord; I have heard San Francisco divines preach, pray, and exhort, and never mention God or Christ. I have listened to sermons in which the sermonizers talked of trips to Europe, slumming, and dives, and from "my beloved brethren" to "amen," had no word to say of the Son or of the Father; but a step forward, and probably in the wrong direction, is taken by those to whom the work of revising the Bible has been entrusted, in omitting all reference to the Creator from a book that was a pillar and a tower in the sight of those who believed in the Holy Word.

PETER THE GREAT.

The triumph of Peter Jackson in his contest with Frank Slavin is calculated, I apprehend, to develop a great deal of swell-head in the colored Society of this and other towns. The maxim that the black man is fit only to hoe corn must now suffer some amendment, and for one I shall hesitate a long while before I publicly offer any argument to sustain that idea. Not merely because Mr. Jackson has proved himself to be one of the greatest men of the age, but because the propagation of any such dogma in the present exalted state of our colored population, might result in a "jab" in the jaw.

Moreover, I entertain a vast deal of respect for Peter Jackson. Even if I believed (which I do not) that the black man was fit only to hoe corn, I should not care to say so while engaged, as I am at present, in contemplating the gentle nature and later achievements of this illustrious hero. Not only is Peter a clever boxer, a hard hitter, and a level-headed, brave fellow, but he is a humane gentleman as well. When Slavin, limp, bloody, and almost lifeless hung upon the ropes, struggling to regain his feet, Peter turned to the Referee and asked, "Must I hit him again?" And when the Referee replied "You must knock him out to win," Peter, with pathetic tenderness, dealt him the final blow.

To my thinking this simple thing stamps Peter as a noble, gentle-hearted man. What Caucasian bruiser in the same situation would have asked, "Must I hit him again?" What Caucasian in the daily affairs of life, with his foot upon the throat of his antagonist, stops to ask, "Shall I hit him again?" Pugilism is Peter's business, mainly because God created him big enough and alert enough to whip almost anybody, but these things have not made of him a savage brute. Note the contrast between this mild-mannered black giant and our drunken, loud-mouthed Sullivan. "Me b'y," said the latter once, when asked if he proposed making a match with Peter, "you'll never see John L. fight a coon."

And yet, coon that he is, Peter is a better man than the Boston giant with his white skin and whisky appetite. Hereafter I shall back him for everything in sight, and in the meantime I hope the colored society of the Fourth Ward will accept my most distinguished consideration. If a Hibernicism were permissible, I might exclaim, Last Monday night was a great day for Africa!

BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

THE HORNY-HANDED, HORNY-BRAINED AND TOO HIGHLY PAID WORKINGMAN.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

Bottom the Weaver—Bottom the American Workingman—pricks up his fine long ears in expectation of the quadrennial treat of the Presidential campaign.

Seated on a hard bench, smoking a Chinese cigar, clothed poorly and dirtily, bent, twisted and old before his time, so tired with his day's drudgery for a couple of dollars that he can't sit up straight, Bottom, dull-eyed, horny-handed and horny-brained, shall presently be listening to General Tom Clunie or the Honorable Morris M. Estee telling him to his grimy face how highly paid he is, how free, how fortunate, how happy beyond all other Bottoms. And Bottom will smite together his calloused palms in believing applause and stamp his boots riotously—boots that General Clunie and Mr. Estee would as soon think of wearing as they would dream of exchanging their well-made foreign cloth suits for Bottom's unclean home-made and highly protected hand-me-downs.

It is well. The peasant soul in Bottom is pleased to see his masters in white linen, soft-handed and better dressed than himself—the masters for whom he works six hours daily in addition to the four that more than earn his wages.

It is well, I say, for I am a "friend of the workingman" myself. Therefore I think a protective tariff is good for him because it robs him. Lower wages, longer hours, higher rents, worse clothes, worse food, less ability to transmute his labor into comfort for his wife and children, more politicians to flatter him for his vote—everything that will aid to further degrade him and hasten the time when he shall arrive at his destined level, that of a half-starved slave, imbruted, hopeless, is to be desired. It now takes as much as fifty Bottoms can earn to support one Clunie, one Estee. It should take the labor of one hundred, two hundred, and eventually it will. The Chinaman is the future realized. What he is the white coolie shall be.

Bottom is true to his ears. He is an ass—a willing, patient, burden-bearing ass, content to trot the trail marked out for him by his own hoofs, under the direction and whip of his proprietors—the Clunies and Estees, and other superior beings like the late Nicholas Luning, the living Asa Fisk and Andrew Carnegie. Three-fifths of his earnings are taken by these. They will take more as time goes on, for they own the land, the water, the inventions of genius, and the capital. They also own the government which Bottom's vote maintains—the government that Bottom cheers for when it makes dearer (the extra dollars going into the pockets of Mr. Carnegie and the others) Bottom's coat and breeches, the tobacco in his pipe, and each rag upon the back of his wife and babies. Bottom does more work in a day than Mr. Carnegie does in a week. Mr. Carnegie lives in a mansion and has hunting estates in the Highlands of Scotland. Bottom lives in a hut on Minna Street, and his estate waits for him on Lone Mountain.

Bottom is stupid, ignorant, overworked, unclean, gross, and repulsive. Civilized men and women keep him at arm's length. They would as lief admit to their homes as a visitor any other of the work animals. All that Bottom—the well-protected and highly-paid—knows of civilized life, he sees on the streets and through the windows of the people who appropriate the wealth he earns. Yet Bottom is too well off. He is still above the Chinese level. His wife and children get too much to eat, and their clothing is over-costly. He should be required to vote for a higher protective tariff, his hours of labor lengthened, and his offspring made to go to work earlier than they do, instead of spending their time at school. Progress is being made in this direction, but it does not go on fast enough. The *Examiner* has been showing us, lately, who thousands of women and girls in San Francisco work in shops and factories for weekly wages that would not pay General Clunie's cigar bill for one day. But out here the babies have not yet been herded into the factories, as in the more Christian and civilized East. Bottom and his womankind and progeny are altogether too prosperous among us.

By those who think that every human being born into the world is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—mere dreamers—Bottom's state is called the "social problem." They hold that everybody could be well-dressed, well-fed, well-housed, with leisure for culture and amusement, if only the labor of all producers could be more justly divided. It is their opinion that Bottom should keep what he earns for himself, instead of letting the Carnegies and the Fisks, and the rest of us who have better brains, take it. Such a notion, of course, is in its nature an attack on the very foundations of society. Christ had some communistic ideas of the same kind, but Christ never had the privilege of reading the *Bulletin*. Its publication began some time after his disturbing existence was brought to a close by the duly constituted authorities of his day. Ever since that, the world has shown what it thinks of his precepts—most unscientific and opposed to the accepted principles of political economy and statesmanship as they are—by the manner in which it has ignored them in the management of its affairs.

Just once in modern times Bottom has sought to solve the social problem for himself instead of waiting for the benevolent better classes—for whom he works six out of his ten hours—to do it for him. In France he turned things over, and, for a brief space, gave the better classes personal experience of how it feels to be at the bottom instead of at the top of the social pyramid. That was only a hundred years ago. Two years since, I saw men harnessed to carts like horses in the streets of Paris, and women working in the fields. Bottom hadn't brains enough to stay on top. If he had, we should be deprived of such sweetly beautiful pictures as Millet's "Angelus," which has touched the hearts of the better classes everywhere. It is truly affecting to the rightly constituted mind to see a clod in wooden shoes, with his drudging wife and wheelbarrow beside him in the furrow, reverently thanking God for the blessing of being there. The picture has been sold to one of the better classes for more than the peasant and his wife would get for their labor—calculated at 50 cents a day for the two, which is high—in about 1650 years, a period not quite so long as that which has elapsed since Christ was crucified.

Those who believe that Bottom should have something besides poverty and toil during his stay on earth, regard the French Revolution as the most creditable incident in human history. It shows, they think, that when Bottom is so minded he can act like a man in defense of his assumed right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In reality it shows nothing of the kind. The French Revolution occurred simply because Bottom was starved into blind desperation. Reduced to grass and nettle soup, he tore at his chain like a famishing beast, and the chain broke. That is all.

It is our business—the business of the better classes, that is—to see to it that Bottom shall be kept just this side of grass and nettles, and that the chain be looked after more closely than it was by the pleasure loving better classes of France, whose sufferings because of their carelessness forms so moving an element in our literature even at the present day. What could be more pathetic, indeed, than the spectacle of a gentleman accustomed all his life to live by the work of others, suddenly being deprived of that privilege?

To the end that the chain be made strong, and that Bottom shall be induced to vote for a high tariff, and otherwise as we wish, and kept working contentedly for our benefit, under the pleasing illusion that such is the decree of Heaven (a sentiment so finely and usefully expressed in the $300,000 "Angelus") there are some things which we must attend to sedulously. It is wise that we should continue to bestow charity, and in other ways manifest a kindly interest in Bottom's welfare. Most of us already do this in good faith, for we have managed to deceive ourselves as well as Bottom as to the divine origin of the scheme which gives him the work and us the profit. The press, which, by reason of our respectability and advertisements, we own, is doing nicely. It is full of sympathy for Bottom, and appeals constantly to our better feelings in his behalf. It applauds our charity when we extend it. If we found a hospital, a library, a church or a school for Bottom with a small portion of the earnings of Bottom, intrusted by ourselves to our care, we are honored for our liberality and benevolence. Our arrangements for giving alms to Bottom are vast and costly, but, in

IT HAS BEEN WHISPERED IN SOCIETY CIRCLES THAT
DINMORE'S SOAP
WASHES EVERYTHING BUT MORALS AND CONSCIENCE
WIELAND & DINMORE MAKE IT S. F.
HAVE YOUR SERVANTS GET IT

the end, the investment is profitable, since the final effect is to further degrade him by accustoming him to dependence and pressing down his wages. Moreover, our readiness to give alms silences the press on the subject of our title to the alms we confer. That is a point which the press must never be allowed to discuss. The sacredness of property when Bottom has earned it, and we have possessed ourselves of it, must always be recognized or we are lost. We can no more safely permit this title to be debated than the churches can afford to allow the existence of God to be questioned in their houses of worship. When disturbers appear argument must be suspended, and a combined shout raised to put them down. The inspired one who wrote, "Give a dog a bad name and kill it" was a savior of society. We may cheerfully furnish ointment to ease the pain of social sores, but God forbid that we should, for an instant, give hearing to physicians who would diagnose the disease—who declare that the first step towards its cure is to ascertain and clearly define its cause. Let us welcome always as a benefactor, as we now do, anyone who can suggest improvements in sewing machines, engines, and the machinery for the production of wealth generally, but rise as one man to crush anyone who comes with suggestions for the improvement of the machinery for the distribution of wealth. Call him a madman, crank, foe of the social order, criminal—anything that will make him disreputable and prejudice Bottom—the object of his solicitude—against him. Keep the press afraid to give respectful hearing to all such. Keep it afraid to mention without a supercilious air of superior wisdom. Marx with his Socialism, Proudhon with his Anarchy, George with his Land Nationalization, and the rest of these thorough going physicians.

We better classes have in every age crucified the Christs, and a very good plan it is. If the world shall ever be brought into a state of mind that will make it as hospitable to the social as to the mechanical discoverer, our day will be over. Only that is needed to undo us—to end our comfortable privilege of taking most of the fruits of Bottom's labor. If the time shall come when plans for making the distribution of wealth more equitable will be listened to willingly, intelligently, and with a strong desire to adopt what is good in them while rejecting the impracticable, the most deplorable results will be certain to follow. I really believe that such a revolution in the mind of the race would result in making a man of Bottom, instead of a beast of burden as he now is, with a vote of whose power he is no more conscious than a pack-donkey is of the resisting strength residing in his laborious heels.

Bottom, as I have said, is an ass.

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU.

I thought it was you—as she paused on the stair—
A girl in blue silk, with your profile and all,
In the jostle and crowd at the theatre there
With the yellowish tapering gas-jets aflare,
High up in the niches of foyer and wall.

She had the same shading of bronze in her hair,
Sweet, sensitive lips, and like you she was tall,
And so, being taken just then unaware
I thought it was you.

But as soon as she turned, though I saw she was fair,
The resemblance had vanished beyond my recall.
Her escort, I noticed, resented my stare
But I smiled to myself at his truculent air,
For he never would know as they turned from the hall
I thought it was you.

—Daniel M. Griffin.

ON THE CLIFFS.

W. W. NAUGHTON.

Away to the westward beneath the gray sky,
The white crested billows are heaving,
In the distance between where the waters are dark
The pilot-boats foam tracks are leaving.
There's a rift in the cloud banks disclosing the blue,
In the sunlight a gull's wing is flashing,
And for miles where the beach stretches off to the south
The surf on the shore line is crashing.

The spray tumbles back from the brown dripping rocks
And the yelps of the seals intermingle
With the rush of the wind, and the rattle and roar
Of waves rolling high on the shingle—
Up here on the cliffs where the gale loudly pipes
To the song of old Ocean I listen,
While the pilot-boats ride and the mollyhawks soar
And the sands 'neath the falling spray glisten.

How small seem the figures out there on the strand
Where the white waves are curling and leaping,
And foam clots extending far up on the sand
Mark the spot where the last surge came sweeping—
There's a lesson involved, and I take it to heart
Through the whole of a poet's existence
While he draws inspiration from many a source,
There is naught that inspires him like distance.

A man seldom raves o'er the land of his birth
'Till the ocean of waters divide them,
And sonnets to eyebrows are rarely composed
When the bards have the eyebrows beside them—
And so with most themes o'er which poets enthuse
'Tis the something that's absent that's courted—
Perhaps to delve in true transport o'er freedom and home
One needs to be jailed or transported.

And distance of years is as potent, I ween,
As miles o'er the earth's surface measured,
E'en the cares of the past seem to mellow with age
In the long run they seem to be treasured;
Through the filter of time pleasant memories drip,
And all that was irksome has vanished.
The clang of the school bell falls soft on the ear—
The swish of the birch rod is banished.

Strange fancies, no doubt, but they teem thro' my brain,
While the ocean its pæan is bawling,
And the wet, squirming seals on the rocks far below
Look like snails o'er a cabbage leaf crawling.
Well, I'll turn up my collar and light a cigar,
And then I'll continue to ponder,
By Jove, it is cold! still I'm much better clad
Than the Venus of Sutro just yonder.

Now, talking of distance, just cast your eyes thro'
Where the sea and the heavens seem blending;
See yon bonny bark like a many-winged bird
Her sails to the west breeze extending.
As she mounts every wave she look handsomer far,
At least, in a poet's opinion,
Than that steamer, hull down, in a pall of black smoke,
Like a blur on Dad Neptune's dominion.

But distance plays pranks and it saddens me some
The veil from a dream to be lifting,
The bark is a whaler, oil-sodden and old,
To the bleak Arctic region slow drifting.
And the steamer's a pleasure yacht bound for the isles
Where tourists 'neath palm trees love roaming,
On the whaler the *menu* is "biscuit and horse,"
On the steamer the bright wine is foaming.

Have I pointed a moral or garnished a tale,
Perhaps neither, but one thing I'm knowing—
The sun's going down and fog's coming in
While the zephyrs much colder are blowing;
The beach is deserted, the steamer is gone,
And depotward I must be strolling,
But the whaler seems anchored with all her sails set,
In the gloom where the big waves are rolling

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My friend Frank Moffitt has made a discovery that will be worth dollars to California before the campaign ends. He says in the Oakland *Times*: "There seems to have been more ginger in the Cleveland boom than anybody expected."

The Fresno *Republican* wisely says: "The refusal of the Democratic convention to commend Judge Wallace for the course pursued by him in the attempt to bring boodlers to justice is the subject of much unfavorable comment. An indorsement of Judge Wallace would have been universally approved."

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CARELESS LOVE.

A STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

That Jack Morrow had the finest ranch in all Texas everybody in those parts, from Paint Rock to San Angelo, firmly believed. That Jack Morrow was a perfect "devil on wheels" when aroused, everybody also knew. He was tall, dark, and twenty-eight, and he went to Austin and took to himself a wife. This was the cause of all his trouble, as it has been that of many other men.

Rose Shannon was as pretty as the flower she was named after, and had long been a belle of Austin. Why she had married the tall, dark rancher, rich in horses and cattle, when he came courting, she could not tell; but marry him she did, and into the San Angelo country she went to keep his big house on the Couché River.

It was all novel for the city girl away up there in central Texas. The long rides across the flat prairie with the attentive but somewhat silent husband; the glories of the big new house, with its balconies and stately rooms; the grand piano in the parlor; the army of servants at beck and call; all these things were new to the young wife, and time passed pleasantly for a while. Then, little by little, the long, flat prairie, gay with flowers, became more tiresome to her eyes, little by little the rides grew tiresome, too. She got angry with herself, the country, her husband, and everyone else. A trip to Austin, another dip in the social surf at the capital, and she might have come back satisfied with life at San Rosa Ranch, and this story would never have been written.

But Jack Morrow hated Austin; it was a long distance from his home, and he disliked city life. He had the best in Texas and the prettiest wife. He frowned down all her petulant little hints for a visit back to Austin, and the little bride who thought awhile back that she was happy, sulked and held a half wish in her heart for another fellow. Now this is a dangerous way for a young wife to get to thinking, but Jack Morrow was busy with his cattle and never noticed, and could not have guessed if he had.

One day the other fellow came to San Rosa. He was third or fourth cousin to Jack's wife, and if she had chosen to write to him of late, it was all in the family, and Jack took no notice.

Dick Thorn was twenty-two; he was good-looking, accomplished, and as thorough-paced a young scamp as ever played poker in Austin or took the place of better men in women's hearts in all Texas.

Under Dick's auspices life began anew at San Rosa ranch. He gathered the country side at balls at the big house, played sentimental songs on the guitar, and beat Jack Morrow himself at poker and at a horse race on the big track Jack had on the ranch, on which many a blooded colt had run its first race before carrying the fame of San Rosa to country fairs and fall meets.

Maybe Jack Morrow left them too much alone; maybe it was just the inward evil in a wife well loved and a friend too kindly treated.

Anyway, it is started, just as many other things do that end seriously, in fun first, and then sped swiftly from jest to earnest.

Dick had been playing the courtly kinsman. It was "Ma belle cousine," and a stately kiss upon the finger tips at first. Things do not generally stay where they are started. It was "dear coz" now, and the kiss had reached the lips. The serio-comic salute upon the hand had been given in Jack's presence; the present plan was, somehow, postponed until Jack was out among his men and cattle. Not that there was any harm in it; Oh, no!

About this time some one had written a song. It was a good song, too, and Dick sang it. Perhaps it was this song that was the cause of it all, who knows?

He was singing one moonlight night, seated at the piano, and the two were alone. Rose was standing beside him turning the music, not that it was necessary, however, because it wasn't the song Dick was singing, and if it had been, Dick had a way of throwing in extemporaneous verses of his own that were neat in their way, but generally foreign to the text, and made the music turning rather unnecessary.

It was the new song Dick was singing, and singing as only he could sing. It was the wail of some lone maiden who had loved and lost, and Dick was throwing a tenderness into the strain hardly its own.

"Careless love, careless love,
'Tis a careless love like thine,
That has broken the heart of many a girl,
And has broken this poor heart of mine."

The hand turning the music trembled. Dick looked up. There was no reason why Jack Morrow's wife should have tears in her eyes.

"Rose," he whispered, "do you mean it?"

"Oh, Dick, Dick, your love is careless love."

"Not for you, Rose. I loved you before this man you married carried you away to this God forsaken country."

* * * * * * *

This was the beginning of days that better for all had they never been. Dick Thorn greeted the man whom he dishonored with a hearty handshake, and the woman kissed her husband like Judas, and, like Judas, betrayed him even as she kissed.

Dick seldom rode around with Jack from that day. The song of "Careless Love" he sang no more. And so the summer sped.

When Dick Thorn went back to Austin, Jack rode to San Angelo, the nearest station, with him, and bade him good-bye with a smile.

"Come again, old fellow," he said, "you don't know how gay you've made San Rosa. We'll miss you much, the place will be dull without you."

This was a long speech for Jack, and Dick replied in kind, and muttered "the fool" as he waved his hat to him farewell.

* * * * * * *

Austin is a long way from the San Angelo country, and mail comes but once a week to San Rosa ranch. Yet Dick Thorn wrote a letter every week, always to Mrs. Jack, who handed the letters to her husband. They were calm and cousinly letters and Jack liked to read them because Dick always mentioned his name many times, and, even to a quiet man like Jack Morrow, the flattery of remembrance is sweet.

There might have been two letters in each, and Jack saw but the one that was intended for his eyes, or if this was not always so, it was once—but that comes later.

A man named Adams had a ranch away up the Couché, near Big Springs. He had tried Texas and cattle raising and he did not like it. He wrote to Jack, saying he would like to sell his cattle, and Jack thought it would be a good investment, so he decided to go to Big Springs and see Adams, a journey of two weeks.

It was about this time that Dick Thorn had assented to Jack's invitation in each letter that his wife wrote, to come again to San Rosa. "He'll stir things up, sweetheart," said Jack; "besides, he plays poker like the devil, and we need a man like that, even if he is as costly as Dick is to play with.'

So Dick was coming, and Jack was afraid that if he went to Big Springs, Dick might come without his having the pleasure of meeting him himself at the station and riding with him home. However. Dick's last letter said he would not come for three weeks, and Jack decided to go to Big Springs and see Adams.

He was booted and spurred, waiting in the hall to kiss his wife good-bye before he set out, when he espied the end of a letter sticking out of a book on the hall table.

"It's Dick's letter," he thought. "I saw Rose reading it and put it in here when she saw me coming and then she ran upstairs." And for something to do while waiting, he pulled it out to read it over again, especially that part that read about "that fine old fellow, Jack." However, this letter did not read that way:

"DARLING ROSE:—You say 'the fool' is going to Big Springs Wednesday next. Well, I leave here for San Rosa Friday, then, and we can have things all by ourselves until he gets back. It will be easy to explain to him why I came sooner than I said in that letter that I always enclose as a blind for 'Dear Hubby.' I'll have a surprise for you, a big one. Be sure to get him to go so nothing will be awkward if he should be at the ranch when I turn up three weeks ahead of time. I miss you so much, but wait till we meet again and the happy days of last summer will be renewed. Your own true love, DICK.

If any man had struck Jack Morrow in the face, if any man had wantonly insulted him to the teeth with the foulest epithets that human tongue could form, such an expression of the hate of hell could never have come to his, Jack Morrow's, face as was brought there by these few marks of ink on paper.

He saw it all—the friend betrayed, the husband dishonored; many trifles that he had not noticed at the last visit of Dick Thorn came back with confirmation strong as proof of holy writ.

With a calmness that he wondered at himself, he smoothed the crumpled letter and placed it back in the book. Already the wild resolve to blot out with blood the stain upon his honor, flashed through his brain. He had been wronged most cruelly, his vengeance would be full and ample, and it lay in one word: "Death!" From that moment Jack Morrow was insane; insane, but with the madman's cunning that plans a purpose and carries to the end.

He kissed his wife good-bye, he laughed as

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AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

he did so, and he rode away, pale and haggard. Mrs. Jack noticed how aged and grim he looked, and even simpered at the thought that his long journey might be fatal to him, for did he not look ill? And if she was a widow, why Dick—but pshaw, there was no such good luck.

It was Dick, Dick, all day. She even opened the piano that had been long shut. She thought of the night Dick had sat there while the glorious Texas moonlight streamed through the window. Half unconscious of what she did, she played the song of that night.

"Careless love, careless love,
'Tis a careless love like thine
That has broken the heart of many a poor girl,
And has broken this poor heart of mine."

Why did she shiver? A false note, like the wail of a lost soul, shuddered through the room. It was dark there. She called loudly for a light, and when the old negro woman brought it, she laughed at herself and wondered why she had been afraid.

Sunday night at last; Dick was coming. Since Friday one of the negro boys had been at the station at San Angelo with saddle horses.

There was to be a big frolic among the darkies at the quarters, half way 'cross the ranch, and all the house servants had been given permission to go. It was a little lonely, but Dick was coming—Dick was coming—and she thought, with a grim little smile, of the husband far away on his weary ride to Adams' ranch.

At San Angelo Dick Thorn hurriedly gave directions for the sending of his baggage on, when the afternoon train left him at the station.

On horseback then, and the swift ride to the ranch began. It would be after dark when the ranch would be reached. But there would be a moon, and Dick ran his hand over the guitar strapped to his saddle. This was the surprise he wrote to Rose of. He would send the boy away to the frolic—he knew all about it—and silently gliding up to the house, would serenade Rose like a troubadour of old, and, climbing up the balcony, claim his reward—a kiss. Rather a silly idea in these latter Texas times of steam-engines and straight whisky, but silly women like silly ways, and none knew this better than Dick Thorn.

Nine o'clock, the moon hung like a burnished shield on the walls of heaven; its rays poured down in hazy lines, as light clouds crossed its glory; and on and on Dick Thorn rode to San Rosa ranch and a guilty love, while the same moon looked down on the just and unjust. Ten o'clock; San Rosa reached at last.

The boy turns the horses into the corral and scampers away across to the quarters, and Dick Thorn glides like a shadow to the house; it is all dark. The moon, that throws its angles with black lines of shade, makes it seem a house of shadows, dark as death.

The guitar is unslung from the shoulder, the quick fingers touch the strings. Beneath her window the soft tinkle of its tuneful strains arises:

Far off, far off, the river creeps,
The stars shine down above;
All nature still a silence keeps,
The night was made for love.

The soft breeze stirs the sleeping flowers
That tremble with the dew;
They wake but in the sunny hours,
Love lives the whole night through.

The frost will chain the river's flow,
The flowers die at its breath;
Nor frost nor snow stay love, I know,
For love lives on past death.

Dick's voice broke with emotion at the last word, "death." But he laughed aloud as a rose fell from the balcony and struck his arm; a rose as white as snow! Dick picked it up and stuck it in his lapel. One hand touched the balcony post, the other followed, and Dick climbed up to claim the kiss the rose invited.

He reached the top and threw himself across the rail. His foot touched something soft; he looked down—it was a bunch of flowers in a dead woman's hand, and the dead woman was Rose Morrow.

Love was stronger than death, he had sung; his fear was stronger than his love. Yet, despite this, and the loud beating of his heart with the desire to fly with a cry from this thing of horror—a woman in white, cold and still, with that gash across the throat! "Rose, Rose!" he cried. "Oh, God, who has done this thing?"

"I!" A dark form stood beside him. "You played well; your sentimental song was most appropriate. But come, the lover with his lute seems frightened at the way his mistress greets him." Then, in sudden fury: "I tell you she lay dead, even while your silly song floated up to where she and I the false, dead woman and the husband who killed her, awaited you. A rose fell from her hand as if she threw it, and struck you as it fell. It makes a fair mark on your breast. Take that, you dog!" and Jack Morrow's bowie clove the rose the dead had given and the false, frightened heart that beat beneath it.—*Town Topics.*

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THE MUMMERS.

NEW LAWS NEEDED.

A law should be passed making it a capital offense for any mummer killed on the stage, in pursuance of the lines of a playwright, to come to life again, either during the performance in which he met his death, or in the course of the season in which his company shows at the theatre in which the fatality occurred. As my stage experience ripens in the sunlight of managerial favor I begin to see that it is with a mind kindly disposed toward the public that the average author kills one or two of the people in the cast in the first act. I am quite sure that I express the sentiments of my readers in saying that nine times out of ten the death of a man on the stage is a source of satisfaction and relief. Of course, allowance should be made for the fact that the bad die young in plays, and that the average theatre-goer takes an instinctive dislike to the villain. But, aside from this, it is almost always true that the actor who meets a speedy end on the boards is worthy of it, and that his end is ordinarily too far off to satisfy the average audience.

This is easy of proof. The mummer who can be spared from the round-up, or last act, who will not be missed when the heroes and heroines, soubrettes, *ingenues, et al.*, come in for the drop, could just as well be put to death in the green room; an announcement to that effect to the audience would be quite satisfactory. The actor who dies early is chosen to do so because he is too bad (in an artistic sense) to be permitted to live through the play; and that is why I say that when he meets his fate on Monday night he should "stay met" for the week, anyway, and for the season, if possible.

A number of people die early at the Bush Street Theatre this week. A number, but not enough. More could be spared, but for the mercies vouchsafed we should be thankful. The stage now and again looks like a charnel-house; there is gore on the board, blood on the footlights, and life fluid on the flies, but not in sufficient quantities to satisfy the insatiate longings of the spectators. If all the murders suggested could be consummated, there would yet remain one or awo actors whose places would not be missed. The play is "The Fast Mail," a realistic, sure-enough water, real-blood drama, whose author worked on it between a course at Dwight's and a trip to the asylum. His malady took a literary turn, and when "The Fast Mail" appeared his case was considered hopeless. Almost anyone could write a play of this character if the keepers would furnish pen, ink, and paper; the strange imaginings, the weird, eerie thoughts, the queer feelings that are naturally supposed to fill the boots of a patient would afford material for the plot.

There are one or two virtuous people in the play; not enough to make it dull for the man who loves excitement, but sufficient to prove that Mr. Jordan, of Dixion, should be transferred from his pulpit to a blacksmith shop. They, unfortunately do not die, but live on to the bitter end. This is inexcusable, and is permitted merely because an unwise law has declared it murder in the first degree to kill a man maliciously or blood-thirstily. I sincerely hope when our Solons are writing themselves down Dogberrys on our statute books that they will retrieve some of their errors by passing a law such as I suggest at the beginning of this, and by abrogating any enactments that interfere with the killing of an actor whose removal would be a source of gratification to two-thirds of an audience.——

Francis Wilson and his "Merry Monarch" formed an attraction at the Baldwin this week that few could resist. What the piece is, no one cares to know; the place it occupies on the stage no one is interested in finding it out; the people believe that it is the funniest, brightest play of all the gladsome season. Even if Mr. Wilson could not tell the difference between a joke and a sore limb, he would receive our admiration for his ability to choose beauty from the garden of youth. His ballet, chorus, or whatever it is, is a bower of buds, who are pretty enough to attract attention at a Santa Barbara flower show any year in the century. As for the principals, they are all clever, and the clock is funny enough to make time stop and laugh at it.——

The "Midnight Alarm" will be presented next week at the Bush Street Theatre. This is a strikingly realistic play of New York life, dealing particularly with the happier side of the fireman's existence. There is a touch of the pastoral in it, that harmonizes well with the plot, which is well sustained. The scene in the fire station is an exciting one, and the theatre-goers will be treated to a veritable conflagration. "The Midnight Alarm" should be a success. ——

On Monday night Frank Daniels comes to town with his most successful farce, "Little Puck." Daniels is a genuine humorist, as well as being an excellent low comedian, and he has introduced a whole lot of new fun in "Little Puck" this year. He has in his support, aside from Bessie Sanson, Hilda Thomas and the Clipper quartette.——

Charles Frohman's Company in "The Lost Paradise" will be the midsummer attraction at the Baldwin Theatre. This Company contains many San Francisco favorites, and is practically the same organization that presented "Men and Women" last season. "The Lost Paradise" appears to have been the most pronounced dramatic success of the past New York season.——

The splendid list of attractions that Mr. Stockwell has made up for the opening season of his theatre promises a very happy time for amusement lovers. The very best histrionic talent has been engaged. Daly's Company will present "As You Like It" on the opening night, July 7th.——

The remaining three Steinway Hall concerts, under the patronage of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici, which were to have taken place during the months of June, July, and August, are postponed and will be given during the months of September, October and November instead. Timely notice will be given through the papers.

FOR THE ARTISTS.

About this season the art student leaves the dust and heat of the city, and seeks the shade of the redwoods, under whose umbrageous boughs they transfer to their canvases mountain and woodland scene. It is impossible to be an artist without proper material, and Sanborn, Vail & Co. have just received a stock of the best paints, brushes, palettes, easels, etc., which artists should see and select from. For indoor work, this firm shows a splendid line of studies that are a liberal education in art themselves. Among these, is Boucher's "Cupid," a very pretty picture that art students will find very satisfactory. Among the reductions that have been made recently in prices, one may note the figures on Roman Gold, which has been reduced to eighty-five cents a box.

Everything that one can expect in the best equipped store in the world may be found at Sanborn, Vail & Co's. The latest styles in stationery and the best work in copper-plate work may be had there.

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Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION	Sundays.	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m, 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The Silver Convention, held at Washington, was largely attended, over 200 delegates being present; nothing of note took place. During the week Senators Stewart, Teller and Sherman had several tilts in the Senate on the silver policy of the Government.

The interest in the decision of Judge Hebbard in the Hale and Norcross suit, has created very little comment, the impression being that the sum exceeding $1,000,000 could never be collected, and that the stockholders will not reap any benefit therefrom, at least from the way the price of the stock remains. There seems to be feeling that though the judgment against Hayward, Hobart, *et al*, exceeds $10 per share, the stock is selling in open market for $1.30, less, in fact, than before the decision.

In the Comstock mines and shares at the Exchanges during the past week were very dull, and fluctuations were light, the trading being principally between the chipping element. The only feature of note was the large purchases lately of Ophir. On two or three occasions the buying orders of Ophir rallied the market. Each day Cope, Marshall, Coffin, and Paxton were the principal buyers of this stock, and on Tuesday, when Ophir reached $2.70, Paxton bought until the price advanced to $3.10, from which figure it receded again.

The latest news from the Ophir is on the south drift; it is looking a little better, assaying about up to $28 or $30, although the bunches do not get any larger or richer. From the present manipulations in this stock, it is a gamble on the long side, and a few shares will do for a venture.

In Con. Virginia, although the tendency has been downward for the last week, still at times there was an undercurrent of strength manifested.

The Superintendent reports for the last week there was extracted and shipped to the Morgan Mill 1078 tons, worked 980 tons that assayed $22.90. Bullion was shipped to the amount of $31,100 to the Carson mint.

On the west crosscut of the 1800-ft. level of Con. California there are some bunches of ore that are more than medium, and on the 1550-ft. level the best ore in the mine is being worked. Although at present it may be premature, in the near future this stock will be a good buy, as the insiders do not seem to be ready to let the price advance at the present time.

All the lesser priced stocks seem to be a drag on the market, as at each session they decline until some of them have become unmarketable; this makes business light as the majority of operators have their money tied up in the South-end group, the Gold Hills, and the middle mines, and until these begin to move, outsiders will have very little chance to speculate.

In the outside districts, the Bodies, nothing to report; of the Quijotoas, the Weldon and others will hold a meeting and see what disposal to make of the stock held by the Company. At the mines the usual progress. Of the Tuscaroras the Nevada Queen is the only one dealt in.

From the second level the Superintendent says there was produced 117 cars of ore at $269, and 610 of second-class at $29, from the third level 4 cars at $275, and 8 cars, second-class, at $45.

From the Union Mill, on account of ore, $30,000.

The Holmes Mine, Columbus District, Nev., has resumed work; the indebtedness at the local banks have been settled.

The Con. Virginia shipped May 30th 3 bars of bullion valued at $15,000, making $50,000 total shipped on the May account with further shipments yet.

The Overman shipped 3 bars of bullion valued at $8292 on the May account.

Dr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, has bought the Hillside Mines, Arizona, of Lawler and Wells for the sum of $500,000.

The Alta is having trouble with their pump columns, owing to their oxidized condition; they are leaking badly and the only remedy is to repair with new 12-inch columns, or stop pumping; this is bad for the stockholders, as in the meantime the stock will depreciate in value.

At the Merchants' Exchange on Wednesday a meeting was held at which Frank S. Johnson introduced a set of resolutions which were adopted; their purport being, that the Nicaragua Canal Bonds were a safe and desirable investment, and the people of this Coast could in no way promote the interests of the Coast than by investing in the bonds. J. G. Fair, L. B. Parrott, R. H. McDonald, E. B. Pond, and others were present.

Evan Williams, Superintendent of the Nevada Mill, left for Minneapolis being a delegate to the Republican Convention.

H. Zadig, stock broker, left for the Comstock. It is understood he will start up the Occidental Mill.

At the sale day of delinquent stock of Seg. Belcher, there was sold only 1500 shares for the non-payment of the assessment. This is a good showing, as the assessment was 25 cents and the stock is quoted at 25 cents.

During the month of May there was disbursed in dividends $376,675, of which the mines paid $170,800.

The Chollar was assessed 50 cents per share.

The Calumet and Hecla Copper Company declared a dividend of $5 per share. and the Tamarack Copper Company, $1 per share, Pacific Lighting Company, 50 cents, and Spring Valley Water Company, 50 cents per share.

The latest rumors in regard to the return of J. W. Mackay, is now that he will be here about the twentieth of June.

W. F. White has been proposed for membership at the Stock Exchange, in place of E. P. Peckham.

Geo. F. Marye, Jr. has retired from business; his place in the firm has been taken by O. W. Marye.

Bullion has been received from the Mayflower Gravel Mine valued ot $4800.

The Stock and Bond Board during the month of May, sold of bonds $114,000, and of shares 8298, the two most active being Hawaiian Commercial 2750 and California Electric Light 1575 shares.

During the week the following sales were made: San Francisco Gas 100 shares @ 69¼; Spring Valley Water, 75 @ 98½, 10 shares @ 98¾; Vigorit Powder 200 @ 2⅜; Omnibus Cable, 15 @ 58½, and 10 @ 57½' and Hawaiian Commercial, 660 shares @ 2⅛ to 2⅜'

Mr. A. G. Heyl, for many years connected with the United States Marine Hospital Service, is now a member of the well-known undertaking establishment of Martin, Morrison & Heyl, 118 Geary Street.

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Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—June 18th, 1892, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Tuesday, June 14 at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," Saturday, July 9th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," Thursday, August 11th, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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Stages connect at Los Gatos with Narrow Gauge Trains leaving San Francisco at 8:15 A. M. and 2:15 P. M.

Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

Assessment Notice.—Justice Mining Co.

Assessment levied May 10th, 15 cents. Delinquent, June 10th. Salesday, June 30th.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

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SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Society Notes.

This week the summer influx began, the reign of the blazers, the belles, the babies, the *bonnes* and the buckets—tin buckets which those otherwise adorable darlings, the babies, swing and rattle and bang in utter disregard of the feelings—shall I say the nerves, of the general public. This bucket brigade of babies is a Santa Cruz specialty, and, though I may seem ill-natured in my reference to their noise, as a Californian I am proud of the great fair, rosy, big-limbed specimens of babyhood and childhood scattered in the most utterly random fashion all over the beach. Some time when they have all arrived, I am going to take a census for the benefit of THE WAVE.

The belles have not all come yet, but the morning dip in the surf has already established itself. Miss Jarboe, Miss Urmy and Mr. Paul Jarboe wander down from pretty Concha del Mar; Miss Agnes McLaughlin comes from Golden Gate Villa, where the family is now fairly established; the Enright young people, from their own large Beach Hill cottage with its glorious views; Mrs. D. N. Walters comes all the way from Ben Lomond for a dip, Mr. and Mrs. Horr, of the Devoe cottage, like their morning swim, and, from the Sea Beach Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg, Willie and Mabel, their children, and Mr. W. J. Hannah, Miss Hannah, and Miss Emma Meyer, all try the water. Another swimmer is Mrs. J. W. Martinstein from a pretty Center Street cottage.

E. P. Slosson is one of the champions; this year he has just sent down a canoe, twenty-two feet long and eighty pounds weight, which he will use as a surf boat. It is a beauty in its build and promises great sport among the breakers.

Henderson and Hanna, who taught swimming at the Neptune last year, are there again, and W. M. Rattray, a new man, athlete and expert swimmer, is at the Dolphin as instructor.

The committee of Congregationalists who are looking for a State resort, and were at the Sea Beach Hotel, comprised Messrs. W. D. Williams and Isaiah Brooks of San Francisco, Edward P. Flint, J. C. Kimble, D. D. Barnard and C. S. Nash, of Oakland, and J. L. Barber and Royal L. Wirt of Berkeley. They were shown Santa Cruz and its suburbs very completely and, while chary of committing themselves, were evidently greatly pleased.

Among those who are having a good time in the water and out, are Mrs. Dr. Luke F. Robinson, Miss Lita Robinson, Mr. Frank Robinson, and the Misses Ames, who make a very happy party at the Sea Beach Hotel.

The Pacific Ocean House has not yet quite subsided into summer calm from the hands of the painters and decorators, and the Casino under the same management will hardly be open before the fifteenth inst., but Messrs. McCollum and Billicke show their professional ability in the masterly manner in which they receive and make their guests comfortable under all circumstances.

The encampment is ours and the biggest one ever known in California is promised for August.

Sunshine Villa, J. P. Smith's lovely home, will be merry with guests this week. The Overackers of Niles, ex-Senator and Mrs. Yell, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton and Phil Smith Newton, of San Francisco, will gather under that hospitable roof.

Several swell picnics were held on Memorial Day, and the pleasures promised for the summer are manifold.

KATE KEARNEY.

Business Matters.

About this time, as the old almanacs used to say, the real estate agent—that is the Santa Cruz variety of that order—knows that his principal interest lies in the renting of cottages—furnished cottages. A few years ago it was the case that one might, in May or June, knock at almost any Santa Cruz door, and offering to the inmates a fair price for the privilege, secure on the spot all the rights of ownership for one or two months, or the season. If one was pressed for time and an expressman appeared in the distance, the owner, *in esse* would give place to the occupant *in posse*, without delay. "Houses vacated while you wait," the city man went in and the country owner—more often a spinster or widow than a man—went out, where, it was almost impossible to tell. A bed lounge and a coal oil stove made her domicile, if it was only in an unused shed, and the income from the house gave her a comfortable living the rest of the year.

Now, however, we do these things more decorously and in more business-like fashion. Santa Cruzans have grown rich, and built unto themselves lovely homes, Queen Anne, Eastlake and Colonial homes, which they do not give up to any one. But they have learned lessons of wisdom and they build cottages of all sorts and sizes and rent them furnished to the city man for sums which pay taxes and interest and leave a margin for the profit side of the ledger. Among those I may mention as already let for the season are the following: "Bay State," a large one, on Beach Hill, to D. M. Delmas, of San Francisco; "Carmelita," long occupied by Dr. B. Marshall, to Evan C. Evans, of San Francisco; Mrs. Lynch's large and handsome white residence overlooking the bay to a Philadelphia party, the Towers and the Smiths; the large house of Mrs. Elizabeth Chace on Mission Hill to A. D. Sharon; A. P. Swanton's beautiful place, also on Mission Street, to Triest of San Francisco; W. P. Young's pretty Green Street house to J. C. Hall of San Francisco; the Paige cottage on Beach Hill, to J. H. Hovey.

Inquiry for furnished houses and for real estate is growing brisk and I shall have fresh reports next week.

BIZ.

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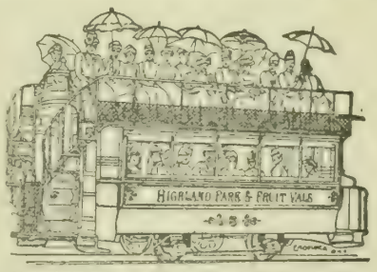

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Double-deck cars connect with every train at East Oakland (Brooklyn Station). Special arrangements can be made to accommodate Picnic Parties. For a place to spend a delightful day in the country Fruitvale is unsurpassed.

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SAN FRANCISCO

MUSIC.

"PINAFORE."

From grand opera to "Pinafore" is something of a dip, especially when Wagner was the form the grand opera had taken. However, as the Juch Opera Company has done famously in bringing forward a rich harvest of operatic discrepancies, the surprise was not as well sustained as it would have been had the happening taken place last season. "Pinafore" in the full tide of its popularity was an opera to tempt production for money-making purposes by artists as talented as Miss Juch, but at this late date when every aroma has been grilled and roasted away, its revival is an aggravated fault. Novelty, and the low ebb of comic opera at the time of its first appearance, made "Pinafore" so extravagantly successful, but for comic opera, even its merits were never intended to be remembered. These willful snatching of artistic corpses from thoroughly deserved graves, is one of the deplorable features of catering to so-called popular taste. The fun of "Pinafore" in its youth, prime, and middle age, was a trifle bloated perhaps, and was left far behind in any of the later successful efforts of Gilbert s muse. Comic opera with better singing parts and less stale complications there are in plenty, and there are many that have the merit of inducing a milder form of Coredoni.

In the Grand Operas the performers, with the exception of Miss Juch and another, were so completely *non compos*, that little was expected of them in any form, musical or otherwise, and they fully sustained the supposition. Backed up by an orchestra consisting of a drum, a few amateur strings, and the ghosts of the rest of what an orchestra should be, all of them amiably puddling through the simplicities of the score, Miss Juch made a successful performance. She was Josephine, and in this case, therefore, was awarded the sympathy of all those possessed of the quality, not because her work called it forth, but because she chose to do it at all. Swinging round the circle is well enough, but for an artiste who has been successful in the highest form of opera, "Pinafore" is going off at a tangent. Bibs and tuckers sit well on infants. Miss Juch is and ought to be full-grown as an artiste. So much talent and winsome charm deserve a better fate. Signs are not wanting that the human quality of her voice will suffer from the immense strain of promiscuous nightly singing. The encore horror has its fangs in our audiences and will only be appeased by iteration and reiteration. Miss Juch is a gracious victim, in some ways a martyr. Real intelligence and artistic sense such as this singer possesses command success in every honest attempt, and as Josephine it is needless to say Miss Juch was attractive and interesting.

Led by the orchestra the conductor did his best to pursue the singers in their evanescent measures, and they always showed a spirit of unanimity in mistaking the length of the pauses. When a chorus is determined to be well-meaning and fill up the amateur angles with all available musical and dramatic sawdust, the faults are more failures than mere blatant incapacity. Failures in such cases may be remedied with aid of the conjunction of astral bodies, charms, incantations, and a little wholesome abuse on the part of the competent conductor.

Grand opera shrieks intermixed with contortions, muscular, vocal, and lingual, varied the monotony of indifference achieved by the other characters. Here the term is used advisedly. To call them Principals would be an admission damaging to real vocalists. Some voice, the reasoning faculty, and fair teaching ought to make at least tolerable singing, and in people whose profession it is to sing this limited standard should be invariably reached. Of those whom we hear locally professing the singing of opera, it is safe to say only one-tenth put into practice the common decencies of vocalism. Double acrostics, monkey puzzles, and every curious device imaginable is passed from the stage to the public as singing. The genuine thing makes its appearance as rarely as a comet, and is, in its way, equally wonderful. Fernando Michelena, as a singer in English, is fully qualified to revolutionize the language. "Pinafore" deserves a respectable interment, and, it is to be prayed, will receive it with this week's Grand Opera House performance. LESLEY MARTIN.

A CURE FOR ALL.

The success that has followed the introduction of Neuro-Tecton as a cure for dipsomania has been phenomenal. Within the past few months the cure has been administered to many well-known people in San Francisco, with surprisingly gratifying results. Persons who had abandoned all hope of ever permanently giving up drink, have been treated and the appetite and thirst for liquor has left them, and they are now at their desks or in their offices completely cured. Neuro-Tecton is not a poison; it does not rob a man of his intellect or physical strength, it is a nerve builder, and, as such, eradicates all desire for drink, and gives the patient strength to withstand the craving. It is being handled by some of the best practitioners in the country. In California, some of the oldest physicians in the profession have taken it up. Dr. Thornton, of Lakeport, Drs. Harris, and Pott, of San Jose, and other able doctors are using the remedy with marked success. Dr. S. F. Long, of this city, a member of the Board of Health, has also administered it with excellent results.

BOGUS "NEWS."

What the Lottery Will Do and Will Not Do.

The news fakirs having tired of setting up imaginary lottery schemes in Nicaragua, changed their field of operation. The following was recently sent over the country, among other papers the Brooklyn *Standard Union* giving it publication:

HONDURAS REJECTS THE LOTTERY.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8th. The *Picayune's* City of Mexico special says: Honduras has refused concessions to the Louisiana State Lottery. Gen. Jesus Tolego died here this morning. Forty-seven Mexican generals have died since Feb 7th.

On being shown the above, President Paul Conrad, somewhat indignantly and very emphatically declared: "It is not true that the Louisiana State Lottery Company has made application to Honduras, or to *any other* foreign country, for lottery privileges, nor has any such overture been made on behalf of this company, its shareholders or managers.

"We shall continue to conduct our business here until the present charter of The Louisiana State Lottery Company expires in 1895. Simply that and nothing more.

"Postmaster Eaton's statement in in the *Globe Democrat*, that this company accepts the situation, as defined by the courts, in good faith, is absolutely correct."—*New Orleans* (La.) *City Item.*

HOW easy it is to pour a few spoonfuls of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** into the wash tub, which will prevent the flannels from shrinking, besides saving half the labor and soap in washing clothes. As a cleansing preparation for the household it has no equal.

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GREER'S WASHING AMMONIA

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Greer's Toilet Ammonia for Sale by All Druggists.

$5,000,000

Nicaragua Canal

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Six Per Cent Gold Bonds

DUE JULY 1, 1897

Interest Payable Jan. 1st and July 1st.

Coupon Bonds of $1000, $500 and $100 each.

Principal and Interest payable at the Manhattan Trust Co., New York City, and the Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal.

They are redeemable within five years at par, or, at the option of the Construction Company, are convertible at maturity into the bonds of the Maritime Canal Company.

Interest at six per cent per annum, till maturity is provided by a special cash deposit therefor with the Manhattan Trust Company of New York, Trustee.

A bonus of twenty per cent in stock of the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua is offered with each subscription to these bonds.

The Bank of California will receive subscriptions and make delivery of bonds.

Prospectus, full information and subscription papers can be had on application to the Bank.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

Agent for Pacific Coast.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Fortunately for the companies the losses on the Fulton Iron Works will not be heavy. It was a dangerous risk and none of the agencies cared to write more than a thousand or two at the most on it. The blaze at the Wool Exchange, however, was more serious in its consequences, though the risk was well distributed. The neighborhood has been very subject to fires and most of the companies have been bitten in by-gone days.

* * *

The Patriotic is installed in its new agency, and already Hibernian risks are finding their way to its books. Mr. Donnell (accent no longer on the last syllable) is the recipient of endless congratulations, and threatens, if it continues, to carry his arm in a sling. His partner has suddenly found an apostrophe and a capital K in his name, and no longer writes it Okell. There is in circulation on the street a tale which describes how the Irish company fell into Donnell's willing hands. He had reached Liverpool and was suddenly struck by the proximity of the Irish capital. He had some cards printed O'Kell, O'Donnell & Co., invested in a green tie, assumed a touch of the brogue and descended on the Directors of the Patriotic. His smile and manner captivated them and they succumbed. The Patriotic should do a good business here. It has a capital stock of seven and assets of nearly two millions, and it has been in existence since 1824. Besides, it is in good hands.

* * *

The retirement of John D. Maxwell from the firm of Conrad & Maxwell was a surprise to the street. He has recently gone into the commission business with F. J. Voss, until then employed by Castle Bros., and succeeded so well that it became necessary for him to devote his attention to one line or the other. As the profits of his mercantile venture exceeded the splendid returns derived from underwriting he sold his interest to Will F. Berry and on June 1st retired. Conrad is an exceedingly capable business man with a load of common sense and shrewdness. He is certain to succeed in whatever he undertakes. Mr. Berry has had plenty of business experience. He was accountant of the Nevada Bank for several years and subsequently took charge of the business of the Nevada Dock and Warehouse Company.

* * *

A new firm has succeeded to the business of Jos. C. Jennings and the agency of the Southern. Messrs. Otey and Miller, two very competent and experienced underwriters, have taken hold of the Company and will devote their best energies to pushing it prominently to the front. They are competent and I shall be surprised if they don't succeed.

* * *

L. L. Bromwell has gone East to look out for some companies he has been negotiating with. He will return very shortly. The prospects for the new agency firm of Bromwell & Fowler are very promising. They will open with a strong array of corporations.

LOCAL.

AN ANCIENT SUIT.

When, I wonder, will the suit of the City against S. W. Holliday be decided? The case is again on trial, this time before Judge Hebbard, and when the Supreme Court reaches it in due course—for it will be appealed, one way or other—the ownership of Lafayette Park will be settled, and the Hollidays will know if they are rich or poor. These past twenty years Mr. Holliday has done little but defend his possession of those four fine blocks—the tract bordered by Sacramento and Washington, Laguna and Gough Streets. In the early maps of the city this tract was set aside for a park, but on a portion thereof, near the corners of Octavia and Washington, is the Holliday residence, built many years ago, That the old attorney's claim is a good one the fact that the lower Court has three times decided in his favor proves.

In each instance the Supreme Court has reversed the decision because of errors in either the findings or proceedings. The point at issue has yet to be determined. It was by Judge Maguire the case was last heard. He gave it a thorough trial, and his opinion for the plaintiff was an admirable piece of reasoning. The day it was handed down Burke Holliday rushed into a law office where certain friends of his were, his face radiant, his eyes beaming:

"I've just won quarter of a million for the old man," he remarked. "Maguire has decided in our favor."

"Of course, you're going to treat on the strength of it, Burke. Nothing under wine goes," his hearers exclaimed, after congratulating him.

Young Mr. Holliday hesitated, scratched his head.

"Better see the old man," he said, finally. "He wins the coin, not I."

The only case of importance the Hollidays have undertaken in late years, besides this, is that of the Gypsy Blythes. For them father and son made a prolonged struggle in Judge Coffey's Court, but without avail. But the struggle is worth making, for I believe those four blocks are, to-day, security for half a million dollars.

Ed. Schmiedell and Gus Taylor set out on Monday last for Yosemite. The ordinary methods of transportation tempt not their adventurous spirits, and they have chosen to travel by buckboard. With them they have taken ample provisions, and all the necessary equipment for camping *en route*, besides sombreros so broad that they are almost fierce. Driving down Post Street, they looked eminently picturesque, Schmiedell driving the pair of fine horses that are to bring them into the confines of the big valley. They are to be absent several weeks and by the time they again strike San Francisco Gus will have thought up some capital ghost stories to regale his friends with. He who can travel to Yosemite in a buckboard without an adventure has no business to travel at all.

Dan O'Connell has been conferring the freedom of the city on two friends of his—J. Sweeney Toone and Whyndam Blackwood. They are from Clontarf and are both scions of well-known country families of that picturesque region. They have seen the town pretty thoroughly and besides have been generously entertained by Roger Magee at his palatial homestead in Mill Valley.

FIRE

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CAPITAL ONE MILLION DOLLARS
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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, June 1st. DEAR WAVE:—Billy Hamilton, Arthur Pope, Cleve Dam and Lester Herrick are now my most deadly enemies, and all because I classed them with Charlie Pierce and "Baby O'Connell," who are not of our "150;" besides they didn't like to have attention called to their sylph-like proportions.

Just think, dear, the marriage of Stephanie Whitney and Lieutenant Cunningham will take place at four o'clock next Monday, of course, at St. Paul's; and a trip to the Sandwich Islands will follow. Doubtless it will be a beautiful, dream-like voyage, but should the bride or groom be a victim to *mal de mer*, how perfectly disenchanting would be the effect. You remember years ago, Harry and Mamie took that trip for their honeymoon, and were chaperoned by Minnie and Mrs. Grayson. The description that Harry gave of the affair was amusing. His fair bride, Minnie, and his mother-in-law were so ill that he finally became *ennuied* with the role of nurse, and drowned his sorrows in the flowing bowl and poker. Upon their arrival, they were invited to a *déjeuner* by the Kanaka king, and were in a dilemma as to how they should robe themselves, but upon mature deliberation, decided that royalty required something gorgeous, so they all donned their most *décolleté* gowns, and, on their arrival at the palace, they were amazed to find that the king and suite wore nothing more elaborate than white linen suits. Tableau, vivant. Mrs. G—— says that they would have given worlds to have had some covering for their necks and arms. Wasn't Harry mean to give them away? But he forgot to mention that he wore his full dress suit.

Isn't Mrs. Remi Chabot the dearest woman in the whole of Oakland? She is always doing something for the pleasure of others. Mrs. Remi's latest was a juvenile party, given to the friends of her daughter Kate. May Burnham says that they had a royal good time, and that the prettiest present were Pauline Loshe, Crissie Taft, Ruby Chase, Anita Lohse, Claire Converse, Florence Walker, and Edith Bush.

Bessie McNear was real mean not to invite me to the dinner that she gave in honor of Mae and Claire Tucker, who leave for Europe this week. It was a charming affair, and it would be almost impossible to get a better-looking party of girls together. Mrs. Tucker goes with the girls to Berlin, where they will join C. O. G. Miller and wife, *nee* Eva Tucker. It is to be hoped that Eva's health will be improved by her prolonged sojourn abroad.

Tom and I went to the opening of the new tennis ground, which was quite an event to the devotees of that mild game, but Tom, the hateful fellow, wouldn't remain more than a half hour—said he was disgusted with the boys who were interested in nothing more manly than tennis—it was a good enough game for girls, etc. Had it been a baseball game, and had two or three of the boys been knocked to pieces, he would have been delighted to remain. For my part, give me the dear tennis boys, they are such mild fellows—so much easier to manage than a wild baseball fiend. Now, what could be more attractive than the youthful Benedict, Charlie Umstock, rich Mark Requa, handsome Will Cullen, and our dandy ex-Mayor, John Glascock, in tennis suits. Adolph Uhl, with the seductive eyes, must not be forgotten, nor Gertie Allen, who cuts quite a figure in a jaunty tennis gown. Then there is Bertha Crouch, who wields the racket to perfection, and Mamie Phillips, who is devoted to the art. Mary Durham plays tennis as she does all things, with decision. There are lots of dear, sweet boys in the club, viz.: Sammy Breck, Tommy Driscoll, the Haights, Frank Griffin, Will Fine, Charlie Hubbard, and scores of others. Why is it that Willie Powning is not a member of the club? He would be quite an addition, even it he has failed in a game with higher stakes. It is most unfortunate, and were I an heiress, my hand and fortune would be bestowed upon him without a moment's hesitancy.

Our Society people do not seem anxious to get out of town, possibly on account of the numerous June weddings. The Varney Gaskills and coterie intend taking up their abode at Sausalito for the summer.

Decoration Day crowned my happiness, as Jack Wilson was my escort on a long drive. Richard Mansfield, as Beau Brummel, captured the palpitating hearts of our susceptible Oakland maidens last Tuesday evening. They have talked of nothing since. It seems foolish, but when you know that they never before gazed upon so gorgeous a dude, can you blame them? Ethel Moore says that John McG——'s manner of conversation with the fair sex reminds her of the Beau. Of course she has no idea how he talks when with men. Well, dear, is this not gossip enough for one time? Hope so, for the town is dead, and so is

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FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—My stock of superfluous energy was exhausted yesterday upon the "picnic;" so, if my desultory style is unusual to-day, attribute it to the innocuous desuetude into which my brain has fallen, for I can assure you my mind has been a blank, my brain incapable of a thought since I occupied the middle seat in that coach, and had Johnny's and Stony's blatant tones in my ears, accompanied by the feminine screams and shrieks of our Society buds—Ye gods! Deliver me from a repetition of yesterday's sufferings. No more picnics in mine. Hot air, dust, bugs, injured feelings, and sunburned faces can be found under more agreeable circumstances When we girls originated the idea of a picnic on the river we were all enthusiastic over our project; we invited about sixty, received but few regrets, engaged all the coaches in town, arranged a most delicious luncheon, then, imagined THE greatest function of this social season was about to take place. Oh! What a different opinion in the morning! I firmly believe there were more disappointments experienced yesterday than at any time in years past. Such quarrels! Jack says he knows of two engagements broken; and I saw two pieces of dainty femininity indulge in a most edifying (?) wordy war. Willie actually shed tears for home and mamma! Oh, me! oh, my! what a place for gossip a picnic is! Louie told me that his marriage will take place in August; and Jack says that Will isn't really engaged to Miss F—— at all, but may marry a Stockton girl in September, the same time George A—— marries Miss W—— of that city. Then Phonse said his marriage will surely take place in October. Think of three Stockton girls coming here, as brides, at one time; well, it doesn't say much for the Stockton eligibles, for all three of these girls have "loads of cash" (to use Johnny's expression), even if they aren't as blessed with good looks as we Fresno girls. I enjoyed one hearty laugh yesterday, when Jack told me of a scene that took place, recently, between two prominent members of Society. With the causes that led to the scene I am not familiar, but it seems one of our most dignified matrons ordered her husband's most intimate friend out of the house; her husband refused to allow his friend to leave, whereupon the dignified matron remarked; "I can't throw you out, but I can insult you so what little gentleman there is in you will compel you to quit this house." Society is all agog over this affair, and anxiously awaiting results. The amusing part of it all is the irony in her remark when she said "she wasn't able to put him out," for I can assure you she is physically quite able to execute her threat.

Because my letter rather savors of Society's combats, don't imagine we are all addicted to pugnacity; a more peaceful 400 would be hard to find; semi-occasionally this muchly-to-be regretted trait will crop out, but it's generally in a member of the 4000, rather than in our immaculate 400 or 150.

Will S—— has had his pretty little sister visiting our city; she's a very bright girl, and one a brother should be proud of.

I have indulged in tennis to the extent of two swell tennis suits, so, as the weather is growing warm, I believe I'll give it up. Ernest never visited the grounds while Fanny was away, and Dr. M—— has been very busy at the bedside of his married sister who has just recovered from a very severe case of typhoid fever. Half the attraction is gone when the Doctor is absent, the other half when the two Adonises, Stony and Frank, are away. I might criticise the condition of the female costume on the Court, but I will leave that to another time. Yours, IMP.

SAN JOSE LIFE.

SAN JOSE, June 2d. DEAR WAVE:—Well, its dull again this week. I mean its dull so far as parties and other social foolishness are concerned. Of course there's lots of gossip, some of it I'm almost afraid to tell you. But then I feel ugly this week, so here goes. You heard, of course, what the dignified old Judge is doing? Why it's the town talk, and really somebody ought to bring him to terms. Lord knows the mother of those two girls has had trouble enough, and with the coming of silver hairs and crow's feet she should have more of pleasure and less of PAIN. The WATERS of this life are often bitter, yet he of the green bag seems to find here a fountain of sweetness. Some of us are in doubt whether he means the Madame or the girls. Billy sometimes comes down from the city, and 'tis said he suspects the Judge of fondness, not for the daughters, but for the mother; while Sam says, "The little typewriter belongs to me, and neither Judge nor Jury shall take her from me." The old gentleman has the advantage of being on the ground, and then, you know, he collects the rents, which, if the Madame didn't have to pay, might offset the fiery blood of both her former better half and "our Sam" together.

Why don't Sam follow Frank Wright's example. The latter has invited everybody to the Market Street Palace, and it is whispered among the boys that his parting dinner will outshine anything that Ward ever did.

The Paynes gave a garden party last week, crowded 350 into two hours, but do you know I didn't see either Lu or her mother there. The Breyfogles and McMillans both entertained a little during the week, and Mabel persuaded a dozen to spend an evening there. She says she doesn't know anything about the fit of Louie's coat, and as for his other garments—why it's ridiculous, of course.

The Woodrows go to Del Monte next month, and their friends the Fields, who were also going somewhere, have changed their minds. Why? Well, ask the lawyer who had the matter in hand.

We all had a good joke on the haughty Hibernian lawyer last week. You see Nick had made up his mind that it was about time to begin "saving up" for his summer outing. Well, to begin he strayed down to one of the news stands, and instead of buying THE WAVE, as usual, he simply stood there and read it (as some others have been doing for months past). Next day as he was passing Mr. D—— presented his little bill for ten cents—which the lawyer good-naturedly paid.

Your Fresno "Imp" mystified me a little last week when she referred to Daisy's admirer as a capitalist. He's a lawyer, and who ever heard of any lawyer, except Howell Moore being a capitalist. I wish you'd have "Imp" warn her "Daisy" to look out. People say, though of course I don't believe it, that Alice went down to Fresno to have it out with her. Will seems to enjoy the guying he gets, but then he's said to be used to those things—those who know him well can answer best. I haven't a word to say because I'm not a BABBLER.

REAL ESTATE NEWS.

There was a slight increase in the real estate sales for May, as compared with those of the previous month. During last month 427 sales were consummated of the nominal value of $1,550,000.

Paying business property continues in good demand. All other classes of real estate are in fair demand, and there does not appear to be any weakening in prices. Among the prominent transfers recorded during May, apart from those already reported in THE WAVE, I notice one on the south side of Market Street, 155 southwest of Church, southwest 100x100 and 82x14 and 100 for $30,000. The gore lot at the northeast corner of Market and Castro Streets, 93¼ feet frontage on Market by 90 feet deep and 118½ feet on Castro, was sold for $20,000, although a nominal figure appeared in the deed.

Building contracts were recorded in May showing an aggregate value of close upon $400,000.

It was stated in a recent issue of THE WAVE that the Savings Banks would, before long, be compelled to reduce the rate of interest as a measure of protection to themselves. There is reason to believe that a substantial reduction will be brought about at the semi-annual meetings about July 1st. Cheap money is desirable as the various channels of trade will be stimulated thereby.

Money is plentiful at the banks, but the demand this week has been very light.

Rodeo, a new industrial town across the bay, is attracting considerable attention in real estate circles. With extensive packing houses and a location on the railroad's double track line, there is no reason why the company should not make a success of the undertaking. California needs a few such industries. REALTY.

There is no spot about the Bay of San Francisco more beautiful than is Laundry Farm, as is evidenced by the crowds that are daily visiting this most attractive of picnic resorts. An abundance of spring water, sparkling brooks, romantic glens, bountiful and well-kept grounds, combine to render this THE place for a day's outing.

LEZINSKY CASE.

The jury's verdict in the Lezinsky case astounded the Bar. During the trial Judge Slack's department was crowded with lawyers, and they confidently expected, as General Barnes put it, that the "twelve-good-men-and-true," would "find the plaintiff guilty and recommend him to the mercy of the Court." The fellow was proved a criminal on half a dozen different counts. Several explanations were offered, however, to excuse the verdict. In the first place Mr. Delmas' defense was not well handled. John Garber was to have appeared for the defense, but circumstances compelled him at the last moment to give up the case. Then Judge Fitzgerald undertook it, but he was taken so seriously ill that it was impossible for him to appear in Court. The result was disastrous. The witnesses were not properly examined, the evidence was not correctly set forth, and no attempt was made to answer Lezinsky's argument.

Taking advantage of his opportunity he sailed in to his erstwhile employer with all the vehemence of his misguided nature. The result was this verdict for $750 which, indeed, was a species of compromise. One of the plaintiff's co-religionists on the jury held out for the full amount, but finally it was agreed to award the fellow $750 of his $5000 claim. I am informed that Lezinsky is by no means out of the woods. The printing transaction with James H. Barry will involve him in serious trouble. Though the amount of the bill was paid him by Mr. Delmas, Barry has not yet received a cent. The facts of the case are plain, and the evidence consisting of the check made out to James H. Barry, marked "paid," the stub in the check book, both in Lezinsky's writing, furnish conclusive evidence that will be hard to dispute.

I presume the Citizens' Defense Committee will take measures to rid their body of Mr. Lezinsky. People are demanding to know now how an individual of his stripe and calibre succeeded in obtaining membership in the organization. It seems he was Ottinger's attorney, and he claimed to be able to convict Bruner, besides affording the Committee valuable private information. Joe Nougues exerted himself in his behalf, and it was tacitly understood that Judge Wallace favored him. Whatever Nougues may have done, it is very positive Wallace is entirely guiltless in the connection. I am credibly informed he had nothing whatever to do with it.

I have rarely heard anything more exquisitely dextrous and satirical than Mr. Delmas' answers under Lezinsky's cross-examination. Delivered with that graceful suavity of diction for which this able lawyer is noted, each parry was a *bon mot*. Seeking to establish that he had assisted Delmas in the capacity of associate counsel in certain suits, Lezinsky asked:

"And who paid the Court fees during the progress of the trial?" He glared round triumphantly, as though it represented an achievement.

"I do not trouble myself with such trivial details," was the quiet answer. "One of my clerks, a student, my office-boy, or perhaps you, Mr. Lezinsky."

LAWN TENNIS.

The last two weeks were what might be termed tennis weeks. The opening of the new Oakland courts, the Alameda County singles, and the handicap tournament at the California Club courts went a long way toward keeping the cracks busy, not to mention the continuous tournament contests at the Alameda and California Club's courts.

The event looked forward to with great expectations was the opening of the Oakland courts on Saturday last, which promised to be exciting as all the local cracks took part. The programme arranged for the occasion consisted of a double between Hubbard and O. Hoffman and Bates and S. Neel, a single between Taylor and Tobin and also a single between Hubbard and Joe Daily. In the first event Bates and Neel held their end up in gallant style and found no trouble in disposing of their opponents in straight sets by scores of 6-3, 6-4. This was the pony team's first public appearance since the league series, but in the opinion of the large gathering of spectators they have not lost any of their cunning during their enforced absence from the courts. They are the team that Oakland will send forth to capture the doubles championship in September next.

The exhibition between Taylor and Tobin was hardly what might have been called tennis, as neither man seemed to exert himself in the least. Taylor's ankle, which he sprained some days ago, gave him no little amount of trouble, and it was on this account that he did not display his wonderful activity. Tobin won the set, 6-4.

The Hubbard-Daily exhibition consisted of three uninteresting sets, two of which were captured by the latter by 6-1, 7-5, the third set going to Hubbard by 6-3. Hubbard's playing was not up to the usual standard, while the Professor did not have to stir himself much to keep ahead.

The clubhouse and courts of the Oakland Club were much admired by the players from this side of the bay, who are all of the one opinion—that they are the best in the State, with the exception of the California Tennis Club's courts, etc.

The Alameda County singles championship took place on Decoration Day, at the Oakland courts, and was witnessed by a large number of people. The entries comprised almost every player of note in Alameda County.

The most notable matches that took place during the tournament were between W. B. Collier, Jr., a member of the California as well as the Oakland Club, and Carr Neel, of Oakland, which was won by the latter in two straight sets, 6-4, 6-3.

Sam Neel and Will English, of Oakland and Madison Clubs respectively, played a very scientific contest of two sets, which was won by the former by a score of 7-5, 6-3. English surprised everybody present by his clever placing, and, with a little more practice, will make a closer call for the championship. Young Allen, of the Oakland Club, also made a clever struggle against Sam Neel, and was beaten after a hard struggle, by a score of 7-5, 6-4.

The surprise of the day was the showing made by young Bob Holmes, of Alameda, a very promising youngster, who has been before the nets but a short while; he defeated Cooke and Dusinberry, but was defeated in the semi-finals by his own club-mate, Toby Allen, 5-7; 6-4; 6-2. Carr Neel was forced to succumb to his young brother save in the semi-finals; score, 12-10; 6-2.

By mutual consent, the final match between Allen, the Alameda player, and Sam Neel, for the championship, was postponed until this afternoon, when it is expected that a large crowd will be in attendance to witness what promises to be a very exciting contest between David and Goliath. Rumor has it that Neel has been lobbing during the past week over the smokestack of the jute mills.

The Alameda Club has reason to be proud of the showing made by their representatives in this tournament

A handicap tournament was the attraction at the California Club on Decoration Day, and though the entry list was small, it was nevertheless a grand success, and the probabilities are that such a tournament will be held once a week.

In the preliminary round Hubbard conceded odds of 15 to Field, and was beaten by the latter, score 2-6, 6-1, 6-3.

S. Hoffman won from Moore (15), 6-2, 6-3; Detrick beat Dutel (scratch), 6-0, 6-1; Wilberforce beat Blanchard (15), 6-3, 6-3. First round: Hutchins beat Davis (scratch), 6-2, 6-4; Field beat Hoffman (scratch), 3-6, 6-4, 6-4; Detrick (half fifteen), was beaten by Wilberforce, 6-3, 6-3; Loughborough (fifteen), lost to O'Connor, 6-0, 5-6, 6-2. Second round: Davis beat Field, 6-1, 6-3; Wilberforce beat O'Connor (15), 6-3, 6-4. Final round: Field vs. Wilberforce; the latter conceded his opponent odds of one-half fifteen and one bisque, and won by two sets to one; score, 3-6, 6-4, 6-5.

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7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo, Benicia and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9 50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.28 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.20 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4 30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5 15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8 48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 11, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The portraits presented with this issue will be received with favor by everyone in San Francisco. The wedding of Miss Harriet S. Pullman and Frank J. Carolan has brought them much unsought prominence. Their engagement was a theme of national importance, and the telegraph wires have brought all the details of their marriage. "THE WAVE" offers them congratulations.

SPLASHES.

THE MARRIAGE of Harry McDowell to Miss Fuller of Boston, recalls the interesting career of that queer genius in San Francisco. She is an heiress, at least rumor has endowed her with great prospective wealth. Her father presides over the destinies of the First National Bank at the Hub, and she moves in the society of Beacon Street. The captivating conversation of Harry is said to have won her heart. However, endowed she may happen to be in so far as that organ is concerned, I trust she has a clear head and much common sense, for Mr. McDowell's genius to madness is very near akin. In San Francisco, he is mainly identified with the *Ingleside*, that ill-fated weekly, whose career opened under auspices so brilliant. The journal in its original form was a conception of Frank Pixley. The editor of the *Argonaut* believed there would be a fortune in a servant girls' weekly. His own venture had covered its field. He wanted to corral the lower classes.

* * *

The idea was then a good one. It is to-day. McDowell, who had written some clever articles for the *Argonaut* was selected to edit it. Harry Bigelow, then working under Pixley, was detailed to assist him. At first they were wonderfully successful. The paper caught on; they obtained subscriptions, advertisements. Elated with their achievements, McDowell began to branch out. He changed the style, leaving out sundry popular features that were rather common. Finally they got ahead about five or six thousand dollars, when McDowell began to plunge. He insisted on taking himself seriously, and decided to become the regenerator of the community. Buckley he attacked; Clunie brought a libel suit against him for some disparaging slur; he locked horns with Judge Levy, who really treated him with great consideration. In fact, he made quite a flare-up before he was extinguished.

* * *

Mr. McDowell became a personage. He was sought after by interesting people. He was on familiar terms with the brightest women in town and he found social engagements so exacting that the week's *Ingleside* was rarely undertaken before Thursday. Running a weekly paper may be regarded by some as merely a form of leisure, but it has its exactions. Sometimes the journal was on the streets Saturday morning; oftener it appeared at noon, and then, executed in a rush, the writing had neither tone nor quality. About the same time he conceived himself as having a dramatic capacity. He consorted with mummers, male and female. Then, what should he do but hire the Oakland Theatre and inaugurate a managerial career for himself.

* * *

The staff of the *Ingleside* translated to Oakland, assisted in various capacities around the establishment. One man took the tickets; another sold them. It was "Shadows of a Great City" they produced, and Viola Dayon was leading lady. Harry was fascinated. His attentions were conspicuous. It was all very funny—all but the deficit between receipts and expenditures. The glamour of the theatre was on the young man and, egged on by his then dearest friend, Jay Rial, he essayed a week of the Grand Opera House. "Richlieu" was the play, I think. George Wessels, who played the leading man, was taken ill one night, and Harry essayed the role made up by Frank Unger. He appeared a strange figure, and with his lisp and delicious ignorance of the lines amazed and amused the audience.

* * *

Between drama and journalism, he dissipated some $30,000, and the time came finally when the *Ingleside* retired from the world. The *Examiner* was then looming up, and Harry McDowell became one of the star coin-expenders. The balloons and the special trains were his ideas. He had an oriental capacity for suggesting schemes. However, he is now married. How much ability McDowell really possessed is hard to decide. He had some imagination; he wrote half a dozen really clever things, but his style was choppy. He loved crispness of phrase, but he lacked coherence of paragraph. However, he is mad and, therefore, a genius—a most un-Stocktonian *non sequitur*.

* * *

ARCHIBALD GUNTHER, who is to literature what Raphael is to Kearny Street, is lending tone to the community. Installed at the Bohemian Club, his manner is almost imperial. The responsibilities of authorship weigh on him and he is prone, on slight provocation, to talk about his books. Among people who speak English and recognize it when written, I know of no subject that would be more gladly tabooed. Mr. Gunther has completed a successor to "A Florida Romance" which, it will be remembered, achieved the distinction of being the stupidest book of the season. Those of us compelled to read the volume will not forget its refined plot or the subtlety of diction with which the character of the heroine was set forth.

* * *

A clever business man is the builder of "Mr. Barnes of New York." That little transaction of his with Edgar S. Kelley is susceptible of considerable explanation. When the talented young musician went to New York, he had with him a number of very fine themes which had come to him in the course of years of musical thought. He had played them for his friends and had gone to the lengths of elaborating others, developing their harmonies with great skill. It is by no means easy to achieve fame in Gotham, and when he left San Francisco Kelley had a hard struggle. He set to work on an opera, however, and into it worked a number of his most agreeable melodies. With the rest of the California colony, Gunther heard of this work and went to Kelley with an offer to write him a libretto.

* * *

Kelley, a true artist, is completely ignorant of business. He gladly accepted the offer, and signed a contract that Gunther drew up. In course of time the libretto was evolved and the opera which they called "A Pompeiian Picnic" got into shape. Then the novelist showed the cloven foot. He offered to buy. Kelley refused to sell. By some clause in his contract Gunther controlled the time of production and since then has refused to bring the opera out. Poor Kelley is grieving over the loss of his beautiful themes, and writes to his friends that New York disagrees

with him, that the novelist knows this and is awaiting the legitimate outcome of continued ill-health. Indeed, he has gone so far as to accuse Mr. Gunther of desiring his death. Poor Kelley.

* * *

DURING THE FIRST WEEKS of the summer season dullness is absolute. The *beau monde*, having moved to the country, requires time to adjust itself to its environment. A wild burst of gaiety must not be looked for; it must be led up to. Some enterprising being will set the ball a rolling, and then others, emulous, or, perhaps, gra eful, will follow suit. We will then have driving parties and picnics, small dances and late suppers, hay-rides and moonlight excursions. But they are all in the future. Over in San Rafael, for instance, there is already gathered quite a multitude of people, who might all enjoy themselves if someone would but act as leader. Notwithstanding that the pale moon bathes the wooded slopes of Tamalpais in silvery light no one exhibits the least eagerness for organizing driving parties. In fact, there is precious little going on.

* * *

At Del Monte the season has not fairly begun, nor will it for two weeks hence. Mrs. Tevis is already installed with her family, so is Mrs. Hager and Miss Emelie Hager. They are only the advance guard, however. The southern exodus commences about the 15th, and the season will then last until the latter end of September. So far, little worth mentioning has occurred. A good deal of driving is being done. The surf commands attention in the morning. In the afternoon the verdant lawns and the delightful parterres, now a very riot of color, attract those who love beautiful flowers and an atmosphere balmy with odors. These moonlight nights among the cypress groves are something to dream of.

* * *

At the Hotel Rafael the week has passed without incident. The guest list is now quite a long one, but everybody seems bent on leading a quiet life and parties are not numerous. At Sausalito every cottage is occupied, and to obtain a room even for one night is an achievement. Yet there is but little going on. People are enjoying themselves in an individual way, boating and fishing. They are not gathering in numbers for any form of enjoyment demanding more enterprise. The Vendome is experiencing prosperity, and, under Mr. Snell, promises to prove a bonanza. A number of very agreeable people are there, and, in a quiet way, they are having a great deal of amusement.

* * *

That Larkspur Inn is a popular summer resort is evidenced by the fact of the great demand for accommodations. Last Saturday evening a well-attended hop was given by the managers, and they announce that they will continue the same each Saturday evening during the season. During the past week numerous concerts were given by the guests. The new bowling alley has proved quite an attraction to the fair sex, and bathing is indulged in to a considerable extent.

* * *

Mrs. Louis Haggin is soon to return to San Francisco. After an absence of many years in Paris and New York she has decided to come back to her old home on Taylor Street, and in a very few months will be comfortably installed there. After the wonderful hangings and decorations that she will bring with her are in place, her house will be one of the most artistic in town. In her travels she has picked up curious *objets d'art* of various kinds. One of her drawing-rooms in Paris was hung with priestly vestments from the old monasteries of Spain. Many beautiful pictures that years will add greater value to, she also has. Mrs. Haggin is highly cultured and thoroughly artistic. She is fond of the society of Bohemians and is impatient of stupidity. She retains much of the delicate beauty which distinguished her as a young girl.

* * *

Count and Countess Festetics are now at Bakersfield. I am told they have changed their plans about an immediate return to Europe, and purpose making quite a long stay in California. This, I presume, is owing to Mrs. Haggin's decision to return to San Francisco. They are to be at Del Monte later on this month.

* * *

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace leave for a short visit to Europe on the 21st. They will go directly to Hamburg as the guests of Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, and subsequently will spend some weeks in one of the French watering places. They will return here in November.

* * *

Mr. Richard Sprague has been entertaining Mr. Ager of New Orleans and Mr. Oxnard of New York who are visiting San Francisco. Several dinner parties have been given in their honor and they were guests at the Country Club breakfast on Sunday last. Mr. Ager belongs to one of the swell families of the Crescent City. His brother married Miss McDonough in Philadelphia some months ago.

* * *

C. D. O'Sullivan is being extensively entertained prior to his departure for Europe. His multitudinous friends are seeing to it that he will not depart without proper manifestations of regret. He is being "wined, dined and lunched;" his every moment is occupied, and it is with hesitation that he claims any few leisure moments that obtrude themselves, as his own. There will, undoubtedly, be a huge delegation to see him off. On the same steamer Miss Elizabeth Curtis takes her departure. She is heading for Paris, where she intends to devote herself to art work. Few artists who have gone from San Francisco possessed this young lady's ability and energy. She has studied hard and her work is full of promise. There could be no better evidence of Miss Curtis' artistic faculty than the cover of THE WAVE which she designed when this journal was a monthly.

* * *

Miss Curtis is accompanied by Miss Voorman, another member of the Art Students' League, whose work has attracted attention. I predict a brilliant future for both if they study as earnestly in Lutetia as they have in San Francisco.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Flora Brown and Mr. Ganz is announced. Miss Brown is the daughter of M. Brown, of the rich firm of Brown Brothers. She is an heiress. Mr. Ganz is a very handsome young man, and is interested in the Portland branch of the firm of Meyerfield, Mitchell & Siebenhauer. The wedding will take place very soon.

* * *

Miss Louise Simrall of Louisville, was married on Wednesday evening last to Professor Lindley M. Keasbey of Columbia College. The ceremony was performed in the First Episcopal Church, and there followed a reception at the beautiful home of Judge and Mrs. Simrall on Fourth Avenue. The happy pair will reside in Washington.

* * *

Mrs. McKinstry is going to New York for the summer and expects later in the year to run over to Europe to bring home her daughter, Miss Laura McKinstry, who has been so long abroad.

* * *

The Country Club breakfast was, according to all reports, a great success. Prepared according to the most approved recipes, the bulls' heads were delicious and the other accessories left nothing to be desired. It is sad to have to state that an accident marred the harmony of the day's enjoyment. After the edibles had been disposed of a foot race was started between John Hays and B. B. Woodward. I forget how many bottles of champagne were to be put up by the loser or the number of yards. Hays is quite a sprinter, however, and had quite a lead when he stumbled and fell on the ground. Before Woodward could stop himself he ran into him and was thrown violently to the ground. The result, a fractured shoulder blade that will confine Mr. Woodward to his room for some weeks to come.

* * *

To add to what the dailies have had about the Pullman-Carolan wedding would be difficult. They seem to have covered all the details, including the inevitable smilax on the chandelier, and other accessories. It was evidently a very swell affair, and I presume Mr. Carolan and his bride are as happy as mortals generally are under such circumstances. The main feature of their honeymoon, according to reports, is the most magnificent Pullman car ever built, the luxurious arrangement of which the Society scribes have expatiated on at

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

length. After a short Eastern tour Mr. and Mrs. Carolan will come to California and, during the summer months, will reside at San Rafael. They have rented the Boyd lodge for the season. There is some talk, I know not how well-founded, of the Marquis and Mrs. Pullman coming to live in California.

* * *

One of the events of next week is the wedding of Mr. Henry Sahlein and Miss Fisher which will be celebrated on Wednesday evening at the New California Hotel. It will be a large affair as both bride and groom have multitudinous friends who will insist on seeing them made one.

* * *

Louis Sloss has retired from the presidency of the Alaska Commercial Company, and has been succeeded by his brother-in-law Henry Gerstle. Mr. Sloss has had poor health lately and it will be some time before he can recover from the effects of an attack of pneumonia which nearly ended fatally. He is now well on in years and his sons are both willing and able to take the burden of business off his shoulders. His resignation of the presidency will relieve him of the necessity of coming to town when he does not feel equal to it, and will relieve him of the many minor duties of the position. Mr. Sloss is one of the most charitable of local millionaires. He is always to the fore when it comes to giving, and I know of few men whose loss would be more sincerely mourned. I hope his newly-acquired leisure will procure him many more years of life.

* * *

Quite a number of our prominent citizens have signified their intention of supporting the movement to give Miss Emma Juch a testimonial concert before she leaves California. It is a pity that most of our leading Society folks are out of the city, but there are plenty left to make the concert a big success if they will only fall into line. The prima-donna is deserving of some recognition from the San Francisco public, as it has been through her instrumentality that grand opera has been produced in this city on many occasions. After a long season of disastrous ventures a benefit to Miss Juch would redound to the credit of San Francisco.

* * *

Tubbs' Hotel at Oakland has taken a front place among the pleasure resorts of the State, and a great many Society people have taken up their residence there for the summer. Mine host Moroney is an old and experienced hotel man, whose abilities are admirably displayed in the conduct of the caravansary.

* * *

Camp Taylor is enjoying a season of prosperity that is flattering to the management. This beautiful place among the redwoods has attracted pleasure-lovers from all over the State; the present promises to be the most successful season in its history. Among the guests are some of the best-known Society people in California. A feature of the life at Camp Taylor is the grill breakfast, which is attended by everybody on Sunday mornings.

* * *

Byron Hot Springs have attracted many guests this season, as much by the health-giving properties of the waters there as by the excellence of the hotel appointments, and the *cuisine*. The register shows the names of not a few well-known San Franciscans.

* * *

Gopher-fighting is the latest craze in fashionable circles. I have yet to hear, though, of an encounter between the carefully trained specimens that recently arrived here from Santa Barbara. Few preliminary arrangements are requisite. The little animals are placed in a pit and permitted to work their will on one another. They are fierce, determined, aggressive, and will tear at each other with those sharp little teeth of theirs until separated. During the winter several interesting gopher encounters were held at Santa Barbara, under the auspices of the Jockey Club.

* * *

The Concordia Club has never been able to make a restaurant department a success. It has been tried a dozen times and has always proved a failure. The new directorate, however, has inaugurated a late supper for the comfort of those members whose families are in the country. It will be maintained until August and so far has proved a success. The mid-summer jinks project has not yet gone beyond the stage of discussion.

* * *

WILLIAM KEITH is painting great pictures these days. In his studio are some wonderful landscapes he has just finished—canvases full of power, poetry, and beauty. It is a fact only the few realize—Keith, to-day, is one of the great landscape artists of the world. None of the paintings that come here have a tithe of the quality his present: He has more color, variety, poetry than Corot, and yet for one of the French artist's smallest canvases more money is paid than a dozen of Keith's *chef d'œuvres* command. It seems strange that a few of the multi-millionaires do not hang specimens of his work in their galleries instead of the tepid emanations from French and Italian studios they now pay thousands for.

* * *

Two canvases in particular stand out strong among those Keith has recently painted. One is a vista among oak trees, with blue sky in a rift of the foliage for background. It is the strongest canvas of the kind he has done There is an admirable solidity about the trees and the tones are even and harmonious. The other is a marine—a jutting rock below Midway Point at Monterey. This is a superb picture done in drabs, grays, and dark green. The waves have real movement in their boiling violence. Another represents a huge oak that spreads its gnarled limbs across the canvas. Through the branches the sun is setting on some small village in a glory of golden light. These are pictures that are worth looking at.

* * *

To-night, at San Rafael, at the Opera House, the Players' Club give a performance of which great things are expected. Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe have the leading parts, and as they are quite capable, they should do very well. I believe it will be the last performance of the Club, as I am told of considerable bickering about the distribution of parts. Of course, as is always the case in amateur dramatic organizations, the entire membership yearns to play hero or heroine. As selection involves rejection, there is necessarily diappointment, and the breaches of late date are not to be healed.

* * *

Dr. Ryer left one-third of his large estate to charity. Probably he would have given it all but for the law which prevents the dispensation of more than that proportion. For his son he has provided very handsomely, though he has not seen the boy since his divorce. It will be remembered the custody of the child was awarded to the mother. The will is entirely in the Doctor's own handwriting and is rather a curious document.

* * *

THE ESTATE OF LUIGI DAMA has been distributed, and I am anxious to learn what disposition of the musician's legacy Mrs. Smith is going to make. Early in the contest she declared she was not fighting the other claimants to secure the lucre for herself. She purposed devoting all she obtained to charity. I believe there never was such a contest as this in San Francisco. It sundered homes, it destroyed reputations. Attorney French speaks of this connection with it as the one great sorrow of his life. Lloyd said it gave him more trouble and anxiety than all his other cases combined. That it is over and done with is a blessing to all concerned. Indeed, I am sure the discovery that the new will was merely a *replica* of the disputed one that Mr. Lloyd had made at Crocker's must have been a huge relief to all concerned.

* * *

Dr. Ellis was non-suited, and I was almost as sorry as the jury was. There is no questioning the legal acumen of Judge Wallace who threw the case out of Court, but had the persecuted clergyman been enabled to go before that particular jury he would have received at least $20,000 damages. The set of jealous divines who composed the Presbytery were appreciated at their true worth by several of the twelve. They remembered the interesting record of Hugh Fraser as Supervisor. It seems a pity they had no opportunity of touching their hearts through their pockets.

* * *

SOME GREAT WRITER, who had evidently studied the subject, declares that history abounds with false facts. To me this has always seemed paradoxical, because to say that any fact is false is equivalent to remarking that the truth is a lie. But the intention of the

Arcadian Waukesha Water cures Indigestion.

inventor of this manifest truth probably was to stigmatize those alleged facts of history which have long since from very necessity ceased to be questioned as often flagrantly false. Many years ago it was my ill-fortune to be a quiet spectator of a series of events which have since become historical. It is not necessary at this time to describe those events or attempt to make them plain to those who were not so unfortunate as myself. But owing to the fact that there were some features to them, significant of the eternal unfitness of things—of the ultimate fate of the Republic in the hands of those who are guiding its destinies—several persons who were not witnesses have attempted to embalm them in history.

* * *

I have read in all some twenty accounts of these occurrences, one of which was written by an unprejudiced foreigner. Every writer with unfailing inaccuracy got the salient features of the connected story wrong, although each one had to some extent digested it, and without exception all of them misunderstood the causes which led up to the drama they attempted to describe. In any other case than this I might disbelieve my eyes, but here was a bit of history with which I was personally familiar, with which, in fact, my life had been inextricably mixed up, and yet not a single man among those who attempted to relate the story could even state the facts correctly. Yet how much superior were the facilities for gathering and collating material enjoyed by these modern historians to those enjoyed by Rollin, Gibbon and Hume. Perhaps, after all, the Emperor Nero, who has come down to us as a human monster, was the mild-mannered victim of a mendacious Roman notary. Who shall say that Mohammed was an impostor, Julius Cæsar a dictator, Henry the Eighth a brute, or Benedict Arnold a traitor, when he is confronted with the potent fact that all those men were written up by their enemies and "roasted" to the taste of the writers.

* * *

That history not only abounds with false statements, but is an infernal lie entirely, I am firmly convinced. And here is a case *apropos*—a story in fact—for I did not begin this paragraph with the view of preaching a sermon :

There is in San Francisco a place called the Probate Court. When men die seized of property their heirs file in this tribunal last testaments and inventories. The object of the Probate Court, I suppose, is to provide a peaceful means of distributing the possessions of the dead. Such a Court restrains the natural inclination of mankind to fall upon the remains and divide what is left, as the wolves do when one of them drops out of the chase. With the aid of the lawyers, the division takes place, but it is conducted with peace and decorum. However, that is neither here nor there.

* * *

One day a distinguished Judge "passed in his c.. cks." For nearly forty years he had sat on the benches of State and Federal Courts. He had always cherished the corporation idea of progress. He thought those who howled about the corrupting influence of aggregate capital and the tyranny of corporate wealth were howling to be bought off. Thus he often decided his cases in favor of corporations; but no one had ever accused him of corruption. His greatest affliction, if he had any, was obliquity of mental vision. His name was Sawyer—Lorenzo Sawyer.

Well, after a time his will was filed. It was an obscure, disjointed affair, the work of a notional old lawyer. The heirs filed with it a statement that the value of the estate was unknown.

* * *

Here was the fatal mistake. Here "history" got in its deadly work. Five reporters sat at a table in the Probate Court making a news paragraph of the will. One of them said :

"By Jove, I wonder how much money the old man left? He must have been well fixed."

Said another: "Three hundred thousand, at least. He didn't render railroad decisions all his life for nothing."

"All right," chorused the other four veracious chroniclers, "three hundred thousand goes."

Thus it appeared in five newspapers that day that Judge Sawyer died worth $300,000. Immediately the country press came down with homilies upon the wealthy Judge. Here at last were his motives laid bare. A public speaker compared the upright to the corrupt Judge—Hoffman, who died penniless, to Sawyer who died worth $300,000. The homilies of the country editors and this speech went scurrying all over the land. The "facts" were lodged in thousands of minds and the "history" was made upon which future Macaulays may dwell with delight.

* * *

Now, as a matter of fact, Judge Sawyer died worth about $27,000—the fruit of fifty years of toil. Nearly all of this was comprised in his law library and homestead. Happening to have a family, unlike Hoffman, he was obliged to build a house to put it in. Had this not been so, perhaps he would have lived and died penniless at the club as Hoffman did, for he was of the same improvident disposition. But it is useless for the executors to publish prominently as they have done that Judge Sawyer did *not* die worth $300,000. History has been made, and it is now too late to contradict it.

* * *

One day recently I met the reporter who had set the value of Judge Sawyer's estate, and I asked him, "Why did you give the old man that fearful dig?"

"Oh, the last time I went into his office down there to get an item he 'fired me out.' I thought I would get even."

The moral of this story can be briefly stated. Every man who desires that his personal history shall correctly descend to posterity must become his own historian. As every man is now his own liar, what is there improper in every man becoming his own historian? To leave the narration of his achievements in the hands of his enemies is the height of folly. I shall begin writing *my* history at once.

* * *

WHEN MARTIN KELLY and his enterprising followers hurried from the Stockton Convention to this city on a special train and called a snap meeting of the Republican County Committee, for the purpose of permanently shutting the Burns-Wilson faction out of the organization, they thought they had been guilty of a very clever political trick. It is quite true that the process of capturing County Committees by diluting them is a new and somewhat interesting phase of local politics, and probably Martin is entitled to the credit, if not of inventing it, at least of bringing it to its present state of perfection. But like all great manipulators Martin has in this case slightly overdone the invention, and unless I am mistaken he will find ere long that, in making his special train addition to the Republican County Committee, he has committed a fatal mistake. In fact, if the opposition do not unhorse him within the next month then I am no prophet.

* * *

A week ago, when I read of the meeting of two bodies claiming to be the Republican County Committee, I did not thoroughly understand how completely Martin and his partner, Crimmins, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, but a few days later when a gentleman who attended the meeting of the Board of Election Commissioners informed me that Mr. Soda-Water Brown, the efficient and intelligent Registrar, had told the Board that he proposed to arrogate to himself the power of saying who should be entitled to places on the new Australian ballot, the light began slowly to dawn upon me. It then seemed perfectly plain that Martin and his partner had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. How oblivious they are to the fate that is in store for them may be gathered from the calm and tranquil departure of Phil to attend the social gathering at Minneapolis, and the peaceful manner in which Martin has continued to dispense drinks in the Third Street groggery.

* * *

But for all that the hole that yawns in front of these bosses is large enough to dismay a dozen men. Let me explain: The addition of "prominent merchants" made surreptitiously to the County Committee after the Stockton Convention, by which, on their arrival here, Burns, Mahoney, Wilson and Quinn found their majority turned into a minority, caused the Committee to split in twain. As at present organized the local Republican party, therefore, has two County Committees. One is headed by Mr. Abraham Ruef as Chairman, with Morris Asher as Secretary. Of this one

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

Senator Mahoney is generally acknowledged to be the Captain. Although composed of the men who seceded when Kelly refused to rescind his special train trick, it comprises a majority of the genuine, or old, County Committee.

* * *

This fact is significant and should not be lost sight of in contemplating the outcome. The other County Committee has Mr. R. C. Meyers for its Chairman and Kelly's License Collector, Mr. Lee, for Secretary. Owing to the fact that it has virtuously adopted a resolution declaring vacant the places of all Committeemen who hold public office, Mr. Lee, although still in possession of the books, is ousted as Secretary. Kelly has strengthened this Committee by appointing a sufficient number of faithful followers to outnumber the Burns-Wilson faction in case it ever returns, but as a matter of fact it contains a minority of the old Committee.

* * *

The majority and minority phases of the situation are the keys by which these manipulators intend to unlock the local Treasury after awhile and set their men into advantageous places at the public crib. This will appear more strongly when it is taken into consideration that Mr. Seltzer-Water Brown, the able, efficient, and intelligent Registrar, is an active sympathizer with the Burns-Wilson faction. Indeed, if I remember correctly, it was he who admitted before the Credentials Committee of the Stockton Convention that he had furnished that faction with the names of voters registered in his office by which they were enabled to stuff the ballot boxes at the April primary.

* * *

When Ærated-Water now declares, as he did the other day to the Election Commissioners, that he proposes to name the parties who are to be allowed places on the new Australian ballot, it is plain to be seen that the majority, or Ruef, County Committee has concocted a job that will, to use a nautical expression, blast Mr. Kelly's toplights. The plan as thus far developed involves a desperate fight before the Election Commission and probably a law suit, with the chances that in the end Mr. Carbonic-Acid-Gas-Water Brown, will win. Of course, there are to be two Republican municipal tickets in the field. Under the law there can be but one Republican ticket on the new Australian ballot. The question, therefore, which of these factions represent the true Republican party becomes an important one. Ruef's Committee, having a majority of the old Committee, will claim that its ticket has a prior right. Burns, Wilson, and Quinn having the State Central Committee will recognize this faction through that Committee, and Mr. Ice-Cream-Soda Brown, having the power, will put its ticket on the Australian ballot. This will leave Martin and his partner out in the cold. They will have to call their ticket the "People's" or "Taxpayers'" candidates and hustle around for a petition in order to get on the ballot at all.

* * *

The effect cannot but be to discredit their faction and destroy it. How many votes would any ticket except a regular party ticket, receive in this city with Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins behind it? I can answer, not a thousand votes. In short, never since I have formed the acquaintance of Martin and his mate have I observed them in quite so bad a "hole" as this. They are, in my opinion, nearly or quite done for.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATS of the State cannot afford to make any mistakes this year. Victory is easily within grasp, if they will but use the means that circumstances have conspired to give them. The personnel of the State Central Committee is excellent, and it is to be hoped that no error will be made in choosing a Chairman. He will be the general who has to make the fight; he will direct the campaign; on him will fall the burden of defeat, if that should follow; all will share in the victory that can be gained. A man should be chosen who understands the political situation; who has had experience in handling men; whose business is such that he can spend almost his entire time in the service of the party; who will not have to gain experience from the fight he is expected to make.

* * *

Three men have been mentioned for the Chairmanship: J. F. Sullivan, John H. Wise, and Max Popper. The first has had so much honor thrust upon him lately that it is not likely he will seek the place. While he has a large following in the city, is a clever, shrewd manager, he has not had the experience that would entitle him to the place. Mr. Wise has been Chairman of the Committee before, during the Garfield and Hancock campaign, I believe, and made an excellent head. Max Popper, however, should be elected. He has youth, energy, vigor, a complete knowledge of the situation; the experience that comes of a long political education; he has the confidence of the people, and gave satisfaction as Chairman of the County Committee some years ago. It appears as if his election were certain; he has the support of many of the city members, and if the country members knew him their votes would be cast in his favor. On the Chairman will devolve much of the work of the campaign; and the place should be intrusted to one who has the time to devote to it.

* * *

HORACE R. HUDSON, City Editor of the *Chronicle*, is one of the most experienced newspapermen in town. What he does not know of the genus reporter may safely be labeled, "Not worth knowing," but with all his acumen occasionally he is taken in. Here is a story that is going the journalistic rounds, and is among the very best of its kind I have ever heard. It demonstrates the cunning of Mr. Bowers, a reportorial wanderer from the far East who, in the space of a few weeks, established so reliable a reputation for unreliability that he was barred in every editorial room in town. Clever enough, a capable newspaperman, but dangerous in the extreme, this unfortunate turn of affairs compelled him to rack his brain for expedients, for he had no money and was incapable of bookkeeping.

* * *

He evolved a scheme. An original one, too. He induced three young men who had never in their lives been in a newspaper office, and knew nothing about the trade of sentence-stringing, to apply for a position in the local room of the *Chronicle*. Upon representing themselves experienced reporters from the East, they were given work. Each was assigned a detail on the first day, and when their "copy" was read by Mr. Hudson, that night, he was highly elated. Their work bore every evidence of skill and ability. During the several days following the new reporters attended strictly to business, and rapidly ingratiated themselves into the good will and confidence of the City Editor. He praised their news instincts, commended their style, and encouraged them by his enthusiastic commendation. All went admirably until one night news came to Mr. Hudson that a ship coming into port would be boarded by Custom House officers who believed she had on her a large quantity of opium. One of the new reporters was at once detailed to accompany the Federal officials. It was then late at night, and he returned in about an hour reporting the story without foundation. The following day the *Chronicle* was "scooped," for there had been a big seizure, and the other morning papers made it a sensation of several columns.

* * *

Burning with indignation Mr. Hudson demanded an explanation from the new reporter. There was quite a scene. Finally the fellow confessed himself a fraud, and that he as well as two other members of the staff were merely the representatives of Bowers. He explained the latter had written all their items, and that they had merely transcribed his work. On the night of the opium seizure the pseudo reporter had failed to make connections with his chief, because the latter, thinking his work for the day ended, had gone home. Hence the collapse of an ingenious scheme.

* * *

JAPHETH IN SEARCH of a father never encountered half the difficulties the University of California has met with in its endeavors to find a President. One might imagine that the colleges of the country were full of possibilities but the contrary appears the case, at least none appear to develop. The right man has once or twice been discovered, but at the critical moment something better is offered him. There has become current an impression that the regents are not the most amiable men in the world, and that their leading characteristic is a tendency to regard the head of the University as if he were a third-grade

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

dominie. Whatever has occurred in the past the future will be very different. The discovered one will be Monarch not only of Berkeley but of the Board.

* * *

The institution is badly in need of a man of capacity and executive ability. Its condition is that of dryrot. The faculty is not achieving results and by its manifestations seems in deadly terror of its own shadow. The prohibition of the sophomore rush at the Bourdon burial, the other evening, was stupid. It is by just such trivial ceremonies that the *esprit de corps* among the students is maintained. The ordinary Professor, however, is a great deal of an old woman, and from all that comes to me, the Berkeley instructors must be very ordinary. Had Kellogg been a man of breadth, he is an excellent scholar, this episode nor the scandal connected with young Green over the cow row, would never have occurred. It is, indeed, a pity Professor Schurman could not have come. He would have made an ideal President.

* * *

Regent Arthur Rogers is to go East very soon, and while absent will make it his business to find some one for the place. Whoever is selected will have full swing, and a large revenue. In the role of Columbus, I trust Mr. Rogers will prove a success. It is certain if he satisfies himself, no one will have any reason to complain.

* * *

The Supreme Court is at least five months behind in its determination of cases. I believe the Justices could only draw their monthly stipends for December at the end of May. There are a number of appeals argued in January that have not yet been decided. In the meantime the Court is laboring as best it knows how, and exhibits a most commendable tendency to exclude minor causes. It would be an achievement to obtain a writ of mandate or *habeas corpus*, supposing one were required. Indeed, the quality of patience that is accorded attorneys with large briefs, is rather strained. I trust the Justices will soon be able to draw their stipends up to date.

* * *

BUT ONE INDIVIDUAL has made any reputation out of Bruner's prosecution. He is Howard McSherry, who was associated with Barclay Henley in prosecuting the unfortunate Assemblyman. He is quite young and it was because of his very recent arrival from New York that he made such an impression. Actually he succeeded in "standing off" Pat Reddy. But for his efforts the prosecution would have utterly broken down because of Henley's illness. He had to stay home, and in his absence McSherry came to the front. About the case he knew next to nothing, but he boldly tackled the cross-examination of witnesses, drew out their testimony cleverly, tilted with the Hon. Pat much to the latter's discomfiture, and made a fine record.

* * *

The encounters between Reddy and himself were amusing. Next to Foote, the Hon. Pat is regarded as the most dangerous man at the bar to provoke a wordy war with. About him there is a strongly virulent tendency which induces the majority of lawyers to give him a wide berth. McSherry sailed in undismayed by his reputation, however, and actually had the best of a dozen verbal skirmishes.

* * *

Bruner has gained sympathy, at least, by this recent trial. The judgment of the ablest lawyers in town was that evidence sufficient to hold him had not been adduced. There is a popular demand for his prosecution, but it seems hard he should be made the victim when he is but one of the fifty scoundrels who made the last Legislature notorious. It is difficult, of course, to induce thieves to fall out, and Bruner is the one man against whom a tittle of testimony is available. Judge Coffey is a very conscientious jurist, one who is not ordinarily swayed by prejudices. It is a safe prophecy, however, that Bruner will never go to prison, not because of pull but simply that it will not be possible to prove him guilty.

* * *

There is to be an ardent fight for the District Attorneyship this year. Will Barnes has made a splendid record and, of course, is almost certain of renomination. Against him, however, on the Democratic side, is Henry Foote, one of the Supreme Court Commissioners. Mr. Foote is possessed of a desire to return to active practice and believes he can best do so by being elected District Attorney. He is an able lawyer and a strong speaker, and undoubtedly would make it warm for the criminals. Another reason that animates him is the amount of work the Commissioners have to do. Had he a $16,000 practice, he would not be compelled to labor much harder than he does at present for quarter that amount. There is no doubt, however, that Barnes will give any one a hard fight. He has the Bar with him.

* * *

THE ATTORNEY who cannot, on the spur of the moment, evolve excuses for the continuance of a case, must not expect to be a successful practitioner. The nature of the excuse depends, of course, on the Judge to whom it is given. For instance, one that might prove satisfactory to "Oregon" Campbell, the eminent Justice of the Peace, might be ignominiously rejected by Judge Hunt or Judge Coffey. This fact the last-named demonstrated the other day, in a manner that seemed to amuse a crowded courtroom, and caused a carmine tint to mantle the alabaster cheeks of Charley Weller. Those of us who have the good fortune of Mr. Weller's acquaintance, may smile incredulously at the idea of his blushing. But he can.

* * *

The phenomenon occurred thuswise. Weller, asked by a brother attorney if he would be satisfied to try a certain case at two o'clock in the afternoon, which Judge Coffey had agreed to hear at that hour, arose with a troubled expression, pleaded sorrowfully another engagement precisely at that hour in a different Court. Quick as a flash Judge Coffey asked:

"In what Court, Mr. Weller?"

The reorganizing attorney fairly gasped for breath, he was so taken aback. Collecting his thoughts quickly, however, he replied:

"In Department 12."

"Ah, and who is presiding in that department just now?" queried the auburn-haired Judge in his most suave manner, scrutinizing Weller closely.

* * *

Weller paused in confusion. He had heard something about the absence of Judge Murphy but for the life of him could not think of his substitute's name. A kind friend at his side whispered:

"Judge Ham."

With a faint smile of relief the unfortunate attorney reiterated it to the Court. At that moment a young man connected in some remote way with the District Attorney's office, arose from his seat in the courtroom and informed Judge Coffey that Department No. 12 was not in session. An instant of horrified silence followed.

The Judge frowned like an angry schoolmaster. Very quickly he remarked:

"See, Mr. Weller, I've caught you."

Then it was the maiden blush broke forth. It was almost lurid. Suffused with the unaccustomed crimson, Weller's countenance presented the extreme of abashment. If one could entertain such a sentiment I would say I was almost sorry for him. Poor Charley.

* * *

Here is a scrap of legal dialogue that a City Hall echo caught and carried to my ear.

First Lawyer—"Can you understand how the jury in the case of Lezinsky *vs.* Delmas, could have rendered a verdict for the plaintiff?"

Second Lawyer—"I can only surmise that they gave that verdict solely for the purpose of censuring Mr. Delmas for having had in his employ such a fellow as Lezinsky."

* * *

IT IS SOMEWHAT AMUSING to observe the lack of harmony that prevails in the City Hall Commission. At almost every meeting there is a tilt between Auditor Smiley and City Attorney Durst. Since the time of the award of the file-box contract, of which I wrote, discord has reigned supreme. The Mayor and the City Attorney always vote as a unit, and Smiley dissents. That their relations are very much strained, is a fortunate circumstance for the city, for in the present condition of affairs there can be very little jobbery in work on the New City Hall.

* * *

The Auditor is distinguishing himself these days by the attention which he devotes to work being performed by contractors McCann & McKay. His vigilance is something remarkable, and if it continues he is likely to obtain a reputation as an exceptionally faithful public servant. But there are some people around the City Hall who laugh with scorn at

the strenuous efforts he makes to compel that particular firm to perform work in accordance with the specifications. For some reason, they seem to think he is not entitled to any praise for his constant vigilance, and pretend to believe it is something other than a *pro bono publico* sentiment that prompts him to give that firm so much trouble. They ask why he hires private inspectors to watch the work of that firm and yet finds nothing to look after in the labors of other contractors.

* * *

Smiley has lodged a number of complaints against McCann & McKay, but little encouragement from the other Commissioners has been vouchsafed him. They also seem to suspect his zeal. He is not accused directly, but it is suggested he may possibly be in a condition of disappointment. Who knows, however, but that he may be as good and pure as he would have people believe?

* * *

THEY ARE EASILY COUNTED now, the surviving lawyers of the old guard. The era of legal giants has passed with the period of great litigants. It is not so long ago that the California Bar had in its membership some of the strongest intellects in the country—men of force and power, eloquent, witty, learned. Felton is dead, McAllister is gone, Hoge, too. Sam Wilson was buried yesterday. Perhaps he had not as fine a mind as these others, but he possessed the immense capacity for taking pains that Carlyle defines as genius. It would not be unreasonable to say that in point of education, in that equipment for Court contests which consists of knowledge of law, he was the equal of them all. To estimate his qualities is difficult, because he exhibited so much versatility. He confined himself to no particular type of case but accepted all that came to him. He was not a great orator like McAllister or Delmas, but he spoke with exceeding lucidity and ease.

* * *

What Sam Wilson knew, he knew thoroughly. In Court he presented his cause with eminent dexterity. He was quiet, simple, courteous. His expositions of disputed points were luminous from the very copiousness of his knowledge. It may be said that if other men were to devote themselves to work as he did, they could achieve greatness more pronounced than his. The fact remains, however, that he succeeded, that in the palmiest days of the California bar, he was one of its leaders. An untiring worker, Sam Wilson was at his office early, and after dinner each night of his life he read law or prepared briefs. His opinions commanded huge fees because they were regarded as almost conclusive. His vast library enabled him to command all the authorities, and it was his rule to know as much about the opposing case as did his opponent's counsel.

* * *

Sam Wilson leaves an estate of over a million dollars. He owned a great deal of property all over the city, for he was a shrewd investor and capable financier. Among his most valuable possessions is a lot on Market Street near Sixth. The question among lawyers is whether the firm of Wilson & Wilson will be able to retain the lucrative practice that Sam Wilson's reputation brought to him. It must be remembered, however, that he has been absent for long periods these late years without decreasing the firm's income. His name, of course has been a tower of strength. Russell Wilson, who will now take command, is a very adroit lawyer and a natural diplomate. Much of the best business the firm enjoys comes by reason of his associations. The Hopkins' case was his, and, besides, he enjoys the friendship of all his father's clients.

* * *

I believe Sam Wilson's death was largely brought about by the vast amount of work he has done lately. He it was who prepared the papers for the compromise, though it was Russell Wilson who conducted the negotiations. The absence of his son threw a great deal on the shoulders of the old gentleman, and, being in a delicate state of health, he succumbed.

* * *

DELEGATE SULLIVAN a tall personage burdened with the type of Irish phiz that *Puck* loves to delineate, was the most disgusted man at the late Fresno Convention. Among the crowd of platform builders who assembled in the San Joaquin metropolis he was conspicuous because of his wondrously humorous countenance which his lengthy legs and longer body, thrust above all rival heads. Its contours instantly caught the eye of Davenport, the *Examiner's* artist, and on a stray scrap of paper he sketched the Sullivan mug and handed it round for inspection. Besides being a clever caricaturist, Davenport possesses a keen sense of humor. After the newspaperman had laughed very heartily he enclosed the picture in an envelope and addressed it "Delegate P. Sullivan, Convention Hall."

* * *

At the various sessions missives addressed to the delegates were distributed from the Secretary's desk. Mr. Sullivan shambled up with others whose names had been called and was handed the envelope. As he adjusted spectacles on the small bridge of his low nose and glared portentously at the sketch, his long, bare upper lip lengthened and there was a ripple of laughter from all who saw. Davenport, immensely tickled, drew him in half a dozen different attitudes, enclosed some in envelopes like the first and distributed others among the delegates. The Convention soon grasped the humor of the situation and whenever Sullivan went up to receive his budget of letters—each with a picture inside, delegates and newspapermen laughed. At last the poor fellow could bear the ridiculous infliction no longer, and departed for home.

* * *

Davenport possesses a faculty for caricature that I hope the *Examiner* will make use of during the campaign. He succeeded in drawing attention to himself by his exceedingly clever caricatures of baseball players, especially of Manager Harris' mug. Those who read ball news will remember its inimitable protrusion.

* * *

I would like to know how Joe Rosenberg, of 40 and 42 Geary Street, manages to sell a ladies' all silk vest for fifty cents. Is it due to the evasion of the provisions of the McKinley protective (?) tariff?

* * *

THE GRAND JURY seems inspired by the same full measure of zeal that brought its predecessor to an end so untimely. With an energy that is almost admirable its members have inaugurated a series of inquiries in quarters where little is to be learned. Any tendency towards detecting municipal corruption that may exist in the jury has thus far been admirably concealed. The Supervisors moult not a single feather in terror lest there be an investigation of recent franchise deliveries, and in the Street Department they feel perfectly safe in the conviction that Foreman Spear will not lead an attack on any good friends of Boss Wilson. Those who know about political maneuvering and local fights are not surprised over the investigation of Martin Kelly. What a feather in the cap of the opposing organization his indictment on that old charge of hack-driver shooting would be.

* * *

From a jury selected by Judge Troutt one can hardly expect opposition to the wishes of the Burns-Wilson faction. My impression is that the body will be as inefficient as the Le Count jury. Indeed, if some amusing charges are not brought against Foreman Spear before the year is out call me a minor prophet. His record has not that purity which is called the leading characteristic of drifted snow.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

One may search in vain through fashion papers and notes of the season for any suggestions save those arranged for the fair ones, who stand the least in need of them. The middle-aged woman who has passed beyond the frivolous period of box coats, Eton jackets and blazers finds herself quite dependent upon her *modiste*, or, if she be not fortunate enough to have a competent one at her command, must rely upon her own judgment. The girl, no longer a child, still not a young lady, is also unprovided for, yet she, with her unformed figure, stands most in need of good advise regarding her costume and how it should be worn.

Some interesting styles for young ladies of sixteen have been recently sent from the East by a clever woman who makes a specialty of these dresses. I have just seen them, and will describe a few for the benefit of the daughters and mothers of my readers.

A dress of old blue crepon has two plaits stitched down the front of a plain skirt. The waist is cut in jacket effect with very wide reveres: with it is worn a loose silk shirt of blue and white striped silk crossed over the bust, with an old blue ribbon held in place by a silver buckle.

* * *

Another pretty costume is of dull red serge. The plain round skirt falls full over a silk foundation, showing at the bottom a five inch band of velvet of the same shade. A Figaro jacket with wide reveres of the velvet is worn over a bengaline waist, with fine tucks running from the neck to the waist. The belt is of gold military braid with gilt buckle. The accompanying hat is of shirred red tulle with a brim not over three inches deep. High loops of garnet ribbon and yellow primroses form the trimming.

* * *

A delightful summer dress for a young miss is of pale green lawn with daisies scattered lavishly over it. The full skirt is finished round the bottom with alternate rows of blue and white ribbon—exquisite ribbon embroidered in diminutive daisies in silk. The waist is round with ribbon trimmings and a wide bertha of the lawn. The sash is of white silk finished on the ends with deep fringe. The sleeves from shoulders to elbow are a succession of puffs made of the flowered lawn. The effect being completed by a ribbon cuff.

* * *

White dresses for girls are, of course, the choice. Nothing is as becoming to slight figures and youthful faces as dainty white materials. The new Marie Antoinette fichu, made of the same material as the dress it is to be worn with, forms the entire waist trimming and gives an exceedingly quaint and dainty finish to these frocks.

* * *

The spring styles in outdoor garments have been so severe and trying that one's wits have been put to the test in order to modify them into something presentable for summer wraps, but a new idea has come to our aid and presents us with a most becoming affair which has the added advantage of being decidedly new. It is called the Henry II. cape, and holds its own boldly despite the decadence of the rest of the cape family. This cape is of velvet, usually black, hanging jauntily from the shoulders to show its lining of bright silk, and is completed by an under bodice of fine black lace, fitted to the figure and crossed by bands of black moire ribbon. The effect is picturesquely pleasing in combination with the gay taffeta silk so much worn.

* * *

The woman who prides herself upon the daintiness of her table will be pleased to learn of the latest fad. Just before the wine and dessert come on the butler sprinkles the table with violet water poured from a little Dresden watering can. It is very refreshing and removes all odor of the feast which goes before.

MME X.

LAWN TENNIS.

Now for the great championship singles, which begin at San Rafael on the thirtieth inst.

No more tournaments will be held at any of the different clubs until after this important event is decided, but the different players will devote much of their time to hard practice in preparation for what will surely be the event of their lives.

This year's contest promises to exceed any of its predecessors, and, considering the rapid advancement made by the younger players during the past year, it is more than probable that surprises will not be few.

The California Tennis Club will not, it is thought, be as strongly represented this year as it has been in the past. The chances are that Yates will not be able to take part, in which case the only men it has to depend upon to carry off the honors are O. Hoffman, Gray, Collier, and Field, while Oakland will be ably represented by Hubbard, Carr Neel, C. Bates, S. Neel, Marx, Sanborn, English, Driscoll, and eight or ten other players of prominence.

The most favorable candidate for the all-comers is, of course, Chas. Hubbard, the clever Oaklander, who succeeded in winning last year's event. He is devoting all his time to practice, and will try hard to win everything this year. Should he prove successful, he will journey East, and take part in the United States Championship Singles at Newport. It is more than likely that Champion Taylor and Joe Tobin will also be heard of in the Newport tournament.

Collier and McGavin played off their continuous tournament match at the California Club on Monday last; the latter played his usual steady game in the first set, which he won, handily, sixgames to two, but in the second set Collier set such a hot pace for his opponent that McGavin was forced to succumb by a score of 6-4; the third set and match went to Collier by default, thus placing him sixth on the list with Gray, O. Hoffman, Wilberforce, Yates and Hubbard, above him in the order named. Gray and O. Hoffman played a very interesting match on Wednesday which was won by the latter 6-3; 4-6; 6-3. Gray played a clever all-round game, and the result would surely have been different were it not for a lame knee which greatly interfered with his play.

The first match between the Leland Stanford Jr. and the Berkeley University players took place at the Oakland Tennis Club Courts on Saturday last and resulted quite unexpectedly in the defeat of the Berkeley players by five matches to four, the Palo Alto champion, Campbell, was defeated by Sanborn, the Berkeley champion, in a very interesting contest which was remarkable for the many clever smashes made by the Palo Alto heavy-weight.

"The long and short of it" Allen and Sam Neel played off the final match for the Alameda County championship on the same day, and the way in which Neel went through the Alameda man was a caution, the youngster was all over the court and the terrific drives of Allen's were returned with a precision that was remarkable. This tournament has now been won by three different members of the Oakland Club, viz.: Bates, Hubbard and S. Neel.

In practice during the week Hubbard defeated S. Neel in three straight sets, 6-2; 6-1; 6-2.

Bates-Neel, C. Neel and Hubbard played at the Oriole Club of San Lorenzo lately, but tennis was greatly neglected by the players who took more interest in the cherries that were there in abundance.

The expected arrival of Miss Mattie Gibbs from the East is cheerfully received by the California Club members who are of the opinion that this young lady will stir up the waning interest in tennis among the Club's lady players.

Miss Susie Morgan will be the Club's favorite entry in the ladies' single event in September at San Rafael. She has never figured in the championship event, but from what I hear her chances of capturing the championship are considered excellent.

O. S. Campbell, United States champion at present in England met with an accident while practicing with Lewis, an English crack, which prevented him from taking part in the Irish championship, a fact much regretted by the American people, who were anxious to see what chance he would stand against the world's champions. The American will probably cross over to America soon so as to be able to prepare for the championship event at Newport.

SCORER.

A CHARMING PLACE.

A man's duty to his family does not end when he clothes and feeds his wife and children. He owes it to them, to himself, and the country that their health and happiness should be cared for. If health and happiness are to be found elsewhere than in the dictionary, it is at Belvedere, the most charming of San Francisco's suburbs, and the most delightful spot on the Coast. The large number of people who have bought real estate and erected homes here is the best assurance of the splendid advantages of this place. It is within easy reach of San Francisco; the Tiburon boats cross nearly every hour; the trip is made in half an hour; there are no fogs; the winds are soft and balmy; the sewerage is perfect; the water is sweet and pure; the scenery is the prettiest in the State, and——. But what more can mortal want? If you would only take a trip over there on Sunday—you can do it for twenty-five cents, and 'buses meet every train—you will find that Belvedere is a most delightful place to spend the summer.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

The best and most popular brands of wines and liquors can be found at the Grand Central Wine Rooms, No. 16 Third Street. Call there and see for yourself.

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143 POST STREET

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Who among us will rise up and write the California novel? The field is open, is vast; the opportunity to achieve immortality, admirable. The history of the State abounds in literary possibilities. It is full of picturesque characters, incidents of burning interest, dramatic situations. In his inimitable way Bret Harte has told us of mining life; he has sung the song of the pines in the Sierras, and his characters have whispered of love among the redwoods. But he neglects the Mexican occupation; he tells us little of the old Missions. The lurid life of Yerba Buena does not live on his pages. Think of the tragedies that might turn on a Spanish land grant; imagine the situations the Vigilance Committee evokes. Remember the long period of stock gambling and the era of vast fortunes made on Pine Street. In the hands of a prose artist what a wonderful story the rise of the railroad magnates would weave into. For dramatic figures take Terry, Broderick, Sharon, Colton. The life of each is a novel. Whom among English writers could do this subject justice? I believe Stevenson, alone, has the flexibility to adapt himself to the theme. With his marvelous verbal faculty he could catch the color of the days that are gone by; he could delineate the strong, reckless intellects of the men of '49. A Victor Hugo could make of it an epic.

I have here a novel of Early California by the author of "My Official Wife." Everyone read that capital story full as it was of vigor, incident and swing. That it had any literary value I cannot admit, but its *embroglio* was dramatic and its situations full of intense interest. In "The Little Lady of Lagunitas" Mr. Savage has succeeded only in being kaleidoscopic. With a fine sense of the picturesque he tells the story of the State commencing with the deportation of the foreigners in 1840. Across his pages he has Fremont march; he touches on the Bear Flag episode, on the discovery of gold. He describes the San Joaquin Valley when its broad, flat acres were covered with wild oats, when herds of stately elk and gray deer fed along its river banks. Then comes the rise of San Francisco and the lurid life of this mining metropolis. His hero, Maxime Valois, is an ardent secessionist and aids Phillip Hardin, his villain, in organizing the Knights of the Golden Circle, sworn to deliver California to the Confederacy. The great struggle for this State he tells of at length. Maxime marries Donna Dolores Peralta, and through her obtains possession of the Lagunitas grant, then goes to the war where he is killed. After this the story loses its historical interest; a plot of considerable sensational interest is developed; the villainy of Phillip Hardin is unmasked; a Colonel, Joe Woods, the conventional miner, honest, rugged, rich, plays the part of an avenger and finally the heiress of Lagunitas is restored her broad acres.

Considering the variety of material introduced, the story reminds one of a melodrama at the Bush Street Theatre. Every imaginable form of incident is woven in—even a Senatorial contest at Sacramento that figures in the last chapter. If Mr. Savage had yearned more for simplicity and could have contented himself with less detail in his background, he might have repeated his preceding success. As it is, he merely reveals the possibilities of our history. He should abandon novel-writing and turn to the drama. His sense of the picturesque is powerful; he can group incidents to make situations. He gives us in this book a brilliant panorama and there is not a paragraph of it that does not beseech for revision. "My Official Wife" was a well-modeled novel. It had balance of arrangement, compactness; to tell such a story as Lagunitas, as it requires telling, demands a first-class literary style.

A curious commentary on literary judgment are these eight concluding chapters of "A Human Document." Certainly one of the notable books of the year, written in refined English, full of insight and true sentiment, it commanded attention and admiration when it appeared. But it seemed unfinished. The problem of the two lives so joined together was unsolved. I remember after reading that last chapter of their life in London, wondering how the course of their true love ran, and I turned to read the introduction for a clue. That eight chapters were missing I did not, nor did anyone suspect. Nowadays, the novelist is allowed to leave his characters at whatever stage of their drama he thinks fit. But these eight chapters are now at hand and if drastic measures are utilized in dissolving the embroglio, the novel is rounded out and becomes a work of art. Few who have made love their theme have so written of it as Mallock has. Grenville translates his very soul, his most secret thoughts, his yearnings, his happiness, into words in his diary. Never have the alternations of joy or grief that characterize the divine passion been more truly or more tenderly set down. He is thrown into an ecstasy by a letter from the woman he loves so deeply; when she fails to write he is in the abyss of despair. I should like to read you long passages to illustrate with what exquisite subtlety and naturalness the author manages the intercourse between Grenville and Irma at Lichtenbourg. He gives you the very shades of her demeanor, the turn of her manner, expression, the tone of her voice. Besides, he has achieved the portrait of a true gentleman. They are very rare, these beings, but they exist. Grenville belongs to the highest type—a diplomate, courtly, honorable, unselfish, heroic, romantic.

It is fortunate for both literature and society that Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger considers it becoming her dignity to write novels. A light of the 400 she speaks by the book, and one can regard her utterances as inspired. Her latest, "Marionettes," essays to be a love story, a commentary on tact, a picture of country life on the Hudson and a disquisition on the uselessness of self-sacrifice. Besides, it contains philosophical utterances on a variety of subjects, criticisms and comments on life as it appears to the authoress. At the feet of this admirable personage an ordinary aspirant may well sit and catch the words of wisdom that she lets fall One learns "Forgiving natures are generally shallow ones." "Incapacity of a righteous resentment is sometimes merely a form of perversion, if not of depravity." These are merely *en passant*. It is when the heroine, Madame Bertha Le Moyne, appears, that one realizes the presence of a lady of the *haut monde*. She is the real thing, Mrs. Cruger informs one, her manners are exquisite, her tact admirable. Beautiful, of course, graceful, adorable, it is hardly any wonder Mr. Odenreid, who is tall, spare, with thick curly dead-brown hair, streaked with gray, thrown back from a clean white forehead, should fall in love with her. He is interesting, this individual, as indicating the type Mrs. Cruger considers fascinating. In my opinion this book is stupid, and being pretentious, is vulgar. Odenreid talks like one of Ouida's heroes, but fails to say anything. Bertha's exceeding loftiness is a bore. The minor characters are painful.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Little Lady of Lagunitas," by Richard Henry Savage. For sale by the San Francisco News Co.

"A Human Document," Part 2, by W. H. Mallock. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Marionettes," by Julian Gordon, Cassell Publishing Co. For sale by William Doxey.

—THE—

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THE BARTON & GUESTIER

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Has one specialty and rule and that is the Table. It is supplied from the finest market in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream and Vegetables come from the Marin County Ranches and farms of the vicinity. The trains and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to run down for a few days during the week, leaving their families of course to enjoy the country air and sunshine. Special rates to families for the month. "Commutation" $5 per month. Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day and satisfy yourself that we can please you. Take Sausalito Ferry and cars to Larkspur. Round trip 60 cents.

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128 Post Street, San Francisco

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, June 11, 1892.

AID FROM RUSSIA.

The announcement that the citizens of Russia are raising a fund for the relief of the oppressed Chinese in the United States is hailed with pleasure by the civilized of all lands. It certainly is an encouraging sign of the times that the subjects of the Czar, themselves the victims of the most outrageous despotism that the impartial pen ever traced on history's page, should have heard and heeded the cry that this vexed and trouble-laden people has raised. With her scarred and seamed back bleeding yet from the cruel wounds of the knout, with her sons rotting in Siberian sepulchre-mines, with the spurs of a brutal monarchical system in her galled sides, Russia has heard the sobs of the persecuted Chinese of America, and is quick to send them aid.

Advices from Moscow and St. Petersburg bring the news that last week mass meetings were held, at which resolutions were passed denouncing the Government of the United States for its barbaric course toward the Chinese. Attention was called to the fact that the treatment of the Mongolians in America was the darkest stain on the civilization of the Nineteenth Century; that China was justified in demanding reparation for the savage persecution of her subjects, and that in abrogating the treaty that existed between the two countries the United States had acted in a manner unbecoming a great Nation and a civilized land. It was decided to take up subscriptions for the benefit of the unhappy Chinese in America, and in St. Petersburg alone 5000 roubles were handed to the treasurer. The meeting was exceedingly harmonious; the general impression being that Americans were a race of savages. Only one incident occurred to mar the harmony; a man handed up 10 roubles; when he gave his name it was discovered that he was a Jew. He was promptly kicked out, and great indignation was expressed when it was learned that the fellow had that very day received from America the money he purposed giving for the assistance of the Chinese. The 10 roubles were used in cabling to the Chinese in the United States the action of the meeting, with the additional news that the Jew had died of his wounds.

In the meantime America is still sending money to Russia to aid the Jews; her churches are raising funds to save the Mohammedans, who are as safe, probably, in their religion as she in in hers; her statesmen are passing laws to protect her citizens from the labor of all paupers but those who can vote; and we out here in California, under the domination of a lot of demagogues worse than the Sandlotters, more vicious and venal, must see the State suffer, our vineyards run to weeds, the grain rot on our farms, and our flocks go unwatched on the hills.

THE CONVENTION.

Before this issue of THE WAVE reaches its many readers the Republican National Convention will have nominated its standard-bearer. This (Friday) morning the indications point strongly to President Harrison as the nominee; on a test vote on Thursday night he had eighteen or twenty votes to spare.

Whether Mr. Harrison or Mr. Blaine is nominated matters little; neither can be elected. The bitterness of the fight that the leaders made for each will be felt long after next November, and should the Maine statesman be defeated, his friends will skulk in their tents or leave them only to deposit long knives in the backs of their opponents. The administration forces, should Harrison be overthrown, will never forgive the men who snatched from them offices and salaries at once, and the country will see a party divided against itself by a wider chasm than that that separates the Democrats from the Republicans.

At this writing it seems as if the leaders had lost their heads; they appear willing to accept defeat at the polls rather than before the convention. They must know that the nomination now of either Blaine or Harrison would result in a campaign that would be more disastrous to the Party of Protection than the one in which the Mugwump was born; that a lack of harmony means certain defeat, and that only by concerted action can the Republicans hope to stem the tide of Democracy that must inevitably sweep the land.

With Blaine or Harrison as the candidate, Democratic success is assured. Cleveland's popularity will not suffer at the knives of his party's leaders; his Democratic opponents will have nothing to forgive; the cry of treachery will not be raised against him, and no one will say that he abused a friendship, insulted the Chief Magistrate, or played like a wanton with the feelings of his friends to gain the applause of a few fanatical followers and the empty honor of a convention nomination.

With McKinley as the Republican candidate, the campaign would be one of principle; the man would not be considered; the party would be sunk; the fight would be on the platform of a protection that is pernicious and a tariff reform that is beneficial. But I fear that the Republican managers will not put up McKinley; after his campaign and defeat, it would be discovered that the mission of the Grand Old Party was accomplished.

ABOLISH THE JURY SYSTEM.

The jury system is so great a failure that I am quite unable to see any justification for its further existence. It has served its purpose; it comes to us as a corrupt reminiscence of a wise and upright practice; but it was a lie at its very inception, and has been a source of corruption ever since. Whatever of good there was to it has been lost long ago; whatever of honesty it had has been destroyed, and it is now typical of a blind justice that stands on the side of might, and that casts the die oftener on behalf of rich wrong than honest right.

But the jury system is working out its own cure. The people of San Francisco have witnessed its decadence with interest. They have seen political rogues buy their way to freedom from venal jurors; they have seen murderers go free because of the corruption in the box; and have seen unconvicted thieves and convicted stage-robbers acting as jurymen, offering for sale their verdicts on the highways like merchants who had vendible commodities. It is notorious that for years men have sought places on juries as a means of livelihood and have sold their influence to the highest bidder; it is a further disgraceful fact that lawyers in San Francisco have made large sums of money by purchasing these depraved persons. The history of some notable cases in California is not so old that the people have forgotten how near to the prison gates some of our prominent citizens were when accommodating jurors barred the doors with a purchased verdict.

The sooner thieves, cut-throats, stage-robbers, bribe-takers, and bribe-givers are barred from jury service the better, and the sooner the jury system is abolished the sooner will justice be dispensed equally to rich and poor, influential and powerless alike.

THE editor of the *Report* finds time from the onerous duties of preparing special dispatches from Minneapolis to engage in his favorite pastime of building railroads. I regret to say, however, that he has not been as successful this week as last, probably being too busy in writing telegrams. With sincere regret I notice that he has withdrawn the well-equipped road that ran from Display Head to Double-Leaded Brevier. Perhaps the expense of operating the line was too heavy. A glance at my crepuscular contemporary's advertising columns shows that the new road is not doing any business with him at an increase of fifty per cent on regular rates.

* * *

The editor of the South San Francisco *News* is worried over the conditions of a citizen's pigs. He says: "Michenfelder's pigs are so thin and razor-backed that when the sun is in the zenith at noonday their shadows are invisible to the naked eye." I am informed that Michenfelder keeps his animals in that condition for reasons which the editor might not care to have published.

* * *

If none but the brave deserve the fare, what heroes our streetcar conductors must be!—*Truth*.

THE PERILS OF THE CLUB.

SOME PITFALLS IN THE PATH OF THE ENGAGING YOUTH OF BRAINS.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

It is a mistake for a young man of intellect to have much to do with clubs.

This is especially true of clubs which have, or make pretension to, a literary and artistic complexion. That usually means bohemianism, as bohemianism is understood by the Philistine.

As for the mediocre young man, it doesn't matter whether he joins a club or not. It doesn't matter much what he does. There are so many of him that should he go to the bad he wouldn't be missed. But he is all right on the average. Tepid in his desires, restricted in his ambitions, endowed by his qualities with a grave appreciation of the value of the material prizes of life, and blessed with a profound respect for success and for the opinions of his class, he is buttressed. Temptations that come at him over the safe and respectable wall of conventionality he is commonly able to resist. Should they prevail, then victory does not often last long. Self-indulgence costs money, gets one out of favor with employers, diverts opportunities to others and renders one unfit to seize them when they come one's way.

The mediocre young man—fortunate being!—is intensely practical at bottom. It doesn't pay to be a gay boy, and when he finds that out, as he is tolerably sure to do early in his experience, he is vaccinated against the seductions of club life, and can, without peril, take his prudent part in the gayeties which it brings within his reach. Two or three headaches make this admirable young man (desirable as a son-in-law) thoughtful overnight as to the morning.

But the young man of intellect, of talent, who has imagination, sympathy, humor, and that facility for becoming possessed by the fun of the moment which is in the grain of the ardent artistic temperament, is better away from clubs.

There nodded to me from a club window the other afternoon a gentleman of thirty-five, florid, well-dressed, with a rose in his button-hole, a cigar in his mouth and the look of well-being which is imparted by luncheon and a small bottle of good claret. Fifteen years ago Thompson, who weighed fifty pounds less then than he does now, was a clerk in a commission house. His salary was small, but he was backed by the influence of important relatives. Hardworking, serious, objective, ambitious in his way, and eschewing bad habits as hindrances, Thompson toiled at his account books, kept good hours, dressed cheaply, brought his luncheon to the office in a little basket, and was the comfort of his widowed mother's heart. An increase of salary and compliments from the proprietor rewarded his virtue. Thompson's better income begot new desires. He dressed better, treated himself to the theatre, and learned to play lawn tennis. New acquaintances in a sunnier circle resulted. Like a new baby he began to "take notice." The more dandified young men about him awakened imitative desire. He joined the Bohemian Club. For a brief season he was gay and reckless, proud of turning up at the office with red eyes, and bragged of the artists and writers with whom he was brought in contact at the club. He took to reading for culture and attending art sales, set up, among clerks, as a connoisseur, appeared in amateur theatricals, and his name got into the newspapers frequently. He became a society man, and his newspaper fame increased. Once he was up all night, and still tipsy when the proprietor consulted him about some matter of business. An interview in the private office followed. Thompson never was tipsy during business hours again. He put the proprietor in the way of making some money on a hint given him by a relative, and so enlarged the proprietor's estimate of his capacity. The proprietor had a divorced daughter who, in her school days, had eloped with a handsome brakeman. Thompson offered himself, and secured the shelf-worn daughter. Now he is the proprietor's partner as well as son-in-law.

As Thompson, flushed and comfortable, stands with his hands in his pockets smoking at the club window, two younger and far worse groomed men are sitting behind him at a table, trying to find steadiness for their nerves and relief for their congested eyes in a decanter of strong waters. Thompson threw them a patronizing nod and friendly grin as he passed them in his light and elegant spring raiment fresh from the creasing hand of the tailor.

One of the two topers ten years ago was an artist of promise and the other a first-rate reporter, with a turn for bright every-day sketches. Ten years ago they patronized Thompson, and he was proud of their acquaintance.

God knows how the artist lives, for he paints very little, and worse all the time. The reporter still works, but he is not in demand. The brightness as well as the industry have long departed from him. The club dues and bar-bills of the pair are regularly remitted. Thompson lends them money occasionally, under good-humored protest. He is not a bad fellow. The one presents a picture now and again to the club, the other amuses it at its merry meetings by playing the comedian. Their connection helps to maintain the club's reputation for literary and artistic leanings.

Each of these wrecked men had it in him to achieve something had he remained on the social level where his poverty originally held him. There would then have been for the pair only the distraction of healthful effort and the cheer of ambitious hope. The club opened a new world to them. They came in contact, as social equals (in the club) with men of an order wholly different from themselves—men of means, men of pleasure, men of the world. These men, with good clothes, full pockets, all the fine things of life at their instant command, who drank champagne, chased actresses, kept mistresses and horses and seemed to loll away their days and nights in luxurious, contented idleness, gave the hand of jovial good fellowship to the artist and reporter, and paid for their dinners and drink, finding them amusing. Busy, successful tradesmen, prosperous lawyers and doctors and brokers—the money-makers of all kinds—came to the club for relaxation in the hours they forced themselves to take away from their life's fight for money. To these, the easy-going, animated, unreflecting young artist and reporter were likewise amusing—refreshing, indeed, for it was restful to these striving men to meet others grotesquely careless of the morrow and miraculously ignorant of the value of money—or rather of the wisdom of making it and laying it by.

The artist, whose pictures had never attracted special notice in the shop windows, was complimented upon their merit at the club. The reporter, who had seldom heard an echo from the world, was congratulated daily by dozens of men at the club on the cleverness of his writings.

Both were intoxicated. Here, at a bound, without exertion, had the pleasures of fame been achieved, and also the food and drink and companionship that in the ordinary course of things would have been earned only by many years of study, application and grim waiting.

The little world of the club was much warmer, more generous, intelligent and appreciative than the big, hurly-burly, selfish Philistine world outside. So they shrank from the outside world, became satisfied with their "club reputation," sought no other, and sank in due season to the position of hangers-on—participants in feasts and revels paid for by others, which they had not the means to return, and presently ceased to feel that they should return.

Trencher-men they are, retainers of my lord, and the merry jesters who pay for their keep by beguiling the dullness of their patron when he is at leisure and minded to be diverted. Futureless, licensed loafers, these two, and Thompson, with his off-color wife and partnership and fortune, is quite right in feeling himself to be greatly their superior, as he rises on his toes and comes down on his heels while he stands at the club window smoking his cigar. It is a good one, and he had thought of offering them one, but wisely decided to keep the treat for his equals.

Is this exaggeration? I knew one lad who was equipped by nature and education to write his way to renown. The tastes acquired at the club plunged him in debt, slew his self-respect, rotted his character and he became a criminal to feed his vices. He's a scowling, swollen-faced, desperate creature in London now, a Mohawk of the press, not daring to return to his own country for fear of the jail, and anxious to hide his name, for wherever it becomes known it carries to others the knowledge that he should be in stripes. A hand-

IT HAS BEEN WHISPERED IN SOCIETY CIRCLES THAT

DINMORE'S SOAP

WASHES EVERYTHING BUT MORALS AND CONSCIENCE

WIELAND & DINMORE MAKE IT S. F.

HAVE YOUR SERVANTS GET IT

some boy with many talents, and every engaging quality he was, too, till he sold his soul for cigars and drink and dinners and women that he wasn't able to pay for except by stealing.

But that's tragical. Youths of talent, all who have serious ambition and their own way to make, are not for club life. Aside from the time-wasting pleasures of it, it gives them at the beginning of their career a too-agreeable substitute for industry's recompenses—praise, applause, entrance to the society of mature men who have fought the fight and won it, and the dinners and sprees of the rich. If not ruined, they are in danger of transformation into toadies and snobs. They eat fruit which they have not grown, and the space between the ease and sunshine of their club and the drudgery in which their young, formative years should be spent, is too great to be healthful. Even the mediocre young man who is honest and self-respectful has his self-reliance diminished and his sense of proportion distorted. Better that he should be working instead of feasting, courting a modest girl than flying about with opulent blades o' nights, and far better that he should be saving to furnish a flat for the housing of the modest girl than squandering his substance and acquiring loose habits with the "fellows at the club."

For all good fellows whose beards are gray and have that blessed selfish temperament which makes contented bachelorhood possible, for husbands whose wives have found them out, for old chaps who want comfort and society at the minimum cost, for cool, aspiring young men on the lookout for helpful acquaintances, for the middle-aged who like the companionship of the young, the graceless and the volatile—for all who detest the comforts of a home and appreciate the freedom and security of a vowless monastery through whose gate no woman may pass, the club's the thing.

A sensible present for a sensible wife, mother, young lady or child is the "Good Sense" Corset Waist. Messrs. Ferris Brothers note an increased popularity for their celebrated waists, and the improvement in the minute details of manufacture are recognized by the trade and appreciated by the wearer.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & Co.....Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER.....Manager

Monday, June 13th

Last Performances of FRANCIS WILSON in

THE MERRY MONARCH

MONDAY, JUNE 20. First Production here of

FRANCIS WILSON and Company's

LATEST COMIC OPERA SUCCESS

THE LION TAMER A Tale of Circus Life in France

Seats Now on Sale.

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Handsomest Theatre in the World.

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"My Son Told Me About You, Doctor."

FAREWELL WEEK

FRANK DANIELS

—IN—

LITTLE PUCK

Every evening, including Sunday. Matinee Saturday.

Monday, June 20. Donnelly & Girard in "Natural Gas."

THE MUMMERS.

"The Midnight Alarm" belongs to that class of stage illiterature that may be termed "yellow back." It is fraught with the most terrible consequences to all who cross the path of the hero. Death runs riot through it, and it is only by the imprudence of Heaven that enough people are left alive to be in at the curtain. The Hero is an honest fireman, who proves that temptation will not cause to fall, those who can gain nothing by being bad. He succeeds in doing a number of meritorious acts, which, if he wore a red shirt and followed "der masheen" in this city, would insure him some very nice personal puffs, and get him a place as lieutenant of voters in Martin Kelly's precinct. He is, however, altogether too good; and it is quite likely that if he heard Chief Scannell drop an oath or two amid the falling rafters of a burning building he would faint.

It is a great pleasure to turn from him to the Villain. This gentleman is a Prince in his class, one who compels admiration by the fertility of his villainy. He is by turns murderer, train wrecker, kidnaper, and firebug, in each line being perfect. It is safe to say that he could give cards and spades to a man whose specialty is murder, and beat him on "sweeps" alone. He was born a villain, and gave much attention to diabolical schemes in his earlier years. When he reached manhood he was doing villainy at a large salary. He had a steady job until he ran against the hero. After that I regret to say his business began to fall off, the receipts decreased, and at last he was compelled to play his highest trump card to win. I saw with regret that the hero stooped to use the joker on him. The result of the villain's effort to wreck the train was exceedingly pleasing, and proved that, although a bad man, he had a wide vein of sentiment in him. The train was a toy affair that children haul along the pavements, but its smoke stack belched forth real wool in a highly natural manner; its wheels rattled in a familiar way, reminding the hearer of the California Street dummy; and the steam escaped from a tin whistle as realistically as need be. Although on the point of derailing the express, the villain's better nature asserted itself; he evidently thought it was a toy belonging to the child of some of the mummers, and threw away the chance. It would be too much to ask of my readers that they go to see the "Midnight Alarm."——

That successful picturesque Irish-American comedy-drama, "The Cruiskeen Lawn," which has been scoring a succession of triumphs throughout the country this season, will be seen for the first time in San Francisco at the Bush Street Theatre, on June 13th. It will be produced with all the original scenic effects and costumes that marked its production in the metropolis, and by the same clever company of comedians. At the head of the organization is Dan McCarthy, author and a well-known favorite delineator of Irish dialect characterizations.——

The patrons of the Baldwin Theatre have not been at all backward in showing their keen pleasure at the delightful performances of "The Merry Monarch," which Mr. Francis Wilson and his company have been giving them for the past two weeks, and the responses to the many humorous incidents and the witty quips of the dialogue are so hearty that the members of the company must feel highly complimented at the ready appreciation they have met with. But one week more is allotted to the run of "The Merry Monarch," and it will be a grave mistake if those who have not already seen Wilson in his funny characterization do not embrace the opportunity to patronize one of the most enjoyable and worthy performances that has ever been given in this city. On Monday, June 20th, it is announced that Mr. Wilson will produce his latest success, "The Lion Tamer."——

Charles Frohman's celebrated stock company will soon make their re-appearance at the Baldwin Theatre in Ludwig Fulda's great play, "The Lost Paradise." This play has had a wonderful run in the East and it is said to be the strongest and best of Fulda's many works.——

The engagement of Mr. Daniels and his company is for two weeks, and the coming week will probably be the last time the admirers of the actor here will have the opportunity of seeing this droll man in this funny extravaganza. The indications are that he will come to the coast next season with a new play. Donnelly & Girard's amusing comedy, "Natural Gas," which is to follow Daniels at the California, comes this year with a stronger company than has yet interpreted its gleesome fun.——

The opening of Stockwell's Theatre has been postponed to Friday, July 8th, instead of Thursday, July 7th, one day later. The Daly's will not arrive in this city until Thursday, July 7th, and it is for this reason the change has been made. "As You Like It," will be the opening play.

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Cruiskeen Lawn —AND— True Irish Hearts

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NEXT WEEK, JUNE 20th

THE POLICE PATROL

GLENLYNDON MYSTERY.

"That is the beautiful Lady Glenlyndon. How well she is looking!" said Major Shortland to his nephew from Sandhurst. "The woman in blue—in the victoria—there, passing now behind the yellow carriage. Does she dye her hair, do you say? Well, perhaps she does; but, my dear boy, most women do that nowadays."

Undoubtedly Lady Glenlyndon was looking remarkably well, and she attracted a great deal of admiring attention as her victoria passed and repassed along the Drive. To the unskilled observer she might be merely dressed in blue, but to the eye of a connoisseur her costume would have seemed a most exquisite harmony of various softly-blended shades combined by the hand of a consummate artist.

And yet if Major Shortland and the other loungers who surveyed her with so much admiration could have penetrated beneath the fair exterior which was offered to their gaze, they would have seen a spirit remarkably ill at ease. She was far too well-bred to expose her woes to the public scrutiny, and run the risk of betraying her own secret by setting the tongue of rumor gossiping in a hundred drawing-rooms on the theme of her sadness and depression. But it was not out of pure willfulness and *ennui* that she had broken all engagements for the afternoon, and, instead of flitting slowly through *salon* after *salon* amid the clatter of teacups and *brouhaha* of voices, had decided to spend the afternoon in her victoria. She wished to fly from the aimless chatter which so many people substitute for conversation. Besides, her thoughts needed distraction in order that her brain might recover its discernment, and she felt that in the busy life of the Park she was likely to find what she needed without fear of unwelcome intrusion. The silence of her own house would have stifled her and driven her wild, but amid the clatter and rumble of the Drive the voice of her woe was less audible. By the time she had driven twice along the road from Stanhope Gate to Kensington Gardens, she had recovered her mental equilibrium and was able to review the situation with a degree of calmness that surprised herself. It was as well; for she felt that she must practically decide on her course of conduct by the dinner hour, and the time allowed her was perilously short.

The cause of her trouble must be briefly stated. She had lunched with a friend, Lady Sciva, in Curzon Street. The man who sat next to her had contrived to interest her so much that she became quite oblivious to the rest of the party, and she was plunged in a dreamy discussion on the possible effects of magnetic affinity in its highest forms, when she was suddenly recalled from dreamland with disagreeable abruptness by the simple remark, heard vaguely across the table, "Gordon Somerset's come back!"

Her heart involuntarily gave a great throb as if it wished to burst its prison; and, breaking off the thought half uttered, she turned breathlessly towards the speaker.

"Not dead?" inquired another guest.

"Not a bit dead," replied the first. "Very much alive. Most extraordinary man. Walked into the Guards' Club the other day as naturally as possible and ordered a brandy-and-soda. Looked just the same, only more bronzed, and a trifle older. Didn't seem to have much more to say than if he had just come off guard. Said he had had some capital shooting, and didn't like Bourbon whisky. Added that he thought he should stay in London for some little time. Positively didn't say much more."

"But where has he been all this time—it must be ten or twelve years or so since he left England?" inquired the second speaker.

"Said he had been in America—cattle-ranching, or something," replied the first, with vague indifference.

"What Gordon Somerset is that?" interposed a third.

"Used to be in the Guards," began the first.

Then the ladies rose, and the conversation was broken off perforce. Lady Glenlyndon would have given worlds to be able to stay and question the man who had introduced the subject; but the iron will of etiquette drove her away. Such an unusual proceeding would have set the whole of the women talking and wondering from one end of London to the other.

Feeling very sick at heart, she went away; wondering whether it were possible that there could have been two Gordon Somersets who were both in the Guards, and had both left England some twelve years before. It seemed most improbable, but in the faint possibility gleamed her only ray of hope.

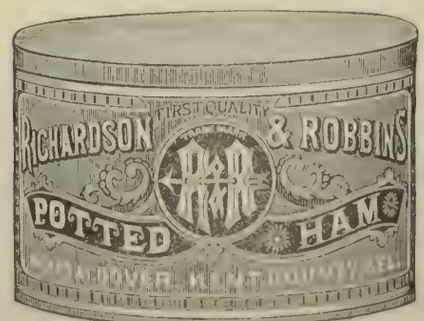
This man, Gordon Somerset, supposing that it were the same, had been her first love. She was just twenty when she met him, and she was at once fascinated by his looks and bearing. He was as much attracted by her delicate beauty, and was additionally influenced by the report that she had a fortune of her own. In short, the couple were very soon married, and then the young wife was roughly awakened from her golden dream by the discovery that her husband was in terrible difficulties, which he had hitherto concealed from her with the greatest care. She succeeded, however, in arranging his affairs, paid off a portion of his debts, and persuaded him to leave the Guards and settle at Montreux, for economy's sake, until he was completely cleared.

To her the beauty and peace of her new home was enchanting; but to a man accustomed to the perpetual whirl and excitement of London life it meant endless and unmitigated boredom. If he had really loved his wife, he would have found in her sweet society a relief and a charm which would have enabled him to endure this change. His feelings for her, however, had been but the whim of the moment. He soon grew weary of her and her uncomplaining love, and his weariness developed rapidly into dislike, which manifested itself in a harshness of tone and manner which nearly broke the young wife's heart. If she had flashed out on him with bitter indignation, she might perhaps have compelled his respect, if she could not recall his love; but she neither complained nor protested. She only looked at him with piteous, appealing eyes, like a wounded animal, and her face became day by day more pale and sad. His dislike to her seemed to grow with each fresh injury that he heaped on her, and, ere three years had passed from their marriage day, life had become a burden almost too heavy for her to bear.

When he at last disappeared suddenly without a sign or a farewell, leaving her ill and almost destitute, she experienced a feeling of peace which she had not known since the early days of her married life. Her one dread was that this release might prove delusive, and at any moment he might return and claim her again as his slave. In her nervous terror her one thought was to escape from all who knew her, and she eagerly accepted the offer of an English lady to travel with her in the capacity of governess. The lady proved kind-hearted, and the children were not unusually troublesome. Six years passed in comparative peace, which enabled her to recover her health, restore her nervous equilibrium, and renew her beauty in more glorious sort. Fate then threw Lord Glenlyndon across her path, and the same blind deity willed that, though he was eight years her junior, he should fall violently in love with her. To all his pleading, however, she turned a deaf ear, until her mistress's unexpected death threw her once more on the world. Then in despair she accepted him, salving her conscience with the plea that, as she had heard nothing of her husband for seven years, she was entitled to believe that he was dead. The result was that she eventually married her young lover, not knowing whether she was free or not, and leaving him in complete ignorance of her doubtful position. If she had had a spark of real love for him, she would have died rather than have inflicted such a cruel wrong on him; but her heart seemed completely dead, and she thought herself incapable of ever loving again. There was no tinge of sentiment in the feelings which she regarded him. She liked him because he was good-looking and devoted to her, but that was all. If her mistress had lived, she would probably have rejected him to the end. She seemed to have no spirit to face the world again, and she had literally been robbed of all her own fortune by her first husband. She married again, in fact, out of pure need

The marriage caused an immense stir in Glenlyndon's family, especially as the wedding was celebrated very quietly, and the first intimation they had of it was the announcement in the papers. They denounced the bride at once as a scheming adventuress, and hated her in their hearts; but at the same time, recognizing the impolicy of quarreling with her, they gushed over her to her face almost as lavishly as they had abused her behind her back.

Lord Glenlyndon was well aware that, though he had obtained possession of this beautiful woman, he had by no means won her love. She had not attempted to conceal from him that by marrying him she was merely surrendering her person to his pleasure, but that her heart had remained in her own keeping. He was not satisfied with this. He aspired to be lord of her heart as well, and with this object in view he devoted himself to woo her as pertinaciously after marriage as before. It was almost inevitable that he should succeed. Slowly she thawed under the influence of his devoted kindness and affection. The birth of a much-desired heir gave a great stimulus to the re-awakening



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AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

of her soul, and it soon became obvious to all discerning eyes that Lady Glenlyndon had fallen as "ridiculously" in love with her husband as he with her.

Her happiness was not unalloyed. She was haunted again by the awful fear of Gordon Somerset's reappearance, and the dreadful scandal which would result. As her love for her husband developed, the greater became her terror of an *exposé*. For the first three years of their wedded life she persuaded Glenlyndon to stay away from London altogether, on the ground that her health would not endure the fatigue of the season; but her real motive was that she fancied herself more secure from detection amid the silence and comparative solitude of the country. The advent of the tenth year of her freedom brought her courage. She vaguely fancied that desertion for such a length of time amounted to a practical divorce, or, at least, was a justification of re-marriage. She was aware, moreover, that she had ripened into a splendid woman—tall, stately, well developed—and she thought that if Somerset were still alive he would fail to recognize in this magnificent dame the timid, shrinking girl whom he had tyrannized so easily. Besides, Glenlyndon was eager to display his prize to the world. She determined to please him by consenting to be exhibited.

She came to London, and took her place in the gay world with ease. Her entertainments became the rage. She herself was courted, flattered, run after, till it was marvelous that she did not lose her head. In the constant whirl of excitement and pleasure she ceased to remember the haunting terror that had so long troubled her.

And now the bolt had fallen from the blue.

"Gordon Somerset has come back!"

Her first impulse was to fly home and give orders for their instant return to the country. Awakening wisdom, however, warned her that such a sudden departure must cause an immense amount of gossip, which, by evil chance, might set Gordon Somerset on her track; while, obedient as Glenlyndon was to her slightest wish, he would certainly be much surprised and vexed at such an extraordinary piece of caprice.

By the time that her maid expected her to dress for dinner she had come to no definite plan, and she drove home to be adorned for the evening with the feelings of an Iphigenia who expects the sacrifice. Glenlyndon noticed with anxiety that she looked pale and worn, but she put him off with some time-honored excuse.

She had barely exchanged greetings with her hostess, and turned to speak to other friends, when the door opened behind her, and she was startled by the loud announcement—

"Mr. and Mrs Gordon Somerset."

Stunned, almost, by the familiar name, she glanced, half fainting, to the door.

A stout, much be-diamoned, foreign-looking woman was entering, behind whose ample figure appeared the well-known face and form, looking so little altered.

"Mr. and *Mrs.* Gordon Somerset!" Was it possible that he too——? Then she was safe! He would scarcely ruin himself to injure her.

She broke into strangled hysterical laughter, which sorely bewildered the dull politician who was prosing to her without the smallest intention of being funny.

Attracted by the sound, Mr. Somerset glanced swiftly around. Suddenly his glance lighted on her face, and she saw his eyes flinch as if he had received a blow, while his bronzed countenance paled as the blood fled from his cheeks. Then he spoke hastily to the hostess, and Lady Glenlyndon knew instinctively that she was the subject of his words. For a moment surprise and doubt struggled in his visage; then his expression changed completely, and there was a covert smile on his lips when he turned his eyes to survey his *legal wife* again.

Lady Glenlyndon and Mr. Gordon Somerset have met frequently since that memorable evening. They have never become acquainted, but, like the augurs of ancient Rome, they cannot resist a smile when they are brought face to face in the whirl of society.—*London World.*

REAL ESTATE.

There is a tendency on the part of some of the leading real estate houses to switch off from the city business for a short season and pay attention to country realty. One or two successful sales of interior lands have already been held, and several dates have been decided upon for the near future. Small farms for raising citrus and small fruits will be the principal features of the catalogues to be submitted at public sale.

In city real estate the market is assuming its usual holiday dullness, and it is not expected that much trading will be carried on before the fall. Prices remain firm, however.

During the week condemnation proceedings were instituted in the suit of the Government for a portion of the city cemetery, for fortification purposes, overlooking the Golden Gate. One expert valued the property, 54 acres, in the interest of the city, at some $4000 per acre, while the Government expert based his valuation on what he considered the surrounding land was worth some years ago, namely, at $2000 an acre. It is to be regretted that the difference between the estimates of the two real estate experts is so great. Already about a year has passed since the District Attorney received his instructions to commence the suit, and, judging from the stand taken by the city, it is likely to be some time before a decision is arrived at. If the Government is to expend, say, $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 for defense purposes, in which the city is interested to a greater extent than the paltry $100,000 or $200,000 which are to be derived from the sale of the land, is it not poor policy on the part of the Board of Supervisors to throw obstacles in the way at this time? Would it not pay the city to surrender the entire area embracing the city cemetery, some 200 acres, at the price asked for the fractional portion, and thereby insure to San Francisco one of the best fortresses in the world?

Two representative sales of real estate were effected since my last report, which are worthy of especial mention: the southeast corner of Howard and Fourth Streets, 62:6x80 with frame improvements for $52,000, and the 50-vara and improvements at the northwest corner of Pine and Larkin Streets for $46,000. The latter yields an income of $375 per month, and both buyer and seller have made a good trade.

Easton, Eldredge & Co. go to Baden to-day with an auction excursion, and at noon will dispose of Loupe & Descalso's town site of Baden under the hammer. This property is beautifully situated on a gentle slope overlooking the packing-houses, and there is not a more desirable location in that part of the country for homes than this particular piece of real estate. It is the town proper, being in close proximity to the station, and on the Southern Pacific Company's Railroad and the electric system.

It is proposed to sell the town lots at buyers' prices, so that the day will be a notable one for home-seekers and speculators.

REALTY.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

From the splendid stock of Sanborn, Vail & Co., one should have no difficulty in satisfying one's desires, whether they run in the direction of painting, artistic home decorations, correspondence, or personal embellishments. This firm has just received a large invoice of writing paper, embracing the newest and latest styles. Among others are the famous Hurd's Coquille, egg-shell finish, and Hurd's onion skin. In copperplate work, wedding invitations and cards, Sanborn, Vail & Co., do the most artistic work in the city.

In the furnishing department are some exquisite mantle mirrors, in beautiful harmony with handsomely carved gold tables on which they may rest. Fine easels are in profusion, for decorative and utilitarian purposes. They are in cream and gold and bisque, and are the latest articles for furnishing. A walk through the art gallery will repay you, and a liberal education may be gained from a study of the excellent works shown there.

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MUSIC.

SUPERFLUOUS MUSIC.

There may be two opinions as to whether it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Excess in any direction is, however, a poison. We are now being slowly poisoned by bad music. In theatres, parlors, and even in the sacred precincts of churches, the baleful influence is rained unsparingly upon all. Nature has kindly omitted the sense of music to some ears, and the possessors of these happily-constituted organs have every cause for offering up thanks and congratulating themselves above their fellows. The pleasurable sensations missed are infinitely few and would not counterbalance the acutely painful experiences accruing to a natural musical ear. It is a distinction also, nowadays, to have absolutely no knowledge of music. The absolute in any form commands respect. The mass of people with the normal ear or rather the normal insensibility of ear require a great deal in the shape of noxious sounds to be appreciably injured thereby; but the alarming growth of the insidious evil, especially of late years, is sufficient to give cause for serious uneasiness (in the language of the English peace-at-any-price journals).

Where to begin in pointing out the particular superfluities of music in San Francisco is an embarrassing choice. A cruel suggestion has been offered to eradicate it all, root and branch at once, and, after a due and purifying period of silence to import the third-rate remnants from Eastern cities, with full assurance that the quality could not possibly be worse and a faint hope of its proving superior to the concourse of sounds ruling at present. This suggestion is, perhaps, a trifle sweeping, but to prove to the skeptic Eastern and foreign visitor that we have a public recognition of the fitness of things musical, let that band be excepted which nightly snorts defiance at a morning journal from its balcony on Market Street. The baseball bands and the posse of open air plunderers committing depredations at the mouth of the Wigwam deserve recommendations to mercy for their youth and innocence.

In the theatres the small and piebald bands deserve execution, not, perhaps, as much for the performances which, with the aid of a little cotton wool might be borne, but for the selections, especially between the acts. The mass of the music played was never written; it made itself in the image of the farce comedies produced at the Bush Street Theatre. That temple, addicted to melodrama with the scent of meat and gore strong upon it, possesses a faithful grouplet of musicanders whose thrilling introduction of Braga's Serenata to help out the softer emotions warrants sentence to the penetentiary, world without end. The one orchestra we have ready and willing to be musical is paying the dues of compensation nightly. Unhappily wedded to a cohort of singers bent solely upon blaspheming every principle of art and nature, its efforts are borne down by the assembled might of the makers of the vocal orgy. The touching end of the Juch opera and of "Pinafore," was a painful owning of weakness and evil behavior which may do some good, however. It is to be hoped the production of the mummies of comic opera will from henceforth cease.

Musical superfluities are odiously uppermost in our concerts. Charity ought to begin at home, and be ashamed of obtaining money by false pretenses, uttering bogus concerts and performances, semi-demi-semi-quaver in merit, Charity's first duty, the muzzling of perpetrators of amateur villainies, is, like so many things, so obvious that it has been forgotten. To Charity we owe the tone of musical scoria in the way of pieces and players rolled out to public view—the singers who would have done well to have continued scaring birds in their blessed native fields, and the players rescued from the voracious maw of the counting-house. Nature goes beyond herself ofttimes, and produces monstrous curiosities, terrible, like Deeming.

In our midst we have one of her wonderful comic works, a wielder of the bow. He has such a large ear for music that Time has lost himself in it. The action in thrumming the gamut raises to mind images of the straddling of honey-surfeited beetles or the crawling of drunken serpents. Great Nature has produced in San Francisco a marvelous songstress, who occasionally favors us—Adelina Patti in her common-place way only aims at and is perfectly correct. Our phenomenon has the distinction of being perfectly incorrect. Natural principles have in them an inherent vulgarity which the lady has devoted years, for politeness sake we will not mention the exact number, to correcting, and now her singing is like Whitman's poetry, all home-made on home principles.

In the event of a diverting concert or two, superfluities will not be continued in our next.

Miss May Worth writes contradicting a statement made on the authority of Mr. F. W. Ludovici, that her appearance at the recent Parrott Concert was her last, prior to starting for Europe for purpose of study. It is interesting to know that Miss Worth is quite satisfied with the result of her studies here, particularly as that opinion is diametrically opposite to our musical critics. The fair songstress declines to accept the credit of sensible intentions; and her present purpose, it appears, is to remain with us.

LESLEY MARTIN.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Last Monday the following appeared in the editorial column of one my most esteemed contemporaries: "This morning, the ninth anniversary of its birth, the *Santa Cruz Daily Surf* salutes its readers, old and new." The *Surf* is a capable paper; well-edited, well-written, and well-managed. I hope future generations may have the opportunity of enjoying many of its birthday numbers.

I cull the following from the Oakland *Times* bouquet of Convention paragraphs: "If the Blaine boomers can only count the howl all will be well. With Murat Halstead and "Gath" both whooping for Blaine, it is impossible to see how Harrison can lose."

She—It's dreadful; he is sixty and she's only sixteen. Why don't *you* marry her?

He—I will one of these days, if you are sure he is sa old as that.—*Truth.*

Editors all over the land will receive the following, from the Los Angeles *Herald*, as a benediction. I had almost determined to give up champagne: "The late Emperor Wilhelm sat his horse at reviews up to the year of his death at ninty-five or six, and yet his daily regimen included champagne and fine French cognac, and so we might go on multiplying instances that prove that drinking in moderation has no disabling effect on either mind or body."

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Few of us realize the influence exercised upon our future habits and doings by a single taste of forbidden fruit. A single taste of the glorious possibilities of stock manipulating, smatched during the Alliance-Union deal, whetted the appetite, and resulted in the wrecking of the California; naturally, therefore, I am not in the least surprised at the rumor that the same clique is hard at work "cornering" Sun stock. I have been told more than once, lately, that a certain ex-City-Official, who is a large holder of Sun stock, was yearning for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and what is more natural than that he should affiliate with those possessing the inclination, wherewith, and experience, to make the deal a success?

For the sake of Colonel Taylor, who has devoted himself, unsparingly, to building up the Sun, I sincerely trust the move will be checkmated. In spite of a know-it-all Board of Directors that has had entirely too much to say in the technical part of the business, Taylor has, in a quiet way, pushed the Sun along, until it is, to-day, in fairly good shape, with every reason for its continuance, and none at all for its retirement. I have no sympathy for the company-wreckers, and hope, in this case, that the looked-for "controlling interest" may be a long time in coming.

I am pleased to learn that the P. I. U. has taken up the common practice of commissioning farmers as growing grain agents, and propose to put a stop to so doing during the present season. It has often surprised me that some official notice had not been taken of the practice long ago; it is a losing game for the companies, and an undoubted imposition upon regular agents. To be perfectly frank, I pay but little attention to the "wails" of my brother locals, as a general thing, but, in this instance, I quite concur in the decision to cut off the farmer agent. Manager Duval may now rest easy in the knowledge that he has, at last, made a ruling that will receive the approval of locals as a body.

* * *

The story has been on the street for some days past that the Connecticut had re-insured the Oregon Fire and Marine, of Portland, but, so far, it has been impossible to find any one in position to either affirm or deny it. For my part, I hardly believe the story, for "Ed" Hall, of the Oregon, is also General Agent of the Royal Exchange in the Northwest, under a gilt-edged contract, and if the Oregon has gone at all, I strongly incline to the belief that the ripe apples will fall into the latter Company's basket.

* * *

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that I learn that Bromwell, Fowler & Co's list of fire companies has been completed, and that a large Marine Company is at the signing point. The fire side of the house will be represented by the People's, of Manchester, the United States Fire, and the New York Bowery. While none of these companies are "whales," the combination is a strong one, and that they will secure all the business they can carry is a foregoing conclusion, for Bromwell is the "slickest" special that ever took the road. The United and New York Bowery both come out of the Eastern agency, the gradual disintegration of which I commented upon some weeks ago. I learn that the "B. F. & Co." will soon be established in new offices with their agency machinery in running order, and am heartily glad of the fact. By the way, there is a capital story of Bromwell's "hypnotic power" afloat, and, sooner or later, I may repeat the yarn.

* * *

While on the Coast arranging the details of the transfer of the Southern's General Agency, Secretary McGehee completed the withdrawal of the Germania, of New Orleans, from this field. The Germania's operations were confined entirely to city business, so that its departure will not be felt.

* * *

I wonder whether Brander, of the State Investment, has any "Indian depredation claims" that demand attention *in England?* The next few months will tell the story, for he has gone East, and, as a part of his "kit," carries with him letters and endorsements to parties "on the other side."

* * *

John Cofran, of the Hartford, has been visiting his old "stamping ground," the Northwest. Belden and Cofran, by hard work in the field, have pushed the Hartford so far ahead that they can now afford to take things easy, but like every other habit, field work gains a hold upon the old stagers that cannot be easily broken. For my part, though, I fail to see its attractions.

* * *

For a wonder I have not heard of a single row in the Life business for some time past. As a rule, Life agents are in a state of excitement over some new development in the line of a policy, "distribution period," or something of that kind, and the present quiet is rather out of the ordinary. LOCAL.

FIRE

LION FIRE INS. CO., of London
Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal 1859
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London
Assets, $10,190,049. Commenced in Cal 1865
WM. SEXTON, Manager R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager
Pacific Department, 21 SANSOME ST., S. F.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Guardian Assurance Co. Sun + Fire + Office

Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets	$3,041,000
Cash Assets	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,056,533

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSNURACE OF LONDON

Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP,	$ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS,	21,581,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS,	8,980 2 1.00

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

NATIONAL Fire Insurance Company of Hartford

CAPITAL ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Assets Jan. 1st, 1891, $2,626 2[illegible]

GEO. D. DORNIN, Manager.

409 CALIFORNIA STREET.

London Assurance Company

Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720

Northern Assurance Company

Of London, Established 1836

GEORGE F. CRANT, Manager,

Northwest Corner Sacramento and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER

DENTIST

Phelan's Bld'g, Rooms 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 Entrance 806 Market St

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Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Its Agents are found throughout America, and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established.

D. J. STAPLES, President WM. J. DUTTON, Vice-President BERNARD FAYMONVILLE, Secretary
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138 GEARY STREET . .

Between Stockton and Grant Avenu

IS THE NEW ADDRESS OF

MRS. M. DAVIS

Fashionable Dress & Suit House

(Formerly of 232-234 Taylor St.)

☞Ready-made suits of all descriptions, from $20 upwards.
☞Children's and Misses' suits a Specialty.
☞Mourning orders filled in four hours.
☞Gowns and wrappers, imported and domestic.
☞Cloaks and Wraps of all descriptions.
☞Suits made to order in twelve hours and perfect fit guaranteed.
☞Cloaks and Wedding Trousseaus made a specialty.
☞Country orders made from measurement.
☞Hats furnished to match suits.
☞Correspondence solicited.

Ladies' Own Goods Made Up

AT THE

LEADING SUIT HOUSE

138 GEARY ST.

FOR SUMMER WEAR

FERRIS' GOOD SENSE

Corset Waists

are now made in

VENTILATING CLOTH,

also in FINE

Single Ply CLOTH.

SINGLE PLY for Children, Misses & Ladies.

GOOD SENSE WAISTS are SUPERIOR to All Others.

—Tape-fastened Buttons, Cord-edge Button Holes—Clamp Buckle at Hip securely holds Hose Supporter. Shape permits full expansion of lungs.

Gives Satisfaction. Be sure your waist is stamped "GOOD SENSE."

FERRIS BROS. Manufacturers and Patentees, 341 BROADWAY, N. Y.

For Sale by ALL LEADING RETAILERS

Pacific Congress Springs

LEWIS A. SAGE, PROP.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

TERMS: $2.50 Per Day, $12 to $14 Per Week.

Stages connect at Los Gatos with Narrow Gauge Trains leaving San Francisco at 8:15 A. M. and 2:15 P. M.

Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

Assessment Notice.—Justice Mining Co.

Assessment levied May 10th, 15 cents. Delinquent, June 10th. Salesday, June 30th.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Hayward's Building, 419 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER AND FEATHER STORE

Largest Stock, Latest Styles and Lowest Prices.

1024 Market St., - San Francisco

J. C. SPENCER

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

It sounds quite like a graduating essay to remark that the "clans have been gathering" this week in Santa Cruz, but it just expresses the way people have been coming, and I may be forgiven for a slight relapse of school girlishness after the number of "commencements" and "closing exercises" it has been mine to attend during the early June days.

The people have come—literally in clans—for the children were freed from school and the big girls and boys from more pretentious halls of learning, and, with parents and poodles, nurses and maids, and the varied impediments of summer, seaside life, including loads of trunks and packing baskets, they are here. Still there is, as yet, no great crowd; they will be well distributed throughout the summer and early fall, judging by the hotel and cottage engagements.

Speaking of graduates, there were some very pretty ones here last week, and among them now launched upon young ladyhood were Miss Mabel Sullivan, youngest daughter of John T. Sullivan, of the Sea Beach Hotel, and Miss Mabel Drennan, daughter of the late Samuel Drennan, and a cousin of Mrs. Webster Jones, and Miss Jennie Hobbs, of San Francisco.

At Sunshine Villa a handsome dinner was given this week in honor of the tenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mr. Overacker, of Niles, who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith.

Mrs. Smith has been very pleasantly busy this week superintending the training of ten pretty girls for a little ballet which was introduced into a very creditable amateur performance of the "Doctor of Alcantara," given here twice at the little Opera House. Mrs. Smith's little daughter, Anita Gonzales, was among the dancers and the *premiere danseuse* was little Grace Pixley, of San Francisco.

The director and principal basso of the opera was Signor Enrico Tomaso, a young Santa Cruzan, who received his musical education in Italy, and who has sung a good deal professionally. His engagement to the pretty young lady who took the part of Isabella has been announced. The wedding in the little Episcopal Church here will be quite swell, and I believe the young couple are afterward to go to Italy, where the bride will study vocal music.

Mabel Jenness was here all the week, and nearly a hundred Santa Cruzennes perfected themselves in the arts of grace and beauty. I strolled into the lessons, and I must say they were a remarkably blooming and healthy lot, who looked as if salt air and glorious climate had done as much for them in the way of beauty-building as they really needed.

Sullivan, of the Sea Beach, has been fortunate in securing for the daily and special music at that hotel this summer the Greens and Milton Ross, who for so many years were musicians at the Arlington, in Santa Barbara. The hops at the Sea Beach will be made a specialty in the way of pleasant amusement.

People are looking forward to the opening of the Casino, at which time Messrs. McCollum and Bilicke promise a grand function, combining music, dancing, and feasting. These gentlemen have also secured their orchestra for the summer, and there will be daily music, both at the Pacific Ocean House and at the Casino, where regular hops will be given. They mean to make the latter all that a pleasant resort should be; there will be a daily *table d' hote*, besides a thoroughly equipped restaurant. George Casanova, the veteran manager, will be in charge, and the late *chef* of the Pacific-Union Club rules the *cuisine*. I can think of few things more pleasant than a dinner party out there under the trees, with the *café noir* and cigars taken on the veranda to the music of the sounding sea.

On the beach there was plenty of life during the week, though during the first half a wind and heavy breakers spoiled the fun of bathing except for the most daring. "Johnnie" and "Ralph" of the "Dolphin" and the "Neptune" looked rather glum at this, but it was soon over, and the people did not seem to mind it. There have been one or two dances at the "Dolphin." At this long-established bath-house, there are improvements in the way of ticket office, checkroom, etc. Two pleasant young ladies, Miss Graves and Miss Maxwell took after the tickets and the bathing suits.

At the "Neptune" a large new invoice of the latest in bathing suits, caps, etc., has been received and the Neptune waters will consequently present a very gay appearance.

Mrs. E. J. Baldwin, who formerly visited Santa Cruz yearly, has renewed her allegiance to this watering place, and her familiar face is again seen among the beach people.

Among those who have come or are coming to the Sea Beach Hotel for the summer are, A. K. P. Harmon and family, Mrs. Mee and Hubert Mee, Mrs. A. B. Crellin, Mrs. G. W. Tripler, and Mrs. A. W. Kale, of Oakland; Mrs. Dr. Luke Robinson, Miss Lita Robinson, Mr. Frank Robinson, G. A. Tripp and family, Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Mrs. Ackerman and family, Mrs. J. J. Moore, son and maid, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Mrs. Wm. Lewis, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, G. R. Wells and family, the Misses Cronin, Mrs. Keeney and family, General Dimond and staff, H. Williams and family, Mrs. Drinkhouse, Mrs. R. Lee, Mrs. H. Williams, J. C. Welsh and family, Mrs. Hale and family, H. L. E. Meyer and and Miss Anita Meyer, Mrs. E. J. Martin, Miss Ruby Martin, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Henricksen, Wm. Lewis and family, B. Ettlinger and family, Joseph Naphtaly and family, the Schwabackers, the Weils, Sol. Lewis, Sternheim, D. Sachs, and Wm. Costello with their families, and many other San Franciscans; Mrs. Mark McDonald, of Santa Rosa; Mrs. A. C. Bassett, and Mrs. Palmer, of Menlo Part; Mrs. Reeve, Miss Grace Spencer, and James S. Rucker, of San Jose.

The Pacific Ocean House, always very lively with transient visitors, especially over Saturday and Sunday, will have among its permanent summer citizens, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Maguire, Mrs. H. Doscher, W. C. Graves and family, Mrs. T. H. Howe and family, Mrs. Hattie O'Brien and two daughters, Mrs. F. J. Miller and mother, Mrs James Gruney and daughter, Mrs. F. J. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hogg, Mrs. G. Black, Mr. T. H. Jewell, Mr. H. C. Crane, all of San Francisco, Mrs. A. Allen of Oakland, Mrs. J. D. Sproul and sister of Chico, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright, Mr. Nielson of Sacramento, Edward Browning and family, Omaha.

Professor C. A. Briggs, who will hereafter be known as the great Presbyterian heretic, should the case be decided against him, and Mrs. Briggs have been at the Sea Beach this week. The reverend doctor has not look of a man who makes a sensation from choice.

The Morris Newtons have been at Sunshine Villa this week.

KATE KEARNEY.

EDUCATIONAL

ZISKA INSTITUTE

1606 VAN NESS AVENUE

French, German and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.

Number of pupils limited.

The Twenty-Sixth Year will begin August 1, 1892.

For particulars, address

MME. B. ZISKA, M. A., Principal.

MR. LESLEY MARTIN

Pianist.

Has resumed Instruction,

705 Sutter St.

Mme Ellen Coursen-Roeckel
The well-known Prima Donna

Mr Joseph Roeckel
Late Maestro at the Italian Opera, Paris

VOCAL CONSERVATORY

1170 Market Street, - - - Above "The Maze

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6.20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:3', 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

HOTEL PLEASANTON

Sutter St., cor. Jones, San Francisco, Cal.

The largest, best appointed, and most liberally managed family and tourist hotel in San Francisco. Lighted by electricity throughout. Elegantly furnished dining-rooms and parlors for banquets, private dinners, parties, weddings, etc. The cuisine a special feature.

MRS. M. E. PENDLETON, Prop. and Mgr.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

A National Mining Congress is to be held at Helena, Mont., to begin July 6th and end July 16th. To this meeting Mayor Sanderson has already appointed twenty-five delegates, the most prominent being Attorney-General Hart, W. S. Lyle, President of the Quijotoa Mines, J. Z. Davis, of the Mining Bureau, and Colonel I. Trumbo.

During the week a series of assessments were levied, and things looked rather blue at the Stock Exchanges. At the close of last week Ophir was the strongest and firmest looking stock on the list, with plenty buyers in the market, but on Monday an assessment of 50 cents was levied, and then there was a skirmish to see who would get out first. From $3.00 the stock declined to $2.40, and then Gould & Curry and Utah coming in for an Irish plaster, the whole line was demoralized. At this juncture a new Richmond came into the field. A rumor was circulated that there was to be a contest for the control of the Savage Mine, formerly controlled by H. M. Levy, but now under the jurisdiction of Flood.

For the last week or two Goldman & Hirshfield, representing Jones & Haywards, have been quietly picking up Savage at $1.25 to $1.35 per share, until they have accumulated quite a bundle of stock, but on Tuesday the Flood contingent smelt a mouse, and, through Joe King and Stoutenborough, commenced to buy on the first call about 600 shares at $1.50, and at the open session about 2000 shares up to $1.75, and in the afternoon at least 1500 shares, paying to $2.15 per share. The total amount of stock changing hands, in both Exchanges, being 10,600 shares.

But the real battle took place on Wednesday, and then it was diamond cut diamond. The Hayward interests were looked after by Hirshfield, who had Epstein & Walls buying, while Flood had Morrow as his general, with Schmitt, Messer, and Paxton as assistants.

The stock opened at the Pacific at $2.15, and at noon sold to $2.90, and at the afternoon session sold down to $2. The total amount of sales for the day in San Francisco Exchange alone being 15,100 shares, or 1/7 of the mine.

The election is to take place the third Thursday in July, and the bone of contention is to see who will control the milling proposition, as the contract with the Nevada Mill Company, represented by Hayward, Jones, and estate of Hobart, expires in July, and Flood and Morrow, with the Mexican, Morgan, and Union Mill Company, wish to nibble at the bone; besides this, it is thought that Savage can and would show up a body of ore.

By this week's operations, dealers see the importance of controlling their own stock, and breaking up the vicious system of giving proxies, and allowing others to control valuable property without holding sufficient stock. Could this system of brokers giving their clients' proxies away be abolished, renewed life and speculation would be revived, and these elections would, each in turn, make the controllers of the mines come into the market and buy the actual stock.

Another reform that would benefit the stockholder is that the several mines should combine and do their own milling. If this were done, many of the mines now heavily in debt would become, in time, self-sustaining, and a new era would dawn on the Comstock.

The Con. Virginia weekly reports show that there was worked at the Morgan Mill 1029 tons of an assay value $26.44; bullion shipped to the Carson Mint amounts to $33,887; the amount of ore milled during the month of May was 4435 tons, which yielded in gold $18,744 and silver $35,517; total, $84,261.

The Union Mill of Tuscarora shipped bullion to the amount of $35,000.

The Standard Con. of the Bodie District, made a bullion shipment of $20,060. The Mono of the same has on hand $14,373 and the Bulwer $12,408.

The Crown Point held its annual election, the old officers being re-elected.

The following assessments have been levied: Ophir, 50 cents per share; Gould and Curry, 25 cents; Utah, 25 cents; Bald Mt. Drift, 10 cents.

At the Stock and Bond Board the Powder stocks have been active and advancing; this is owing to a rumor that E. L. Steele is engineering to make a trust of all the Powder Companies on the plan of sugar trust of New York; should this succeed the price of the shares will continue to advance. The companies involved are the Giant, California, Safety Nitro Vigorit, Vulcan, Atlantic, Dynamite, and Judson. To show the amount of money in a scheme of this sort John E. Parsons, for organizing the sugar trust, received a fee of $400,000.

The transactions on the Exchange were: 3000 S. P. of Arizona Bonds @ 105; of locals: San Francisco Gas, 375 shares @ 69¾ to 70; Pacific Gas, 20 @ 80; Oak. Gas, 325 @ 38¼; California Electric Light, 70 @ 15½ to 16; Omnibus Cable, 10 @ 57½; Hawaiian Commercial, 385 @ 2⅜ to 2⅝. Spring Valley Water, 90 @ 98¼ to 98⅜; and Powder, 5 Judson @ 19; 160 Safety Nitro, 10⅛ to 10⅞; 825 Vigorit, 2⅝ to 3; Atlantic Dynamite, 100 @ 45.75.

SEA BEACH HOTEL.

The only First-class Hotel in Santa Cruz, and the only Summer Resort on the Coast where can be found the finest land and marine view in America. New Dance Hall, Concerts and Hops arranged for throughout the season. Tennis Court and Croquet Grounds the finest on the Coast. Two minutes walk from railroad stations and steamship landing. Street cars pass the door. Free Bus to and from all trains.

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

COLD AND SILVER

Electro Deposit Dental Plates

PATENTED FEB. 5TH, 1889, AND DEC. 31, 1889

These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages aside from the fit, are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill-smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances, injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

B. W. HAINES, D. D. S.

MANUFACTURER, Sole Right of California.

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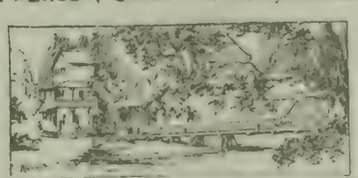

First-class accommodations either at Hotel or Cottages, now ready for engagement. The Most Perfect Summer Resort near the city.

Three Trains Daily Each Way. Two Round Trips Sunday, leaving San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 9 A. M.; returning, leave Camp Taylor at 5.30 and 6.25 P. M. Daily. Take cars over the Beautiful Redwoods and have a full day's outing. No Parlor Cars are Allowed. No Bar room in the Hotel. A quiet Club room with everything first class is maintained over the Hotel.

JAMES I. TAYLOR, Camp Taylor.

RIPANS TABULES

RIPANS TABULES

liver and bowels, cure headache, by

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND SEE THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Madame A. M. NELSON

FASHIONABLE DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER

Rooms 119-121, Phelan Building, 3d Floor

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From June 6, 1892.	ARRIVE
7 00 a m	Benicia, Ramsey, Sacramento	7 15 p m
7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	12 15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	9.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo, Benicia and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	10.15 p m
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
17.00 p m	Vallejo	18.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

†7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	†6.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7 00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.18 p m
7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursion	*8.28 p m
8 15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
9 30 a m	Sunday Excursion Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, June 8th. DEAR WAVE:—You will remember last week I commented upon the dearth of social fooleries here. I didn't then know the reason for this, because, leaving out the gossip and the scandal for which the town is noted, San Jose is eminently a social community. I learned to-day the reason for the lack of frivolity. We have experienced a change of heart, we are again on our knees at the mourner's bench; and after many days the orisons and supplications of our ancient maidens ascend to the Great White Throne. You will recall how Sappho, of saintly memory, raised a storm when she told how the Normal Trustees trampled on the sacred book. Governors and patriots, statesmen, cranks, and religionists then took decided stands, and the good book was banished from the course of study. For a time, as though exulting in the ruin thus wrought, the town was alive with social gaiety; parties, balls, church socials, and the scandal always accompanying these, made the city more talked of than the home of the Mormon prophet. But the Bible is again restored, for, on Monday last, the dignified Childs startled both students and faculty by reading a whole chapter. Not content with this, one of the antique spinsters indulged her proteges by a historic version of the sacred tome, according to St. James, of course, for the Romish faith is barely tolerated at this great California school. Thus you see how a revival changes the hearts of those in power, even to the breaking of a cast-iron rule of the Board. The effect of all this upon social life has been most disastrous. Even Frank has feared to give his promised dinner. Loring told me that Frank only used this as an excuse to get out of his obligation, because he never intended to give the boys a time. Speaking of Frank, what did you mean last week when you said he had invited us all to Market Street? I never wrote that, because Frank, unlike Sam, isn't a *habitue*, and surely he would not commence on the very eve of his marriage.

On the twenty-second of the month the young men will get out of their shells, and, braving the wrath of the Bible-readers, will give a grand ball at the Vendome.

A new political combination has been formed. It is made up of the atheist ex-Judge and the lumberman, with Daniel Webster to fire the balls and, as Charley Shortridge says, to do the d. w. We hope for great things from them.

The two Presbyterian churches gave a garden party at Mrs. John Alexander's this week, while the Episcopals gave a similar affair at Mrs. Putman's,

The commencement of Notre Dame was very swell; everybody went, and my favorite, Bettie Tisdale, carried off the honors. If she don't eclipse our older belles you may consider me nothing but a

BABBLER.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, June 7th. DEAR WAVE:—Were it not for the Baptist Church gossip we would have little to talk about. I'm too generous-hearted to criticise amateur performances, and that's the only topic of conversation outside the sacred edifice lately. Just think of those old fossils, who have listened to dull sermons in a wood shed, for goodness knows how many years, finding fault with the lovely Rev. De Witt the brightest and most popular man in the pulpit in Fresno, because he approves of something more imposing and attractive than the old shell to preach in, and because he's up with the times in his views on Society Old Anthony Comstock and a backwoodsman would probably please some members of the church better. I'm an Episcopalian, of course, but we girls often go to the Baptist since Dr. De Witt came. He's just lovely, I think, but it's human nature in some people to be unable to appreciate the *best* in life.

Miss Saunders' kindergarten entertainment last week was quite a Society event if one can judge from the audience. The little aristocrats on the stage proved a drawing card with the 400, and Miss S—— should feel truly proud of her success. The Unity, Friday evening, was well attended, though I notice a falling off of the Society girls and men at the dancing parties. It is too warm to indulge in such pleasures now.

At "Jane" Monday evening, I recognized black-eyed Mattie and Cousin Annie Laurie with the ever attentive Am. and Stony; Mattie is greatly improved by her Yosemite trip. I would be so thoroughly shocked if a Fresno girl and man should marry, that I'd never recover from the effects. Of course, Marie and George made a match of it, but then you couldn't really call her a Fresno girl; she has only been here a few years.

So the San Jose "Babbler" says Will hasn't the wherewith that is so essential to the capitalist? Well, he must have some promising property—something that will make a capitalist of him in the sweet by-and-by, for D—— would hardly look at any one short of a banker. Don't blame her; if I had her good looks nothing short of a millionaire would suit me. Do you know they are saying just horrible things of me because I wrote up that encounter between the matron and her hubby's friend last week; I think they are real mean, don't you? When I've been so kind as to keep silent on worse scenes than that. I'm all right if people do me justice, am I not? I may write you something still more amusing than the last before long, then won't Society laugh. Yours, IMP.

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When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, June 8th. DEAR WAVE: Had Tennyson been acquainted with the Oakland youth, he would never have written, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," for of the numerous marriages that have been, and are to be consummated this spring, only two girls have had the good, or shall I call it ill fortune (?) to capture Oakland men. All the others are foreign importations. Do you know, dear, it is whispered that our heiress has at last been won by a Los Angeles dude and fortune-hunter. Los Angeles men have the reputation of being bold enough to climb any height, so we are not astonished. Lovely Claire Ralston is angry because every one says she is engaged to a Mr. Will Dallibi—says it is not true, however, we have heard girls talk that way before, haven't we, dear? Chester Deering has at last gathered sufficient courage to announce his engagement to pretty Ella Marston; it is an *affaire du cœur* of long standing, but Chester's mamma felt that she could not give her dear boy to another, but she is now ready to receive Ella with open arms. When Chester built that lovely new house we felt that a bride would soon enter. Chester is a true, noble fellow, and more than one Oakland maiden is a little disappointed that he went to San Francisco for a bride. Weddings are becoming monotonous, as well as a drain to our pocketbooks. Stephanie's was attended by the most ultra-swells, as well as many not in the 150. The Whitneys are one aristocratic family that do not draw the line, a fact that makes the girls more than popular with all classes. Flossie Coffin, who was one of the bridesmaids, and Sam Breck as one of the ushers, looked remarkably conscious, possibly because their wedding is so soon to be. Grace Scotchler, Flossie, Anita, and Violet all wore bewitching costumes, and Stephanie never looked so pretty as in her wedding gown. Fred Clift, as one of the ushers, looked so smiling that he surely has hope of capturing one of the remaining sisters, while Will Meek wore such a peculiar air of dejection that it was impossible for me to determine whether he was regretting Stephanie, or whether his love for Violet was hopeless. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," so he had better brace up, any way, a half million isn't to be sneezed at. Some one will surely have him. We have numberless boys who are handsomer than the jaunty Lieutenant who won Stephanie's heart and fortune, but I will have to admit, *sub rosa*, of course, that we haven't a man in Oakland who has his worldly air, and *savoir-faire*, so I suppose that Stephanie is to be congratulated—*nous verrons*. Fannie Gamble's wedding takes place this afternoon at 4:30. You shall hear all about it in my next. Fannie is the luckiest girl that ever breathed—took that island trip for her health, met a handsome young chap with an income of $3000 a month—it is just like a romance. Mr. Gamble, Mrs. Coleman, and Jessie, are delighted at Fannie's success. You know Fannie and Jessie are cousins. Why don't Jessie give us a surprise? She has been around so much, and had such rare opportunities that we expect something great from her. *On dit* that Harry Coleman and Bessie are a case of spoons. Nothing would give the handsome mother more pleasure than to accept him for a son-in-law. The euchre party that sweet Lois Bromwell gave, in honor of her bright and sensible cousin, Miss Luella Williams, of New York, was a great success, as all the gatherings at the Bromwell residence always are, Miss Williams was a favorite when she visited here, as a young girl three years ago, and has lost none of her vivacity. Mrs. Charlie Allen and Mrs. Billy Hamilton added much to the evening's entertainment. What fine-looking women they are, and what perfect dresses.

I know that you are languishing to know where everyone is going this summer. To begin with, Frou-Frou leaves to-morrow for Castle Crags, where all of the East Oakland contingent will follow within a short time, and the Pierces will summer in Europe, as well as the Tuckers, while Grace Playter sails for Alaska, and the Jim Allens and Wellmans are in Yosemite. Elsie Lee has gone East; what will become of Sammy? Can it be that the engagement is severed? Fred Henshaw's family will summer at Shasta, and the A. F. Merrimans are at Napa Soda. The "Merry Tramps," headed by E. P. Vandercook, are off for another camping trip and some more match-making. If Harry Melvin is not captured this time he will prove invulnerable.

Mrs. J. H. T. Walkinson's picnic at Lake Chabot was, with two exceptions, the swellest affair given on the Lake for years. The presence of one young lady almost paralyzed my nervous system, as mamma forbids me to speak to her, hence it was an embarrassing position for me; then, as usual, there were twice as many girls as boys, and the boys who were there only had eyes for the heiresses. The way that Willie P——, Eddie V——, Gus M——, Rhodes B——, Henry W——, Jim A——, Bert B——, and Lester H—— treat poor girls is just too horrid for anything. They really act as if they thought a poor girl had no place on this celestial sphere. If fortune smiled upon me I would give them the snub, but Nellie, May, Amy, Emma, Bessie, Edith, Jessie, Mattie, Mamie, Mayme, Nannie, and Floy worship at the shrine of the little tin gods, and spoil them beyond all endurance. *Adios.*

FROU-FROU.

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Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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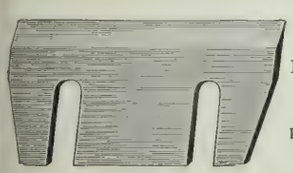

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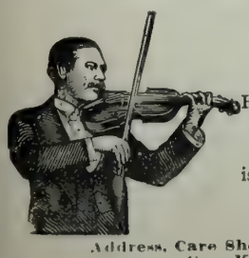

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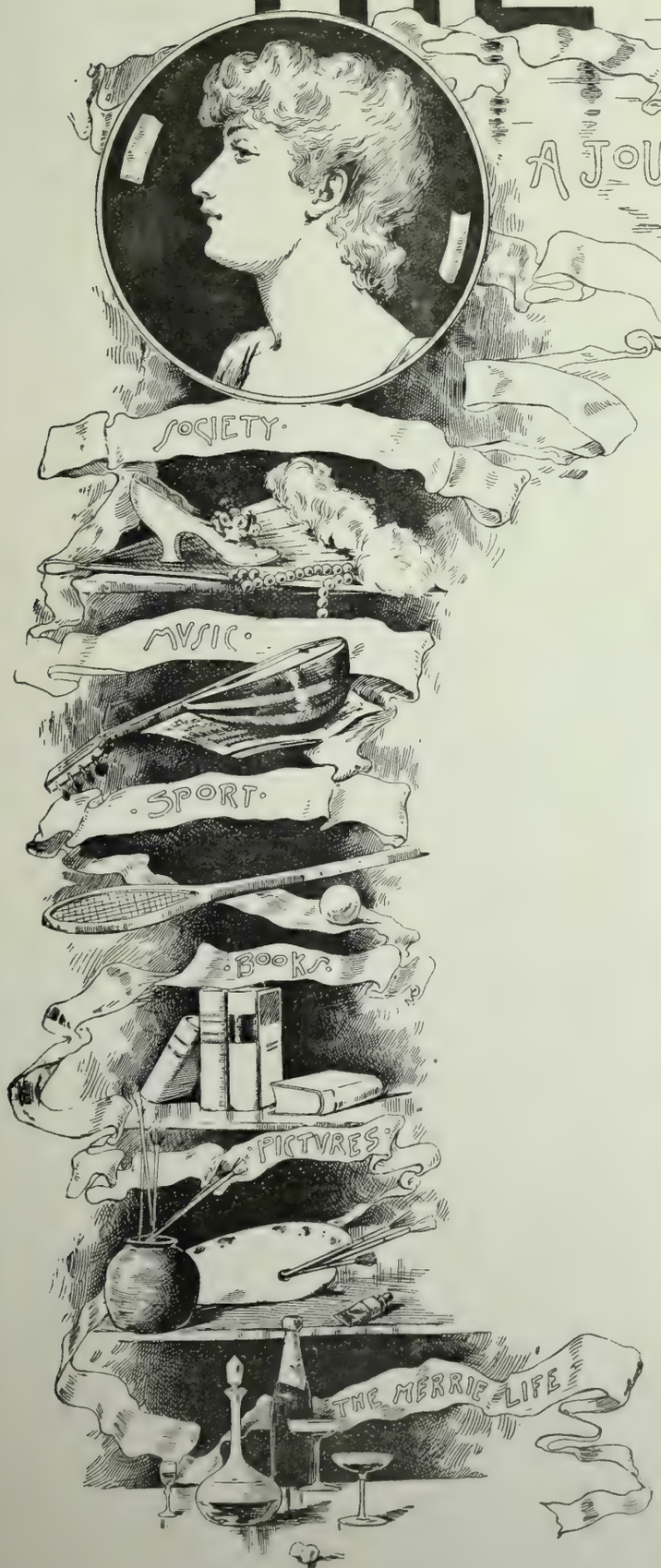

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THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 25. San Francisco, June 18, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL,

Is published every Saturday by the proprietors at 26 and 28 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

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THE WAVE is kept on file at THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 15 King William street, London, and 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris; BRENTANO'S, 5 Union Square, New York, and 206 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 18, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The gentleman whose portrait adorns the cover this week is so well-known in this city that he requires no introduction. Robert P. Wieland has been so closely associated with the business progress of San Francisco, that there is probably not a person of a year's residence within the county limits who does not know him. Mr. Wieland is a bright, energetic, go-ahead man, whose good business sense has added considerably to his fortune. It is more than probable that he will be the Democratic candidate for Sheriff, and, if he is, he will be overwhelmingly elected. He has a charming wife and family.

SPLASHES.

AT SAN RAFAEL the fashionable world is now installed. Not completely, of course, but there it is better represented than at the other resorts. Each morning and every night the ferry boat is laden with young husbands and old ones, traveling to and fro from work to sentiment and pure air as represented in the environment of Mt. Tamalpais. The cottages have all their occupants. Bachelordom, of various degress of eligibility, is installed at the hotel, and the reign of lawn tennis is about to be inaugurated. Still, with all this concentration of the elements of gaiety, no one seems to go in for more than a modified degree of enjoyment. Even the moonlight has not proved a temptation in the direction of picnics.

* * *

One tale going the rounds of a festivity given to a very charming young woman is worth repeating, if only to exhibit the subtle elegance of diction that prevails even in polite society. It was rather a cold night and though the host had done everything to contribute to the pleasure of his guests his success nor her satisfaction were very conspicuous. Everyone shivered. When it was all over the charming young woman seated herself on the veranda where a dear friend joined her.

"How did you enjoy the ride, dear?" this later arrival tenderly queried.

"It was horrid," snapped the other savagely. "Feel just as though I had a jag without the fun of having got it."

* * *

Of young married couples the Hotel Rafael is full. They are all past the billing and cooing state, however, and are in that blissful condition of peaceful contentment that characterizes people whose angles time has worn down. The young matrons wear most becoming toilettes, and several of them succeed in looking charming enough to tempt the most hardened of bachelors to assume the yoke. One coterie has a table all to itself in the southeast corner of the dining-room, and its members seem to contrive to have among themselves a perfectly amusing time.

* * *

AMATEUR DRAMA hardly reaches its highest development at San Rafael. The Players' Club is undoubtedly a most ambitious organization, but it does not seem to me the members have talent commensurate with their pretensions. At the entertainment given on Saturday evening at the Opera House there, the youth and beauty of Marin County was fully in evidence. From the hotel came a large delegation, and from Ross Valley there was almost an exodus. To describe the performance as amusing might convey the impression there was an attempt in that direction. On the contrary, the humor had the rare quality of unconsciousness. For instance, Mr. Leviston as Arthur Middleton, in "Withered Leaves," had no idea how exquisitely funny his seriousness was; nor did Mr. Gardner realize how laughable he made Tom Conyers.

* * *

Most young Englishmen of a certain class imagine themselves dowered with histrionic talent. Why, I have never been able to realize. They are invariably stiff, their voices are innocent of modulation; of gesture they are ignorant. Only their nerve is superb. Why the Players' Club should insist on displaying a dramatic incapacity that most of us would willingly take for granted, I am not called on to explain. In this regard they did not fall short of expectation. The sole question there seems a difference of opinion about whether or not the performance of "Withered Leaves" was better than that of "A Cup of Tea." Never, in the wildest of Hoyt's farces have I seen anything so comic as the several scenes between Mr. Leviston and Mr. Snook. The former moved like an automaton and made love as though sulky. The acting of the latter was almost as vicious as the character he represented.

* * *

Gardner's artistic abandon called up memories of the palmy days of Sausalito, when that charming suburb owed allegiance to her gracious Majesty. His manner of fascinating Lady Conyers was thoroughly British in its dainty subtilty. Mr. Francis seemed to imagine himself the hero of a poultry-yard—at least his method was suggestive of an indignant rooster resenting an invasion of his barnyard. I hope I have said nothing to encourage further exertions by "The Players."

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IN THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB the new regime is in disrepute. When the last Board abolished the *table d'hote* system, from the *habitués* went up a howl of indignation. Now they are similarly indignant over the manner in which the table is being provided. Director Sam Hubbard was given charge of the *cuisine* on the assumption that he was thoroughly posted about everything pertaining thereto. It appears he had charge of the commissary department of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Determined to make a record, he went to work, and instead of buying meats in the markets, where the choicest cuts are to be obtained, he made contracts with the wholesalers—the result, a saving in expense and second-grade food. He followed the same plan with groceries and vegetables, and if some one does not switch him off the business of the French restaurants will be materially increased.

* * *

It was the Club's boast that its restaurant furnished for one dollar a meal that was unapproachable at double the price elsewhere. When the *a la carte* system was introduced, it proved a dead failure, not on account of inferior supplies but because it was an unpopular innovation. The result, a loss in that department of many thousand dollars. Now Mr. Hubbard seems bent on perpetrating another failure, and if not discouraged will drive away the last remnant of patronage the institution still keeps. In the old Board his zeal would have been tempered with discretion, inasmuch as several of the Directors were *bon vivants*. There is not a single epicure on the staff now, however.

* * *

If President Page will permit a suggestion, I should advise him in selecting the two Directors who have yet to be appointed to keep the restaurant in mind. There are a dozen men who, for the sake of their own comfort, would devote part of their ample leisure to the good cause.

* * *

THE LEADING CHARACTERISTIC of the town of San Mateo is the Parrott family.

It is large, lives in several mansions surrounded with verdant lawns and hidden by old oaks, and regards itself as the aristocracy of the State. Its claim to this exquisite distinctiou I will not contest. In spite of large property interests, the Parrots are not anxious to boom the region; on the contrary their efforts are directed at repelling vulgar invasion, and as San Mateo is not by any means as enterprising as it might be, one can conclude they are satisfied. However, a deadly foe to somnolence in the form of the Electric Railroad is threatening a descent on the peaceful village, and the Parrotts are wrought into a frenzy. A franchise has been obtained, and the survey has run lines past their very gates.

* * *

This horrible indignity is not to be suffered in silence. Judge Hayne is forging all manner of injunctions, conjunctions, and interjections. If the line gets through unscathed it will, at least, know it had a fight. Of course, individual desires deserve consideration, but it does not seem to me discretion is exhibited in thus attempting to retard the progress of San Mateo. What have the Parrotts done for the town that they should assume the right of preventing railroad construction? Doubtless. my point of view is wrong, but I am inclined to regard their attitude as gratuitously impertinent.

* * *

Among the interesting people at the Hotel Rafael is Mr. Bacon, a well-known New York politician, who was formerly Secretary and is now Senator David Hill's law partner. He is rather a remarkable looking individual, very tall and straight. He wears neither beard nor mustache and looks like an actor. J. J. Crooks and his wife are among the young couples at the hotel. Mr. Crooks belongs to the well-kuown San Francisco family of that name. His wife is the daughter of the famous horse breeder and capitalist J. I. Case, whose famous racer Jay I. See won so many events. Miss Case is very wealthy in her own right as she inherits a large fortune from her father.

* * *

The hop at the Rafael on Saturday evening last was hardly as well attended as I anticipated. The Ross Valley and village contingents were diverted from the ball-room by the attraction of "The Players" performance at the Opera House. However, there were some pretty faces and some stylish costumes on the floor. Mrs. Webster Jones wore an attractive gown and Mrs. Bowers looked very charming in a pretty confection of silk. Miss Marie Dillon wore a very effective costume. She and her sister, Miss Kate Dillon, have made many friends since their arrival. They are expert bowlers. The Misses Huntsman were also conspicuous in stylish gowns. Mrs. William Fries looked very pretty.

* * *

Swell equipages are numerous at San Rafael. Henry Schmiedell has a splendid team and several handsome carriages. Webster Jones drives a pair of high-steppers, and W. F. Bowers has an exceedingly neat turnout. I believe the palm must be awarded to Will Fisher's pair. They are admirably matched, and present a fine appearance. The Newhalls have a handsome team, and Joe Crockett drives a spirited stud in a very stylish drag.

* * *

The Yosemite is very gay. Several contingents of fashionable people are enjoying the delightful air and scenery there, and other parties are being made up with the Valley as their destination. Ed. Schmiedell and Gus Taylor are installed in a luxurious tent there, and have become quite prominent as entertainers. They gave a dinner to Miss Mary Eyre and Miss Simpkins, at which an elaborate *menu* was served. Every day there are expeditions to the various points of interest, and the time flies. Among the most expert and untiring of climbers are the Misses Griffith, who are installed at the hotel. General Dimond and the Misses Dimond are also among the visitors.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Carrie Fisher and Henry Sahlein was celebrated on Wednesday evening last at the California Hotel. It was a very elaborate affair. Dr. Voorsanger performed the ceremony in the rotunda of the banquet hall, and after congratulations had been bestowed, the guests sat down to a most elaborate dinner, the *menu* being one of the most artistic the caravansary has ever set out. There were at least 125 at table.

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As the dailies have devoted considerable space to the ceremony, it is unnecessary for me to say that the bride looked very well, and that she was given away by her father, Phil. Fisher, and that she wore magnificent diamonds. The wedding presents were really splendid, but Mr. Sahlein's relations are all millionaires, or in that neighborhood, so their lavishness was to be expected. When desert was served, Abe Hecht was made toastmaster, and speeches, congratulatory and otherwise, were made. Dr. Voorsanger made a talk; Mr. Hecht proposed the health of bride and groom; Mr. Rothschild delivered an address, and then dancing followed. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

* * *

There was quite a gathering of artists and Bohemians to say farewell to Neally O'Sullivan, Miss Curtis, and Miss Voorman, who left for New York on the Panama steamer, Wednesday last. As the steamer drew out of the dock, the popular baritone unfurled the standard of the Bohemian Club, and trilled forth some passages from "Robin Hood" in his most robust tones. Of course, he was cheered and wished "God speed." I hope he and his fellow-travelers will return here famous.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Maude Hopkins and Mr. Warren D. Clark, is announced. Miss Hopkins is a niece of E. W. Hopkins and she was visiting San Francisco when her uncle, Moses Hopkins died. She is a sweet and refined girl, very quiet, with most agreeable manners. Mr. Clark is a member of the firm of Williams, Dimond & Co. Both "down town" and in Society he is well known, much respected, and very popular. He is a member of the Pacific-Union and the Cosmos.

* * *

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst and Mrs. Fredrick Barreda are now in London. Mrs. Hearst purposes taking a house there and will go into Society quite extensively during the season. Mrs. Barreda has many friends in the highest circles of English officialdom, made when her husband was Peruvian ambassador to the Court of St. James. She bas the *entrée* to many country houses and is remembered for the brilliant entertainments she gave when ambassadoress. Will Hearst is in London, also, but does not yet talk of returning.

* * *

Miss Jennie Blair will leave on her European trip earlier than was expected. It was her intention to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge from this city, but a pressing invitation from Mrs. Herman Oelrichs to spend a few weeks at her villa in Newport has been accepted, and Miss Blair will leave for that fashionable Eastern resort on Monday evening next, chaperoned by Mrs. Lillie Harding, of Philadelphia. Miss Blair will join the Dodges in New York, and all will sail for Europe on July 13th.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Marie Reinstein and Mr. Chas. L. Shainwald, is announced. The prospective bride, a very charming and popular girl, is the sister of J. B. Reinstein, the attorney. Mr. Shainwald has extensive business interests in Australia. The marriage will be celebrated next month at the residence of the bride.

* * *

Life at Sausalito these days leaves little to be desired. It is very gay over there, but in such a quiet, informal way that there is no strain, no exertion. Every evening the young people gather at one of the four houses that form the centres of attraction. At Bissell's, at Clark's, at Hayes' or at the Monastery, there are receptions. Music is furnished by banjos and mandolins, and to their accompaniment the newest and oldest songs are sung. Then there are water parties and clam-bakes to vary the entertainment. On Thursday last, Mr. R. A. Eddy, known to fame as the Montana millionaire, gave a clam-bake at Angel Island. A bevy of fair maidens and a handful of men were his guests. His steam launch conveyed them to their destination and a most delightful afternoon was spent toasting the seductive clam to the required stage of edible desirability.

* * *

A new Society, "Skull and Keys," has recently been organized at the University of California. It is on the same lines as the "Hasty Pudding Club," of Harvard and membership is confined to the Junior and Senior

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

classes. On the evening of the 24th, the "Skull and Keys" gives an entertainment at Berkeley, at which, I believe, private theatricals will be the attraction. So far, the membership is composed as follows: Henry, Deacon, Latham, Van Winkle, Hathorn, Gates, Low, Marsh, McClaughry, and Mays.

* * *

Nothing is there so delightful as unconventionality. Dan O'Connell started out on a pilgrimage to Niles Cañon, where he is now encamped, accompanied by his wife and seven children, and by the seven offsprings of a neighbor. They tramped the entire distance from Fruitvale, conveying their belongings in a couple of carts, borrowed for the occasion. These were heaped with blankets and all the paraphernalia of outdoor life, besides edibles of various descriptions, beer, and a dozen of pommery. The first day the pilgrimage reached San Lorenzo. Then, the following morning, it pushed on to Niles. On Sunday last a delegation of Dan's friends, invited by telegraph, with reminders to bring blankets and "bots," went up to visit him and found him installed in the most patriarchal fashion beside the creek. He is enjoying a vacation under the freest and most agreeable circumstances.

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch is now making equestrian expeditions into the country once a week. He recently explored Bolinas and that neighborhood, and purposes, when the weather changes for the better, to go further a-field. He has made up his mind, in the event of Cleveland being nominated at Chicago, to proclaim himself a candidate for the United States Senate, and will then stump the State in the Democratic interest. Lynch has plenty of energy and capacity, and would undoubtedly prove good running, especially as I am told he will put his fight in the hands of one of the ablest politicians in the party. There is no gainsaying the probabilities of a Democratic Legislature being elected. Indeed, there are many who have persuaded themselves California will return a majority for Cleveland. It does not pay to be too sanguine, however.

* * *

THE PEG-LEG MINE is still an undiscovered bourne from which the traveler returns unsuccessful. The expedition that started out, in February, in search of this cave of the gold god, is in the city again, footsore, travel-stained, adventure-filled, but with never an ounce of the precious metal to show for their long and dangerous journey. They have their hope yet, and T. L. Doran says he will try it again. With him on the hunt were John K. Bell, H. L. Forrest, and George Custer, and the hardships they met will deter others from making the trip. Among the difficulties they had to contend with was an utter change in the topography of the Colorado Desert; earthquakes had wiped out landmarks, dried up springs, filled cañons, and changed the scarred and rugged face of nature to such an extent that past experiences in the country were unavailing.

* * *

Mountain Springs Cañon, between Mountain Springs and Coyote, on the old Yuma stage line, and the pass to the desert, is almost lost to the traveler; the earthquakes threw immense boulders into it, filling it up, and making it in places, impassable for teams. The seismic disturbances have dried up the springs in the neighborhood of Jacomba, near Campo.

In the Copopa Country the prospectors found some low-grade silver deposits; and there were indications of coal oil in the same region. An old fort, of which former gold hunters are silent, was found north of Indian Wells. It is supposed to have been a stronghold of the Montezumas. An Indian cave, containing innumerable skulls and bones, was found, and the Lagano Tribe said the place had been used as a council chamber for years, until a bolt from heaven smote the chiefs, medicine men, and braves; the Indians never go near it now. All these were found; but the Peg-Leg Mine is still lost.

* * *

ASTRONOMY has lost its brightest professor, and back to the routine of a Court-reporter and to his cheese-box observatory goes Burnham, the greatest discoverer of double stars in the world. There is something wrong at the top of Mt. Hamilton, something that needs correcting, when a man whose life ambition was the study of astronomy, whose observations were of remarkable value to the scientific world, and whose name had already made the Lick Observatory famous, is compelled to leave and go back to the position from which an admiring group of scientists had called him.

* * *

The short and the long of it, the plain and ornamental facts of the case are merely that Burnham was frozen out. He could not stand the little fellow who is at the head of the Observatory, and who has as much right to the position as the driver of the band-wagon has to lead the army. I have pointed this out before, have given facts that were easily substantiated; have convicted him of incompetency; others have shown his failings, have made clear his small and jealous mind, and yet the men who hold the Trusteeship of the Observatory have taken no heed. I must say that I know these gentlemen well enough to know that no person in their private employ (drawing salary from their immediate and personal bank account), would have remained in it a great time without explaining stories that might have been printed against him, if they were at all as serious as those that have had Professor Holden as their object. Let me call the attention of the Regents to this: Some time ago Burnham made some photographs of the stellar wonders that attracted the eyes of the astronomical world to Mount Hamilton.

Arcadian Waukesha Water cures Indigestion.

Burnham was praised in every European paper that devotes attention to astronomy; the great men of other observatories corresponded with him, and in the journal that Mr. Holden edits appeared the notice that Professor Burnham had been successful with some negatives. Mr. Holden is not a big enough man for the place, and if the trustees want to keep him in a position, in the name of Heaven, let them make up a purse for him out of their private pockets. He is not the man for the Lick Observatory.

* * *

Cecil Romer has presented a picture of the "McGintys," to the Press Club. The youngsters—well-known newsboys—are faithfully delineated, and the composition is quite spirited. The artist purposes going to Los Angeles in the near future, and before she goes will offer one of her best pictures, "The Review," for sale by ticket. This is an admirable work, and the lucky winner will be entitled to congratulations. The Press Club will probably assist her in disposing of the tickets.

* * *

AN ASTUTE FINANCIER was the late Dr. Washington Ryer, whose fortune is far nearer two millions than the one and a half the papers spoke of. It consisted of real estate, much of it in Alameda County, some structures in town, and a fertile island in the Sacramento River. I believe the foundation of his fortune was laid in an investment in Oakland property, and his old residence on Alice Street was one of the handsomest in the city of homes. Some years ago Dr. Ryer went to Paris armed with letters of introduction, and spent quite a long time there. He became friendly with De Lesseps, and gave the great engineer the benefit of his advice in regard to the Panama Canal, then being eagerly discussed as a feasible project. Some time later De Lesseps came to San Francisco, and for weeks was Ryer's guest, installed in his house.

* * *

Those whose memory covers the last decade and a half will recall the effort made to float canal bonds in San Francisco. It was a dismal favor. After much advertising and multitudinous interviews a date of sale was announced, and everyone anticipated that capitalists would be tumbling over one another in their eagerness to invest surplus thousands. There were ten applications, I believe, Alec Badlam being among them. It was noticed then, and commented on curiously, that Dr. Ryer's name did not appear. Yet his endorsements of the project had been generous and emphatic. Wise man that he was, however, he preferred real estate.

* * *

THERE ARE FOUR MEMBERS of the Reorganized Democracy to whom, thus early in the fight, I desire to extend my warmest sympathy. They are ex-Judge Jerry Sullivan, Colonel Tom Barry, Mr. Johnny Dwyer, and

General Barry Baldwin. Perhaps it may be said that these gentlemen are not in need of any sympathy, seeing that they are all in receipt of good incomes, and happy in their social and family relations; but I happen to know that they are at the present moment more in need of the active commiseration of their fellow-citizens than any other four men in this town, and so I shall insist on extending mine. Judge Sullivan especially, whom I believe to be an honest, well-meaning man, is worse off than all the others, and upon him I shall confer my sympathy at once. The other three may wait awhile. Of course, there is no mystery about this.

* * *

I may as well be frank, and out with it. These four gentlemen, then, want the earth. Not only that. They want it fenced and summer fallowed, and they wish to be supplied with sufficient wheat to seed it next season. The reason I extend my sympathy is this: They cannot get the earth, nor the seed, nor the fences, and are certain to be disappointed. My sympathy, therefore, may assuage the pain they are ultimately bound to feel.

* * *

The opinion that these four gentlemen covet the planet is based on the fact that they are already in possession of a part of it, and are actively engaged in preemptying the remainder. Judge Sullivan, for instance, was a member of the original Reorganization Committee; also of the Executive Committee of that Committee: from there he went to the State Convention as a delegate; then he was elected from the Fourth District a delegate to the National Convention; he aspired to be Chairman of the National Delegation; he was appointed to the State Central Committee, and now he is a candidate for Chairman. But this is not all. He has a candidate for Public Administrator whom he intends to place before the Municipal Convention (by name P. J. Thomas), and if he is chosen Mr. Sullivan will become his attorney. Of course, it may be interjected here that, even if the Judge realizes all these desires, he will still be very far from possessing the earth. That may be, but it certainly cannot be denied that he will have one-quarter of it. Baldwin, Dwyer, and Barry, of course, will possess the other three-quarters.

* * *

Here is what *they* want: Colonel Barry has passed through the same chrysalis state as Judge Sullivan. He has been on every committee he could get on so far, and served as a delegate to the State Convention. He was also elected a delegate to the National Convention, and aspired to become a member of the State Central Committee, but for some unaccountable reason failed to receive the appointment. When he returns from Chicago he will divulge the name of his candidate for Sheriff, who, if nominated and elected, will appoint him attorney. Of course, Colonel Barry is interested in other municipal matters, but to be Sheriff's attorney is his chief ambition.

Mr. Dwyer has been President of the Reorganization Committee. He was also a delegate to Fresno, and is a member of the State Central Committee. He desires to go to the State Senate from his district.

* * *

General Barry Baldwin has also been on everything in sight since he entered politics, but his *piece de resistance* is the Mayoralty. General Baldwin is President of the Produce Exchange and a gentleman of means. Therefore he could not think of accepting any office short of that of Mayor. Certainly, two years hence, if the people should demand it, he might take the nomination for Governor. I think this is quite generous of him. He might, you know, demand to be President of the United States.

* * *

Of course, if these four gentlemen could get what they are going after, I should have no objection, providing the granting of it would not jeopardize the "success of the party," as the politicians put it. But this is exactly what it will do. For instance, all four are working like beavers to make Judge Sullivan Chairman of the State Central Committee, a position he is fitted neither by nature or experience to fill acceptably. No doubt he would do as well as he could, and no doubt his administration would be as clean and honest as that of anybody, but doing as well as one can and having a clean and honest administration is not the test for an efficient Chairman of the State Central Committee. That person must be a far-seeing general, a shrewd calculator, an honest, energetic, and untiring manipulator of all kinds of men—a man capable not only of handling the kid-gloved element to which Judge Sullivan belongs, but the toughs and plug-uglies as well. Max Popper is such a man. John H. Wise was such a man, but he is now old, wearied, and superannuated.

* * *

I have no idea that the State Central Committee will hesitate among these three, for its members know that during the many years Popper led his party in this city he was never out-generaled, that he has long been the party's shrewdest adviser in the State, and that he has always maintained the character of a gentleman and an honest man. To say that he is an ex-Buckley lamb, which is scarcely true, is no argument against him. All Democrats were Buckley lambs a few years ago. Even Judge Sullivan won his spurs on a Buckley ticket.

* * *

Of course, these four gentlemen must have a terrible fall. The State Central Committee will not meet until after the Chicago Convention, but when it does meet Judge Sullivan will find that a large majority will vote for Popper for Chairman. For the rest, Mr. Baldwin will find that Colin M. Boyd has been on everybody's mind for Mayor during the past two years—in fact, every moment since he ran 4000 votes ahead of his ticket at the last election—and Mr. Barry will find that the "boys" are wildly for Bob Wieland for Sheriff. In the bitter disappointment of the closing hours of the campaign, when this Big Four discover that the united Democracy does not take kindly to the project of conferring all the offices on them, my sympathy already tendered may ameliorate their grief. If it does not do so, it will not be my fault.

* * *

THE TRUSTEES of the Mechanics' Institute are, doubtless, men of some capacity and discretion. They are of the type we make into Supervisors—invariably gentlemen of great intrinsic honor and integrity, prior to election. It seems to me, however, a mistake is being made in forcing on the membership this Duffey whose name, presented twice for confirmation, has been both times rejected. Of course, he is an ingredient in a plot to control a majority of the Board, but, in my judgment, more tact could be exhibited in its execution. It was alleged at the stormy meeting last Saturday evening that Mr. Duffey's name would be presented as often as it was rejected, but I am informed a third attempt to force this individual into the Board will lead to the impeachment of the obnoxious Trustees.

* * *

It is time the control of the Institute was taken from the ring that has so long held it. I could enter into an entertaining recital of the schemes and counter-plots whereby the Trustees might profit by their place. Some men have joined to advance one interest, others to push their own prominence. It is a rich concern now, this Institute, and the day will come when new buildings must be erected. Then come the pickings. So far as I can learn, the fight against the administration is being conducted by J. H. Barry, who has Lucius Solomons for a lieutenant. They claim a majority of the membership behind them.

* * *

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN of reportorial nerve. That quality or property has had many admirable illustrations in San Francisco, but for consummate effrontery, nothing I ever heard of compares with this. Willie Dorrance is on the *Examiner*, and, like most young newspapermen, believes himself destined for managing editordom in the near future. In the meantime, he takes odd details, and is often to be found round outside Police stations. In the Receiving Hospital and the City Prison he is more than a familiar figure. A few nights ago Mr. Dorrance found himself scanning the register of the Western Addition Police Station, near the corner of Jackson and Larkin Streets. It was 12:30 A. M.; the last car had gone, and he had to report to the night editor the result of his perambulations. He had just finished copying on a sheet of paper the final particulars of some trivial crime, when he fell on the floor in a fit.

* * *

The Sergeant in charge, much perturbed, rushed from behind the desk. There lay

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

Dorrance like a log, breathing hard. There was nothing for it but to summon the Patrol Wagon. In fifteen minutes it was at the door, and tenderly the youthful scribe was lifted in. They took him to the Receiving Hospital and gently placed his recumbent form on the operating table. The steward went out for the physician in charge. Suddenly Mr. Dorrance raised himself, leaped to his feet, bowed politely to the matron, and remarked urbanely:

"Sorry to trouble you, but I had to get down someway, and I couldn't walk."

With that he hurried to the office, turned in his copy, and was released for the night.

* * *

Another newspaper story tells of two daring youths of much nerve and little knowledge, who, a few days ago, struck the *Chronicle* local room with a demand for work. They claimed considerable experience on Eastern papers, and, their appearance being in their favor, were told to come in the following noon and receive assignments. They asked a few days to learn the streets. There was nothing against the request, and it was granted. On reaching the street this modest pair went to a tinsmith's and had large badges made announcing themselves "Chronicle Reporters." These they pinned conspicuously on their bosoms and sallied on Kearny Street. Having flaunted their importance along the block, they hired a room facing Market Street, near the Murphy Block. In the window they hung out a sign, "Chronicle Reporters Here," and awaited results.

* * *

They anticipated a stream of callers bringing news, but it is unnecessary to explain that an emissary from the office soon had possession of both sign and badges, and I believe the youths are pursuing doughnuts instead of items. The moral of this is that effrontery, while an element of journalistic success, is not sufficient of itself to constitute supremacy.

* * *

TEMPERANCE WORKERS choose ill when they carry their crusade into the wine-growing counties. In St. Helena dwells a patriarchal vineyardist, Dr. George B. Crane, who has left the abstainers "outside in the chilly atmosphere" on two occasions. He went recently to a Methodist meeting in Vallejo. It was during the late cold spell, and the Methodists prayed that the frost destroy all the iniquitous vineyards in the valley. Dr. Crane, white of hair and beard, and long of arm, arose "in meetin'," and, pointing his finger at the rash speaker, exclaimed:

"Stop right there, parson. That prayer won't go six feet from earth."

* * *

Shortly afterwards the Temperance Union held a meeting in St. Helena, and the speakers exhorted the audience to abstain—taking religion as their "watchword." The venerable Doctor again distinguished himself. Rising, he apologized for appearing as an unannounced speaker. "But," said he, "all the valley will credit me with being a student of the Scriptures.

"Now," he continued with his inimitable drawl, "we all know the first miracle was the changing of water into wine, but that's not what I'm calling your attention to. There are many instances in the Bible of men *calling* for wine to drink, but there's only one case where a man called for water, and—he—was—in—Hell."

* * *

JUDGE COFFEY'S REPUTATION as a wit is established past all peradventure. Indeed, the Bar is prepared with a laugh whenever his lips move. But the race is not always to the swift, and in occasional controversies with Clerk Kennedy victory sometimes forsakes the Bench. Among the rules of the Probate Court is one that individuals with claims against an estate must first have them certified by the executor and then obtain the Judge's signature before payment is had. One morning, while Judge Coffey was listening to an interesting argument on an important point, a fussy individual pushed his way through the attorneys and past officials to the judicial desk and presented for endorsement an undertaker's bill against a certain estate. It was a case of "fools rush in." The Judge, almost speechless at the fellow's audacity, signed the document, and, as he departed, said to his clerk in tones of exceeding severity.

* * *

"Mr. Kennedy, why did you permit that man to rush past you and so rudely interrupt me?"

"I did not see him, your Honor, or certainly I would have thrown him out." The clerk was exceptionally deferential.

"Oh, no; it would have been sufficient to have proceeded against him under the plea of *molite manuit imposuit*." The Judge smiled blandly.

"If your Honor please, that would have been worse than firing him bodily."

* * *

THAT EMINENT WILL-BREAKER, Attorney Kowalsky, has on hand another case more sensational even than that of Dama or Jessup. There died here recently a Mrs. Cashman, who, besides the unimportant details of a husband and two daughters, left an estate of $50,000. This sum she bequeathed to the widower, leaving the girls out in the cold—which was rather unkind. In these degenerate days, however, no one suffers in silence, and when one of Kowalsky's myrmidons informed him of the state of affairs, he at once took up the cause of disinherited maidenhood on a contingent. The will he pronounced a forgery in advance, and other interesting details are promised before the case comes to trial. If the fellow does not compromise it will be a wonder and a disappointment.

* * *

I learn that though Kowalsky did not win the Dama case his labor was by no means in vain, inasmuch as he obtained his costs, which were by no means inconsiderable, besides a goodly fee for services. If success as regards compensation crowns his future efforts, it will not be long before the cruel reproach of General Dickinson will be buried in oblivious thousands.

* * *

NO MAN IS LEFT to lead so peaceful a life as the individual who has acquired a pugilistic reputation. Given that, and he is secure from all annoyance. There strives for a livelihood in Castle Brothers' a nice young man named Lowenstein. He is good-natured, quiet, and quite dignified, and only a unique type of aggressiveness would select him for attack. One day, riding on a Market-Street car, the conductor demanded a second payment of Mr. Lowenstein's fare. His explanations of a previously received nickel were received with opprobrium, and the result was his ejection. Immediately he mounted the car again, paid five cents, secured witnesses who had noticed both payments, and brought suit against the Company for $5000. They compromised for $500.

* * *

This was something of an achievement, and since then Mr. Lowenstein has comported himself with the dignity that such an episode develops. With a party of friends he set out for Mill Valley last Sunday, where a camp has been established. Owing to the ferry steamer being delayed, they arrived at Sausalito about two minutes after the train for that promising suburb had drawn out. The party was very indignant—including Mr. Lowenstein. They reproached the management with negligence, and explained the delay compelled them to break a business engagement of considerable importance. The Superintendent appearing unimpressed, one of the party took him aside and pointed to Lowenstein.

"Better do what you can," he warned, "that fellow is employed by an anti-railroad lawyer to work up damage cases. He thinks he's on the scent of one now."

The result was they had a special engine convey them to destination, and to-day Lowenstein is more of a hero than even Al. Castle.

* * *

THE PIRATE OF JOURNALISM would be a fitting sub-title for the *Argonaut*. Edited with a shears, it offers as its own the wit and wisdom of other publications. It steals with discrimination as does a master burglar; but, there being no pillory of letters, it makes no effort to disguise what it has filched. Story after story, paragraph after paragraph reappears in its columns without the semblance of a credit. My attention was drawn recently to the "Storyettes," which my dishonest contemporary serves up each week. That they did not originate in the office I knew, but I imagined they were drawn from various papers, occasionally re-written—in some way fused with the individuality of the editor. Alas, they are cut bodily out of the *Youth's Companion*. Buy that publication and you will find the col-

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

lection—"grave and gay, epigrammatic and otherwise." Then the following week you will find them in neat type on the thirteenth page of the *Argonaut*.

* * *

The subject reminds me of Frank Pixley, who has long since ceased to contribute to the journal of which he is ostensibly editor. Not a line of his ill-spelt copy is now set up in its composing-rooms; his name is no longer one to conjure with on Dupont Street. He has become a devotee. Every morning he hears a modified form of mass in the church "St. Mary the Virgin," and contributes a newly-minted five-dollar piece to the plate. This spectacle of the most confirmed of scoffers turned Saint is a strange commentary on humanity. Who would have imagined so ironical a sequel to the career of the great denouncer of Pope, Irish, and Jew?

* * *

THE AWFUL SILENCE that followed the return from Fresno of the Hon. Fleet Forensic Strother has been of an alarming character. For some days I have felt that if it continued much longer I should certainly report the matter to Captain Lees and demand an immediate inquiry into the whereabouts of the distinguished gentleman. A great deal was heard about Mr. Strother prior to the meeting of the Fresno Convention. How his oratory made an impression in his club and carried him through as a delegate is well known. He was quite numerous, I am credibly informed, during the Convention, as he was seen going about the hotels and buzzing with his fellow delegates. A gentleman who attended the Convention also informs me that Mr. Strother made a speech from the platform in which he aired his views on some pending question, and he added that the Honorable gentleman's remarks were notable for brilliancy and acumen. But nothing has been heard from him since. After the adjournment, the vacuum created by his eloquence seems to have swallowed him up. His name, ordinarily on every man's lip, is no longer heard. In the place of the ancient shibboleth "As goes Strother so goes the State," there is simply an overwhelming silence.

* * *

The other day I met a Democrat who went to Fresno on a proxy. Like all Democrats who go to conventions on a proxy, he is an intelligent and observing fellow—a kind of man, indeed, whom the bosses always keep out of conventions and who can get in only on a proxy. I asked him, "What has become of Strother?"

"Why, he's all right," was the answer. "He made a kind of a failure at Fresno which he attributes to lack of preparation. So he has written and is now rehearsing a new speech on the issues of the day. He practices daily before a seven-foot looking-glass."

"A failure at Fresno?" I said, "I thought he made a tremendous hit there."

"Not at all. He lost his voice. He was three weeks finding it. In fact, he did not find it at all. The Fresno people found it and shipped it up to him in carload lots."

"You don't tell me? How was it?"

* * *

My friend now unbent himself. He has a genius for telling stories, and is always happy in them. He took a fresh pinch of fine cut and said:

"You see (reflectively) Strother had two fights at Fresno. One was to renominate Tom Clunie for Congress in the Fourth District, and the other was to burn up the railroad. He intended to carry through both with his fog horn. The Platform Committee relieved him to some extent of his intention to roast the Southern Pacific, but when Steve White sprung his resolution against abolishing the Railroad Commission, he ascended the platform and declared himself. But he took a bad case of stage fever and couldn't express himself. He managed to say something about sleeping alongside of an icicle the night before and getting a bad cold, which accounted for his nervous prostration and hoarseness, and then sat down. It is hard to make Strother believe that he has failed at anything, but he recognized that he had made a pancake of himself this time.

* * *

"Well, that night he thought he would retrieve himself. So he attended the meeting of the Fourth Congressional District Convention in force. The programme, as you know, was to nominate Judge Maguire. It had all been cut and dried for days. The delegates were hot and weary, and wanted to get back to the saloons as soon as possible. They didn't want to hear any of Strother's blather.

"But after Maguire had been named Strother arose, thrust one hand inside his vest, blew his chest full of wind and began on Clunie. The boys called on him to shut up, but he wouldn't do it. He shouted louder and louder. Then they began to pull at his coat-tails. He grabbed his coat-tails and hollered louder. Finally he got Clunie out and sat down, sweating at every pore. 'I didn't come down to this town to be bull-dozed,' he said to me.

"But his whole shanty fell with a crash when Clunie got up and declined. Then Strother took the floor again. He refused to let Clunie decline. The boys now yelled 'Question?' 'Question?' 'Shut up,' 'Go hire a hall,' and half a dozen began pulling at his coat-tails. Strother yelled louder than ever. 'Is this a Democratic Convention or a beer garden?' he bawled. The boys all answered, 'A beer garden.'

* * *

"Amid the confusion of yells, cat-calls, applause and cheers, Judge Maguire was nominated by acclamation. When Strother sat down he was sweating blood. I spoke to him, but he couldn't answer. He had lost his voice in the uproar.

"The next day I met him in a vacant lot over at the depot. He was still gesticulating violently, and opening and shutting his mouth like a dying tomcod. But not a sound was emitted. The fact is, he was completely crushed at Fresno. If the people down there had not found his voice and returned it to him, he would now be a dead cock in the pit. As it is, he is slowly recovering. I expect to see him out in a few days."

* * *

The times when angels were entertained unawares have departed. Nowadays, missionaries are only conceded a third off ruling hotel rates, and, even then, are regarded with disfavor by waiters. At the Occidental recently they had Rev. Wallace, a very good man, on his way to China to spread among the Mongolians the Christian gospel. With him were his wife and two of her relatives. Together they made a very pleasant quartette. Each night Rev. Wallace sought the dining-room at 6:30, and when his relatives were finished the *menu* had few secrets for them. Not to put the case too strongly, their waiter was under the impression that they were exacting. On Saturday they had lunch for the last time, and as they filed out their Mercury hung around awaiting a tip. He seemed to consider one due. "Good-bye," said the ladies as they rose from the table. "Good-bye," he answered in a perfunctory manner.

"Young man," said the Rev. Wallace ignoring the hints volleyed at him from the waiter's eyes. "You have been very attentive. You have been good, indeed. I am going on a long voyage to the land of the heathen. I will pray for you."

As he passed out he beamed a beatific smile on the servitor and his brethren imagined he had received at least ten dollars.

* * *

THREE YEARS at least have gone since San Francisco looked its last upon the face of L. Montgomery Mather, who, rumor says, has tired of a civilization where he has daily reminders that he is one of the Cotton Mathers, and longs for, if not the flesh-pots, at least the goat-skins of Egypt to a degree that inspires his return to the scene of his social triumphs. When L. Montgomery dawned upon the West he was associated with an Electric Light Company; a goodly income was his, and he dwelt in the exclusive Bella Vista, and created havoc amongst its belles. More than one maiden, planning a future, saw a possible parti in L. Montgomery, who was the type of respectability and eligibility in a not overstocked market. Temptation ran his way one day in an enforced Hawaiian trip. Before many days he had fallen a victim to the insidious gin fizz of the Islands and thenceforth his ways were devious.

* * *

An amusing tale is related of an evening spent in the company of good King Kalakaua (of blessed memory). The occasion was poker. L. Montgomery, scorning the elaborate etiquette of his century, withdrew from the table and gravely laid himself out upon a lounge, where he abandoned himself to slumber. Some thrill responsive was touched and penetrated his somnolence when a servant entered with

champagne. The L. M. lifted himself as by an electric impulse, grasped two glasses from the tray, swallowed their contents, and solemnly and groggily departed from the royal presence. Everyone who knows the palace at Honolulu knows its first floor where, behind a large and magnificent screen, sleep the domestics of the palace. At the feet of one of these beauteous Hawaiians was the irresponsible Mather ultimately discovered by his gracious Majesty in person, who thundered out a dismissal as well as he could for his laughter. Mather's departure was marked by varied accidents—encounters with guards, and the like; but he eventually reached his hotel, oblivious of his exciting experiences.

* * *

It is not generally known that Mrs. A. A. Haalalea, cousin of the late King, is a poetess of some merit. All the charming imagery and sentiment of her native tongue she blends with English. During her long stay in New York and Boston, three years ago, she corresponded with the Island papers, which are not too crowded with actual news to lack appreciation of good writing. A volume of her poems is about being published in London.

* * *

THERE ARE OCCASIONS when it is divine to acquiesce. The consequences are not always as satisfactory, however. Dan Polk whose pre-eminence on the banjo or mandolin is admitted by his enemies, was returning homeward in the early hours of the morning from an entertainment at which he had been the guest of honor. He had played and played, and Petey Bigelow had made the punch and he was feeling weary. Passing through the Latin Quarter, he turned into a German hostelry intending to re-enforce himself for the climb up Russian Hill with a mug of beer. He found himself among a motley gang of prize-fighters, variety show performers and the general riffraff that collects in that part of town in the early hours. Dan, with his banjo, was immediately surrounded, asked to drink and "give us a tune."

* * *

Mr. Polk did. He gave them several to their delight, and when he stopped they gathered round and insisted he should shake hands. While putting up his banjo, a one-eyed fellow with a broken nose, evidently an ex-prize fighter, signalled to him:

"Say Cull," he said, "I'se been in de soup fer a long time and de boys is goin' to gimme a benefit—will yer come around an' play?"

"Why certainly," said Dan, "anything you want. Glad to."

He took his departure, forgetting all about the business. A few days later, he was down town when a huge poster caught his attention. In flaming letters it announced a performance to be given at the New Wigwam. Among the constellation of cheap variety men, prize-fighters, and song-and-dance artists, in great black type, he saw, "Daniel Polk, the Greatest Banjo-player on Earth." Of course there was nothing for it but to see the ex-prize-fighter, excuse himself, and have printed a new set of bills. But he nearly had his head punched into the bargain.

* * *

DURING THE PAST two months a series of interesting evenings have been had at the residence of John Vance Cheney by a handful of ladies and gentlemen interested in the Elizabethan drama. Melville Anderson, Professor of English Literature at the Stanford University, presided, and under his direction plays from Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Webster have been studied and analyzed. Professor Anderson is an exponent of the Moulton method of scientific criticism and this system was used in the course. The evenings proved very interesting, as well as instructive. Some clever papers were read, notably one by John Vance Cheney, another by Mr. Thompson of the University on "The White Devil." Mrs. Cheney wrote of "Philistia," and Miss Wyman of "The Duchess of Malfi."

* * *

Should the class be resumed, which seems probable in the early autumn, other plays by the dramatists of the Restoration will be studied in the same lines. On last Friday evening, Professor Anderson read a paper on Browning, which was listened to with interest. Making no attempt to excuse the feelings of this poet, he presented in an eloquent manner his strong qualities and commented on his greater works. It was a loving and yet discriminating study, and I believe lovers of the poet will soon have an opportunity of reading it in the pages of one of the Eastern reviews.

* * *

Among epicures the tidings of Justin Ladagnous' departure for Europe is received with mingled regret and pleasure. He has been looking forward to a holiday for many months, but his business affairs were in such a condition as to preclude his absence. Now, however, the *Maison Riche* is at its best, and on next Saturday he sets out for France. But he promises to return with a stock of the finest Clarets and Burgundies that can be had—the veritable brands whose names appear on every wine card, but that one seldom obtains. A new brand of champagne has become very popular in London of late, and Mr. Ladagnous is to obtain several cases of it for Dick Tobin, besides some for his establishment. Epicures are promised the very latest plats from the repertoires of the most noted *chefs*. So his return will be awaited with considerable delightful anticipation.

* * *

WHOEVER IMAGINES Alvinza Hayward is content to accept Judge Hebbard's decision as final knows nothing of the man. The Hale & Norcross suit will be fought in every way known to the law. It is to be appealed at once to the Supreme Court, and will be argued there by the cleverest lawyers at the bar. Indeed, the force of able counsel that fought Mr. Baggett and Plaintiff Fox has been supplemented. Mr. Hayward has just retained W. F. Herrin, and his action seems to have set the legal world talking. Various reasons are suggested as instrumental in Mr. Herrin's selection. He is the attorney for the Spring Valley Water Works, the Bank of California, and various other corporations, and his pursuasive powers are regarded as of the highest order.

* * *

Herrin's rise in the world is quite remarkable. He was discovered by Senator Stewart, who found him a struggling attorney in a far-off corner of the Sagebrush State. The fact that he had talent soon developed itself; he was taken into partnership by Frank Newlands, and since then has become a personage. Without being a great lawyer, he possesses a fine intellect and the highest type of executive ability. There is no snap or dash to him, but he is cool, capable, successful. He never bungles; he is intensely logical, and what he tries for in that quiet way of his he achieves. Since he has been attorney for the Spring Valley, that corporation has been less prominently before the public, and is prospering He it was who extricated the tangles of the Sharon case. He it is who manages that great estate with the least friction and excitement.

* * *

Mr. Herrin does not often appear in Court. I have heard him before the Water Committee of the Board of Supervisors making a perfunctory speech, presenting reasons for regulating the rates at certain figures. Apparently he spoke merely to supply the public with the arguments which had not appealed to the Solid Nine—with them he dealt in another way. In fact, his best results are achieved in quiet. I am curious to observe his influence in the Hale & Norcross case.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THEY WILL NOT MARRY.

THE WOMAN OF ENDEAVOR NOT INCLINED TO FAVOR MATRIMONY.

BY FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

When Byron made love a woman's whole existence, he had no knowledge of the woman of the last decade—the woman of endeavor. If he had known her, there would have been less conceit and more truth in what he wrote. Time was when womankind had but one possible destiny, but it is not likely that condition will ever be possible to her again. And it will not be any more of her own volition than of man's free will and consent. It required four years of hard fighting to induce the South to give up slavery, but now there is not a State in the Union which would accept slavery again. They have all outgrown it, and what was at first accomplished by sheer force has perpetuated itself by absolute conviction of its equity and justice.

That marriage has ceased to be a form of legal slavery, or that a wife is no longer considered a chattel, is as much due to man's generosity as to woman's deserving. The world has moved on and left this old moss-covered notion so far behind that there may come a time when future historians may seriously doubt its authenticity and class it among other fables and legends.

In looking long and steadily backward it is not difficult to discern evidences of prolonged and desperate resistance to the theory that a wife was not a possession like a horse or a cow. All organized society inveighed against it, and saw only the handiwork of Satan himself in such heresies, and the prophecies of the times were something frightful to comtemplate. Legal emancipation is so long an accomplished fact for women, that one feels like smiling at the ignorance and short-sightedness which failed to comprehend its manifold blessings in the marriage relation.

All except mental freedom has already been achieved by woman, and the greatest hold marriage has upon her to-day is purely a matter of sentiment. For ages her emotions have been carefully stimulated, until what she mistook for love was a necessity to her, but many of the present and all of the rising generation are industriously cultivating intellect instead of emotion. They are beginning to understand the difference between brain and feeling. There should be nothing alarming in the prospect of sentimentality, like an old coat, being wholly cast aside. I am not sure that the world will not be distinctly the gainer when women act from reason, instead of from impulse. I know there is a well-defined feeling of distrust and dislike of the so-called "strong-minded" woman, but history will prove that it is the weak-minded woman that has done all the mischief, which cannot with certainty be laid to men.

If I say that conviction is slowly coming to women, that marriage is not, and should not, be the object and end of existence, I do not mean to convey the idea that women are less inclined to love and be loved than before. They are simply taking a more sensible view of life, and, by becoming self-supporting, they are getting over the necessity of having a man "tagging after them all the time." Men of experience have long suspected that a large class of women marry for a home, and that all look upon matrimony as a certainty of financial support, although some are sadly disappointed in this respect. If this shows a mercenary alloy with the purest sentiment, I would like to ask what else can be expected from a race of beggars? It is not surprising that cunning should make up for a lack of strength in human beings, when the entire animal kingdom furnishes a precedent.

Community of interests and enlarged fields of endeavor and usefulness have taught women the value of each other's good will, and men flatter themselves when they imagine that women do nothing nowadays except sit and think of some Prince Charming. It is even possible for them to be quite happy in an Adamless Eden, so marriage is no longer a necessity.

The unreasonable exactions and demands of husbands have also had much to do with the declining inclination of women toward matrimony. All except very young and inexperienced girls know that a woman's development and growth ceases with marriage; not because children come to her, but because the husband begins a systematic warfare upon everything and everybody she ever liked. He must and will be supreme, and anything that distracts his wife's attention from himself will bring the seamy side of his disposition to the surface. When a man marries he never thinks to round out and complete his wife's life. Quite to the contrary. He intends to absorb her life into his own. This is why he fights with his mother-in-law. The mother's love gives all; the husband's love takes all. In nine cases out of ten a woman's life would be unbearable after marriage if it were not that she dares to pour out all the wealth of her affections upon her children.

The ungentle processes by which the husband hampers her smallest desires and the complete loss of her individuality as well as freedom, weighs as heavily upon women as upon free born men (else we should not be their daughters) and when marriage means all this, it must have some great recompense to counteract and offset what never was intended to be a sacrifice.

The purely feminine is an element of as much value to the world as is the masculine, and the association of men and women should not dwarf either. The right kind of a marriage is not a sacrifice on the part of a woman, because she receives as much as she gives, but that happy condition is as rare as first water diamonds.

When women are fully emancipated from sentimental and emotional slavery, they will love quite as devotedly as they imagine they do now, but it will be from a different standpoint. It will not be self-effacement and when that time comes love will be as much a thing apart in a woman's existence as it ever has been in man's. Then the lover will not be lost in the husband, because a man will know that there are other things in his wife's life besides himself, and that if he wishes to hold first place he must be worthy of it. He will finally become accustomed to the new order of things, as our ancestors did to the notion of a wife not being a personal chattel.

Marriage, as it is, completely shelves and ruins a woman. It taxes her body and soul, and there is such a decided tendency against it among all classes of women, that instead of a girl being regularly trained to marry she is carefully trained so she will not be obliged to unless she chooses. There is a wide difference between manifest destiny and volition, and women of to-day are fast coming to a full realization of the latter in all things which concerns them, marriage included.

It must not be imagined that serious occupation, such as is required to make a success in any line, is, or ever will be, a counter attraction to marriage. The women of olden times married because they had nothing else to do, but they did not bear all their burdens without laying some of their lessons to heart. They may have been more confiding and trustful, but I have a strong suspicion that they knew much more than they deemed it prudent to admit. The condensed wisdom of the past should serve as a warning to all women *that men are not to be trusted*. And this is the key note to the whole situation. The first thing a woman learns of the world is that the husband of her bosom, he who is jealous and exacting of her, both of her past and present, is any thing in the world but a saint himself, and she is very apt to discover that saintliness in herself will not develop loyalty in him. He will always demand absolute faithfulness of thought in her, and will probably violate his marriage vows within the first year. If motherhood comes to her, she is fortunate if he does not prowl around the servant's quarters, while she is passing through the valley of the shadow of death!

These are the things which sets her to thinking. If marriage must be a means of livilihood, can she not earn her board and clothes easier? Many of them think they can, and they are not men haters, either. Marriage means an unconditional surrender of individuality for the wife, with almost the certain knowledge that the man to whom she has given her life, values her less than any one else, and she naturally looks about her for some substitute for an institution which is so wholly one-sided. If she finds it in a career, or in useful occupation, does it not come nearer being a strike of a sex, than a mere capricious whim of a malcontent? There is already a grand army of women who are casting about for a means to keep out of matrimony instead of rushing into it, and in the general leveling up the "old maid" epithet has become quite as honorable as old age, and the ever increasing tendency is to augment instead of diminish their numbers.

"ROSE."

A TALE OF MODERN TIMES.

When first entering Paris he was a tall, manly, but awkward boy. Fresh from the Southern provinces, wondering at all the beauties and alluring temptations of the gay capital—*but that was years ago.*

When he sits in his luxurious home in the Fauburg Saint Germaine now, he sometimes remembers those struggling times—when work could not be found, when three sous was his entire fortune. And he remembers, too—Rose—the noble face of Rose—his Provence Rose. He sees her copying his stories and can even see the little fingers cold and blue; and then he always kissed them until the blood ran to warm them again.

And now when he sits at his table laden with silver and glass, whilst Madame, his stately wife, regally enters the room, he again sees Rose—beautiful, and remembers those merry little breakfasts when he and Rose laughed and were happy sharing their portion of goat's milk and fruit.

But that was years ago.

'Tis evening now, and as he leans his shapely dark head against the carved panel of his conservatory door, watching his guests wandering to and fro among the gorgeous apartments, beautiful women, noble and talented women, and women of fashion, bow and smile at him.

But handsomest and most royal among them stands Madame his wife, greeting with that queenly air his charming guests.

And he sees again that face—Rose's face—and before him comes an evening—an evening of bliss, an evening at the opera, where he and Rose sat back in the third gallery gazing down upon the beaus and dames of fashion below, and listening to a glorious voice ring out in a song of love. He had found some one to buy a story that day.

But that was years ago.

Rose had left family, luxury—friends—all—for him—for his love. He had struggled with poverty in Paris, and day after day the buns she longed and hungered for at her noon-day meal, were saved that he might share them at their tea.

Ah, noble Rose, wonderful and deep was your love.
And what had he done for her in return?
But that was years ago!

Later in the evening he stands dreamily alone upon the moonlit balcony o'erlooking his fair domains. His heart and thoughts, where are they? Ah! faithful Rose! the perfume of your hair comes back to him now. And he remembers a day, a mad merry day in the country, when he stole the pins that held the raven locks in place, and let the wind play with the curls he so oft had kissed. And then the walk home in the twilight and the—but the sound of a queenly tread, the rustling of silken skirts, puts an end to these dreams, and Madame his wife steps out beside him. Does the interruption anger him? Does he long to call the old dream back?

But the dream is only completed, for in an instant he holds that dear form in his strong arms, and Rose, his sweetheart and Rose—his wife, is looking into his face with eyes full of passionate love. Only the stars in the blue heavens and the tall dark trees against the sky know the tale of this faithful love.—*Figaro.*

UNREST.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Outside of your arms
Life is only unrest!
No happiness charms
Outside of your arms!
I feel no alarms
When I lean on your breast!
Outside of your arms
Life is only unrest.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

THE NEW TELEPHONE BUILDING

(212-216 Bush St.)

1—Scene in Long Distance Operating Room. 2—The Building. 3—Engine and Dynamo Room. 4—Underground Department (in course of construction.) 5—Boiler Room. 6—General Manager's Office.

THE TELEPHONE BUILDING.

Among prominent new buildings recently constructed in San Francisco, one particularly interesting and deserving of mention is the new home of the Telephone Company, just completed on the site of the old Mercantile Library Building, on Bush Street.

The Telephone Company occupies the entire fifth and sixth floors of the Building for its Executive and Operating Departments. The first floor and basement are devoted to the Construction and Underground Departments. At the main entrance is located a Public Conversation Room, where conversation can be carried on by Telephone with Oakland, Stockton, Sacramento, Auburn, Marysville, Napa, Santa Rosa, San Jose, Santa Cruz, Monterey, and 160 other points in Central California.

The second, third, and fourth stories of the building have been arranged for office purposes, and already nearly all have been rented to Lawyers, Capitalists, and other business men.

The Telephone Building is equipped with every modern convenience, including a fast-running elevator and a mail chute with letter openings on each floor; every office is provided with a stationary washstand and fireplace, and electric light is at all times "on tap."

The light and roomy hallways are tiled, and very handsomely finished in oak, the main entrance hall being of variegated marble.

The views shown with this issue give but a slight idea of the magnitude of the Telephone business. A section only of the switchboard is shown, from which connections for long-distance messages are made; the main operating-room of the San Francisco Exchange is still located on the top floor of the building lately vacated by the Company at 323 Pine Street, but so soon as the new switchboard arrives from the East, where it is being manufactured at an estimated cost, set up, of about $100,000, it will be located on the top floor of the Telephone Building, a space sixty feet wide, with two wings each 100 feet long, having been reserved for it.

Particular attention has been paid to the fire protection so essential to a building in which a Telephone Exchange is situated. The building is fully protected against fire by the Schenck Swinging Hose Reel, two of which are placed on each floor. These reels are considered the most efficient inside fire protection possible to procure. Hose-lines and fire-buckets have been placed on every floor, and two stand-pipes on the front of the building provide ready means for connecting the hose of the fire-engines should the necessity arise, while the building is equipped throughout with Auxiliary Fire Alarm boxes, by means of which the Department can be immediately summoned in case of fire, on which account a reduced rate of premium is granted by insurance companies.

In the basement is a magnificent steam plant which provides power to operate elevators of the latest improved pattern and engines for the electric dynamos. Here, also, is the terminal tunnel of the underground system from which point radiate the thousands of wires, enclosed in leaden cables, connecting with subscribers' telephones.

The laying of underground conduits in all the principal streets and thoroughfares has now been almost completed, the work having been commenced about two years ago, and when all subscribers are connected with the underground system, which is being accomplished as fast as possible, not only will the streets be relieved of a great number of unsightly wires, but the telephone service in the city of San Francisco will be equal to that of any city in the United States.

The Company is also expending large sums in the construction of double copper wires, and the date is not far distant when it will be possible to carry on conversation with any important point in the State of California, over the long-distance circuits of the Telephone Company, as easily as ordinary conversation is carried on in a room.

The officers of the Company are: John E. Hudson, President, Boston; John I. Sabin, Vice-President and General Manager; Captain Oliver Eldridge, Vice-President; Percy T. Morgan, Auditor; Wm. G. Oliver, Secretary and Treasurer; L. H. Jacobi, Local Superintendent; E. M. Jackson, Superintendent of Equipment; P. B. Brown, Superintendent of Construction; H. G. Phillips, Superintendent of Exchanges and Buildings.

THE CONTRACTORS.

THE BRICKWORK.

There is no more attractive structure in the city now than the Telephone Building, and its handsome, clean, solid appearance is due in great measure to the excellence of the brickwork. This was done by J. H. Wilson, No. 314 Montgomery Street, who also did all the underground brickwork in the laying of wires and connections. The contract was given Mr. Wilson without asking for competing bids, and than this, no better evidence is needed of his standing as a contractor. This sample of his workmanship—the Telephone Building—will be a further guaranty of his reliability. Mr. Wilson is constructing the new Golden Gate Commandery building on Sutter, between Mason and Taylor Streets. This promises to be one of the handsomest structures in San Francisco, and not a Knight Templar from the East will come here who will not tell of the beauty and solidity of Golden Gate Commandery's home.

THE WOODWORK.

The woodwork throughout the building was done by J. G. Klemm, the well-known manufacturer of office, saloon, and drug store fittings, No. 518 Fifth Street, and is in excellent taste. The general business office is handsomely appointed in the natural finish of white cedar, while the manager's office and public conversation booth are finished in quartered oak. The offices have an exceedingly comfortable and dressy appearance. The woodwork is the best that has been done in the city, and will attract as much attention as anything in the building. Mr. Klemm was awarded the contract in preference to other first-class wood-workers because of the confidence the officers of the Company had in his ability to give the best results for the money expended. Among the other high-class contracts Mr. Klemm has had was the interior of John I. Sabin's private residence. Mr. Klemm has made a specialty of making fine furniture from architects' or special designs. He is also Manager of the Klemm Mantle Company, 440-442 Fifth Street, which has made some of the most artistic wood and art majolica tile mantels and grates in the city.

THE PLASTERING.

All the plastering in the building was done by C. C. Morehouse. Ten years in business in the city have given this contractor an enviable reputation, but he has no better speaker in his behalf than his work itself. All the plastering for the improvements in the Palace Hotel was his, and this is considered by experts to be the finest work of the kind in the city. He did the re-plastering of the Grand Hotel, made necessary by the fire, and did the interior and exterior work on the annex to that well-known hostelry. In these hotels Roebling's Patent Stiffening was used. Among other notable contracts that Mr. Morehouse has acceptably filled were the Rountree houses, on Pacific Avenue, between Scott and Devisadero Streets; and Albert Gallatin's home on Jackson and Scott Streets. Mr. Morehouse has also the contract for the Otis Building, on Sansome Street, in which he is using the Building. He is also doing the plastering for the Bostwick Steel Lath, which was used in the Telephone Samuel Sach's Building, on Geary Street.

PAINTING AND GLASSWORK.

Hopps & Sons. whose name is a synonym for excellence in their line, did the painting and glazing for the building, to the thorough satisfaction of the Company. The firm is the oldest in the business in San Francisco, and Mr. Hopps, who founded it in 1850, was a pioneer. The sign has been at 429 Pine Street longer than some who have grown to man's estate can remember, and they have had the contracts for the painting and glass work of some of the largest and finest buildings in the city. The firm has been the leader in novelties in sign painting, and has raised this business to a quite artistic point. New ideas have been used, and at a cost that did not exceed what the hackneyed styles called for. Hopps & Sons undertake only a first-class line of work, and, probably, for that reason they have taken their place as the foremost painters and signmakers in the West. Their work is not confined to San Francisco; in the interior are many examples of their handiwork.

THE MOTIVE POWER.

The Company have installed in their engine-room a high speed McIntosh & Seymour engine, which drives a dynamo capable of running 500 incandescent lights. This engine is a revelation in steam engineering, for besides being handsome in design and finish, it does its work so smoothly and noiselessly that it is apparently doing no work at all. It appears that this style of engine is rapidly meeting public favor, and a number of them have recently been placed in buildings and electric light stations for power purposes. These engines are made at Auburn, N. Y., by the McIntosh & Seymour Co., whose Pacific Coast representatives are Messrs. Rix & Birrell, engineers, at 38 to 44 Fremont Street, San Francisco.

RAPID SAFETY FILTERS.

Among the many conveniences that the Company has placed in the Building are six Rapid Safety Filters. In the condition of our water, these would appear to be a necessity, and they certainly are. Such has been the demand for these filters that the Company has had to enlarge its works, and is now prepared to place them in residences at a rental of $1.50 a month, which includes fitting and connections with service pipes, and the cleansing of the filters. They are invaluable to San Franciscans, who consume water that is not only unwholesome, but positively dangerous. The Rapid Safety Filter Company guarantees that by the use of its cheap, serviceable, and ornamental device water will be made pure, sweet, and wholesome. The address is 1209 Market Street.

ELECTRIC BELLS AND SPEAKING TUBES.

The electric bell-work and speaking tubes in the Building was done by the California Electrical Works, of 35 Market Street. Owing to the solid construction of the building with iron, the speaking tubes were put in with many disadvantages, but all such obstacles are surmounted by this Company, which is the pioneer in this kind of work in this city. This institution was started in 1868, by Geo. S. Ladd and others, who were also the organizers of the Telephone Company in California.

SAN FRANCISCO TOOL COMPANY.

The two sixty-five horse power boilers shown in the cut were made by the Babcock & Wilcox Co., of New York, and furnished by the San Francisco Tool Company, their Pacific Coast agents. These boilers enjoy a reputation equaled by none in the United States, and their selection for the Telephone Building is a certificate of their reputation for economy of fuel and absolute safety. The San Francisco Tool Company make a specialty also of engines, centrifugal pumps, machine tools, water gates, water meters, etc. Send for their catalogues.

THE PAVING.

The Telephone Company is to be congratulated on its wisdom in paving with Goodman's Artificial Stone. This splendid paving material has displaced the wooden and other sidewalks in the city, and is certainly the very best material for this purpose that has ever been offered in San Francisco. Charles Goodman, the patentee and manufacturer of the Artificial Stone, 307 Montgomery Street, is the pioneer in this business, and has been remarkably successful with it. The Artificial Stone is the best material for paving that has yet been invented, and its use in the city has done more give San Francisco a metropolitan appearance than almost any other factor.

SOME OF THE TENANTS.

GENERAL J. H. DICKINSON.

With his well-known shrewdness, General J. H. Dickinson at once recognized the value of the structure as an office building, and early secured a splendid suite of rooms in which to conduct his large and remunerative law business. He chose rooms 36, 37, 38, and 39, and has furnished them in a handsome and comfortable manner. For years General Dickinson has been recognized as one of the leaders of the San Francisco bar; his business, which is principally office, is extensive and valuable; there and in court he has been connected with many of the largest cases in the law history of California. General Dickinson has served two terms as a State Senator, and some of the best laws in the statute book of California were framed by him. He enjoys the confidence of the community, and is Brigadier-General of the National Guard, to which he was appointed by Governor Markham; for eleven years he was Colonel of the First Regiment. He is also President of the Pacific Yacht Club. Among the business houses for which he is adviser are the H. S. Crocker Company, Sanborn, Vail & Co., Hall's Safe and Lock Company, and others.

O. W. NORDWELL, TAILOR.

Among the merchant and manufacturing tailors of this city, none enjoys a better reputation than O. W. Nordwell, who for many years has made clothes for the best dressed men in town. "A Nordwell suit" is unmistakable, and the maker never loses a customer. It has been the opinion of Mr. Nordwell that to fit a coat to a man's back requires as much artistic ability as any other line of endeavor, and that the position of the cutter is not second in importance to that of the fitter. For this reason, among others, he has been successful in his business. Nordwell is in touch with the originators of styles in the East, and a suit of clothes that leaves his hands to-day is the fashion in New York, Paris, and London. There are no last year's styles in his fashion plates, and his name on a garment is a guaranty of the excellence of the workmanship and quality of the material. Nordwell has occupied the premises at 218 Bush Street for many years, and his business is second to that of no other tailor in the city.

CURRY & BOHAN, TAILORS.

This firm has been doing business as high-class merchant tailors at 214 Bush Street, in the Telephone Building, for the last two and a half years. The firm is composed of Edward J. Curry, cutter for the late J. H. Tobin, and John Bohan. Shortly after moving in, the Mercantile Library disposed of the property to the Telephone Company, who decided to make extensive alterations which lasted almost up to date,

thus being a considerable source of annoyance. Notwithstanding this, customers recognized the fact that fine work was done and high-class goods only were carried in stock by Curry & Bohan and they did not desert them, but have stuck to them right along. The store has recently been renovated and painted throughout, and a new and large stock of the latest and most fashionable goods have been imported. Under such circumstances the business of this firm must continue to increase.

FRED. H. DEAKIN.

Offices numbers 32 and 33 are occupied by Mr. Fred. H. Deakin, formerly of Yokohama, Japan, and of late Vice-President of the Bank of Northern California, Redding, Shasta County. The fittings of these offices are largely taken from Mr. Deakin's private collection of paintings and art curios making the rooms both unique and beautiful. Conspicuous among them is a painting by Detti, considered the finest on the Coast. Mr. Deakin's business at present is disposing of his large tract of 50,000 acres of sugar pine timber lands in Butte County, as well as dealing in Northern California investments and city real estate.

THE PACIFIC PATENT PLASTER COMPANY.

The right to manufacture Fitzgerald's Patent Wall Plastering Compounds is controlled by the Pacific Patent Plaster Company. They are being extensively used in the construction of the World's Fair Buildings, at Chicago, and are highly endorsed by architects and builders in the Eastern States. The Company has constructed extensive works for the manufacture of these compounds, and also of plaster of paris, which enters largely into the compositions, and is now placing the product on the market.

THE NEVADA GYPSUM AND FERTILIZER COMPANY

Is organized to promote the reclamation of lands, at present useless and arid, from the presence of black alkali in the soil by *means of land plaster*. The results of its application during the past season in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys have proved its immense value for this purpose. This Company controls large deposits of gypsum in the States of Nevada and California, and will manufacture at their factory at Rodeo, Contra Costa County, all kinds of fertilizers.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—What is it that constitutes distinction in a novel? There is a quality in some books that is not style nor form which yet relieves them from the commonplace. Neither plot nor character have to do with it, for I have found it in stories that were mere psychological studies, and in others which recited only incidents. It is neither reserve nor freedom; sentiment nor seriousness. It is independent of brevity, for it is met with in the most prolix of novels as well as in the shortest of tales. Sometimes I have defined it as refinement, the subtle quality we call delicacy; again it proceeds from a flavor of originality that may yet lack force. Perhaps it is the essence of a rare individuality. Yet in two books by the same author but one may possess it. It is an intangible grace, a species of coherence, a fusion of fine qualities that the mind fails to separate.

One would never apply the term to novels by Balzac or Hugo. They partake of the epic. These authors understood humanity as a whole; they wrote of types, not of phases. Distinction is a quality that one finds in books of the second class. "John Inglesant" was full of it. I found it in "The First Violin." It distinguished "Mr. Isaacs" and "The Witch of Prague." There is a touch of it running through Stevenson. "Ollala," "Will o' the Mill," "The Sieur de Malvoise's Door"—all have it. It was one of the most delightful qualities of Nathaniel Hawthorne. One finds it in Daudet's shorter stories, in a few of Coppé's sketches. It lived in "Amaryllis," in "The Chief Justice," by Franzos. That dainty little book, "Pastels in Prose," is full of distinction, and I think you will agree with me that in some of those charming sketches of Bunner's "Short Sixes" it certainly exists. It is so many years since I read "Reata," first published as a serial in "Blackwood's" that I recall only the charm, the mere outline of the plot. But there lingers in my memory the fascinating strength of the heroine, who, reared in the primeval forests of Mexico, brought to her Austrian home a charming originality. The book had a pronounced distinction and made the fame of E. Gerard, the name on the title page. Its success developed the fact that this was not a single individual, but two sisters. Several books have since proceeded from them, but the collaboration is now closed, for Miss E. Gerard is dead.

Built on familiar lines, full of detail that the Gerards are fond of, is "A Queen of Curds and Cream," written by the surviving sister. The influence of the other is made manifest. She evidently supplied refinement, form, manner—the distinctive element. There is the material in this new book but it needs pruning sadly. The plot is not overwrought, but is ill-conceived. The heroine is a heroic figure while she lives in Glockenau. There, the environment is in harmony with the fine strength of her character, with the superb lines of her figure. Her love for Sir Gilbert is tinged with the romance of the mountains and pine forests. What a charming frame for sentiment, this Marienhoff in the midst of its orchards and flower beds, the old church in the distance, and the quiet rivers flowing between low, grassy banks beneath its walls. That Sir Gilbert should lose his heart to this splendid creature so full of independence and vitality, so magnificently tall and strong and defiant, is but natural. It is the embroglio, however, that is inartistic. Transplanted to England, Countess Ulrica becomes an oddity in place of an original. It is only a first-class talent that can change an environment and still keep characters in proper perspective. The handsome woman in gorgeous gowns, surrounded by trains of lovers, flirting with ambassadors and listening to worldly counsels from elderly and wicked noblemen, is not the Ulrica of Glockenau. She is out of focus. Otherwise the story maintains a certain level of interest. The style is luxuriant, verbose, lacking in the quality of definiteness.

"Stories and Interludes" introduces to the American reader a young Englishman named Barry Pain. To his manner and thought some notice has recently been attracted by London critical journals. His literary tone is pitched in a minor key; the "note of sadness" of latter day cynicism throbs through his style. He is artistic rather than strong, but he has sentiment and a certain grace of expression that, cultivated, should produce results. A curious theme the first story, "The Glass of Supreme Moments." A young collegian who unconsciously has overstrained himself in a race, sees, in a vision, the face of Death. She comes to him in a rare guise—that of a tall woman with dark hair and scarlet lips, and eyes full of the passion that fascinates and forces forgetfulness. In a glass she shows him the supreme moments in the lives of his friends. It is athletic victory for one; for another, a second of spiritual exaltation; for a third, the completion of a novel. For him it is love of this strange, tall woman whom he dies kissing. About "Jadis" there is the charm of suggestion. It is a brief sketch—an episode in the life of an artist, with just that blending of poetic description, sentiment and characterization that gives to French stories their charm. It should be called "What Might Have Been." The best work in the book, and the most promising, is the series of tales "White Nights." Some of these are really beautiful—delicate, sad as a nocturne by Chopin, poetic, graceful. One little story, "The Captive," is a pastel in prose—exquisitely delicate. Through them are charming, descriptive passages, bits of landscape that blend into the twilight atmosphere of the incident. So dreamy, unreal, original are these "White Nights" one longs to have them made indefinite.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Queen of Curds and Cream," by Dorathea Gerard. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Stories and Interludes," by Barry Pain. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Albert Savarus," by Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

—THE—

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Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains, daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, June 18, 1892.

THE OFFICE-HOLDERS' CANDIDATE.

The many signs of Republican defeat this year will not be obliterated by the renomination of Benjamin Harrison. It is true, as his adherents say, that his administration has been "safe" and "clean," but without Blaine in the Cabinet it would have been the most commonplace of the century. Harrison may be a "safe" man—for "safe," in the lexicon of the average Republican editor, is synonymous with mediocrity, if not imbecility; but he is not a President who will arouse the pride of any American, or challenge the respect or admiration of any foreigner. Harrison, it may truthfully be said, is the first President for half a century who is distinctively the candidate of the office-holders. In the Convention which nominated him there were 140 delegates who have received office at his hands. They voted for him to a man. Of the 535 votes cast for him, 266 were from States that have not given a Republican majority for fifteen years, and in which the delegations are entirely under the control of the office-holders. He could not have been renominated without these 266 votes.

In this campaign, therefore, Harrison may justly be said to stand, not for the system called Protection, nor for the system called Reciprocity, nor for any other system or political creed, but as the chosen leader of 100,000 fat and contented office-holders, who anxiously desire to continue in their comfortable places.

The votes necessary to elect Harrison are not in the country at the present time. The reiterated war cry, "A safe, clean and conservative administration," cannot be used in these enlightened days to cover up this gigantic conspiracy of the bread-and-butter brigade to remain in office another four years. The 1,000,000 men who want those offices will vote against Harrison, and in November he will be relegated to the limbo of all politicians who insist on hogging everything in sight—oblivion.

The people of this State will watch with considerable interest the doings of the Democratic delegation to the National Convention, and it is just possible that some of our badge-bedecked representatives are making their last appearance before the public. The sentiment of California is overwhelmingly in favor of Cleveland; as plainly as if they had been instructed by resolution, the delegates were informed that they must vote for him; the wavering were called upon to declare their preferences, and none but those who had expressed themselves in his favor were sent to Chicago. There was no desire to send bound and gagged delegates to the Convention; the purpose was, however, to elect only such men as were known to favor Cleveland's candidacy. If they fail to carry out the wishes of the people of the State, they will be asked to take a back place in the politics of California, and the sun of their present glory will have a sudden and lasting eclipse. California won no honor at Minneapolis; its delegation, in which were too many men anxious to bear the burdens of office and desirous of carrying the batons of leaders, divided against itself, and went to the seat of war like so many Hessians, ready to fight under as many banners as there were commissary wagons; State prestige was lost, and in the fight for the loaves and fishes, the delegation attracted the attention that is given to a hearse newly delivered of its fruit. To the Democracy has fallen the chance of redeeming California; if the delegation can nominate Cleveland, good! if it can do nothing but howl, in Heaven's name let it do that in unison.

THE PERILS OF THE CLUB.

In last week's issue, my erudite but ironical correspondent, Mr. Arthur McEwen, mounting a steed of uncommon size and strength, and couching a lance of wondrous length, tilted, like another Don Quixote, at the clubs. The article attracted attention, as does all of Mr. McEwen's writing, and some communications have reached me, in which I am informed there is another side to the question. Truly, there are clubs and clubs; and intellect is not any more likely to be smothered in a social organization than is the social instinct in an association of athletes.

Mr. McEwen convicts the club of robbing its members of genius on less evidence than that great demonstrator of jurisimprudence, Judge Murphy, would find a defendant guilty of robbing a drunken complainant. The plaintiff was intoxicated, and had a watch, which he lost; the prisoner was with him when the time-piece disappeared; if the man on trial did not accept the chance of stealing the watch, he was a fool, and San Quentin is as safe a place as Stockton; sentence accordingly. The watch had entered into the trial by the divine right of testimony; but Mr. McEwen would have us accept as proven his mere statement that genius had a place in club-life, and that in a short time it disappeared and was known no more. Any one is at liberty to doubt my correspondent's assertions.

The prime error in the article was the failure to name the clubs. For instance, intellectuality is fostered in the Chat-Chat Club; science is the bulwark of the Geographical and Astronomical Societies, both of which have comfortable quarters; the active brain has exercise at the Press Club; genius is excited by example and made supple by emulation at the Bohemian Club; and the social aspirant who, to be successful, must possess as much genius as is exercised in painting a picture or writing an article on "The Perils of the Club," finds ample scope at the Pacific-Union.

The fact is, the club is necessary, as necessary to the man of genius as to the youth whose only ambition is to have a more marked crease in his trousers' leg than his fellow. The club is the only place where we can escape from our women. Mr. McEwen has made a trade on the whisky excuse: "What a great man Jones would be if he would let liquor alone." He says what a genius he would be if he kept away from the club. If any geniuses had been betrayed by club life, we probably should all have heard of it; my correspondent can probably reckon up those who have been ruined by liquor.

Republican solicitude for the workingman is on the increase, and some of the party editors and speakers, who would not know a mechanic from a pile of lumber, are eagerly demanding that he be protected. The idea is, I presume, that if Mr. Sheep is protected from the wolves outside the fold, they, being inside, will be able to dine sumptuously and quietly off his carcass at their leisure.

* * *

If it is a fact that all the ice-makers in the country will oppose Harrison, he may as well give up the struggle. They say he is so cold that he ruins their business. Certainly it has been cold in California since he was nominated, and I am told that snow fell on the *Chronicle* Building last Friday.

* * *

It is stated that Generals Clarkson, Platt and Quay, will vote the Republican ticket this year just the same (but probably not as often) as if Blaine had been nominated. Good! I feared that they would want to join the Democracy; their determination to remain with the G. O. P. probably saves them a black-balling.

* * *

That was a strange affair at Chicago the other day—the removal by wind of the roof of the building where Democracy meets in National Convention. It is strange, when it is remembered that few of the delegates were present.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

The San Jose *Herald*, which is never far from the truth, has this to say on an important political matter: "Before Whitelaw Reid was nominated for Vice-President of the United States no honorable man who knew the facts ever attempted to defend the infamous methods by which Horace Greeley was defrauded of the great newspaper his genius had created. It may, therefore, be fairly presumed that those who defend them now are not honorable men, or that they do not know the facts."

This appears to me to be about right, consequently it is from the Oakland *Times*: "A Republican contemporary advises the Blaine men to 'keep cool.' The advice is unnecessary. They are keeping cool' and don't you forget it."

THE BUSINESS MAN.

WHY HE RULES THIS REPUBLIC POLITICALLY AND SOCIALLY.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

Amid the thunder of the idiots and the shouting which make the National conventions of the political parties so intellectually stimulating, and contribute so powerfully to cause this Republic to be the wonder, if not the admiration, of the world, the listener, his mind calmed by experience and his ears plugged with cotton, can distinguish a never-silent and always puissant voice demanding that the nomination shall be pleasing to the Business Man. And when the convention hordes, red i' the face and inflamed as to larynx with screaming, have finished what we are pleased, as patriots, to call their deliberations, it is asserted, as his highest claim to popular favor and the Presidency, that the nominee is peculiarly suited to engage the interest, enthusiasm, devotion, influence, and vote of the Business Man.

Wherefore?

Well, on the divinely ordered principle that to him that hath shall be given.

For the Business Man, as we of the United States not only admit but assert with pride, is the highest type of our civilization, and as we are, of course, the most civilized among the nations of the earth, the American Business Man transcends in merit and charm the human flowers of all other gardens.

To him, our topmost citizen, our finest growth, our aristocrat, we accord wealth, social pre-eminence, and that profoundest form of respect—the respect which has envy for its basis. Our society is constructed with reference to the Business Man, who is enthroned on its summit. Science bows to him in the hope of gifts of telescopes and chairs in universities. Art, always and everywhere in plush and buttons, dances attendance in the hope of commissions to fresco his parlors and paint the panels of his dining-room. The press, with a memory of advertisements and a prospect of more that begets gratitude, is his humble servant. Religion kowtows, for he rents pews and enriches the contribution plate. Medicine rubs its hands and bends its back deferentially, for his fees are good. Law lies down before him, a willing mat for his gold-shod feet. Woman smiles and whispers, yes, with alacrity, for he is that most desirable of all created things, known to the chaste as a "good provider."

And if the Business Man thus owns the earth and holds a mortgage on heaven, why should he not be given the first place in the esteem of the politicians?

The Business Man is King of the United States.

He owes his high estate, my child, to his virtues. The Business Man is great because he is good. He keeps the Commandments and rules us because he is more gifted in intellect, as well as superior in morals, to men who follow the professions or work with their hands.

In other and less favored lands this is not so. The Business Man of the tottering despotisms of Europe is down-trodden, presumably because his merits are less than those of his American brother. On the other side of the ocean as well as here he has managed, in spite of all disadvantages, to get hold of most of the money, but he is not highly honored. The lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, the man of science, the soldier, and even the humble artist is the social superior of the Business Man, whose presence in the halls of legislation is felt to be almost as objectionable as in the drawing-room, though this prejudice is giving way, since money cannot be ignored wherever political parties exist. And above the professional men mentioned, as well as over the Business Man, towers on an inaccessible height a class of idle beings whose only distinctive merit is their birth, who despise the Business Man, deeming him a low-minded creature whose only thought is gain and who is oblivious to those fantastic notions of honor which have been handed down from past generations to the nobility. Strange as it may seem, too, this belated aristocracy have succeeded in imposing upon professional men, and even upon the lower orders, their own scorn for the huckster. He is not rated as a gentleman, and gentlemen will not fight duels with him. Throughout Europe he is held in about the same regard as is the unhappy Jew in Russia and Austria. It is conceived that the Business Man, by reason of his occupation and the qualities it brings into activity, and the standard of conduct it creates, is incapable of comprehending the military ideal—the knightly, chivalrous man—which is yet, even in this advanced age, accepted as best by the European mind.

In what scorn these grotesque mediæval prepossessions are held by the American Business Man; with what contempt he views the hold-over aristocracy of Europe, who eye him with such superciliousness, is proved by the difficulty that the nobility experience in inducing the American Business Man to mingle in their society when he goes abroad, and in his repugnance to the marriage of his daughter to the possessor of a title.

Fortunately for mankind we have rejected European example, and made the despised Business Man the greatest and proudest among us. Even our civil service reformers, themselves the most lady-like of our citizens, can imagine no loftier lift for politics than the application to the same of "business methods." Thus would be secured insurance against cheating, lying, bribing, and all sinfulness.

Front Street is our Pantheon, not of dead, but living heroes. In its pure air wickedness expires. First in patriotic impulse, foremost in philanthropy, noblest in aspiration, the resident saints set an example of unselfishness, probity, and high-mindedness that accounts for the eagerness of the politicians to stand well with the Business Man.

Let there go upon Front Street a man known to have corrupted the ballot-box, bought Legislatures, and debauched Courts—these deeds being merely forms of relaxation from his serious work of using the power of monopoly to rob the people—and how will he be received there? Does he not know that the face of the Business Man will be averted, that none will take his blackened hand, and that ostracism must be his portion?

Let a Business Man who so far forgets his station as to buy a jury, in order to avoid a heavy money judgment, appear upon Front Street, and see how surely he will be chilled by the stern frowns of the tenants of the niches of the Pantheon.

Let there go upon Front Street a Business Man who, before failing, prudently made his wife a millionaire and left his creditors to reduce their scale of living, and how forbidding will he find every face.

Front Street is the fountain of purity in private and public life. Those who would reform politics seek the strength of its countenance, and the pulpit and press point the finger of admiration toward it when exhorting common men to live uprightly.

On Front Street there are gathered, as upon a reservation, the men whose eminence and possession of the good things of this world enforce the ever-new lesson that only by the practice of truthfulness, honesty, generosity, trust, and all the maxims which illumine the copy-books of the young can success in life be conquered.

For Front Street is the stamping-ground of the Republic's noblest product, the Business Man.

AN ODE TO POMMERY SEC.

With cautious hand I coax thy cork
That long o'er thee hath been protector;
And as it comes to touch of fork,
Thou bubblest forth, divinest nectar.

Among contemporary peers—
Most insignificant survivals—
Those veterans of the early years,
Are none whom thou dost reckon rivals.

And when to our expectant lips
Thy flavor is communicated,
Thy anthems are our votive sips—
Thy obsequies are celebrated.

Take at our hands this votive psalm,
There's nothing sinister that we know
In dubbing thee, our "Grand Old Cham,"
Divinest wine, O, Pommery Greno!

—*London World.*

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

IT HAS BEEN **WHISPERED** IN SOCIETY CIRCLES THAT

DINMORE'S SOAP

WASHES EVERYTHING **BUT** MORALS AND CONSCIENCE

WIELAND & DINMORE MAKE IT S. F.

HAVE YOUR SERVANTS GET IT

THE MUMMERS.

THE OLD AND NEW CIRCUS.

The circus is in our midst again, and the air is filled with sawdust; the odor of roasted peanuts, the pungent, far-reaching aroma of paraffine, and the almost palpable collection of menagerie smells make an aromatic combination that freights the wind in his wanderings from Eighth and Market to Pacific Heights. This circus is as it was of yore; the same beautiful lady tiptoes her way around the ring on the back of a prancing steed; the clown makes jokes, and then "tumbles to them" himself; the Prince of Equestrians drives innumerable untamed horses around the course, and the spectators are importuned to buy tickets for the concert that "tykes plyce ownly ten mynutes awfter the show hes clowsed." Physical force is not employed to make you attend the concert Aside from this convocation of music venders, the near-sighted man who attends the circus has not a friend. To a person who is a lover of equestrianism, juggling, sleight-of-hand, vaulting, ground and lofty tumbling, and a hundred and one etceteras that may be enjoyed under the spreading canvas of the circus-tent, there is much to be seen for a dollar. But it is more than probable that this wealth of attraction causes a paucity of satisfaction. So many of our citizens are after everything in sight that the idea that while they are watching Mademoisel'e Pirouette dance the hu'a-hula between the ears of an Arabian steed, something else of an equally entertaining nature may be going on in a ring a hundred yards away, and which the intervention of a discolored atmosphere may hide from their hungry eyes, is so exceedingly distasteful that what is seen loses the power of giving pleasure.

The old circus is best, that old one tent affair, dearer to our memories than the Oaken Bucket, whose unstable and flapping walls hid the paradise of boyhood's dreams.

When the trick elephant stood on his head in the ring and played the concertina with his trunk, the mind was not distracted by a four-round prize-fight between a cinnamon bear and a small gingery man, nor were a band of unwinged maidens floating through the air at the precipitous end of an overstrained rope. The old circus was best—the jokes were fresher then, and when the gay colored and heaven-gone clown was emptying his lungs in arousing you to laughter, his gentle enterprise was not nipped in the larynx by the ungagged efforts of the ringmaster to bellow out of a walk an animated clothes horse. You didn't see so much in the old circus, but you enjoyed it more; it thrilled you with a myriad of ambitions. Your lofty nature scorned the hum-drum of ordinary life. You knew you could serve God and your fellow-man better by carrying water to the elephant than by conning lessons in the drowsy school-room. You had undefined longings toward Mlle. Pirouette; you didn't know exactly what they meant, but they finally resolved themselves into a great desire to just hold her hand. Some day you knew you should claim the applause of the world by moving around the sawdust track on your hands, your feet keeping time to the band of trombone and big bass drum. Yes, the old circus was best. This show of Sells Brothers is pretty good, and if you want to take a glance back down the long vista of years to boyhood's days, you should go and see it.——

An unusual amount of interest is manifested in Francis Wilson's second comic opera production at the Baldwin Theatre, which is announced for Monday night.

The demand for seats has been great for the first night of the "Lion Tamer." This opera has not been played outside of New York, where it had a marvelous run. It is a comic opera, with scenes and incidents pertaining to circus life in France, and an opportunity of witnessing all the events that take place "under the canvas" will be given to all. Mr. Wilson has a character quite different from that in which he has delighted so many in the past few weeks. Additional interest will be taken in the production because of the appearance of Alfred Wilkie, who has been engaged to play the "Ring Master." If the part is a good one, Mr. Wilkie will make a hit.——

Another play illustrative of the excellence of stage management will be presented at the Bush Street Theatre next week, Scott Marble's dramatic picture of police life, "The Police Patrol." A murder early in the piece gives the note to the play, which shows the method used by the detectives of metropolitan cities in tracing out crimes. It is expected that the police of Oakland and San Francisco will attend in a body to get some hints of dealing with the men who robbed Judson's employees of their wages. An interesting scene is the interior of the police patrol house, showing the rapidity with which the "wagon" responds to an alarm. The play will run but one week.——

The Manager of the "Natural Gas" Company has avoided any possibility of dull moments in the performance of this piece, by engaging none but talented actors and actresses as members of this Company. The smallest characters in the piece will be played by people of known ability. There will be no vacant spots this year in "Natural Gas." Donnelly and Girard will appear at the California Theatre on Monday evening.——

A LETTER-WRITING PEOPLE.

The quantity of stationery used every week in this city must be enormous if one is to judge by the number of people seen buying the latest styles in the store of Sanborn, Vail & Co. True, it is not all for immediate use, as much of the fashionable paper that is being purchased now will be taken to the seaside and summer resorts for consumption there. But the quantities of stationery sold by this firm in the past few months warrants the statement that the people of San Francisco are letter-writers.

Among the new features this week is a large assortment of beautiful purses, silver mounted, in seal, crocodile, and lizard skin, suitable for ladies and gentlemen. The styles are unique, and the purses are odd and pretty. They harmonize exquisitely with the card cases, which are "companion pieces" to them. In plain leather purses and card cases, the styles are very pretty and serviceable.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y

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AL HAYMAN & Co.....Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER.....Manager

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COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 20.

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And his COMIC OPERA CO. First production here of Mr. Wilson's Latest Comic Opera Success

THE LION TAMER

Exactly as presented 125 nights at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

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The Police Patrol

NEXT WEEK, JUNE 27th

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Wild, whirling, delirious excitement! Wild Sioux Indian braves! Wild cowboys from the plains! Wild Western characters! Wild Mexican Rough Riders. Wild scouts and guides! Wild horses from the prairies! Wild scenes from the frontier! Wild plunges into the water! Wild rushing rivers! Four acts of wild realism.

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JAMES I. TAYLOR, Camp Taylor.

THE WEDDING GIFT OF MONA TRAVATI.

When John Dunbar had "done" Europe three or four times with his fellow-clubman and old friend, a strange thing happened to him.

He fell in love.

Not reasonably at all nor with any system, but insanely, madly. The woman was worth but a passing fancy. She had been the mistress of a fabulously rich Italian count who had been killed in a duel. After his death, much to the disappointment and astonishment of the lady, she had been left with a bare pittance and the house which he had given her. It was impossible to lead a secluded, highly-respectable life in Rome on her yearly income; her mirror told her she was still young and very beautiful, so she sold her house and took her maid and herself to Naples, where she met Jack Dunbar.

Her story had floated along with her, consequently at every turn, eager, curious eyes followed her movements, and while outwardly despising and ignoring her, the women inwardly acknowledged her superior charms and taste, and copied her gowns, her bonnets her talk, her walk.

On arriving at Naples, Mona Travati had taken a tiny gem of a house, exquisitely furnished, and overlooking the bay. It was a very costly experiment, but after mature deliberation she decided to risk it. Not many days had elapsed before she found out who was at Naples, and on what men her charms could be most effective. They were mostly old acquaintances who had dined at her table and said impudent things in her drawing-room. Dunbar, however, she had never met. He was very *blasé* and cynical looking, she thought, as she caught sight of him one afternoon; he had never noticed her, but walked on indifferently as she smiled with her wonderful dark eyes into his as he passed. She felt piqued, and resolved that she should know him; if possible, that he should grow to love her.

Now, the one charm left in life for John Dunbar was the collection of rare old pottery, antiques and marbles. Every city had given up some treasure to him, and the collection forwarded to London awaiting shipment was worth a small fortune. Mona found out this propensity. One afternoon, it happened he had been in an old dusty shop where one could find exquisite Etruscan carvings, curious old coins, rare pottery, and sometimes a priceless little painting—Cupid's heads, with the unmistakable genius of Raphael stamped on them. After he had left, she, alone with the talkative old storekeeper, discovered that "the American was each year an excellent customer. He paid well for the gems of Europe. However, one thing which he wanted was unobtainable—a marble statue which was to be sold, and beautiful and rare."

This repeated itself to her mind again and again, until one night, half awake, a happy thought struck her, and she smiled and slept contentedly.

The next morning Jack Dunbar found amid a pile of snowy notes, invitations, bills, etc., a roughly-written, ill-spelled letter, conveying the message that the writer, who was a waiting maid to a beautiful lady, knew where a most wonderful white statue could be bought. It must be seen to know its loveliness; therefore, if the gentleman would meet the writer at a certain place that evening, she would show him the work of art and he could judge for himself.

And so it happened that Dunbar sauntered forth, without hope, to meet the writer of that note. The place named was a lonely spot on the beach, out over the beautiful Naples Bay. The full moon hung high and threw a path of silver over the water; the stars were like golden lamps in the heavens. A woman's form came over the sands; it came up to him and apologized that it should have kept him waiting.

"But the statue—can we see it now; and where is it?" he asked impatiently.

"It belongs to a lady whose house is near here," was the reply; "she will sell it, but to-night you can only see it; to-morrow, if it please you, you may come and see its owner. Follow me; it is in these gardens; you must not go too near—she herself is in the gardens and would be angry if she knew I had a stranger here."

He followed the woman along the edge of the water; the air was filled with the scent of rose leaves and jasmine. Then, pausing, she held aside the overhanging branches, and Jack Dunbar looked and saw gleaming in the moonlight a woman standing with a white drapery drawn around her head, hiding her face—that was all. Her close-clinging draperies, held up with one hand, showed her tiny feet, the dimpled knees, the exquisitely-moulded limbs. How long he gazed he never knew until, touched by the woman, he started back, asked her address, and said he would return on the morrow.

At noon the next day he found himself in the delicious cool of Mona Travati's garden. The statue was gone; he sent up his card and waited in the dim twilight of a dainty room, where the floor was of marble, and a silver basin caught the drip, drip of a musical fountain.

Mona Travati came down; the white clinging silk she wore reminded him of the statue; her feet were thrust into jeweled slippers and a mass of golden hair was caught up and held by a diamond-hilted dagger.

He was entranced. She talked of art and music, touched lightly on the affairs of state, the latest society scandal, the newest books—talked brilliantly, charmingly, with a loveliness of her own that rendered him almost speechless. Then, ordering luncheon, she insisted on his staying, saying there was time enough afterwards to talk business.

She was so lonely in Naples. Of course he had heard her story. She had been very poor and young, and poverty was a dreadful thing when one loved luxury. She was glad the Count was dead, and now she looked forward to the long years alone.

Here she sighed, and her bewitching eyes gazed into futurity.

Finally, luncheon over, Mona arose, and said:

"The statue is in my own boudoir. If you will follow my maid when I send for you, you may see it again for yourself."

In a few moments the woman came and motioned Dunbar to follow her. At the silken hangings she left him, and, pulling aside the portière, he entered the boudoir. For the first few moments the softened light hid everything as beneath a veil. Then, looking around, he saw in the far corner the same beautiful statue, with covered head and clinging drapery. He went nearer and touched the exquisite arm. It was warm beneath his touch, as no marble had ever been, and then, to his amazement, he saw that the bosom rose and fell.

"Mona!" he cried, tearing aside the veil until her golden hair fell over her faultless shoulders, and the statue turned its dewy eyes upon him.

As a result of his inspection Jack Dunbar bought the statue—at least he paid all its bills for almost a year, and traveled with it all over Italy and southern France.

Two years after this he married Gertrude Banks of Murray Hill, and among the wedding gifts came one from Rome—a statuette of a veiled woman with clinging draperies. It had no name, but he knew and expressed more regret and surprise than he felt when it was found one morning broken into a hundred pieces.—*Town Topics.*

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Yellow, in all its brightest shades, is to be the color of colors this summer, and certainly for an effective shading on black, dark green, or blue, nothing could be more satisfactory. Yet this one color, possibly more than any other, must be used sparingly in combinations, else all good results are lost. A dark blue India silk, with design in small yellow blossoms, has a few lines of yellow bengaline showing in the many folds of a deep Directoire girdle, and a deep fall of the bengaline droops from the collar to the top of the girdle. Silk shirtwaists in canary shades are to be much worn with black or dark-blue serge suits, and, to be very "swagger," a bunch of yellow blossoms should be pinned to the lapel of your coat.

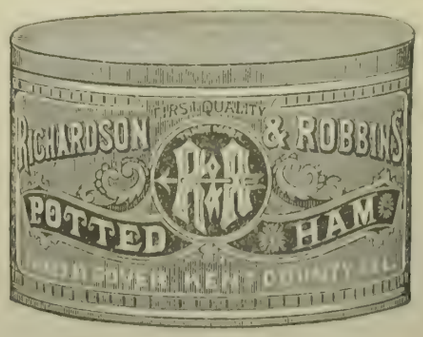
* * *

A stylish dress of black "sacking" (the new English wool material), has a short double-breasted jacket worn over a black silk waist having narrow yellow satin stripes. A black chip hat, with wide rolling brim, has a crown suggested by a folded band of wide yellow ribbon; on the left side three high black ostrich tips are held in place by a large bow of black ribbon and a small gold buckle. The brim is faced with heavy black lace, and five small yellow roses are placed on the right side next the hair.

* * *

Fashion has been unusually kind this season regarding our riding habits. Possibly we are in a measure indebted to the crusade in favor of divided skirts, and though it could scarcely be called a success, it has not been without good results, for I believe our present fair style is the compromise. Good, substantial tweeds and serges will take the place of fine cloth so long used for the purpose, and so susceptible to dust; and some daring girls have even gone so far as to have chosen their material in dust color, in place of the time-honored dark blue, green, brown, and black, and the effect has been very satisfactory.

The shape of the skirt does not vary much



THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO.

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

from that worn for two years past, short and tight fitting, but the new waists are quite a departure. They are called by the tailors who make them "round coats." These are usually double breasted, and have a bright vest of either red or blue cloth, or, what is still prettier, piqué, with small colored dots. A high linen collar with a smart little tie is to be worn with this. For country wear round waists of silk or cheviot take the place of the heavier jackets, and a rough straw sailor hat is preferred to a silk or Derby; heavy tan gloves are good form, and leather belts are worn with the skirt waists.

Little girls' habits are made with Norfolk jackets with the three usual box plaits in the back and the same number in front, and have a narrow belt of the same material; straw sailor hats are also worn with these habits.

* * *

Tennis gowns will not vary in style in any great degree from those of last year, though belts, being almost indespensable to this particular costume, will, this season, be made one of the features. One very handsome tennis gown is of cream white camel's hair; the skirt is plain and has a narrow band of Russian embroidery in blue and gold on the very edge; the round waist has two huge reveres that fall out over the sleeves and extend back over the shoulders, giving the effect of a stiff narrow cape. These reveres disclose a narrow yoke and standing collar of the embroidery, and the sleeves have deep cuffs extending almost to the elbow; these are also finished by the embroidery. The belt worn with this gown is of gold wire and Russian enamel. A soft white felt hat with high crown and drooping brim gives it a finish.

* * *

The table service of the hour is severity and elegance itself, white and gold, or white and silver China having taken the place of the brightly-decorated wares that for so long have held place. White China, with narrow Greek fret design about the edge in silver, is a favorite as well as the plain ware that boasts only the owner's monogram for decoration. The glassware, of course, should correspond with the China service it is to be used with, having the same design engraved, and gilded or silvered, as the case may be. Flowers, of course, with this new fad are a necessity, since they give the only color to an otherwise sombre table.

MME. X.

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SAN FRANCISCO

MUSIC.

LOCAL SINGING.

The distinguishing fact about our singing is its quantity. Nothing can dim the lustre of its plenty. It wouldn't be surprising if the united efforts of the combined singing forces of the city were heard in Chicago in making single tones with a will and all together. There's not a doubt that in blowing their own trumpets it's but a poor vocalist who could not easily be heard in Paris, London, and Berlin. Whitman's "barbaric yawp" would fall to a mere breath exhalation in comparison with our champion vocal trumpeters' efforts, if they put their minds to it. But it's doubtful if ever these sound spendthrifts could be brought together for any purpose whatsoever, excepting the delights of taking up the pure delights of a backbiting chorus. We have an army of solo singers in our midst. Our composers have not done their duty by the assemblage of vocal talent, nothing but an opera with a couple of hundred solo parts would assuage the artistic rage of this multitude to appear in public. Seeing how far the aims of our creative artists are from the debasing standards of mere money-making work, it would do no harm to put into notes something less soaring, more fitted to the large, generous, normal ear than the usual poetics we are indulged with.

Being all soloists, all artists, will account for the otherwise seemingly strange lapse of choral music among our vocalists. A few small societies struggle boldly to change the spirit of the time. Their brows deserve to be crowned with laurels, not bays, the latter might be too suitable and perhaps suggestive. However, the cold shoulder, the cool of the evening, and the cut direct are bestowed unsparingly upon all music for more than one voice. Chorus singing has grown to be a lost art and despised, though to be sure nothing like the splendid overture or vibration of a well-trained body of mixed voices has yet been given us in its place.

In the churches the predilection is all for the solo, a plaintive bleating of choirs is brought to the most unobtrusive point and guaranteed to be heard for the first few rows of pews only. Made up of the pupils of the organist who teaches singing, but would scorn the imputation of ever at any time having studied the art of song, the aggregation of vocal accomplishment is in the average local choir well within what is required of it, that is to say, consistently inadequate for the performance of fine works. Where the mass, the ideal of sacred music, is sung, the chorus is perfectly inept. In the two most imposing Catholic churches, where every prospect pleases, the performance of the music is little less than vile. All the parishioners agree that it is so, but still it howls on from one year's end to the next, with no word or sign of improvement. The situation of the chorus in the Episcopal churches is not fraught with dangers and difficulties, and nothing is done remarkably well.

The Tivoli has occasional moments of aberration, and, without warning, a chorus will be sung with a precision so exact and a volume sufficiently sonorous to bring to mind genuine chorus singing. The soloists at that temple of art hold an enviable reputation. A better average of false singing surely never was struck; many of the perpetrators of vocalism there engaged have not been guilty of training, and are proud and glad of it, too. In our concerts the singing, as a rule, does not give rise to distressing, nervous, exaltation, which is, perhaps, something. Certain it is the villainies of amateur singers in parlors merit a crusade, being the first cause of nervous prostration, emotional insanity, and mental lethargy. Nemesis awaits these evil-doers. Among the public singers there is a large percentage of these who are known as deserving, just what of, their hearers can hardly determine; something humorous, no doubt. First in the van of the deserving come the tenors, with the sopranos close upon them, however. One tenor and two sopranos are the exception. These singing contraltos have the credit of being our best singers. A *passe* tenor, baritone, and soprano, all fond of repeating the successes of half a century ago, still entertain the audiences with music of the English school in its swaddling clothes. Of the numberless voices developing, there are several which promise to redeem the present lack of absolute merit, and give our concerts the grace of excellent artistic singing.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The stagnation to which I referred a few weeks ago was a state of exhilarating activity compared with the present condition of things on the street. While the volume of business is fair, it has been flowing in regular channels, and has not shown the slightest disposition to overflow the banks and liven things up a bit. All of which I regret, for nothing is so instructive to us locals as a bit of a row "down below," but, of course, the present calm can't last, and somebody will start the ball rolling before long.

* * *

I hear that Calvert Meade, "Cal's" former special, who went East a while ago armed with letters galore, is "dickering" with the New Hampshire, and that the latter may pull out of the Eastern agency. This would be a prime connection for Meade, who knows every foot of this Coast "by the taste of the dust," as Gunnison puts it, and, perhaps, after all, would not be a bad thing for Easton & Co. The latter agency has been handicapped by too many companies, at least to my way of thinking. Of course, there is something in taking a company into the fold to keep some other fellow from securing a tool with which to cut into existing connections, but so long as the P. I. U. allows a member only two locals in a town, I fail to see the advantage of a "menagerie." In the present instance, "George" could have written fully as much business with the Springfield, Glens Falls, and, say, the Union, as he did with the entire combination, at less expense, and with more satisfaction to the companies. Although nothing more than a local, and not "onto the curves" of reinsurance reserve and that sort of thing, I want to put myself on record as opposed to "menageries." It don't pay and never can.

* * *

It appears that, after all, the Oregon *has* gone to the Connecticut, at the high-water mark of 55 per cent, one of the highest bids ever made in a re-insurance deal. At this rate the Oregon's surplus will doubtless take a jump to the $120,000 mark and the company will turn over a handsome profit to stockholders. It appears that for some time past, "Ed" Hall has been cutting off the Oregon's outside agencies, until what was left was either cream business in large towns, or Portland city business, both being hard to get together, and worth "big money."

Speaking of the Oregon Companies renews my curiosity to know how in the world Grant keeps the Northwest in the ring. The Company, prior to his connection with it, was know as a stickler for technicalities, and this reputation, alone, was enough to swamp a better-fitted company than the Northwest. Still Grant keeps "pegging away," and I certainly hope that his stockholders may be free from "that tired feeling" that seems so contagious just at present.

* * *

My friend Herold is now the proud possessor of jurisdiction over Montana and Idaho, and will, without doubt, push his agency up a point or two on the list during current year. By the way, I have often pictured to myself the frame of mind of the unfortunate loss claimant who had passed through the hands of reticent "Harry" Boyd and taciturn Peter Outcalt. What a team they would make!

* * *

I am told that Paul Nippert is looking about for larger offices, and that business is coming into his agency in good shape. Field work will tell, and "Otho" has been "hustling" ever since the Fire Association entered the office. I met L. L. Bromwell the other day, looking as "fine as silk" after his Eastern trip, and, of course, eager for the fray. I sympathize with the man who is obliged to wind up the affairs of a company; it's all work and no play, or glory, either, for that matter, but the reward will come when the new firm is under way.

* * *

I quite approve W. H. C. Fowler's resignation of the Secretaryship of the California to take up the active management of the "B. F. & Co." agency. So long as he was connected with the "dear departed," his hands were tied, so far as agency work was concerned, and he showed a proper appreciation of the situation by cutting loose. Good luck attend him! He is succeeded by S. K. Ballard, the company's cashier for many years.

* * *

I wonder what the State Investment's latest move means? Surely that $70,000 trust deed of its home office building to the San Francisco Savings Union was not made for fun, and when a company begins to realize on its assets, there is something the matter. I sincerely trust that the story afloat awhile back, reflecting very severely upon the way the Directors' statements were prepared, was without foundation. At the time I discredited it to such an extent that I did not even record the story, but there is something so peculiar about this last development that I anticipate the future with interest.

* * *

I am sorry to note that the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Pacific has been unable to secure a quorum since its annual meeting in February. So far as I can see, the fault lies in the appointment of a non-resident President, and of a resident presiding officer who possesses all the thrilling magnetism of a large, dead, cold, fish. As a warm admirer of ex-President Lowden, I regret to find the Association running down under his successor. The Prussian National is do well pleased with our Coast business that I quite expected its latest move — the establishment of a marine branch which will be conducted by Theburn, Ashton & Co. I have known, for some time past, that the Company was looking about for a marine man, and have heard one or two names suggested, but they were all high-priced men, and the companies, in the present stage of the game, are not at all fond of "salary arrangements" that come up to Western ideas. I pity the man who takes up the local marine business at present; he has a "hard row to hoe."

LOCAL.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP,	$ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS,	21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS,	8,980,251.00

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Guardian Assurance Co. Sun • Fire • Office

Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Asse - -	$9,031,000
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956,533

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Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

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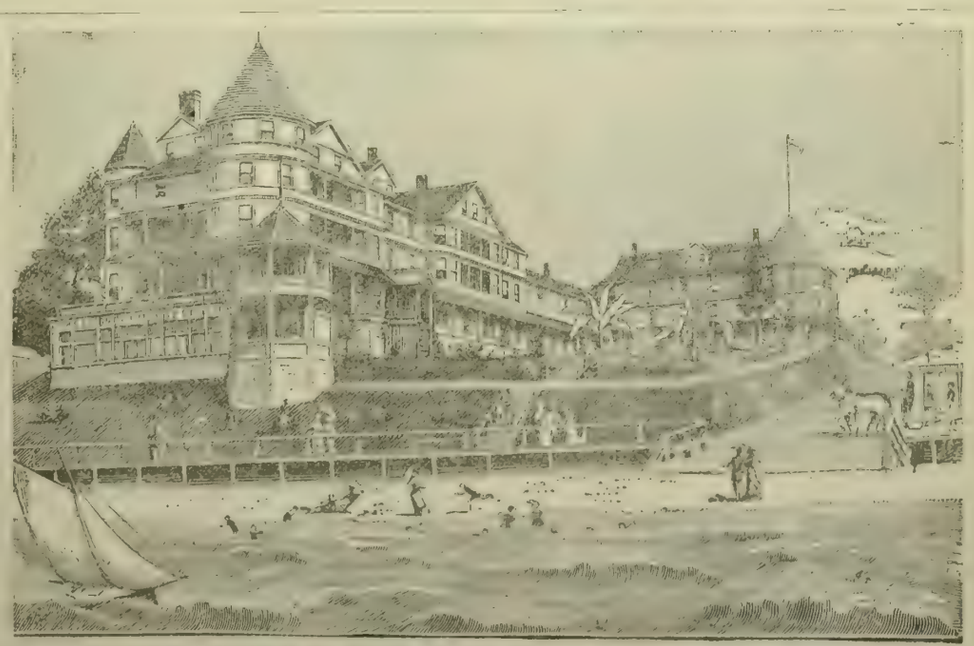

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LAWN TENNIS.

On Sunday afternoon, although there were few players at the courts of the California Tennis Club, an impromptu handicap tournament was arranged, which resulted in some very exciting sets, but, on account of the heavy mist, was not finished. The concluding matches will, in all probability, be played off to-morrow. Following is a complete score of the sets played: In the preliminary match Bradshaw, receiving odds of 30, was defeated by Gray, who was at his best, by a score of 6-2; 6-3. First round O'Connor (scratch) beat Moore (15) 6-5; 1-6; 6-4. On Wednesday last these players met in a match, in which Moore received the same odds. The score reached eleven games all, and as both players were too fatigued to continue, it was, by mutual consent, postponed until a future date. Stetson, of continuous tournament fame, next faced G. V. Gray in what proved to be one of the most evenly contested matches of the day. The handicap, which was carefully arranged by A. B. Wilberforce and Jos. Daily, the courtkeeper, made it a very close match, Stetson receiving odds of half fifteen and two bisques; five all was called by the scorer in each set, but, with the aid of the bisques, Stetson was enabled to carry off a well-earned victory, 7-5; 7-5. In the opinion of every one present Stetson played a wonderful game, and one that would create quite a furor at San Rafael. But this young player will not, it is thought, take part in the championships. Casey, with odds of half thirty, was beaten by A. Carrigan in straight sets, 6-4; 6-4. Field and Code both played from scratch; the match, which was unusually exciting, was won by the former; score, 7-5; 6-1. The only match played in the second round was between Carrigan, with odds of 15, and Field (scratch). Carrigan won a surprisingly clever victory in the first set by 8 games to 6, but in the second his opponent seemed to have everything his own way, the score standing in his favor 3 games to 1, when the rain necessitated a postponement of hostilities. The last match will be finished to-morrow, as will also the match between O'Connor and Stetson, the winners to contest in the final round.

From the form displayed on Sunday last, I would not hesitate in predicting a victory for Stetson, although, should Field succeed in defeating Carrigan he will make matters rather warm for H. C.

Field and Code met previous to the tournament in a match, best two in three sets, for refreshments for the spectators, and also to settle the much-vexed question of supremacy. Matters looked quite blue for Field after the first set, which was captured by Code, 6-0, Field only securing 7 points in the set. Code started off well in the second set, taking the first and second games without an effort. Field captured the third and Code the fourth; the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth games went to Field. Code won the ninth, and Field won game ten and the set, making the score, set all.

In the third and deciding set Field did his best playing, and, although Code made some very clever strokes, his placing was not steady enough to carry him through; he only secured the second, fourth, and eighth games in the set. In a practice match between the same players on the same afternoon Code defeated Field two straight, 6; 4; 6-1. Code will play in the Olympic Club tournament to-morrow forenoon, but in the afternoon will probably tackle Field again at the California Club's courts.

Yates, W. H. Taylor, Jr., Tobin, and the Hoffmans were at San Rafael on Sunday trying their strokes on the courts that will soon be the scene of the annual championship contests.

Taylor and a number of players will go over to San Rafael next week to stay until after the tournament.

Sam Neel, of the Oakland Club, "took a fall" out of C. Hubbard last week by defeating him 7-5. This youngster made a very creditable showing in last year's championship, and, allowing for the improvement he has made since that time, it would not be surprising to see him close up to the finals on July 2d.

Tom Driscoll, the clever left-handed player of the Oakland Club, has returned from a three months' trip to the Orient; his presence in the singles at San Rafael will add materially to the strength of that organization. The soda water manufacturers of Oakland will surely experience a boom now that T. C. F. is again among them.

Miss Mattie Gibbs, the most enthusiastic of San Francisco's lady players, has returned from a very pleasant sojourn in the East; she will take an active part, as usual, in the ladies' singles at San Rafael this year. Miss Morgan has been practicing at the San Rafael courts during the past few weeks in preparation for the September singles.

A strong effort will be made to have Tom Pettitt, the Eastern professional, visit the Coast this coming winter, and special inducements will be offered him to play a series or matches with Joe Daily, the clever professional of the California Tennis Club. The latter is anxious to receive a good drubbing from the Bostonian, and would, if brought in contact with the clever Easterner, try his best to make it interesting for him.

Odds of 10 to 1 are offered against O. Hoffman winning the all-comers event this year, and the Oaklanders are looking everywhere for two to one against Hubbard capturing both events at San Rafael.

THE SCORER.

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Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

Assessment Notice.—Justice Mining Co. Assessment levied May 10th, 15 cents. Delinquent, June 10th. Saleday, June 30th.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Society and Business.

SANTA CRUZ, June 14th. We are still pretty quiet; yet the hotels and cottages are very well filled and the trains bring daily additions to the number, especially on Saturday. It is on the last night of the week that the throng is expected and that it always comes. A young hotel man said to me yesterday "It is always so at the beginning of the season. It takes our people at least ten days after they get here to get over the first feeling of *dolce far niente*," (he didn't say it in Italian) "which is engendered by the quiet life and the salt air. They push the billiard balls about a little bit, they inspect the tennis court and tell me where it might be improved, and they take a brief dip or two in the surf and say they never felt it so cold before. But along towards the end of the second week they make a bold dash for the raft some fine morning and come back and unpack their tennis clothes and rackets, and begin to ask me if it isn't time to be thinking about the opening hop."

The opening hops are being thought of and planned for. At the Sea Beach one occurs on Saturday evening of this week. Sullivan has given two young gentlemen, Messrs. J. Hubert Mee and Joseph A. O'Sullivan, *carte blanche* to make the affair as *recherché* as possible, and even the invitations are to be engraved by a San Francisco house—everything else being likewise of the very latest.

The music at the Sea Beach promises to be a feature this season. Last Sunday evening's sacred concert, given in the hotel parlors, was a delightful affair musically and socially, and Professor Green evidently will keep good the reputation so well earned in Santa Barbara.

Another opening hop is that to be given by Messrs. McCollum & Bilicke, at the Pacific Ocean House, next week, not only as an opening of the season, but in honor of the completion of the very important additions and improvements to the hotel which have really transformed it. A giant carload of handsome furniture for the new third story, and for the Casino at *Vue de l'Eau*, arrived early this week, and is being rapidly placed. The Casino will be opened probably the following week by a grand promenade concert and ball.

While mentioning improvements of interest to the visiting population, I must not forget the large addition to the stable and coach accommodations at the Sea Beach stables. Messrs. Swanton & Fairgrieve are evidently determined to be able to answer all calls, whether for stabling the handsome equipages brought down here, or for livery on hire. They have a very natty new beach rig of oak which has three seats.

Stece Brothers have an entirely new outfit which is far and away the handsomest thing yet brought to Santa Cruz. It is a Kensington of solid oak, finished in the most luxurious fashion and drawn by a span of thoroughbreds which any private stable might envy.

Pretty soon the private turnouts will begin to make Pacific Avenue look lively. Among them there are two handsome additions to J. P. Smith's stables at Sunshine Villa; these are an English dogcart of the most correct build and a most graceful and luxurious phaeton which Mr. Smith presented to his wife on her birthday lately.

Colonel and Mrs. Archibald Yell are guests of the Smiths at Sunshine Villa. A theatre and supper party given by Mrs. Smith the past week to twenty-two guests was a delightful affair.

Mrs. Caroline Colton Martin and her two daughters and Mrs. D. D. Colton leave this week for a two years' stay abroad.

Miss Julia Peyton, who spent the winter in San Francisco and at Mrs. McAllister's beautiful "Miramonte" in San Rafael, has returned to Santa Cruz for the summer and is again seen on the beach. It is to be hoped she will also take to the surf, as she is a most graceful *swimmense*.

Hon. Wm. H. Mills and family have taken the very pretty and commodious Whittle cottage, on Beach Hill, for July. Miss Della Mills, who has just completed her studies, enjoys Santa Cruz very much.

The grading for the new Union depot of the Broad and Narrow Gauge Railway is nearly completed, and the contract for the building has been let to Santa Cruz parties. Work begins the coming week. In connection with this, Center Street is being opened and extended to the depot ground, and the Electric Railway will soon be laid down that street from Walnut Avenue.

An engagement party was given last Sunday evening to celebrate the betrothal of Miss Rosa Weil, niece of the leading merchants, Reuben and Jacob Bernheim, to Mr. A. Rumelsberg, a wealthy young merchant of Napa.

The wedding of Henry Thompson, the well-known basso, and Miss Lottie Dame, a pretty, young Santa Cruz lady, will be celebrated at Calvary Episcopal Church, the coming week, with impressiveness. Bishop Wingfield comes down to assist the rector. There will be six bridesmaids, and Perrie Kewen, of San Francisco, will be best man.

There are a number of June weddings on the tapis, many of them among young people of Calvary Church. A prominent and wealthy young hotel man here seems to be pretty thoroughly under the spell of one of the darkest-eyed beauties of the town, and I can see no reason why the wedding-bells should not ring merrily for them.

Major and Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Agnes McLaughlin, and Miss Anna Waldeyer of Oroville, who is their guest at Golden Gate Villa, returned this week from a trip to Mount Hamilton, whither they went under the guidance of handsome Mayor Rucker, of San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Y. Blaisdell, of Oakland, are in town. Mr. Blaisdell is a son of the ex-Governor of Nevada.

The Santa Cruz Pioneer Society held their annual reunion and barbecue at Capitola this week. Of this organization Mr. F. A. Hilm has been the honored President for many years.

Misses Gabriella Nightingale and Maude Easton, of San Francisco, are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Logan, at Logan Heights. This hospitable home is also the resting place of Mrs. James R. Deane, of San Francisco, on her many journeys to Santa Cruz. Mrs. Deane is Grand President of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society whose beautiful resort Hotel del Mar, at Santa Maria del Mar, will be informally opened next week and will be dedicated with due *eclat* at the convening of the Fifth Grand Council of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society which will adjourn *en masse* from San Francisco to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. James Keeney and Mrs. Wm. Alvord are among late arrivals.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has been a hard one for the public, the bottom seeming apparently to have dropped out of the stock market, the depression especially felt in the lower-priced stocks, those selling below the dollar mark, and these are, as a rule, the ones the average operator deals in, and the cry for more mud each day as they descended, was the rule in all the brokers' offices, and many failing to put up the necessary coin, were sold out, and this helped still more to depress the market.

The first of the week there was a lively demand for the Gold Hill stocks; the manipulators, apparently, having buying orders scattered freely among the brokers. Under free buying, Belcher advanced from 75 to 95 cents, Crown Point from 80 cents to $1.10, Jacket from 80 to 95 cents, and Overman was bought by Schmitt for Morrow's account up to 50 cents. When the market was at these figures, and the prospects looked bright for higher prices, and visions of a deal before the July vacation were in the minds of all, a torpedo was thrown into the Board that scattered the securities and set them on a down grade, being nothing less than the decision by Judge Hunt in the case of Shinn *vs.* Sheehy, in which he decided she could recover money lost in dealing on a margin, and awarded her $600.

Why the mining shares of incorporations should not be allowed to do a credit business in the same way as other business is beyond comprehension, and why a real estate dealer can sell a piece of realty and receive part cash and the balance to be on mortgage, or why the dry goods merchant can sell a bill of goods on ninety days' time, and the same mode be prohibited to the stockbrokers, is beyond my power of analysis.

When the result of the suit was known, and that M. Fox had begun two suits against the Directors of the Crown Point and Belcher mines, making the same charges as in the Hale and Norcross suit, the market broke, and Belcher sold down to 60 cents, Crown Point 70 cents, Yellow Jacket 65 cents, Overman 30 cents, Gould and Curry 85 cents, Ophir $2.10, Con. California and Virginia $3.60, etc. Whether the bottom has been reached is uncertain. Brokers are fighting shy of opening any new accounts or extending their customers' credit, and lower figures will likely prevail.

At one time on Tuesday it looked as though the fight for the control of the Savage was going to begin anew, as the stock advanced from $1.90 to $2.15, mainly on the purchases of Otis, of the Pacific Exchange, buying for Hirshfield, who represents the Hayward-Jones element; he was supplied freely by Gauthier and Ackerman. In the San Francisco Board, several outsiders thought they saw a deal on the tapis, and started to buy, Hooker buying 400, Miles, through Dixon, 500, Marshall 500, and others small lots, until, at the open session, at least 3500 shares of Savage were sold, mainly by the inside, represented by Epstein and Schmitt, and Walls, a free lance and bear, having filled the outsiders, the stock receded to $1.85.

Con. Virginia's report shows 1046 tons extracted, of which 980 tons were worked, at an assay value of $26.44. The ore that remained over at the Eureka Mill (which was destroyed by fire), 178 tons, was worked at the Vivian Mill. Bullion on hand in the assay office about $16,200. Bullion valued at $7306 has been received from the Overman. Product for the month $15,600. The price of silver has advanced, being about 89½ cents per ounce.

A resolution has been introduced in the San Francisco Board to adjourn from Thursday, June 30th, to Tuesday, July 5th. It is thought there will be no objection to the resolution.

Homer King, a member of the San Francisco Exchange, has started for a trip to Alaska.

H. M. Gorman, Superintendent of the Kentuck, is in the city on a visit.

L. S. Rose, an old operator, has been elected a member of the Pacific Exchange in the place of Theo. Lieberman, who is going to Europe.

C. Derby, the mining operator, has returned to Nevada.

The following assessments have been levied: Sierra Nevada, 25 cents per share, Evening Star, 2½ cents, Commonwealth, 10 cents.

Dividends have been declared on the following: San Francisco Gas, 35 cents per share; Oakland Gas, 20 cents; Omnibus Cable, 40 cents; California Street Cable, 50 cents; California Powder, 40 cents; Atlantic Dynamite, 40 cents; State Investment Insurance, 50 cents; Idaho Mine, $2; W. Y. O. D., and Champion, of Grass Valley, each 10 cents; American Sugar, on common stock, 4 per cent, and on preferred, 3½, and Western Union, quarterly, one of 1¼ per cent; the London and San Francisco Bank, semi-annual, at the rate of 6 per cent, and 2¼ per cent has been carried to the reserve fund from the profits since January 1st, which now amounts to $450,000.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light, the strongest demand being for the Powder stock, of which we intimated there would be an advance. Among the transactions were the sale of 4000 Spring Valley Water, 4% Bonds @ 90⅞ @ 90¾; also $10,000 Omnibus Cable Bonds @ 114½.

The following shares were dealt in 305 Safety Nitro @ 11 to 11¼; Vigorit Powder, 185 @ 3⅞ to 3¾; Atlantic Dynamite, 30 @ 46; California Electric Light, 100 @ 15⅝ to 15¾; San Francisco Gas, 70¼ @ 71; Pacific Gas, 26 @ $80; Hawaiian Commercial, 200 @ 2. There was a weak feeling in Spring Valley Water, 160 shares selling @ 97¾, with more offered.

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$55,000!

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Through Line to New York via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—June 15th, S. S. "City of New York," June 25th, S. S. "San Blas," July 5th, S. S. "City of Sydney."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—June 18th, 1892, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Tuesday, June 14 at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Oceanic," Saturday, July 9th at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," Thursday, August 11th, at 3 P. M.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

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LEAVE	FROM JUNE 9, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo, Benicia and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Niles and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	Sunday Excursion Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.36 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, June 16th. DEAR WAVE:—I'm glad you cleared up last week the little innuendo about Frank, for really it was awful the way the girls talked of the preceding letter. I wouldn't for the world have it suggested that our "sissy" had ever harbored a thought of associating with Sam's proteges. Do you think the latter would accept a warning from me? I remember once of a young man, handsomer by far than Sammy, fully as talented, with brighter, because less political, prospects, getting started in the same way and at the same place. Johnny's friends now point with sorrow to the suicide's grave and with wondering eyes we see another of our prides assume the position that the dead man vacated. Take heed, my son, lest the prophecy uttered by the women at Oscar's door may not be verified. But let us turn to the less sombre shades of life. We are all on the *qui vive* for Tuesday's ball. The girls are actually getting new dresses, and even the men are waking up to the occasion. Very swell it is to be, and of the many commoners and would-be's whose names do not adorn the invitation list some are sulking and others imploring the powers that be.

A new joke on the young widower and the quartette of belles is going the rounds. You see the nurse has the horse, phaeton, and the babies, and $120 a month besides. She is also blessed with a daughter, not as giddy, perhaps, but far prettier than either Cora, Mabel, Stella, or Laura. Ambitious as her class usually is, she aims to catch the giddy boy and really, I believe she's going to succeed. Even Mabel, the most persistent of the lot, has lost hope for I have seen her quite often lately in earnest talk with her old lover.

I see that one of Leo's "Shovelry" has brought a damaging suit against one of the "Chivalry." The old gentleman was not in his cups, either, and John Richards says this makes a verdict almost certain, for if Barney and the boys had been plucking him, there would be some excuse for his ill-temper.

I see Mrs. Billy about again—not as of yore, though, because both Mrs. B. D—— and Mrs. Will C—— have dropped her, and she's forced back to her own resources.

Mrs. F. Cain gave a very enjoyable reception last week. These afternoon affairs have been the rage here lately. The reason why, they're so cheap, of course.

Miss Garberino invited a number of Society people to inspect her pupils' work prior to the talented teacher's departure for New York. She deserves well to succeed.

Now we are happy, for Mrs. Syer says we are to have old men at the Pratt Home. Thoughtful, isn't she? Now look out for a first-class scandal. How can it be otherwise with a number of old men, an army of old women, and a few children. I pity the poor matron, and I don't believe she can ever make that Institution run smoothly with such a lot of

BABBLERS.

SACRAMENTO NOTES.

SACRAMENTO, June 14th. DEAR WAVE:—It has been two weeks since you last heard from me, and I suppose that you have been wondering what on earth has happened to your, heretofore, constant corespondent; I have been a victim to that unromantic, but none the less painful, disease known as *mumps;* they have been everywhere, attacking old and young, and sparing neither high nor low; sometimes entire families were stricken; rather ridiculous, but, alas, too true. But now I am myself again, and shall not neglect you another time.

We have lost another one of our girls; Lizzie Dillman was married early in this month to Mr. Charles Bell, of Pasadena; the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Ottmann, at her brother Joe's home, and was witnessed by about fifty of the bride's most intimate friends. I was pleased to learn that the groom had a home ready, something which is most rare these days. the only other instance being Jim P——; that couple are billing and cooing and perfectly content with each other and sufficient unto themselves. No doubt you will be as surprised as I was to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Jack R——are still visiting (?) papa; it is a pleasant home and we can not be hard on a young man for enjoying it; and if she and papa are content why, dear WAVE, you and Nina need not worry, *n'est ce pas?* "Pipie" and J. Frank are once more "friends," as the children say, and both are wreathed in smiles. We have been having a revival here; it is a boon to some of our young men, for they can take a girl, put in the evening, enjoy a stroll, all for the popular sum, nothing. Mansfield has been and gone, and "Jane" was the last attraction. I was fortunate enough to be asked to both performances; the usual contingent of girls was there, accompanied by various members of their respective families or neighborhood. I asked my companion the cause of this, and he explained it thus: If you ask a young lady, two reserved seats, costing $1.50 apiece, are absolutely necessary; if you go alone, or with a party of fellows, you pay $1 and take your chance, thereby saving $2 by the operation, and that is a great deal better than asking some girl, even if she has entertained you repeatedly; if she did not desire your society she would not solicit it; so the girls will either have to stay at home or put up their dollar each, and, perhaps, the men may let them join some of their parties. This is good advice, girls, and I suggest that you follow it, or else make up your own parties, and come in in a line like our Society beaux.

Miss Knox is visiting Blanche Twitchell; she is a dashing, stylish-looking girl; seen together, they remind one of a poppy and a daisy. H Street has been very quiet lately; all the girls between Eighth and Ninth have gone; Mrs. Van is East and Mrs. O—— will not return for some months yet. Mrs. Ainsworth, of Los Angeles, has been visiting Mrs. S——; they make a very attractive pair, for both are good talkers and pleasant to look upon.

This seems to be the season which the San Franciscans select to visit here, and, for what reason, I am at a loss to know, for never is it any duller; but it is just as bad down there, so they come for a change of climate, I suppose, but nothing could be more disagreeable than the weather during this month, so they will not have the dreadful heat to complain of when they return. But, if I keep on, shall have nothing left for my next letter, so, until then, adieu. NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, June 14th. DEAR WAVE:—How intensely stupid the 150 are to permit this lovely, cool month to pass unmarked by any social event of importance. A dinner or garden party seems very far from the average matron's mind at present; the sole thought of Society being "our summer vacation." Half of our Society people do not deserve vacations, considering how little they have entertained this season. Jack says the husbands need all the money they can get to use in the coming election, and the wives are saving in hopes of a trip to the World's Fair—rather poor prospects for entertaining, me thinks.

The Doctor and his wife did give a dinner party last week, but mamma says her manners suffer so in comparison to the Doctor's wife, that the contrast is unpleasantly glaring. I guess mamma's not the only one who feels that way, but then it's well too excel in something, isn't it? The club members seems to be the only ones who are finding enjoyment in life at present. The Whist, Cotton, New England, and Tennis meeting every week or two and indulging in cards, dancing, suppers, or tennis to the satisfaction of all members. I predicted just such a state when these numerous clubs first came into existence. They prevent large gatherings and do away with private parties. I trust this summer will witness an end to many of them. The leading Society matrons haven't taken kindly to the clubs, thank goodness, and have refused to take part in their affairs. I felt very flattered, I assure you, when the proprietor of one of our prosperous daily newspapers asked me whom I considered the leading Society matron of Fresno's 400. He is the one gentleman in town cognizant of Imp's identity—wished me to give my opinion over my *nom de plume*. I was tempted to do so—then second thought made me consider the folly of so doing. There are three or four who are happy in the illusion so why dispel it, thought I. At some future day I may have a sad awakening in store for these four matrons, then you'll be the one to whom I'll whisper my opinion. I believe a Society leader should have some education as well as family, and, above all things, be exclusive, not mix with every and anyone—that's a failing of one or two of our would-be leaders.

I was so pleased over Will Shepherd's nomination for County Clerk. Will is just lovely, and I do hope he is elected. Of course, he merely wants it for the politics in it, as he's already too heavily burdened with the good things of life to care for the money. I heard it said that if he is elected the salary goes to charity. Isn't that lovely? Of course, he will be elected, he's too popular for even a Democrat to defeat.

What is Society coming to when a prominent member of it can say to his wife in a public place, "By —— —— ——, if you don't come home immediately, I'll throw your baggage out of my house, and compel you to live with your chosen friends, etc." Isn't it shocking? When I heard it from an ear witness I could hardly believe it, but people do say things are in an awful state in a certain family here. Of course, some people consider it a choice morsel of gossip, and love to talk about it, but my sensitive nature is always in sympathy with the wife—no matter how she has fallen or what wrong she has done—if her husband is capable of talking to her in *public* in such a brutal manner. A hint to the names of these parties? Well, not at present—possibly later. Yours,

IMP.

ON THE TIBURON BOAT.

The trip on the 5:05 boat to Tiburon is certainly interesting. Looking about one can see "the old boys" of San Francisco, who will always be successful. One sees the pleasant faces of "Tom" Walkington, the grain merchant, whom everybody knows; "Billy" Fisher, the real estate agent, always the centre of a group of good fellows; Bert Sherwood, the wholesale merchant, always accompanied by "Toby," his fine mastiff; "Ned" Greenaway, the leader of the local Four Hundred, with a bundle of papers; D. B. Davidson, Cashier of the Nevada Bank, studying bills of exchange; "Joe" Crockett, President of the San Francisco Gaslight Company, practicing new steps for the next cotillion; W. W. Morrow, United States Judge; James Brett Stokes, the Society athlete; Webster Jones, trying to tell a funny story, and various others; but those mentioned are a queer combination. Only a few years ago they were "the boys;" now, most of them are married and settled down, and are living at the Hotel Rafael and at Belvedere. It is very often that all of them are seen at Belvedere, which has become the place of resort of many of the best known Society people in the State. The number of cottages that have been erected there in the past year is very large, and the many people who have taken up permanent residences there, furnish strong evidence that this place is destined to become a fashionable haunt of the better classes of San Francisco. What a pity it is that Belvedere does not to-day possess an elegant hotel like the Rafael; if it did, all the jolly good fellows would always be together, calling up the past, exchanging pleasantries, and looking to the inevitable future.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Dividend Notice

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, cor Webb; Branch, 1709 Market St., cor 14th. For the half year ending with 30th June, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one fifth (5 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-third (4 1-3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, 1st July, 1892.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, June 17th. DEAR WAVE:—It is just cruel for every one to make fun of Oakland's stupidity and naughtiness, when, in reality, both are produced by the wicked people of your city, who come over here to commit their crimes. They are now saying that we have again beaten the record by producing the most sensational day-light robbery that has ever been perpetrated, but they forget that it was San Francisco people who were robbed, and presumably strangers who committed the crime. Heigh-ho! It is well that something has happened to give us a new topic for conversation, as the various engagements and weddings have grown threadbare. Wasn't it just horrid for Chester Deering to get married and not say a word about the time? Frou-Frou didn't expect such treatment from her old friend and admirer. Fannie Gamble and Mr. Walter Ellis had, in every particular, the swellest wedding of the season. We even managed to keep the people waiting over an hour at the church. I say "we," because I was one of the bride's attendants. You remember, dear, she had sixteen of her most intimate friends to act in that role. They were: Esma Deane, the four de Fremerys, Claire Ralston, Adeline Taylor, Fannie Hunt, Margaret Hunt, Evelyn Sheppard, Margaret Hawes, Helen Hawes, Frances Beaman, Minnie Carrigan, Dottie Collier and Frou-Frou, and the bridesmaids were Fannie's cousins, Jessie Coleman and Edna Dickens. We all were gowned in white, and carried sweet-pea blossoms. Fannie had on a scrumptious wedding gown, and was supremely happy. The groom was charming, (who couldn't be with an income of $3000 a month?) although youthful in looks and actions. The reception that followed was *magnifique* (you see I'm brushing up in my French), the music and *menu* being perfection, as everything always is at the Colemans, and didn't I have a glorious flirtation with Mr. William Ripley, of Boston? You know I always mesmerize the new men, as the old boys are on to my system. Fannie's presents, as have been all the brides', were superb. To-day, at noon, I'm going to the wedding of youthful Sammy Breck and entertaining little Flossie Coffin, and to-morrow, thank Heaven, we are to have a change of scene, as St, Paul's is at last to be deserted, and the marriage of pretty Miss Ruth Dyer and Dr. Augur, will be celebrated within the sacred portals of the Congregational Church. Just imagine how much more beautiful Fannie's wedding would have been in the latter place—it is arranged just like a theatre. Little Ole Vinzent is also to take upon himself the yoke matrimonial.

I'm surprised that Harry Davidson could tear himself away from his Oakland inamorata. He has gone to Montana on a mining expedition, and his charmer is disconsolate. Wonder if there are any gilded palaces of vice in the immediate vicinity where he is to be located?

Came near forgetting to mention the marriage of John Swarb and Hattie Hart. She is quite an heiress.

Isn't it my misfortune to be all ready to go to Castle Crags and have horried old business men spoil all my fun by not allowing the hotel to be opened. I'm so disappointed that I can hardly contain myself. However, there are others in the same boat. Anyway I'm going to visit my Stockton friends for a few days—there are lots of nice beaux up there.

Wasn't that a jolly party that went to the Geysers last week? Harry Houghton, Minnie Houghton, Alice Grimes, and Harry Knowles were the only ones who went from this side. Isn't Alice becoming too awfully swell for words? She scarcely deigns to recognize any of the ordinary, every-day mortals of our 150. This trip presents quite a serious aspect—don't you think so, dear?

Hetty Tubbs Henshaw gave quite a *recherché* luncheon last week, so as to give us girls an opportunity to view all the lovely articles she brought from Europe. One novelty was the dozens of souvenir spoons she picked up. They were almost the only subject of conversation, and then they were "odd," "sweet," "dainty," and "lovely." Dear, there is no use in longer disguising the matter, the art of conversation is a lost one to the Oakland maiden, as I have yet the first time to hear any one of our Society girls express herself clearly and originally. The numerous weddings have been "beautiful," "lovely;" the grooms have been "charming," and the brides "too sweet for anything." More than that I've never heard, nor has Tom.

The W. Letts Olivers are rusticating at the Blue Lakes. Mrs. O—— has kept her word, and never entertained since the people treated her so shamefully.

Do you know, dear, I've at last inveigled a secret out of Andy. He says he don't care for butterflies, so, after all, there wasn't a ghost of a chance for any of the Island party. Andy had better look out for the wiles of FROU-FROU.

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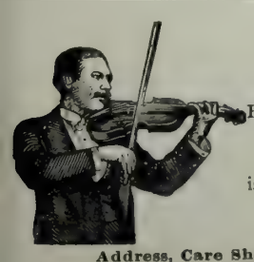

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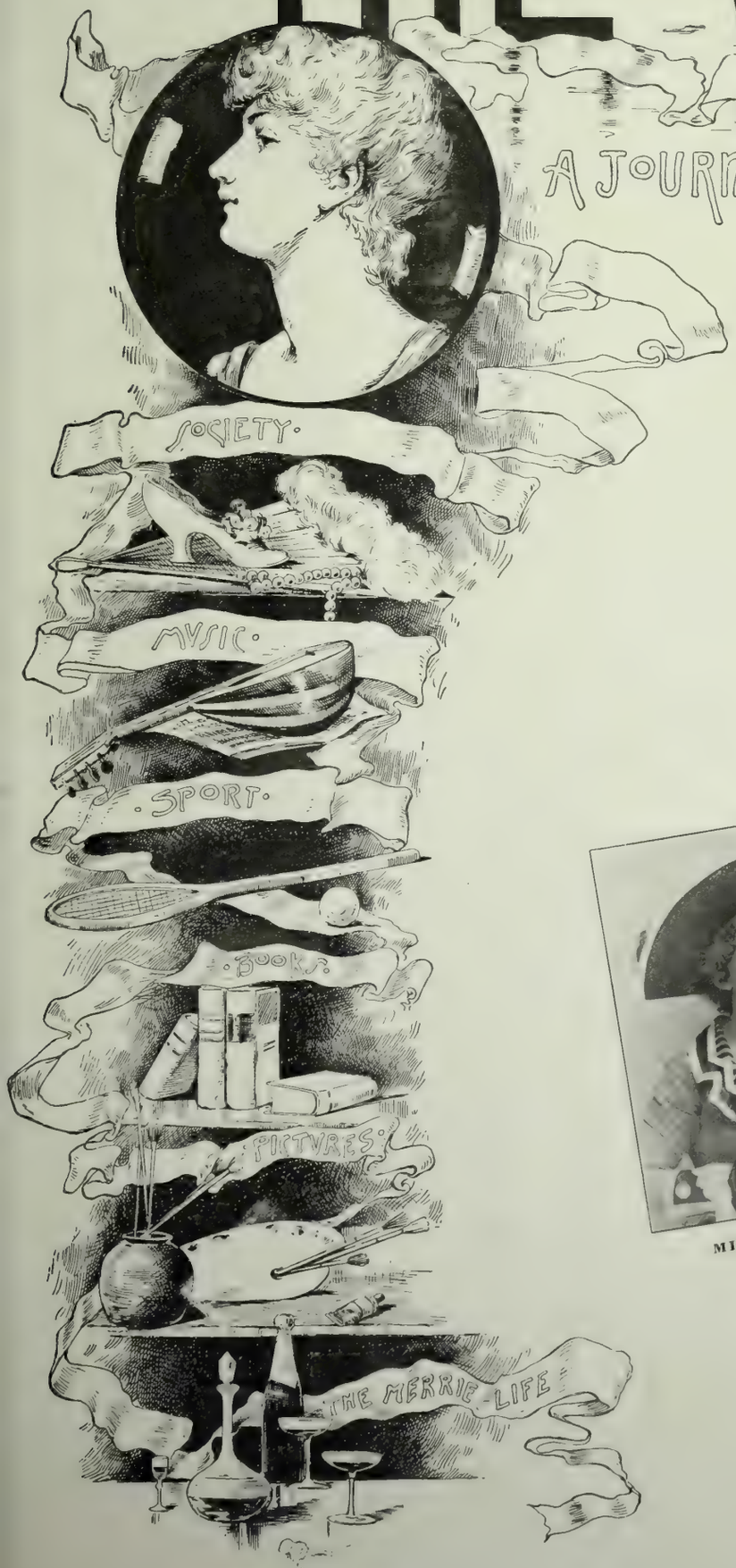

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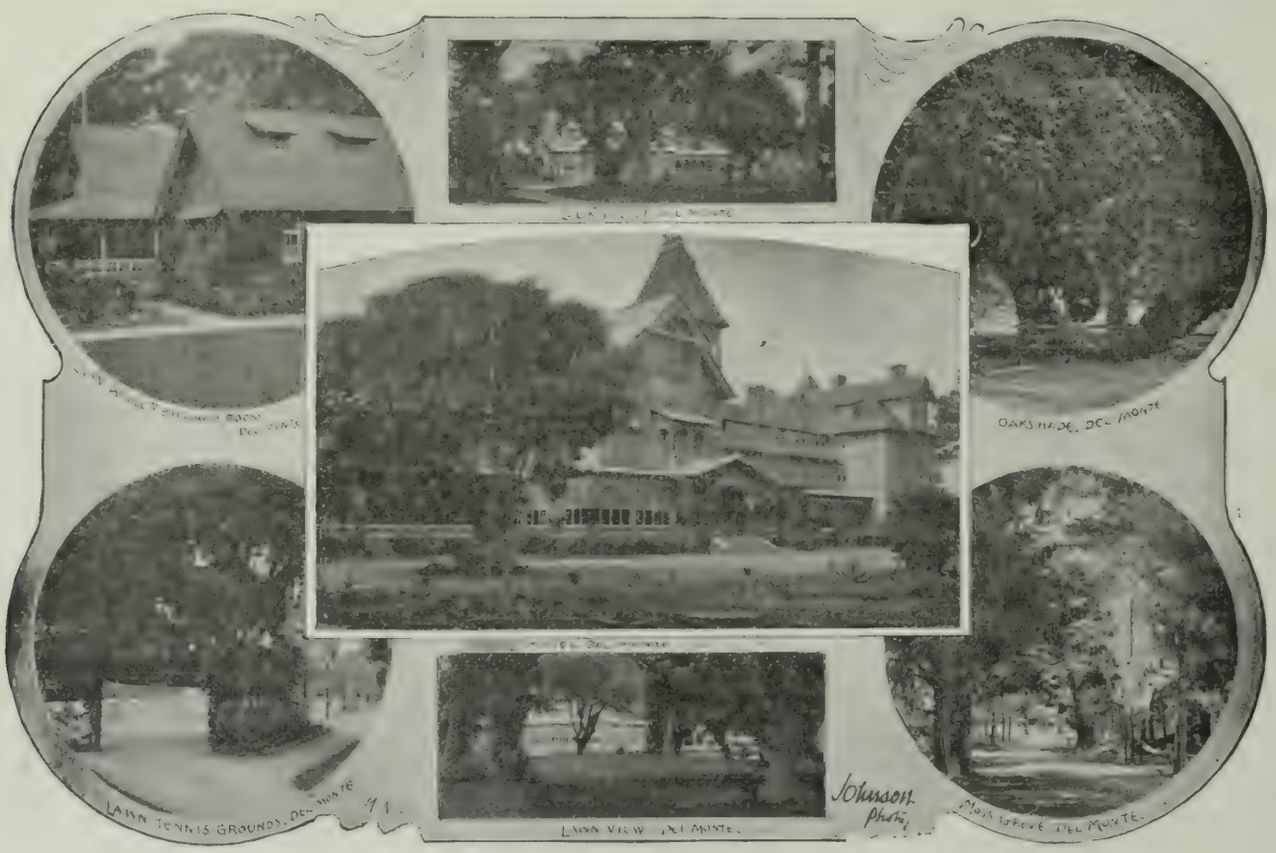

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 25, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The splendid pictures on the cover this week are of two well-known mummers, who have amused and delighted thousands in this city. Miss Glaser is a charming actress, whose talent has been made apparent after a very short career on the stage. Mr. Wilson is so well known that an extended notice is superfluous. He is a clever, intellectual man, whose friends are among the brightest people in the country.

SPLASHES.

TO MAIDENS ambitious for amusement I should suggest Sausalito. There they can have the maximum of masculine attention. Five men to each damsel is the present proportion. The married male is an object of envy, for he can monopolize the attention of one woman; in this way a brief residence on the hillside may be held as productive of matrimony. Last Saturday night the San Francisco Yacht Club gave a dance—an invitation affair it was. The girls wore tennis costumes, the boys were in flannels. The effect was very picturesque. There are some very pretty and interesting girls among the denizens this season. Miss "Jim" Hayes and her sisters are much in demand, Miss Therese Bissell and Miss Elsie Bissell who, when she makes her debut, will easily rank among the loveliest maidens in town, are very popular. There are also the Clarks, Miss Maude Berry, and many more.

* * *

It is astonishing how the Britisher has been subdued. For years he was the leading feature of Sausalito. With his short pipe, his broad shoes, his heavy stick, and his slouching gait, he pervaded the place. He sat on the wharf and criticised new-comers; he was profoundly contemptuous of American prejudices; he laughed at Yankee table manners, and derided California style. He was that superior being whom one meets on California Street on week days, toiling after American dollars. But he has ceased to be a feature. He is not a characteristic—or even a phase. The omnipotent American has swept all before him.

* * *

This is the gayest season Sausalito has ever known. Never before have all the cottages been occupied; never has there been such a demand for hotel accommodation. At night the waters are alive with small crafts, row-boats, naphtha-launches; during the day one sees dozens of pretty girls wandering along the zig-zag paths that lead from the beach to Alta-Sausalito, where the Monastery is. But maidens are in a distinct minority, it must be remembered. There is a vast surplus of males, whose ages range anywhere from nineteen to twenty-five—nice young fellows, whose first thought on reaching home of an evening is to throw off their formal habiliments and come out in flannels.

* * *

In their cool blazers and straw hats and yellow shoes they look picturesque, and help out that easy summer air which sunlight and a clear sky give Sausalito. After dinner there is always boating or a gathering at one of the cottages. Mandolins and guitars are as common over there as pianos in a boarding-school. The result—much music. It is in the air, and, over the water, sounds enchantingly sweet.

* * *

I UNDERSTAND that Colonel Mix has returned to the city after a lengthy sojourn. He was once the leader of Society here, just as Greenway is now, and they were both friends. There were jolly days then. It was in the latter 'Seventies, and Mix gained his reputation solidly because he was attentive to the dowagers. He was the designer and promoter of the Company G balls which were given in the California Theatre at Mardi Gras for two successive years. I have kept my invitations in the corner of my dressing-glass till this day, because I think those two balls were the most delightful *fêtes* ever given in San Francisco, in my memory, save two (Mrs. Barroihlet's in 1866 and Mrs McAllister's in 1865), though, of course, a public affair cannot be said to eclipse the enjoyment of a few dozen people who are well known to one another.

* * *

However, Mix managed to give more delight to the guests than could ever a Ward McAllister. He had a floor built across the orchestra of the California Theatre, and, with the aid of his right-hand men, Spencer Buckbee, Ned Greenway, Albert Castle, Ed. Sheldon, and others, the place was transformed into a fairyland. Never was there such enthusiasm, for the tableaux, and the dissolving lights cast on the dancers, and the adequate champagne, and the clever arrangements for supper, were a triumph. It was glory for Mix, but he was generous enough to point to his Lieutenant, Greenway, and say that the success of the two balls were due to his suggestions.

* * *

IT IS A COINCIDENCE that Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, and Mrs. Deacon of troublous memory, had their pictures painted at Christmas last by the same London artist and at the same time. This has deserved the comment of the New York papers, but then they forget that the two ladies are old friends, even from school days. Mrs. Sharon's portrait was exhibited in the Academy, and was thought to be very fetching, yet it will never come here, because Mr. Sharon intends it for a New York home.

* * *

Sharon is a strange mixture. At Harvard, whence he graduated in 1879, he was champion light-weight boxer. He had many acquaintances and two or three friends, because his hospitality was always doled out in a polished fashion. His father was a man who would throw away thousands in a champagne fountain of a single night, and yet refuse a starving man five cents the next day. If ever the *Contes Drolatiques* of Virginia City are written, Sharon will figure in the role of Louis XI. Now, his son Frederick is of different mold. His dinners are excellent, his wines of the best; yet one leaves saying: "What a splendid D. O. Mills that young man will make some day!"

* * *

John Mackay is expected here in the next ten days on a flying trip before he leaves for Europe. For the past four years he has been working hard to recoup the losses in wheat of 1887, and one way or another, even with the Stokes lawsuit, he has managed to save himself manfully. Mrs. Mackay is broken hearted over the London season. Prince Eddie died, and her plans for a splendid ball were entirely stopped. Although the Prince of Wales attended the agricultural show, he avoided all publicity, and the only member of royalty who has made himself conspicuous has been Prince Henry of Battenburg, who, it seems, attended the Kempton races. All this I get from a private London letter, which adds that Mrs. Mackay regrets the surrender

of her Parisian house exceedingly, and is tired of England.

* * *

THE MIDSUMMER JINKS draw near, and in the Bohemian Club they are being discussed. No one anticipates anything out of the common. If last year's excellence is attained no ground for dissatisfaction will there be. One thing seems certain, that Cazadero will not be selected this year as the camping ground. The fascination of the Redwood grove is admitted, but it is a long way off, and that privacy, which ought to be a feature of the celebration, is no longer attainable since the region acquired reputation as a resort. Last year bevies of fair maidens camped among the trees, viewed the festivity with feverish interest, and actually had the effrontery to declare the oratory was not first class. To style such views treason but mildly expresses the sacrilege their statement involves.

* * *

The Directors have been searching for a locality more select, and have consulted over the adaptability of the Redwood Grove in Mill Valley. It would at least have the virtue of proximity, and, at a little cost, the requisite degree of privacy could be secured. The scenic advantages will be obvious to whomsoever has visited the Valley. A torchlight procession would be picturesque among the forest giants. However, great minds move slowly, and the Directors will not decide without due weighing of the problem.

* * *

There is hardly that unanimity in the directorate of the Bohemian Club which would lead to its characterization as a happy family. In all administrative bodies the bulk of the work devolves on certain individuals who exhibit an industrious tendency. The rest are willing enough they should assume the responsibility, but there is inevitably a certain antagonism, not marked but still present. After the new Board was organized it became apparent that two men were rather out of it—one of them Director Stafford and the other Vice-President Hamilton. The first became tired of looking after trivial details, and the second found he was not able to devote that time to the Club's affairs his colleagues gave it. Rumor has it that both put in their resignations and the Board refused to accept them.

* * *

OVER AT SAN RAFAEL the Sherwoods, and the Webster Jones, and Frank Johnson, and all the rest of the merry crew, still continue to have a good time. Greenway has not graced the Hotel Rafael with his presence for two weeks, but lawn tennis will tear him from Del Monte presently. Last Saturday night there was the usual dance, which was attended in much better fashion than that of last week. It was that frightful amateur play which spoiled things then, and with no opposition the dancers flocked in this time for two or three waltzes.

* * *

There is going to be a grand driving party over to Bolinas to-morrow, but who will be in the party is not certain. The Will Fishers are getting up the affair. Then I understand that in the near future Frank Johnson will give one of his delightful parties to the Lake, where champagne and iced beer always gladden the heated guests. He rides about here on a coal black steed, with his golden-haired son and nephew tearing after him on ponies.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Sinton and Harry D. Walker will be celebrated to-day at San Rafael. A few of the friends of the bride and groom will go there at 1:30, and after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Walker will go to the groom's country-place at Laguinitas. May all the good wishes of all the friends of the young couple bear fruit in an abundant store of happiness.

* * *

I have rarely heard more sincere expressions of sympathy than those uttered by the friends and acquaintances of Will Holloway. The unfortunate accident that has deprived this young man of his life touched many in this city and at his home in San Rafael. It will not be known what startled his horse, but the accident was something that is likely to occur to the best equestrian. Mr. Holloway was a very popular man; young, handsome, generous, rich, a loving wife and son, he had everything in the world to make him happy. During the past four or five years his house was almost the only one on "the street" that made money, and this fact was due as much to his business ability as to anything else. His wife is the daughter of Mayor Grace, of New York. I am truly sorry for her in her great affliction.

* * *

THE WEATHER has been much warmer at Del Monte of late, and the hotel is filling up fast for the Fourth of July. Ned Greenway has returned, and the season may be said to be fairly on the boom. The hegira to Castle Craggs did not interfere with Monterey half as much as some people anticipated. I understand that there will be a visit to-day from a dozen young naval cadets from Annapolis, who have been waiting in San Francisco the last two days to be assigned to their ships. There will be a flutter in feminine hearts, and the stately Joe will be nowhere beside the magic of brass buttons and navy blue.

* * *

As regards the family "stand-bys" of Del Monte, the Hagers, the Lincolns, the Bruguieres, the Houghtons, the Latons, and their friends, are placidly vegetating as of yore. Colonel Fred has been down several times, and will be established for the summer with his pretty family in another week, when he will resume his old pastime of teaching the young idea how to swim.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Haxton (*née* Thibault) have left their apartments in the Hotel Castiliogne in Paris, and taken themselves to Aix-les-Bains in Savoy. There they will remain for six weeks, until the twelfth of August, and then seek Farther Hungary. There is an old Prince there whom Mr. Haxton knew in his youth, and though the castle he occupies is ancient and uncouth, there is a quiet and comfort about it which accord with its romantic history. It will be late in the fall before they go to Italy.

* * *

Among those who have cottages at San Rafael this summer are Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett.

* * *

The Carolans have had the Boyd lodge in San Rafael refurnished and comfortably fitted up for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan, who will arrive from Chicago about July 1st. Rumor has it that the Marquis Pullman has been looking at the D. O. Mills mansion, at Millbrae, with a view to purchase. He would like to spend some months of every year in California, for the glorious climate suits him better than does that of Chicago.

* * *

Sorrow will fill the hearts of three young women I know in this town, over the departure of W. Arthur Speare. He leaves next month for a long visit to Alaska, and after that will make a trip 'round the world.

* * *

Major Frank A. Vail left for Los Angeles on Thursday last, and will return in about ten days.

* * *

I desire to offer my congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Ewing, whose marriage was celebrated yesterday at 1460 O'Farrell Street. Mr. Ewing has been for many years Railroad Editor of the *Examiner*, and is one of the best writers on traffic matters in the West. He is very popular, and the affection his fellows have for him was evidenced by the many presents he received. The bride was Miss Anna E. Nicholson, a very pretty and charming girl, whose good fortune is deserved. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing went to Del Monte.

* * *

Larkspur Inn appears to be the most popular resort on the Coast this year, and many of those who desired to avail themselves of its comforts and conveniences have been sadly disappointed. More than seventy-five applicants for rooms have been turned away, as the hotel is filled to overflowing. This will be a splendid lesson for the management, whose most sanguine expectations have been greatly exceeded. Additional bath-houses have been added, and the lawn tennis grounds will be finished within a week. The cuisine is unrivalled, and every delicacy of the season is found on the table. The arrangements for the pleasure and comfort of the guests are complete; a domino party was given last week, and in the near future a series of hops will be given. The management is booking guests

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician will recommend it.

for July, August, and September, and those who desire to enjoy the pleasures of one of the most charming resorts on the Coast should send applications in now.

* * *

Napa Soda Springs is enjoying a prosperous season, and the large number of people at the resort prove its popularity. The guests spend an enjoyable time, and as the weather is delightful there is every likelihood that this will be the most successful summer in the history of the hotel.

* * *

THE ROW in the Board of Health is not for the public good. Somebody is anxious to get free advertising as a watchful servant of the people's interest, and as he has the ear of the editor of a paper who employs a cohort of very villainous cartoonists, his efforts have, apparently, not been in vain. The County Hospital is managed better to-day than it has been before; the abuses that are said to exist there are all in Dr. Regensberger's mind, and I am strongly of the opinion that the "kick" is aimed more at the Training School for Nurses, than at Dr. Lefevre.

* * *

It is unfortunate that any question should be raised between the nurses and the Polyclinic; and yet that is just what Dr. Regensberger has done. It seems to me that since the Polyclinic has a ward in the County Hospital by the suffrage of the people, and as they pay for a great deal of the medicines that are administered to the patients, that the officers of that charitable institution should permit the County Hospital officials to say who should do the nursing. Animosity is at the bottom of the trouble, and the distorted accounts of the investigation that have appeared in the columns of one of my morning contemporaries will not mislead public opinion.

* * *

The County Hospital is all right; Dr. Lefevre is thoroughly qualified for the place; his experience, knowledge, and ability, give him a ready grasp on hospital work, and if there were less interference from officious members of the Board of Health there would be less friction under his administration. I challenge the right of any member of the Board to issue orders to the assistants at the hospital that are in conflict with those of the Superintendent; and I believe that this gentleman would be upheld in his actions if he promptly and painfully kicked out any servant who refused to obey his instructions.

* * *

THE STATE BOARD OF FORESTRY has almost retired from business. True, it is still at the old stand in the Flood Building, but aside from writing short, curt notes to the World's Fair Commission, it is not actively engaged in doing anything. The fact is that no salaries are being paid; no work is being done, because there is no money to do it; the State Board of Examiners will not audit any bills, and the Wardens of the Forests of California are disgusted and weary. The trouble began some years ago, when Professor J. G. Lemmon, a gallant ex-soldier, undertook to do enough botany for the Board in six months to last it a life-time; the remuneration was to be not more than $150 a month. Mr. Lemmon's first business was to have stationery and cards printed, in which he appeared as State Botanist; about 2 years later he handed in his report. This the Board foolishly printed; then the Grand Army botanist sent in a bill for $2550.

* * *

The members of the Board who had heart disease were kept in ignorance of this demand for some time, during which the herb-chaser had, others engaged in making indexes and inventories of State trees, write him long letters telling him what a great work his report was. He pushed his claim; tired of his pertinacity, the Board offered him about half of the sum demanded in payment of all charges, $500 down, and $1000 in work next year. He accepted in writing, but some one called his attention to the fact that as the Forestry Commission had offered him half of the bill, the members tacitly recognized the legality of the claim. He asked again for the whole sum, and here is where a joker makes his appearance.

* * *

The joker gets into the game after this fashion: Tired and disgusted with the bitter contest Mr. Lemmon made, the Forestry Commission draws a law book on him, and putting it in the hands of its attorney, bids the botanist get a lawyer and fight it out in that manner. Who should appear for Mr. Lemmon but that magnificent exponent of Blackstone, Oregon Sanders, assistant to His Highness, Attorney-General William Henry Harrison Hart! Yes; it occurred to me that that was rather strange, but when Lemmon's claim went before the Board of Examiners, that infallible body allowed the entire bill, $2550. It not only did this, but ordered the Forestry Commission to pay it over, which the Commission promptly did not do. To punish it, the Examiners have refused to audit the Commission's bills, and, as I said, salaries are unpaid, work is neglected, and everything is at a standstill. In the meantime, if Mr. Oregon Sanders wishes to explain his connection with the case, I shall be happy to offer him the use of these columns.

* * *

THERE WAS WOE in Halleck Street last Saturday afternoon, at the Bureau. This is a place that was a gospel meeting-house in 1851, but quickly became a saloon. Its most illustrious proprietor has been the late A. A. Snyder, who married E. J. Baldwin's eldest daughter, and then had the pleasure of seeing her elope with Budd Doble, the jockey. Now it is in the hands of Sam Perreira, and under his tender charge has become the favorite lunching place of insurance men and bank clerks. Isadore Gutte always has the biggest chair because he needs it, and he was furious last Saturday to see Warren English, the broker, occupying his peculiar throne. He had a following with him, and he proceeded to discuss politics with them in the hopes that Warren English might, in a moment of excitement, forget to eat. But Warren was immovable, and crunched his free lunch with an exasperating satisfaction. Finally Gutte proceeded to discuss the fortunes of David B. Hill and California machine politicians in a caustic manner.

* * *

"What's that?" cried English with the end of a clam stew between his teeth, "Machine politicians! You mean to say my brother's a machine politician?"

"Your brother Bill is just like Hill—they all travel with the machine," retorted Gutte, jocosely, as he eyed a chance to get that favorite big plush chair.

At which English arose and walked with a stalwart stride toward Gutte, the wind blowing through his heated side whiskers at every step.

"Any man that says my brother's got anything to do with a machine is——" he hissed, and choked from anger.

"Bah!" grunted Gutte, edging round toward the big plush chair, "what I said, I said. Don't be foolish, don't be foolish—don't—be—foolish!" and with a strategic movement Gutte had gained the chair he wanted.

* * *

"So I'm foolish, am I! I—am—foolish—am—I! Well, you can just take this!"

Mr. English deliberately emptied his large pewter mug of beer over Mr. Gutte's aged locks. The deluge flooded the old man's shirt collar, and ran into his ample ears. Friends on both sides tore the towels from the bar and poked them down his neck to save him from drowning.

* * *

The most marvelous mediumistic tests I have ever heard of are those given by a Professor Leonard, who has just come here from Chicago. About other people of this persuasion I have encountered there is a great deal of mystery and but little satisfaction. This man is a marvel. Out of curiosity I called on him the other evening and was asked to write five questions on as many slips of paper. He left the room while I did so; the slips I folded up separately and placed in my pocket. On returning he pressed each to his forehead. I replaced them. Then he repeated one question after another as I had written it, told me my name, age, occupation, answered correctly the queries I had propounded, and succeeded altogether in astonishing me. It is all done without any flummery or delay; the seance did not last five minutes. The man is a wonder and does not know the source of his power.

* * *

ON MARKET STREET, nearly opposite the Odd Fellows Building, there are several firms engaged in the business of selling terra cotta and iron stone pipe. The terra cotta is used for chimneys and is rapidly taking the

Arcadian Waukesha Water cures Indigestion.

place of brick in modern dwellings, while the iron stone pipe is used for building sewers. These materials are piled high in the yards, and through each one there is a roadway extending from Market Street to Park Avenue. Although these roadways are not thoroughfares they are used extensively by foot passengers desirous of making a short cut from the City Hall to the restaurants or saloons on Market Street. A few days ago, Mr. Harry Farguharson, the stylish and popular clerk of the Board of Supervisors, passed through the yard of Gladding & McBean on his way down town. He is well acquainted with one of the clerks of the firm, and stopped to chat for a moment and discuss the latest thing in silk hats and neckties.

* * *

All the employees of the yard noticed that Harry wore a ravishing pair of pantaloons. They were light in color, of the finest texture, the very latest in cut and of a pattern that might reasonably make Poole green with envy. In fact, the check was unusually vociferous, and as Harry's well developed legs paddled to and fro, some of the men in the yard swear positively that a deep sonorous sound resembling the crash of thunder in the theatre was emitted. There is no doubt that the pantaloons were very loud.

The next day a messenger called at the clerk's office of the Board of Supervisors and handed Harry the following bill:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1892.

Henry C. Farguharson, Esq.

To Gladding & McBean, Dr.:

To four crates of terra cotta @ $6..... $24 00
To five sections, 14-inch iron stone pipe @ $2.. 10 00

Total—$34 00

Received Payment

.....

To say that Harry was surprised does not express his feelings. He was amazed. He had never purchased a length of terra cotta or iron stone pipe in his life; indeed, he hardly knew what such things were. There was surely a mistake. He would see about it.

Over at the yard he quickly found his acquaintance.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, thrusting out the bill.

"Hanged if I know. Didn't you get the pipe?"

* * *

"No, sir," replied Harry. "Get the pipe? No, sir. I never bought an ounce of pipe in my life. I don't know anything about it."

His friend examined the bill carefully. He looked over his books for some moments as though searching for the account, and addressed a few words to the pretty typewriter, who was evidently struggling to suppress a smile. Then he turned to Harry.

"Why, that's all right; you shattered the pipe."

"Shattered the pipe!" exclaimed Harry, nearly dumb with astonishment. "I did nothing of the kind. You are crazy."

"Oh, yes, you did. You remember the other day when you went through the yard? Well, you had on a loud pair of breeches. They shattered the crockery, and this is the bill for the damages."

The typewriter uttered a *staccato* cry, and Harry bolted.

If you should happen to meet him, be careful not to inquire what he has done with those pantaloons. It is dangerous.

* * *

AMONG EPICURES as among lawyers, John B. Felton was pre-eminent. The divine art of dining well he knew to a nicety, and such were his tact and diplomacy he could command the service of a gourmand in quarters where others were treated to fried steak. To secure that *finesse* he so loved it was his custom to fraternize with the *chefs* of whatever restaurant he patronized. In excellent French he conversed with them and criticised their efforts, and whenever a specially delicious *plat* was served, his congratulations in tones of warm appreciation rewarded the achievement. Some years ago, before Sacramento boasted even a semi-respectable restaurant, Felton was compelled to go there to argue before the Supreme Court an important case.

* * *

It was during the incumbency of Chief Justice Wallace, and he and his colleagues were repining the miserable *cuisine* of the capital. It was a case of eating to live, and living badly at that. For some reason or other Felton's cause went over for a day, and, to the undisguised delight of the Bench, he was compelled to postpone his departure for San Francisco.

"You can get nothing to eat here, Felton," said Wallace to him.

"Dine with me and see," was the answer.

That afternoon two of the Judges and the great advocate entered a hack and were driven rapidly through Sacramento, down devious ways to what seemed the poorest part of town. Outside a miserable eating-house they stopped, and Felton went inside and held a brief confabulation with the proprietor and the cook. Two hours later they returned, and a repast fit for Lucullus was served them. Soup, fish, game, and admirable *Clos Vougeot*. It was a revelation of Sacramento's possibilities, and Felton was congratulated as being greater among discoverers than Columbus.

* * *

Two days later Wallace, again feeling hungry, bethought himself of this peerless restaurant, and directed his steps there about dinner time. Alas! the magic had departed. They served him the worst meal he had ever eaten.

* * *

Among the multitudinous tales told of Felton and Mike Reese, I am not inclined to believe this the worst. In an out-of-the-way part of town the millionaire owned an establishment that custom had consecrated to restaurant purposes. The lessee was old and not especially successful. In spite of his industry business decreased until it was not possible for him even to pay his rent. To permit a tenant to get into arrears was against the principles that Mike Reese regulated his career by. But the unfortunate begged for time, and the millionaire did not press his claim. Finally, it amounted to a substantial sum, and it became evident the restaurant could keep open no longer. Then Reese bethought himself of a plan to lessen the debt.

* * *

He went to Felton's office, and, after some prefatory palavering, he said:

"John, you have asked me to dinner so often that I feel I must reciprocate. You will dine with me to-night, and I have asked a few others," mentioning a few bankers and millionaires, "to meet you."

The place mentioned was the out-of-the-way restaurant.

Mike apprised the proprietor of their coming, and adjured him to do his best. At six o'clock the company of rich men assembled, and there was served to them a most elaborate and execrably cooked repast. Cheap wine by the gallon was served with it. Reese, in his capacity as host, felt a thrill of generosity he had never known before. He was so delighted with himself that his face was actually wreathed in smiles, and he bubbled over with reminiscences.

* * *

With the black coffee and cigars there came a lull in the talk and the host spoke up:

"Gentlemen, this has been a most agreeable gathering; our dinner is ended, but we will not separate. Where can we go to finish the evening—to the theatre, to a club—where?"

No one spoke. Finally Felton in his driest tones said:

"Let us go somewhere and have dinner."

* * *

WHILE MR. DE YOUNG is telling the gullible Easterners how certain California is to give its electoral vote to the icy man in the White House, a very funny Senatorial campaign is being made up in his interest in this city. I understand that Mr. Frank M. Stone, formerly the law partner of Senator Sargent, whom the *Chronicle* bitterly opposed during many years, has complete charge of Mr. De Young's affairs, and is possessed of ample authority to act in his name in all political matters. This, of course, is entirely proper. No man can hope to become a United States Senator without employing some one to act for him in the thousand and one little details that are necessary to realize such an ambition. Regarding Mr. Stone's ability there is no question. So far, he has never won anything larger than ordinary dollar limit jack-pots, but he is young, and has all the world before him.

* * *

But I beg respectfully to submit that Mr. De Young will not approve of his making the campaign for the Senate with a third party. I am informed that Mr. Stone is mainly responsible for the ghastly political resurrection which takes place every Sunday in front of the City Hall called the "Peoples' Party."

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

Not only that, but I am also informed that Mr. Stone is putting up for the organ of the party known as the *People's Desire* or *Voice* or something like that, which is conducted by one Johnson, a gentleman at one time quite obscure in Oakland journalism. I do not know exactly how Mr. Stone purposes working this thing out, but at present the *Chronicle* is actively engaged in puffing this moribund party and endeavoring to give it the necessary notoriety to enable it to take its proper place among the "piece" clubs of the earth.

* * *

Of course, it does not cost much to hire a hall in which these cranks may meet and resolve, and probably the newspaper organ (Mr. De Young being in the business himself) is published at cut rates, but in my opinion the expenditure is useless. Even if Mr. Stone should, when the appropriate time comes, cause the "People's Party" to put up Democratic candidates in all the legislative districts to draw off votes from the regular nominees and thus help along the Republican candidates, he will find the operation so thin that it will soon be exploded by the crafty Democrats.

* * *

Besides, that game is so old that it has long since begun to smell to high Heaven. It has been played with unvarying failure for ages, and this time it can be carried out only with the greatest difficulty, owing to the limitations of the new Australian ballot law and the new apportionment. Moreover, if it should ever become known that Mr. De Young's manager was engaged in assisting into life a third party, which may possibly sell out to other parties on municipal candidates, that fact would injure Mr. De Young himself in the estimation of his own people. I hope what I have said here will not be construed as embodying a desire to make generally known Mr. De Young's connection with the "People's Party." Indeed, I shall keep that fact a profound secret. But I trust this warning will be ample.

* * *

THE DEATH of George W. Faylor, whose fatal illness was announced in these columns some weeks ago, removes from the earth a unique and interesting character. Without the courage or recklessness of the ordinary rough, Faylor had all his bravado and assurance. An associate of ruffians, political heelers, and hard citizens all his life, he yet preserved throughout the feelings and instincts of a gentleman. To his friends he was most amiable, truthful, and faithful. Naturally talkative and unreserved, he could yet keep the most momentous secrets, and was trusted implicitly by many men whom one would think least likely to rely on his wisdom and discretion. One day some years ago, A. E. Davis, then President of the South Pacific Coast Railroad Company, went to Sacramento on legislative business, taking with him $40,000 in greenbacks. This money, I suppose, was to pay his bill at the hotel and liquidate other incidental expenses. Faylor was then Davis' political adviser, and accompanied him. The two repaired to the same hotel, and occupied the same room. Davis put the bundle of greenbacks under his pillow, and, when he arose in the morning, went off and forgot it.

* * *

The two had loaded in their morning cocktails and were proceeding to the breakfast room when Faylor remembered that Davis had left the package under his pillow. He slipped quietly back to the room and secured it. He said nothing to the old gentleman, thinking that later on he would discover his loss. But Davis did not do so. He looked over the field during the day, ascertained the prospects of the bill he was interested in, and in the afternoon he and Faylor took the train for this city. When they were several miles away from the Capital, Faylor asked about the money. Davis began wildly slapping his pockets.

"Thunder and lightning!" he exclaimed; "I've lost that wad. George, let's go back."

"It's too late now," said Faylor calmly. "We may as well go on to the city and return in the morning. We can sleep in Oakland to-night and get out on the first train to-morrow."

"Sleep!" exclaimed Davis. "I'll get a special engine and go back to-night."

"Where do you think you lost the stuff?"

* * *

But the excited old gentleman could not tell. He remembered, after reflection, having put the package under his pillow, but he was positive that it was carefully placed in his pocket again in the morning. After toying with him for some time, and to prevent his alighting at Suisun and returning to Sacramento on foot, Faylor finally handed Davis the money.

Few men of his early training would have done the same, especially since, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, Davis would have probably hesitated sometime before reporting his loss to the police. But Faylor's honesty bore fruit. During many years thereafter he was the trusted friend of Mr. Davis, and to the last that gentleman was willing to stake any amount on his fidelity.

* * *

I HAVE NOTICED a disposition on the part of some of my esteemed contemporaries to belittle the management of Golden Gate Park, now that my friend, Col. W. W. Stow, has become the leading spirit in it. One of them has declared that the Board of Supervisors should not make a liberal appropriation for the Park, because, it is assumed, Mr. Stow will probably waste the money. I hope the Supervisors will not follow this advice. Of all the Park Commissioners whom past Governors have had the good fortune to select—and they have not been few, by any means—Mr. Stow brings to the position the most exquisite taste, the most commanding ability, and the most devoted personal interest. He is a Commissioner, who, unlike some of his predecessors, is not contented to ride about the Park and look wise. The services he is giving to the great preserve could not, in my opinion, be purchased for $10,000 a year, and he gets nothing.

* * *

When he succeeds in completing the cascade and lake at Nineteenth Avenue (for the former Mr. Huntington has contributed $25,000) he will have carried through the most extensive collection of improvements ever accomplished in the same time in the history of the Park. With the new waterworks, the speed road and the menagerie for his monuments, he may well rest on his laurels; but there is no probability of his doing so. Golden Gate Park consists of 1300 acres of land. Mr. Stow desires to see the day when it will all be under cultivation. As he is already an old man, this may not be possible, but that he will come near realizing his hopes nobody acquainted with his energy and executive ability has any doubt. The Supervisors ought to give him all the money that can legally be appropriated, and when he dies (and may the Lord, in the interest of the Park, postpone this event to the very last moment), the people will contribute to a fund and erect a monument to his memory in Strawberry Valley. Perhaps the Silurians will growl at that, but it will do them no good, for Mr. Stowe is certain to have that monument.

* * *

WILLIAM S. BARNES, the District Attorney, is as good a tale-pitcher as his father, and of an evening he can spin more yarns than most people. It seems that ten years ago he went on a voyage to Japan, and as it was just after his graduation from Harvard, he felt free as a bird

On the same ship was Minister Densmore, who had just been appointed Minister to Corea. Now this Densmore is from the State of Arkansas, and he dresses as if he came from Mississippi. He hurt his administration in Washington when he was Congressman, because of tobacco-juice.

It is wrong to spoil one of "Billy" Barnes' stories when one cannot imitate his peculiar dialect, but his description of Densmore and his peculiarities are a joy forever. Densmore always carried a case of duelling pistols with him, and when he arrived in San Francisco on his way to his post, he had them in his gripsack—which, by the way, was the only luggage he carried.

* * *

This gripsack contained a copy of the Bible, the first volume of Matthew Henry's "Commentary on the Old Testament," an ancient edition of "Hoyle on Games," four shirts, to which collars and cuffs were attached, and three pairs of socks. He always wore a broadcloth suit with a low-cut vest, and in the centre of his expansive bosomed shirt gleamed a

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

big cluster iridescent diamond pin, with a small gold chain attached to it which led to another single carat pin shaped like a guitar and supposed to be a safe-guard to its fellow.

* * *

Barnes says the event of the voyage was their arrival in Yokohama. The steamer had signaled that it contained a live United States Minister and the news was carried to the men-of-war in the harbor. A French cruiser was the first in line, and as the steam launch which bore Minister Densmore and his secretary sped along through the waves, the first sent forth a salute, and then the sailors manned the yards, a mark of distinguished consideration.

"As for Densmore," says Barnes, "he just sat back in the stern of the launch and squirted tobacco juice. Presently Griswold, getting fearful of the guns we were approaching, realized that it was a salute, and he nudged Colonel Densmore, saying: 'Colonel, they're giving that salute for you.'

* * *

"'Eh?' said the Colonel, throwing forth a rich harvest of tobacco juice which filled his mouth from gullet to teeth.

"'Yes; don't you see those men climbing into the rigging, and don't you see those guns firing?'

"'Why, yes; I believe I do. Air they salutin' *me*?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, I declar!'

"And at that he arose in the launch, and putting his left hand in his gorgeous bosom and waving his right like a Congressman at bay, he evicted his mouth of all its tobacco against the spotless bows of the French cruiser, and shouted:

"'Hooray, boys! Hooray!

"'Hooray for the U. S. A.!'

"The Frenchmen never knew what it meant, but we howled with laughter."

* * *

FAST STEAM YACHTS are an expensive luxury, and sometimes fall below expectation. The degree of speed that Will Hearst insisted the "Vamoose" should attain, she has exceeded, but her celerity has been gained at the expense of comfort. The vibration is almost unendurable. Though every accessory is made of the best material and according to the latest ideas, this long, narrow craft thrills and shakes with every turn of the screw. Some of us who have slept over a propeller on an ocean steamer realize, in a modified degree, the sensations of a passenger on the "Vamoose." I believe Mr. Hearst has about made up his mind that the pleasure of having her on San Francisco waters would not repay the trouble and expense of bringing his toy here.

* * *

Doubtless he will obtain another "Aquila." That craft had not a tithe of the "Vamoose's" speed, but she served her purpose—to bring her owner back and forth from San Francisco, making him independent of the ferry. As for that oft-postponed contest with the "Norwood," no one expects the owner of the latter will come to the scratch. Now, there is a question of supremacy, there is but little doubt of the "Vamoose's" superiority.

* * *

THE STATE ELECTION is only possible (at this writing) if Judge Jerry Sullivan condescends to return to California in the near future. Last week I spoke of the important position my friend, the Judge, bore to the Democracy, but I was not prepared then to say what an influence his absence would have on the party. Now I am assured that if he does not shortly appear in California, we shall have no Democratic State Central Committee; without the Democratic State Central Committee we can have no State campaign, and without a State campaign we can have no election. When Russ Wilson hurried from the East to call a meeting of the committee, knowing how important it was that the members should organize and prepare for the most interesting political fight in the history of California, it was confidently expected that the campaign would be opened very shortly. Enthusiasm was at its height; party courage was raised because of the fatal error of the Republicans at Minneapolis, and leader and follower in the Democracy were prepared for the contest.

* * *

But it was found that Judge Sullivan had an embarrassment of offices; the people had thrust honors on him so numerously that he could hardly bear up under the strain; he had either to cause a postponement of the meeting of the State Central Committee or delay the gathering of the Democratic hosts in Chicago. Desirous of doing the greatest good to the greatest number, he went to the National Convention, and my readers will rejoice with me that his presence there resulted in the Convention being called to order on time. Here, however, everything is in abeyance; the State Central Committee, apparently, cannot meet until he returns; and Mr. Dwyer, I am informed, has been active in saying that the members were willing to wait until the Judge returned. As a matter of fact, the members are not willing to wait; the meeting has been postponed long enough, and I see no reason for putting off organization from the second to the sixteenth of July. If Judge Sullivan, Max Popper, or Gavin McNab, or anyone else, wants to leave the State for a week or month, there will be no objection; but not one of these gentlemen has any right to expect that his friends will postpone the transaction of public business because of his action.

* * *

The delay in meeting will work serious injury to the Democracy in the State, and for this reason: It will be necessary for all voters to register under the new law; nearly every county in the State has agreed to this, the notable exception being the beautiful banner county of Alameda. I suppose that the Republican statesmen in the Bedroom District are not anxious to see their honor and glory depart in an honest ballot, and for that reason are determined to vote this year all the gentlemen who voted from the graveyards and crematories at previous elections. In order to settle for all time the validity of the law that calls for a new election, the Republican State Central Committee has agreed to make a test case of Alameda, and get an opinion on it from the Upper Courts. It will be to the advantage of the Democratic party to present the affirmative side of the question to the Supreme Court; if the law is declared legal, Alameda will have to find her honor in being the scene of the boldest robbery of the decade, rather than in returning the biggest vote for the Republican ticket.

* * *

The chairmanship of the committee will be bestowed on Max Popper, I believe. The members will make no mistake in electing him to that position. The friends of Mr. Wise and Judge Sullivan are anxious to see thees gentlemen occupy the place, and if I were sure that either could handle the campaign with the vigor and energy of Mr. Popper, I should be happy to support them. In favor of Mr. Wise it must be said that he is a hard, earnest, capable worker, one with whom the bosses of the past have been absolutely powerless; his conduct of the Stoneman campaign was excellent, and he would make a hard fight this time. But the man needed now must be one under whom all sorts and conditions of Democrats can march to the poll; one under whose banners all will be active; from whose side none will fall away, either because of past affiliations or present entanglements. Mr. Popper will be a tower of strength among the young men; all over the State he is known as an honest, active, vigorous leader, who can snatch victory from defeat with all the chances against him.

* * *

HEAVEN BE PRAISED! Art is not lost in San Francisco, and the bright things of life are not swallowed up in the commercial maelstrom that roars about us. Genius is now and again rated above real estate, and pictures sell higher than town lots. A few months ago, Keith painted a scene on F. M. Wilson's Berkeley tract. A dainty, pastoral bit, full of sunlight, vibrant with life, and fresh with dew, it attracted attention, but for a time the artist's price was above the pocket-books of the picture's admirers. It was a picture Keith himself loved; a rung in his ladder of fame, and he wanted to keep it as long as he could; the price, therefore, he made high.

* * *

A week or so ago, Mr. Wilson called on him and noticed the painting. Like others who had seen it he admired it very much, and spoke of the faithfulness with which the artist had represented the scene.

"By the way," he said at last, "I have

sold that lot, and if you paint any more pictures there you will have to see the new owner."

"Sold it, eh?" cried Keith. "Well, this very morning I sold the picture. Queer, isn't it? By the way, how much did you get for the lot?"

"Oh, a good price—$500."

"Five hundred dollars," cried the artist, contemptuously, "why, I got $1200 for my picture."

Art lovers should rejoice at this—pictures higher than the subject! Shortly we will have real estate dealers turning artists.

* * *

IT IS SOME YEARS since Fred Yates shook from his shoes the dust of San Francisco. Since then he has prospered. He has obtained what is so dear to the artistic soul—recognition. In London where he has lived, that has meant coin. In the field of portraiture he has won his success. An earnest worker, he can draw so well as to catch a pose exactly; and his tuition taught him color. Yates possesses a more aggressive type of individuality than is ordinarily found among artists. His fight with Virgil Williams, which led to the establishment of the Art Student's League, those who are interested in picture painting will not have forgotten. How the younger institution prospered, how Society flocked to its life classes, and the intense rivalry engendered will still be fresh in their memories.

* * *

There were endless stories about that life class. Mrs. Louis Haggin attended it, besides the daughters of several of our "first families." Mysterious whisperings anent nude models went the rounds, but little was said until the *Alta* came out one morning with sensational head lines and several columns that created the direst quality of consternation. Of course, it was said that Virgil Williams was responsible, for after that article the life class went out of existence and met no more. The pupils flitted to the country. Yates, however defiant, was almost crushed. But he revived. He worked on, went to Paris, and Mrs. Fair bought from him a picture that received honorable mention in the *Salon*. He returned, painted portraits, taught classes, and about four years ago left for England.

* * *

Prior to his departure he married a widow, Mrs. Martin, a sister of Dr. Powers. She was then a very beautiful girl, with an absolutely classic type of face. A love match, of course. She will return with him. Yates has a villa at Chiselhurst, where most of his work is done. Such is the demand on his time, he has ordinarily fourteen orders ahead of his capacity to produce.

* * *

Theodore Wores goes to Japan this afternoon to the sorrow of all this friends. He says he will be away a year only, but I doubt that, for he said the same thing when he left us in 1885. There is a subtle fascination in the country which holds him when he is once there. Humphrey Moore told me that he had the same experience, and he added that he felt as if he had tasted the lotus blossoms and was henceforward to forget everything else save the perfect enjoyment of life itself. Wores said to me the other day, "When I lived in Kioto, surrounded by people who had single hearts, and natures that were not complex, I had no cares, no worry. I could almost realize that ideal artistic life for which one is always yearning. There was an inspiration to work, and yet there was constantly that feeling that the work might be influenced too much by the strange art which surrounded me—that is, that I could not interpret to outlanders the impressions over which I gloated. At times though, there would come that curious desire to be in London or Paris, to see what 'civilized' art was doing, and when it became too strong too bear, the wrench from my peaceful life was severe and difficult."

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Wores is the adopted son of a Japanese Marquis, for he was compelled to secure the patriarchal protection of a powerful family, before he could secure permission to dwell in the interior towns not covered by treaty regulations.

* * *

Artists and art lovers will hear with regret of the dangerous illness of E. Narjot, whose paintings of Mexican life have been almost the only pictorial representations of that interesting country we have had here. Narjot is at the point of death; there has been a complete physical and mental collapse, and the most sanguine can have no hope of his recovery. The artist has been here for many years; but remained always a Frenchman. His pictures were never great, but he was prolific. I recall an occasion when he got the gold medal offered by that well-known patron of arts, the Mechanic's Institute, "for the largest display" of pictures.

* * *

"I have made ze gr-reat egg-sebeeshun," he told me, "and the med-dal ees mine. Peetair's haf twenty-two picture; Joullin, t'irty-von picture; Keith, haf t'irty-fife, but I haf t'irty-eight, an' will gain the med-dal." His accent and gestures were inimitable, and I rejoice that I am able to say that he gained the medal. I sincerely regret his sickness.

* * *

Carl Kahler is back in the city after a few weeks' vacation in Sonoma County. One of his latest pictures is an interior of a country house. The subject is an excellent one, lending itself admirably to drawing and color. The work shows great strength. The placing is capital, and Kahler's ability as a colorist is shown to advantage.

* * *

Joullin has begun his Chinese picture, and it promises to be much better than the one that Mr. Phelan purchased some time ago, and which is now one of the chief objects of interest in the Bohemian Club. The new effort is an interior—a joss house, with three figures, a woman and child and a man. The placing is splendid, and the drawing has been done with a swing and the colors laid on with a freedom that show confidence. The progress of this picture will be watched with interest.

Chris. Jorgenson will go to Italy in the fall, and will not return for some time.

* * *

It is alleged that Jerry Simpson refused to wear hose because he had suffered blood-poisoning from the dangerous dyes used to color the stockings. Joe Rosenberg is authority for this, and adds that the colors in his goods are all fast, and is ready to prove it to any who is incredulous enough to doubt it.

* * *

COLONEL THOS. F. BARRY, besides being orator and statesman, is also a military personage of some magnitude. He indulges a passion for command in connection with the "Third," and his martial figure has ever been a feature of parades. Conversing with a group of politicians and civilians, which included the unsuccessful candidate for Sergeant at Arms to the Democratic delegation, Jim Long, Colonel Barry expressed the regret he felt at his inability to assist in the Fourth of July celebration.

* * *

"For years," he continued, a certain grandiloquence in his voice, "for many years I have been identified with the National Holiday. I have never missed either parade or exercises. But this year I shall not be home from the great Democratic gathering in Chicago in time to participate."

"We'll have it postponed until you return, Colonel," interrupted Jim Long, sarcastically.

In the laugh that followed, Barry retired.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

METROPOLITAN PROVINCIALISM.

THE SHOCK GIVEN TO NEW YORK'S CONCEIT BY THE DEMOCRACY.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

The smashing blow that the Democratic party has delivered straight between the eyes of Tammany gives satisfaction to everybody who doesn't like to have conscience and patriotism banished from politics.

Tammany stands for the tenements, gin-mills, and other social sewers of the metropolis. Its attitude in the Chicago Convention has advertised anew its modest conviction that the slums of New York, packed with the offal of the cities and fields and bogs of Europe, should be commissioned by the Democratic party of the United States to dictate its Presidential candidate.

Tammany has gone back to its tenements and gin-mills amazed, indignant, and revengeful because its claim to dictatorship has not been recognized.

This is the true New York spirit. It is not confined to Tammany, by any means. The leaders of that mass of ignorance, criminality, and dirt are typical New Yorkers in their inability to comprehend, or even suspect, that their city is not to the United States what Paris is to France, politically, socially, and in all other ways. The rest of us, in the metropolitan view, are stupid provincials, pursuing our little industries and ambitions for our own ends, as we imagine, but really to contribute to the growth and greatness of New York.

These Tammany leaders are clever men, after a fashion. They, unlike the masses of their followers, who do the voting under orders, have not the low forehead and simian jaw of the immigrant. Most of them were born in New York of parents who came over in the steerage, and fancy themselves Americans, which they are not. They have gone to schools and colleges, learned professions or prospered in business. They have money, dress well, feed high, and consider themselves gentlemen. They are bright and agreeable enough, when off political ground. When on that ground they have the greed of pigs and the moral insensibility of convicts. Bred amid a vast and squirming Democratic majority, before which no local opposition can make a stand, their faith in the invincibility of Tammany is an instinct. Their organization is a corporation which declares dividends in offices, fees, contracts, and plunder. Its interests, which are their own, take the place in their minds and feelings which is held in the minds and feelings of others by party spirit and patriotic sentiment. The language of unselfish politics, of devotion to ideas, is to them an unknown tongue. Their first duty, their highest aim, is to defend Tammany's intrenchments, to extend its power. In this service crime becomes virtue.

The disdainful rejection of Hill by the Democracy of the country bewilders as well as enrages the Tammany leaders. Hill to them is an ideal Presidential candidate. First of all he is a New Yorker and a Tammany man. He has not before been beaten for anything to which he aspired. His methods have ever been "practical"—that is, he has never scrupled to make use of any means that lay to hand, and success has been his complete justification. In office he has not hesitated to "strengthen his party" by giving the Tammanyites everything they asked, and employing every device, shady or other, to overcome the adversary. His boast that he "rode upon the gravel train"—which means that he truckled to the slums, has endeared him to the slums. That such a man, crafty, clear-headed, unscrupulous, a demagogue, a political thimble-rigger, should not evoke the same admiration and enthusiasm outside of New York that he does in Tammany's breast, is a dark and confusing mystery to the Tammany intellect, and furiously trying to the Tammany temper.

For many weeks emissaries of Tammany, as I happen to know, have been traveling throughout the cities of the United States conferring with politicians and visiting newspaper offices on a "still hunt" of the Tilden pattern in Hill's interest. These emissaries, remarkable as it may seem in the light of what has happened, believed with a sincerity that was absolute that Hill would be nominated. They found nothing but a general sentiment in Cleveland's favor wherever they went, whereas the practical politicians, the "workers" of the party, the men who "made politics," were against Cleveland and for anybody else, preferably Hill. To the Tammany intelligence this betokened the existence of a force behind their man that nothing could resist at a convention, and before which vague general sentiment would be fanned away like mist.

In practical politics there is no such fool as the practical politician.

He is oblivious to popular tendencies—indeed, he does not really believe in their existence, but in any event scorns their power as elements in a "fight." He can see that a vote bought is a vote gained, but considers not at all that the votes of those who look on at the transaction may be lost. He bends his energies to making "combinations" with other practical politicians, and to herding the Italian vote, the Portuguese vote, the Irish vote, forgetting the while all about the great and deciding vote of citizens who never come in contact with the practical politician, and know nothing about him save what they read in the newspapers—and what they read does not commend him to their liking.

Hill is the chief of contemporaneous practical politicians. The petty, dirty methods of ward politics were extended by him to the State with a success that made him Governor and Senator. He thought he could extend them to the Nation, and so did Tammany, which is nothing but "practical."

The attempt has been received by the nation with the same cordiality that would greet Boss Buckley (who is highly esteemed by Tammany) should he enter the presidential field.

The contemptuous ignoring of Hill by the Democracy of all the States, with the solitary exception of his own (where a Tammany minority gave him a delegation by trick), affords one some solid ground for belief in the existence of that healthy moral sense of the people about which it is the optimistic fashion to write so much, but of which proof is seldom given.

Should Cleveland be beaten in New York, his defeat will be laid at Tammany's door. That would result in an insistent Democratic demand for an amendment to the Constitution, providing for the election of the President by popular vote. The party has grown too big to submit to being bullied by Tammany, and in recent years it has received large accessions of men of an intellect and character which forbid their acceptance of a leadership whose title rests on the favor of the tenements and back alleys of a foreign city, whose Democratic supremacy is due to its swarms of transplanted peasants and paupers and riff-raff from the mews of European capitals.

The Democracy has smitten Tammany between the eyes at the Chicago Convention; it will knock off Tammany's head with the club of a constitutional amendment if need shall arise. The Democratic party of the United States is evidently determined not to be ruled by the proud and sensitive sons of Ireland, the gallant children of sunny Italy, and the persecuted Hebrews of Russia and Poland. The party, seemingly, has a prejudice in favor of permitting Americans to have something to say about American politics.

THE ARTIST AND MECHANIC.

For dainty furnishings for parlor, drawing-room or boudoir, one should go to a store where the artist has taken the place of the mechanic in the upholsterers' and cabinet makers' shops. Sanborn, Vail & Co. show a very beautiful line of tables, frames, easels, and other decorative bits. In the art room are brass tables, delicately carved, covered in plush or onyx, just what you want for a corner piece on which to display a diminutive set of china, or a valuable vase, or piece of bric-a-brac.

In frames, the prevailing styles are light cream and gold, bisque, and white and gold. These are very pretty for etchings, photogravures and engravings, and for photographs, plain or colored. Among the other charming things are ladies' dressing mirrors, in white and gold, and cream and gold.

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MUSIC.

STUDY IN EUROPE.

Aspirants to musical honors have a very general craze for the artistic flesh pots of Europe, with a decided leaning towards Germany as the objective point. The value of studying in the great artistic centres of Europe is obviously of immense advantage to almost any fairly talented musician, young or old, endowed with the true receptive quality; but the average aspirant is gifted with perhaps less than average perception of most matters outside the limit of a well grown appreciation for flattery. If the survival of the fittest be a good test for the work and career of the artist, the struggle must be a severe one, in so far as the returned students are concerned.

How far the public is benefited by actual practical artistic results of the training received in Europe, is not hard to gauge. The teaching capacities of the more fortunate students are safely to be relied upon as having developed some degree of infallibility, and here the advantage of the years spent in Europe is reaped. Though these favored returned students indulge in scattering a plentiful *largesse* of gems of self laudation, the good they do overbalances the bumptious airs and aberrations of various kinds they permit themselves. These are the returned students, the irrepressibles who make themselves heard in any community. Of the artistic accomplishment acquired by these years of training, very little reaches the finest standard; it is a temptation to speak of it as abortive, especially as the best talent heard here is native and innocent of European standards and study.

Before setting out to undergo foreign training, there is a very general failure to understand how little that culture will do for any but the better gradations of talent. As rare to-day as it ever was, the perfect balance of temperament, talent, and artistic pliancy is not to be gained by any system of training. Nature and Fate have the only system for developing absolute gift. On the authority of relations, parents, and the sickly kindness of ignorant friends, many unfortunates receive an impetus which is mistaken by them for the promptings of innate talent. Others, buoyed up simply by a large personal affection for themselves, take up the burden of music as a profession, with naught of encouragement excepting a capacity for forcing every animated being to listen in pain, but still in silence, to their strains.

The number of young girls who, on the presumption of a voice, speak as though they had seen visions of La Traviata, Patti's diamonds, flowers, crowded houses, silks, satins, brocades, and the garish splendors of opera of the fine old Italian pattern, is beyond belief. Each and every one of these last innocents imagine in their secret bosoms, that two, perhaps three years, at the most, under the delicious terrors of studies with the august and awful Marchesi, will bring all the crowned heads, capitals, and counts of Europe to the satin-slippered feet, not to mention the crowds of American and other millionaires they conjure up in attitudes adoring and applausive. The adamantine persistence and business ability of an Emma Abbott is only known in one branch of art once in a generation. Marchesi, like a wise woman, predicts immense successes for her pupils, but intervenes the monotonous safeguard of marriage whenever practicable.

The successful result of study in Europe is achieved only where the elements of success were taken there, and how much less success these elements would have gained if left in their native environment is quite as easily to be guessed at. Three out of the band of returned students are making or have made successful artistic careers for themselves, and in one case only of the three is the success complete from every point of view. To inquire into what has become of those who have not made themselves known is to enter into the regions of human pathos in its most touching form, the failure of the aspirants for the favor of the muses.

LESLEY MARTIN.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, June 25, 1892.

UNITY IN CALIFORNIA.

California is to the front again. Having successfully, in the past, made it impossible for any citizen of the Golden State to gain appointive honors, our delegation to the Democratic Convention at Chicago is doing the best it can to rob us of our National Committeemen. If it were not absolutely necessary that we should have one, there can be no manner of doubt that California would be left unrepresented in the highest councils of the Democratic party.

When all the States and Territories in the grand gathering of the ability and greatness of the Democracy at Chicago had agreed on the men whom they desired to represent them on the National Committee, Californians, as in the past, envious, greedy, and bursting with the win or ruin idea, were alone without a choice. And when the favorite sons of her companion States were named for place on the roll, California was "passed."

Again and again this has happened; for every office to which a Californian's proper ambition has aspired, a dozen of his fellows have clamored; and no petition has ever been forwarded to Washington that did not, in presenting the claims of the petitioner, vilify, traduce, and calumniate all the other applicants. On record at the Capitol are documents grossly libelous of some of our most honored leaders; cruelly untruthful, and brutally denunciatory of some whom we regard as honest and upright.

Californians have always been California's worst enemies; she has suffered as severely from traitors within her own confines as has poor old Ireland, and there never was an Irish revolution that there was not an Irishman to betray it. There has been no union among our leaders; they have always been for themselves; their principal has been: "If I cannot get the office no other Californian will;" and again and again we have seen the honors that were California's due conferred elsewhere; we have seen her prestige depart from her; her name become a synonym for nasty fights, mean, dishonorable intrigues, and disreputable practices.

Is there any man, who knows the history of the State, who will deny what I have said? Does any person recall the time when California has unitedly asked for anything? I think not. Can any man suggest a remedy for this other than the death (naturally, I hope) of the mean, selfish, egotistic self-seekers who are destroying the State? I fear not.

THE ISSUES THIS TIME.

McKinleyism and Reciprocity, those twin swindles, being the principal issues of this Presidential campaign, it was immaterial who carried the Democratic banner. Grover Cleveland represents perfectly the idea of an honest tariff, and he is the best candidate that could have been selected by the Chicago Convention. On this occasion (unless all the signs fail) the American people intend to deal a mortal blow to that egregious humbug called "Protection." The instrumentality of that work is irrelevant and immaterial.

Cleveland has been called a played-out candidate. Ever since he was elected Mayor of Buffalo his star has steadily declined. He was chosen Sheriff of Erie County against a Republican majority of 4000. He carried New York for Governor by nearly 200,000. Next he carried it for President by 1000, and then, four years ago, he lost it. But his star is destined to blaze out afresh this year. If it does not, the American people are a greater lot of asses than I take them to be.

It cannot be possible that the swindled workingmen, who were promised prosperity and increased wages four years ago, but who are now walking the streets in idleness, are going to swallow the "Protection" bait again. Cannot they see that McKinleyism is really free trade in labor, and protection to capital? Why do hod-carriers in San Francisco receive three dollars a day, and in New York one dollar? Is it because there is a tariff on hods and bricks? No, it is because there are more hod-carriers in New York than in San Francisco. Did you ever hear of a Republican who proposed to levy a duty on the importation of hod-carriers? No, but there is a duty on hods and bricks.

The present business depression, and the reduction of wages by the protected capitalists throughout the country, have shown in glaring colors the chicanery of McKinleyism. It is dead, and with Cleveland in the lead the people should bury it forever, in November.

The visit of General Ruger to the Yosemite Valley has filled that grand garden with gratitude. Everyone knows how General Ruger, as Commander of this Division, ordered himself to make a trip of inspection in California; I shudder to think of what would have happened to General Ruger if he had failed to obey the instructions of the Division Commander. However, it is useless to speculate on that, as General Ruger is too good a soldier to disobey even his own orders. His entrance into the Valley, I am told, was hailed with delight by all who happened to be there.

Every honor was shown the distinguished visitor, and I am assured that the moment he set foot in the confines of the Valley, that dignified and lofty mountain, El Capitan, bowed in an exceedingly deferential manner, while the Three Brothers courteously took off their hats, a mark of respect they had never before showed to any tourist. The denizens of the Valley speak of this as being quite out of the common.

THE FEMALE ENDORSER.

The Municipal Conventions are yet some distance off, but the candidates are in training, and every new day sees another statesman in the field, who is anxious to serve his city and county if the office, in its hot pursuit, should reach him before he can make his escape. It is a matter of considerable pride that the man seeks the office; under our present system many officials prove recreant to their trusts; become robbers and embezzlers, and either fly from their positions to escape the prison, or use the money they have stolen to secure their liberty. But there is a moral restraint on them (which, of course, they sometimes overcome), when they recall the fact that they sought the place; this would be absent if the office pursued the man; the feeling would be that they were under no obligation to be honest, and malfeasance in office would become even more frequent than it is.

Therefore, we should all rejoice at the interest the local statesmen are taking in the coming election, and the methods of some of our most deserving men to secure the recognition that is their due, should be heartily applauded. The Wave regards it as an encouraging sign of the times that some of the candidates have enlisted the services of their wives and daughters; this presages a clean, honest campaign. The efforts of Mr. Anthony Quill recommend themselves especially to my high consideration, and I must felicitate him on his astuteness in making his fight for the Shrievalty. He has assured the ladies of the Thirty-fourth District of his fitness for the place, and has succeeded in calling to their attention the fact that they are able to assist him, and we now see a new political force in the field. The ladies of St. Joseph's parish have unanimously endorsed Mr. Quill for Sheriff. I confidently expect to see this beautiful example followed. The Unmarried Female's Society of the Mission should also pass resolutions endorsing Mr. Quill for the place; the Ladies of the Hectic Flush should follow suit, and if the Ladies' Society for the Prevention of Happiness in Married Life would do likewise, Mr. Quill's candidacy might be worth considering, and his place in the political world would not be the vacuum that it now is.

The Santa Cruz *Turf* kindly says: "The Wave dashes bravely this summer, and apparently is on the flood tide of popularity and prosperity. 'The Witness,' that shrewd observer of men, women, and things, turns his eagle eye on politics this season and to good purpose. The letters from the interior and the watering places include quite a lengthy and gossiping one from Santa Cruz each week, and other departments are quite as readable. Long may it *Wave*."

Jack—How about Miss Million, Charlie? Have your hopes in that direction reached a consummation?

Charley—Not exactly. The fact is they have only reached the consommé.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA :—In these days of specialties, it is necessary that Society fiction should be produced by social personages. Time was when any mere pen-wielder could tack a million to a hero and have him cut a figure in the polite world, but these days are past. Whoever dares to describe the wealthy must associate with them. We ask descriptions of cotillions from the leaders of germans; ladies who give afternoon teas surely know better the inner characteristics of these functions than outsiders who have never been to one. The point of view of a belle of the *beau monde* can hardly be correctly interpreted by a man who has not studied this interesting type at first hand. Even then, how much better to have this maiden so favored by nature and surroundings speak for herself.

For the Society Story the reading public has grown accustomed to look to Mrs. Cruger and Mrs. Burton Harrison. Apart from a certain amount of literary ability, these ladies are figures in the New York 400. The first has a springy style and the italic habit; the second leans to long drawn-out sentimentality in a frame of half done description. Neither would think of writing about common people. Their characters, if materialized, would all be eligible for the Patriarchs. It is true, instances of the Herd are thrown in for relief, but how admirably against the dull background of their vulgarity the patrician manners of their heroes and heroines do stand out. In the opinion of most people it is better to read Mrs. Cruger than to study "Don't." As for Mrs. Burton Harrison, how infinitely preferable to a guide book her dissertations on Bar Harbor, Mount Pleasant, and the White Sulphur Springs are. One is afforded not only an insight into the minds of these superior beings, but into the best methods of approaching them. The intricacies of their summer wardrobes are revealed to our anxious eyes. One learns to comprehend their graceful dialogue, and, above all, to appreciate those standards whereby Society judges of men and women.

Outside her authority as an exponent of *le hig lif*, Mrs. Harrison possesses a very pretty story-telling capacity. "An Edelweiss of the Sierras," her latest book, presents seven tales that are rather nicely done. The first is about a California miner whose bride comes to him over the seas. In the Sierras they live together very happily until she dies giving birth to a child, who eventually goes to Paris and becomes a belle. By that time her fond parent is a millionaire. "Golden Rod" is a terrifically long-drawn-out story of a worthy young man and a lovely but cold widow. He falls in love with her "beautiful, high-bred face, wearing a little wearied air," at first sight. He sends her daily, without a card, quantities of rare princely roses on layers of maidenhair ferns. But she is cold; she repels him; finally, after a long description of a journey to Mt. Desert and the life there, he prevails; she yields her refined type to him; and it is presumed they are united. "Under the Convent Wall" and "Cherrycote" are clever and are neatly told.

Of a very different type are these stories by John Heard, Jr. "A Charge for France" the one that gives its title to the volume, is by no means the best of the collection. There is a real capacity for description and a strong sense of the picturesque; literary talent, too, as evinced in the workmanship and form. Only those who have themselves tried know how hard it is to write a sketch like "Julius." "Impressions of the Boat Race" is an instance of the impressionist style that is coming into vogue. "La Louve," is an artistic hit. "That Yank from New York" is interesting. In fact the book is one well worth buying and reading as an excellent antidote to dullness these long summer days.

"Res Judicatæ" is a volume of essays by the author of "Obiter Dicta." Those of us who read that delightful volume need not be told the charm of Mr. Berrell's style, nor the art of his presentations. He is never prolix, never verbose. His dictates are so eminently judicial, so reasonable. The essay on Richardson is an excellent piece of literary work, which I defy anyone who has ever heard of the author of "Pamela" to skip. The estimate of Newman is admirable. It enables one to realize the man. About "Gibbon" there is no fine writing; no antithesis; no brilliancy, but it is a fine study—almost as artistic as a pastel by Bourget.

"Albert Savarus" is an epic. It is a story full of the splendid power and passion of the greatest of novelists. The characters are gigantic, the situations fraught with an almost elemental dramatic force. It is statuesque in form; the narrative has the breadth and sweep of an eagle's flight. It is a classic, in fact. About such a love as that of Albert, there is a promethean power that makes the catastrophe of his failure the more terrible. To imagine a punishment dreadful enough for such a crime as that of Rosalie's it is almost necessary to believe in a Hell. But Balzac alone could picture a passion of such extraordinary fervor as that which animates Savarus for his lovely and majestic Francesca—his "dear soul," as he calls her. Only Balzac could depict the iron nature of Madamoiselle de Watville in the frame of a pale, quiet, repressed maiden. For background there is Bescançon, with its "colony," its haughty aristocracy, that admits no strangers A wonderful book this. I could not hope to do justice to its greatness in a page. "Paz," the second story, and "Madame Firmiani," two beautiful tales, are more familiar to lovers of Balzac than the first. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Edelweiss of the Sierras and other Stories," by Mrs. Barton Harrison. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Res Judicatæ," by Aujustino Birrell. Chas. Scribners' Sons, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Charge for France," by John Heard, Jr. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Albert Savarus," by Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Bros., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

A CHARMING PLACE.

A man's duty to his family does not end when he clothes and feeds his wife and children. He owes it to them, to himself, and the country that their health and happiness should be cared for. If health and happiness are to be found elsewhere than in the dictionary, it is at Belvedere, the most charming of San Francisco's suburbs, and the most delightul spot on the Coast. The large number of people who have bought real estate and erected homes here is the best assurance of the splendid advantages of this place. It is within easy reach of San Francisco; the Tiburon boats cross nearly every hour; the trip is made in half an hour; there are no fogs; the winds are soft and balmy; the sewerage is perfect; the water is sweet and pure; the scenery is the prettiest in the State, and——. But what more can mortal want? If you would only take a trip over there on Sunday—you can do it for twenty-five cents, and 'buses meet every train—you will find that Belvedere is a most delightful place to spend the summer.

O TIME AND CHANGE.

O Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under:
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.
O Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling:
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.

—*W. E. Henley's "Song of the Sword."*

TRE FILA D'ORO.

(*From the French of Leconte de Lisle.*)

Far over the sea as the swallow flies
I long to fly into realms untold,
For a cruel one with beautiful eyes
Has bounden my heart with three threads of gold.

The one is her glance, the other her smile,
The third and last is her lips *en fleur*
I love her too much; 'tis martyrdom, while
These three golden threads enchain me to her.

Oh, would I were able to sever my chain!
—Adieu tears, torments—the attempt I would hold
But no! no! Far better to die of the pain
Than to break you, O my three threads of gold!

—*Figaro.*

A MATTER OF EMPHASIS.

Jack (bashfully)—If I asked you for a kiss, would you be angry?

Amy (naively)—Yes, if you *asked* me for it.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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THE MUMMERS.

"THE LION-TAMER" AT THE BALDWIN.

My readers who have no conception of what a gin-fizz would be with the Old Tom left out can hardly understand what "The Lion Tamer" would be with Mr. Wilson omitted. With that gentleman in his favorite place about the centre of the stage, just a trifle abaft the footlights, the play is a wild riot of mirth; his absence falls on the audience like an Egyptian darkness, leaving stage, play and spectators in the deepest gloom.

Mr. Wilson appears to understand stage business as well as any man in the profession; he never wastes his force. For instance, when he is near the footlights, his large staff of pretty young women is in the wings, and when he is stirring to laughter with some new joke or fun-freighted sentence his auditors, their attention is not distracted by any display of female charm. The instant that Mr. Wilson retires, R. U. E., L. C. E., or D. P. Q., his bouquet of beautiful blondes bursts upon the scene and holds the eye of the spectators until the head and front of the inoffending appears again.

I am not prepared to state that "The Lion Tamer" is more mirthful than "The Merry Monarch." I can only say that the former will do a better business than the latter, and for all purposes that will be a better means of arriving at its good qualities than anything I could suggest. Considering Mr. Wilson seriously, and looking at his plays from one's own standpoint, and not through the glasses offered to one by the "kindly-intentioned" but not over veracious advance agent, one must feel a trifle disappointed. There is more of the farce than comedy in "The Merry Monarch" and "The Lion Tamer," less of the intellectually witty than of the physically humorous, more of the broadly pointed than of the subtly suggested.

I have no desire, of course, to seek to depreciate Mr. Wilson or his company. The excellence of the performances they have given in this city would make useless an effort of this kind on my part; I would merely suggest, however, that so far as the theatre-going public is concerned it could receive almost as much pleasure from a performance of "The Lion Tamer" if that piece were a monologue and Mr. Wilson appeared alone. However, that would rob us of the pleasure of seeing the brightest, cheeriest, prettiest little girl who has danced and sung her way into the hearts of the San Francisco public for some time—Miss Glaser. What this young lady lacks in histrionic ability she makes up in magnetism; her very inexperience has a charm, and whatever may be her shortcomings artistically considered, her brightness of face, enthusiasm, and freshness cover and conceal.

The others in the company have little chance to display either histrionic or musical ability. Among Mr. Wilson's support Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Gaynor shone refulgent; it is a matter of regret that the former has not a better opportunity for the exercise of his voice; the little he does is done well, and Mr. Gaynor is to be congratulated on the excellent impression he made. I desire to cast no dark reflections on Mr. Wilson, but of the Bouncing Brothers of Barbary—I believe that is where they hail from—the youths of ebony hue were the funnier. "The Lion Tamer" will have a successful engagement here.——

Following Francis Wilson at the Baldwin comes the comedy farce, "Gloriana," which will be given for a fortnight only by a company of Mr. Frohman's comedians, which includes Henry Miller, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Nettie Guion, Frederick Bond, Charles B. Welles, and others equally well known. "Gloriana" appeals directly to the fun lovers of this country, and its clever, sparkling dialogue and most ludicrous complications have made the entire East laugh for the past seven months.——

Certainly the opening of Stockwell's Theatre will be one of the most notable affairs in the histrionic history of this city. Augustin Daly's Company is one to conjure with; the sprightly Rehan would draw a big house from a Presbyterian congregation; and the other members have ability enough to fill a theatre from among the merry-makers at an Irish wake. The opening takes place on Thursday, July 7th, and the play is "As You Like It;" Rehan as Rosalind. The choice of seats will be sold at public auction on Thursday next, by Easton, Eldridge & Co. I am told that the expense of transporting the Company from Chicago to this city will be $10,000.——

"The Police Patrol," which had a successful season at the Bush, will be followed on Monday by "McCarthy's Mishaps," a droll play full of fun and specialties. Barney Ferguson has the leading part, and has made the play a success in the East. Mr. Ferguson will be remembered as one of that humorous team that appeared in minstrelsy here under the name of Ferguson & Mack. On July 4th Haverly's Great Mastodon Minstrels, including Billy Rice, E. M. Hall, and other well-known artists, will appear at the Bush Street Theatre.——

Next week will be the last of Donnelly and Girard in "Natural Gas" at the California, and following them comes Reed and Collier in the successful farce comedy, "Hoss and Hoss." This play is said to be immensely funny and to afford splendid opportunities for clever work on the part of Charles Reed and William Collier and their bright company. These mummers are favorites here, and will have a successful season ——

"The Scout," in which Dr. Carver appears at the Grand Opera House, has been a signal success. The play differs materially from anything that we have had here lately; it is an epitome of the refined in the border drama. The plot of the play counts for little, but is sufficient to hold together some of the strongest and most exciting scenes of frontier life; pictures of Indian warfare that are realistic. Aside from the intense interest of "The Scout," Dr. Carver gives some exhibitions of rifle shooting that are worth the price of admission. The stage mechanism is perfect, and some of the effects produced are marvelous. One can hardly afford to miss seeing "The Scout," which is the sensational production of the season.

GAINING A REPUTATION.

The reputation of the California has traveled far, if one is to judge from the flattering notices some of the visiting editors published of it. The arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the guests, the luxurious furnishings of the public rooms and the private apartments, all attracted the notice of the visitors, and were highly spoken of. But the *cuisine* touched the Easterner in that spot which is said to be the only sure one through which to reach a man's sensibility. The *chef* was highly praised, and his creations were spoken of as being fit for Lucullus. This seems to be the general impression, and the opinion is abroad that what is good enough for Lucullus is good enough for the *bon vivants* of San Francisco. The California Hotel *Café* is their gathering place.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER ..... Manager

Grand Success Crowded and Delighted Houses

Monday, June 27 Second Week

FRANCIS WILSON

——And his COMIC OPERA CO. in——

THE LION TAMER

Exactly as presented 125 nights at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Handsomest Theatre in the World.

AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietor
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Last Week The Comedians

DONNELLY and GIRARD

Accompanied by MISS AMY AMES

——In the New——

NATURAL GAS

Monday, July 4th

REED and COLLIER in "HOSS AND HOSS"

NEW BUSH ST. THEATRE

MR. M. B. LEAVITT ..... Lessee and Proprietor
CHAS. P. HALL ..... Manager

One Week Only

COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 27th

BARNEY FERGUSON

——IN——

McCarthy's Mishaps

FUN, LAUGHTER AND SONG

NEXT WEEK, JULY 4th

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

FRED. C. WHITNEY ..... Lessee and Manager

2d and Last Week Continued Success

DR. CARVER

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE PLAINS

With the entire great original WILD AMERICA COMPANY, in

THE SCOUT

Wild, whirling, delirious excitement! Wild Sioux Indian braves! Wild cowboys from the plains! Wild Western characters! Wild Mexican Rough Riders. Wild scouts and guides! Wild horses from the prairies! Wild scenes from the frontier! Wild plunges into the water! Wild rushing rivers. Four acts of wild realism.

POPULAR PRICES—From 15c to $1.

Box office now open——:

ELLERT'S

PHARMACY

COR. CALIFORNIA & KEARNY. STS.

—USE—

ROSORA CREAM

An elegant and efficacious compound for Chapped Hands, Face, or any Roughness of the Skin, rendering it Soft and Smooth, and allaying all irritation caused by exposure to the sun and wind.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

A BROKEN CHAIR.

I.

James rushed up to his fifth floor. When he reached the last landing, where there were two doors, one on the left, the other on the right—he paused a moment. He put a key in his pocket, looked long at the door on the left, heaved a great sigh, then opened the door on the right. He turned his head, again contemplated the left-hand door, heaved a second great sigh, and entered his own room—at the right.

Then he took a chair, placed it against the wall, got astride of it, lighted a cigarette, and remained thus, watching the little clouds of smoke rise to the ceiling, and every five minutes pressing his ear against the wall.

He had been there a long while, had smoked a great deal and had many times applied his ear to the wall, when his face, hitherto sombre, took a joyous expression.

Somebody was stirring on the other side—"She has come in!" he said aloud.

There was a noise of chairs and dishes—"She is going to dine!" said James.

And he pressed his head yet more closely to the wall, trying to be aware of the slightest movements of his neighbor, unable to see her but happy to feel her there and to live near her.

Not to see her any more—ah! that was heartbreaking for James. He saw her often in other days.

He contrived to pass her on the stairs. For that he waited in the street whole hours; then, when he perceived her in the distance, he went back, rushed up stairs to give her time to arrive, and then went slowly down, as if mere chance had brought this blessed moment. But he always felt so embarrassed to see her pass by him so grave and so reserved, that he saluted her more awkwardly than the most boorish school-boy, and lowered his eyes without daring even to look at her. It was very fine to promise himself to be less timid, to study graceful bows, to invent pretexts for conversation, to imagine skillful declarations; all his plans were wrecked at the psychological moment, and every time that the adored one passed, James saluted her more and more awkwardly—once he even dropped his hat.

So, despairing of ever being able to conquer his timidity, and trembling lest he might impress her unfavorably, he had preferred to renounce seeing her.

In that way, he thought, if I do not succeed in pleasing her, at least I shall be sure of not displeasing her.

And James, therefore, arranged his life, taking precautions never to go out nor come in at the same hours that his pretty neighbor did, and contenting himself with living beside her, for her and by her—without her suspecting her existence to him.

However, in order not to see her he had learned about her. She called herself Charlotte. She worked every day, going out early and returning late. And she was surely a good girl. Oh! yes, very good, for far into the night she was busy with needle-work. And James felt himself seized with admiration for that brave and beautiful girl who, alone in the world (she was certainly alone as no visitor ever came), knew how to resist all the temptations that she must find in her path.

How had he come to love her? James sometimes asked himself. She had moved into the house the year previous. The first time that he saw her she had seemed to him pretty, and that was all. In the beginning he had scarcely paid any attention to her. That had come gradually—by force, so to speak, inevitably—through the wall.

The attraction of the woman one felt was there—close by—that thought which came on returning late at night: "Ah! has she retired?" or, upon early rising: "I wonder if she is up!" Gradually this took entire possession of him. The thought of the morning continued without interruption to the thought of the night—it was the thought of his whole life.

James was quite sure now about the sentiment he felt for Charlotte. He adored her, and he was certain that the present fashion in which he adored her was the way he would always worship her.

If she had allowed him to speak—and in that case if he himself could have had courage to talk—his declaration, or rather his profession, of faith would not have been long. "Mademoiselle, I love you. Will you be my wife?" But good Heavens! To offer his hand to a lady it was necessary to be able to put something in it—and James had nothing. He was a painter—one of those artists rich in hopes and plans, but whose works do not sell, and lately his pictures were not sold at all. The poor boy had reached such a point that, in order to pay his rent, he had pawned what furniture he owned; there remained only the bed and a poor wicker chair, a chair so old, so weak and so tottering, that it was a miracle that he could keep astride of it as he did.

II.

James was always there, astride of his chair and trying to hear through the thin partition the going and coming of his neighbor. Like the blind who, by the touch alone, gain an exact knowledge of the physiognomy of objects, James, by the rustling of Charlotte's dress against the furniture, by the approach or withdrawal of her footsteps, by their silences even, had grown to see her as well as if standing before her.

"She is setting the table," said he—"she is eating—now she has finished—she is putting things away—she has sat down—she is going to sew." And it seems to James that he, too, sat there, opposite her, contemplating her in silence. Sometimes, always astride of his chair, his observatory as he said, he closed his eyes and took to dreaming.

What is she thinking about? Does she suspect that I am here close to her? If she knew how I loved her! And he was tempted to call her attention to himself by an act of any kind of folly, but the fear of displeasing her always restrained him, and he preferred that she should not know he loved her, rather than to know himself that she would never love him.

He constructed romances, too. "It is impossible," he thought, "that she should never be thinking about me. She knows that I exist, that I live beside her. When she comes in my door is always half open; she can see that there is a light in my room. She is curious like all women. She must ask herself what I am doing, why I never go out. Perhaps she has noticed me in spite of my awkwardness—on account of my ackwardness—who knows? Possibly she has divined that I love her. She waits for me to declare myself, and, seeing that I dare not begin, it is she who will take the first steps. One day (everything is possible with women) she will quit her work, cross the landing, and merely opening the door of my room, she will enter as if at home and say to me: 'Since you do not come, it is I who come.' Yes, but it may be a long time before she comes. What way is there to hurry her?"

And James, always astride of his chair, sought the best means of bringing Charlotte to declare herself. Slip a note under her door? Ah! how long he had dreamed of doing that; but would she read it? And supposing that she began to read, at the first burning phrase she would tear up the paper. Get her to speak through a third party? But whom? They had no mutual friend. No; decidedly all those ways were bad or impracticable, and the only course for James was to wait. But how long must he wait?

III.

Matters went slowly at present—very slowly. Charlotte, in her room on the left, made her needle fly. She had decided that she must finish that very night the work begun, no matter how late she had to sit up—and to keep awake better, while she worked she sang. James, on the right, sat up too, of course, always in the same posture, listening and mechanically making his body follow the movement of the rhythm indicated by the singer.

While it was a slow air all went well. But when the strains grew more lively the game became truly dangerous, and the poor shaky chair found itself subjected to gymnastics beyond its power to resist.

The whole modern repertoire passed along. James heard "Faust:" Ah! if he were here! But he is here! he was on the point of responding. He heard, too, "Rigoletto," and "Le Prophète," and "William Tell."

Hours elapsed and James, who had never been at such an entertainment, did not leave the concert given him.

Gradually Charlotte grew tired. The song was lower, the notes were given with less force. To the grand airs, hitherto sung from the first to the last measure, succeeded broken snatches, and the loud outbursts were changed to soft modulations. Romances and reveries took the place of cavatinas and dances. It was no longer the captivating Carmen, nor the coquette Philine—it was the melancholy Mireille, and the dying Ophelia.

James, always on his chair, had, little by little, grown drowsy and was now dozing, but in his sleep he heard the music and, in spite of himself, gently swayed his body to follow the movement shown by Charlotte.

She was very drowsy, too. But the courageous girl had resolved to complete the work commenced. She made up her mind for a supreme effort to rise above her fatigue and sleepiness, and, to rouse herself, she suddenly attacked a waltz—the "Valse des Roses" of Métra, one of the most seductive that exist, to the sound of which all of us,

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO.

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

whatever we are, have whirled, and which would bring a dying man to his feet.

James was dreaming now, and, doubtless, he dreamed that he was waltzing, for he followed the movement and waltzed. But the trouble was that the chair could not keep on its feet. In spite of itself it made with its proprietor some desperate turns, then, exhausted by the effort, it gave a sinister crack and collapsed, dragging its baffled cavalier to the floor. There was a terrible noise. The floor trembled. The whole house was upset. As for Charlotte, she screamed with fright. The only one who did not cry out was James. This would have been a difficult thing for him. He had received a severe cut on his forehead, and was entirely unconscious.

IV.

When James came to himself next morning he was stretched on his bed with compresses on his brow. A woman was sitting by him—but on a solid chair this time—watching him.

"What! You here, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Last night after the noise you made in falling I thought something must be the matter, and I came in and found you did not know anything. But it is all right now. It is all over, and in a few days you will have nothing left of your fall unless, perhaps, a small scar on your forehead. But tell me, what could you have been doing to fall in that queer way with your chair?"

James did not answer and could not keep from blushing.

Women are quick to understand the sentiment they inspire. Charlotte was not long in reading the invalid's heart.

The first step was taken, the ice was broken. It was only to let things go. And the young people talked from dawn till breakfast.

* * * * *

James and Charlotte are married to-day and happy as it is possible to be. Charlotte does not work now. The sale of her husband's pictures gives them a sufficient support. They live in a plain flat, comfortable and furnished tastefully. They are so happy that people seek them and are made welcome.

Two things only have astonished and still astonish their friends. The day of their wedding they had the organist play the *Valse des Roses*, and in the middle of their parlor, in the place of honor, they have placed a shocking wicker chair, so old and so broken that, to make it stand up, Charlotte has been obliged to fasten it together with ribbons.—*Translated for* THE WAVE *from the French of Berr de Turique by E. F. Dawson.*

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings sauces, etc. use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

I am thoroughly amused at the way Edgar A. Walz, of the Equitable, has been posing, for some time past, as a reformer of the life business. He publicly professes a holy horror of deceit or misrepresentation. Now, all of this is commendable in its way, but, unfortunately, Mr. Walz's reputation as a reformer is almost entirely confined to his own office. An excellent explanation of the "cause why" is to be found in the Equitable's "ad" in a postal guide. In this card, Mr. Walz reprints a letter from himself as "Chairman of the Committee" appointed, "at the suggestion of Mr. Walz by the leading life companies," asking Postmaster-General Wanamaker's views upon life insurance. A capital plan, undoubtedly, but the joke of the whole matter is, as I learn, that Mr. Walz, in the first place, did *not* suggest the idea to the "leading life companies;" second, that no such committee ever existed, or was ever thought of. As a whole, it strikes me that Mr. Walz must have been Chairman of a committee of one appointed by the general agent of the Equitable. Is this sort of thing an evidence of reform or executive ability?

* * *

Somewhat to my surprise, I learn that Epstein & Co. have been appointed City Agents for the Patriotic, of Dublin. The surprise is not that this firm should have been selected if city agents were to be appointed, but that Arthur Donnell should allow the Patriotic's local business to pass out of his hands. "Don" is an old-time rustler in the local field, and I imagined that he would resign the City Agency of the Sun Fire, and bestow his placings upon the new company. Still, in spite of his velvety characteristics, "Don" is very clear-sighted, and it is safe to say that the Patriotic will not suffer by the arrangement.

* * *

The new local company that I mentioned a few weeks ago is progressing most favorably, and may be looked for before the "first cold snap" in the fall. Of course, in the present condition of affairs on the Coast, it is rather difficult to gather together a cool million in a few weeks, but the subscription list is already so well filled that the new local may now be looked upon as a reality.

* * *

The grain field fire in Merced County the other day was what Parson Craig would call a "cooker." I was afraid that the London & Lancashire would suffer heavily in consequence, as they seem to have a monopoly of the crop business this year, but "Drif" relieved my anxiety by announcing that "the London & Lancashire isn't in it!" This is really the first bad grain fire, that I can recall, for a number of years, and it will open the eyes of those who look upon the crop business as one of profit only.

LOCAL.

Laundry Farm is delightful now. Just the right combination of hill and dale, of verdant meadow and rippling stream make this one of the choice spots of the Coast for a day's outing. Nature always wears her sunniest smile here. Special arrangements and every accommodation for picnic parties and excursions.

Thor's portraits are the most artistic and the best likenesses. It is not possible to say more in their favor than that they are used for the half-tone reproductions that appear on the front cover of THE WAVE.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Guardian Assurance Co. Sun + Fire + Office

Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital	$ 5,000,000	Cash Asse	$9,031,000
Cash Assets	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956,330

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

NATIONAL Fire Insurance Company of Hartford

CAPITAL ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Assets Jan. 1st, 1891, $2,620,213.19

GEO. D. DORNIN, Manager.

409 CALIFORNIA STREET.

FIRE

LION FIRE INS. CO., of London Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879

IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London Assets, $10,190,719. Commenced in Cal. 1858

WM. SEXTON, Manager. R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager

Pacific Department, 21 SANSOME ST., S. F.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON

Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP,	$ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS,	21,581,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS,	8,980 251.00

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

London Assurance Company

Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London, Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,

Northwest Corner Sacramento and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco

ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Capital, - - $25 000,000

—PACIFIC BRANCH

Office, Alliance Building, 410 and 412 CALIFORNIA St., S. F.

NATHANIEL T. JAMES, Manager

EVAN'S POISON OAK SPECIFIC

A Preventive and Cure for Poisoning. Prepared by Physicians of large experience in ingredients. Responds at once. Follows the course of the disease and checks it at any stage. A Perfect Cure Guaranteed. It is also an excellent remedy for

Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers

Price 50 Cents per Bottle

Prepared by C. C. HIGGINS, Druggist and Apothecary

603 MONTGOMERY ST., near Clay

A Delightful Ride to the head of Fruitvale Avenue.

Double-deck cars connect with every train at East Oakland (Brooklyn Station). Special arrangements can be made to accommodate Picnic Parties. For a place to spend a delightful day in the country Fruitvale is unsurpassed.

FRANK J. WOODWARD, Secretary, 422 Twelfth Street, Oakland.

The Original Swain's Bakery

ESTABLISHED 1856.

The Dining-room connected with our establishment offers the best inducements to those who are in search of a quiet elegantly appointed restaurant of undoubted excellence.

Finest Wedding Cakes.

Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty.

EDWARD R. SWAIN SWAIN BROTHERS FRANK A. SWAIN

213 Sutter Street, S. F.

Incandescent Electric Lamps lighted from our own plant.

Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Its Agents are found throughout America, and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established.

D. J. STAPLES, President WM. J. DUTTON, Vice-President BERNARD FAYMONVILLE, Secretary

J. B. LEVISON, Marine Sec'y LOUIS WEINMANN, Assistant Sec'y STEPHEN D. IVES, General Agent

You want a *genuine* dollar bill, and not a counterfeit. Your customers want the *genuine* Ferris "Good Sense" Corset Waist, and no counterfeit offered as a substitute.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The mining share business at the Stock Exchange during the past week has been the dullest one for months, none of the sessions lasting longer than five to ten minutes, and the sales covering only a few hundreds.

The contest for the Savage mine has apparently petered out, the stock having declined to the price at which it started, namely $1.40 per share, and those in a position to know now say that neither Haywood nor the estate of Hobart are taking any part in the contest for control, and Hirshfield, who, it was said, was managing the fight for the opposition, has not been around the Boards for the last week.

During the week rumors of a settlement or compromise of the troubles of the Hale & Norcross, also the return to the company of $2800 by the former directors, had the effect of strengthening the stock, and from $1.05 under lively purchases by Jasper McDonald, the price advanced to $1.45 on Wednesday, but no further confirmatory news being advanced, the stock seems to be on the decline again.

Nothing new to report in any of the Northend mines, Ophir, Mexican, Union, and Sierra Nevada doing the usual prospecting work.

During the week Con. Virginia extracted 1034 tons, of which 980 tons were shipped to the Morgan Mill, of an assay value of $28.38 per ton.

The one feature of the week was the healthy and strong tone of the Gold Hill stocks, Belcher, Crown Point, and Yellow Jacket, under the purchases of Morrow, Schmitt, Walls, etc. Belcher advanced from 85 cents to $1.20, over 6500 shares alone being bought at the San Francisco Exchange the first three days of the week.

The news from the Belcher is very favorable. The 300-ft. level is quite of a promising nature, also several of the lower levels have a fair prospect.

On the 160-ft. level of the Crown Point, some bunches of ore have been encountered that assayed quite handsomely.

The best outlook at present on the Comstock centres in the Gold Hill group, and, from all indications, should a deal occur it will be in these mines, and it will be on merit, so I would advise my readers to keep posted on the outlook and take advantage at the proper time, for as a rule these stocks are selling down at bedrock prices, and cannot go much lower, but should only a small development be made prices would advance rapidly, as old Belcher and Crown Point are still favorites, and many still remember how quickly Belcher, in old times, advanced from a couple of dollars to $1800 per share and paid dividends of $10 per month. How McDonald offered to sell 1000 shares, seller a year for nothing, assessments added, which would have made a loss to the seller before the time was up of over $100,000. History repeats itself, and though the outlook is dark and forlorn, all can be changed in one day's work.

Silver is still on the decline, selling in New York on Wednesday at 88¼ cents.

Preparations are being made for an appeal from the judgment in the suit of M. W. Fox against the Hale & Norcross Mine. The copying of the exhibits in the case will consume several weeks, and when finished will be one of the most formidable ever presented to the Supreme Court. The motion for a new trial will be presented and disposed of, when Judge Hebbard returns from his vacation in August.

The Bodie has been assessed twenty-five cents per share, and Bell Isle, ten cents, Alta, fifteen cents.

The following dividends have been declared: Daly Mine, 25 cents per share; the Ontario, 50 cents; United C. Company, 50 cents; Contra Costa Water, 50 cents; the Security Saving Bank, 5.20 on term, and 4.33½ per cent on ordinary. The Pacific Bank 4 per cent for 6 months; the Oakland Bank of Savings for 6 months at the rate of 5¼ per cent per annum, and the Savings and Loan Bank 5¼ per cent on term, and 4⅓ on ordinary deposits.

The Standard Con. of Bodie a dividend of two cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board the members are complaining of the general dullness in local securities, the only features being the continued weakness of Spring Valley Water and the Powder Stocks, both of which have declined materially during the week.

The transactions on call were of Spring Valley 265 ch. @ 98¼ to 97¾; of Safety Nitro, 375 @ 11¼ to 10; Vigorit 185 @ 3⅞ to ¾; Atlantic, 130 @ 46; California Electric Light, 100 @ 15¾ @ 15⅞; San Francisco Gas 70 @ 71 to 70¼; Pacific Gas, 26 @ 80; Hawaiian Com. 200 @ 2 and 5000 of Southern Pacific of Arizona bonds @ 105¼.

SURETY.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, cor. Webb; Branch, 1700 Market St., cor. Polk. For the half year ending with 30th June, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one fifth (5 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-third (4 1-3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, 1st July, 1892.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA STREET

For the half year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one tenth (5 1-10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1-4) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

PEOPLES HOME SAVINGS BANK
805 Market St., Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Board of Directors of this Bank have declared a Dividend for the term ending June 30th, 1892, at the rate of five and one-fifth per cent. (5 1-5%) per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-third per cent (4 1-3%) per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from taxes, and payable on and after July 1st, 1892.

J. E. FARNUM, Secretary.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO.

Carrying U. S., Hawaiian and Colonial Mails.

Will leave Folsom Street Wharf

FOR HONOLULU.

AUSTRALIA, a splendid 3000-ton vessel.....12 M. July 5 1892

FOR HONOLULU, AUCKLAND AND SYDNEY, WITHOUT CHANGE.

The Splendid New 3000-ton Iron Steamer

ALAMEDA.....12 M. July 22, 1892
Or immediately on arrival of the English Mails.

For Freight or Passage apply at Office, 327 Market Street
JOHN D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Gen'l Agents.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama.

Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—June 25th, S. S. "San Blas," July 5th, S.S "City of Sydney," July 15th, S. S. "San Jose."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—July 18th, 1892, S. S. "Colima."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "China," Saturday, July 9th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," (new) Thursday, August 4th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER,
General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	FROM JUNE 9, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon and Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo, Benicia and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon and Stockton	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 p m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 p m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

†7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	17 30 p m

Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

The fascinating though usually trying neutral shades are rapidly on the decline, so far as feminine wearing apparel is concerned, and we have again the decided and vivid coloring, which already come to us from Paris in the most startling combinations; for instance, a pale blue poplin dinner dress has narrow stripes of crimson and violet and the huge balloon sleeves are of crimson velvet. Another handsome gown is of light lemon color with trimming formed of green pheasant's breasts, and iridescent green spangles. These were truly superb costumes, but I firmly believe that only a French modiste of rare experience can contend with the difficulties that accompany such startling contrasts and come out victorious, therefore the home designer should be warned and confine her energies to less elaborate though invariably more satisfactory combinations. Velvet sleeves have again been revived, but appear much larger than when last with us. In fact, unless the quality of the fabric be rich enough to hold the huge puffs in place, eider-down is sometimes employed to keep them from drooping. These sleeves often reach to the elbow, and are finished there with a deep fall of rich lace. Picturesque as is the effect produced by these immense affairs, stout women should take care lest they overdo the fashion, producing an effect more absurd than satisfactory. Again, stout women should eschew the captivating new woolen and silk dress goods that are made with narrow silk cord stripes running the length of the material, the width being sufficient to form the skirt length, thus necessitating only the one seam that extends down the back. These goods make beautiful dresses for slight figures, but the complete absence of vertical lines renders them most unsatisfactory for others.

* * *

Now is the season for the shade hat, and no wise girl should fail to make the best of this golden opportunity, for surely there is no article of feminine wearing apparel so capable of enhancing any youthful face as is this dainty combination of straw, lace, ribbon, and flowers. One primary rule should be observed, however—shade hats are essentially shields from the sun. They were never intended for theatre wear, where too often they are to be seen losing all their pretty effect by being inappropriately worn; neither should one attempt to utilize them in San Francisco, since our summer winds cause them to be both uncomfortable and ridiculous, but no girl should go forth upon her summer campaign armed with less than two or three of these creations. An attractive one recently shown at a down-town milliner's was a broad, firm, white chip; the crown had been removed and a wreath of exquisitely shaded pink roses substituted, leaving an opening for the hair in the centre of the hat. On the left side and near the back the brim was crushed up and held in place by one superb bobbing American beauty rose with green foliage, and long, narrow green velvet strings fell from the back. Another June hat was of shirred white silk mull with a huge bow of wide green satin ribbon and clusters of long-stemmed buttercups for trimming. A third was of yellow leghorn with trimmings of gold ribbon and profusion of black ostrich tips.

* * *

All patent leather low shoes with pointed toe and flat heel are the correct thing for street wear. White patent leathers are also shown, but being neither as serviceable or comfortable as the white canvas or suede, are not popular. Dainty little heelless slippers come in all shades of suede and the fastidious girl has a pair to match each bath and lounging-gown.

MME. X.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

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Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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☞Mourning orders filled in four hours.
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Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

Assessment Notice.—Justice Mining Co.

Assessment levied May 10th, 15 cents. Delinquent, June 10th. Salesday, June 30th.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

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LADIES' HAIR DRESSERS AND WIG MAKERS, 14 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37, San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Ticket for Hair Cutting, $3.00 worth for $2.50. Open Sundays from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturers of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator.

LAWN TENNIS.

The annual championship singles of the Pacific States will begin on Thursday next at San Rafael and will be continued Friday and Saturday and finished on the latter day. The winner of the tournament will play Taylor, the present champion, on Monday, July 4th. The entry list will not be as large this year as it was last year, but the players will be more evenly matched as regards skill, and those who are in any way interested in tennis should not fail to be present, as some very exciting matches and no end of surprising victories are promised.

The California Tennis Club will not be very strongly represented in this year's contest, a fact to be wondered at, as this organization has heretofore had more entries in the championship event than any of the other clubs, but this year business matters have greatly interfered with the plans of some of the players of the California Club, and, if rumors are correct, I am to believe that at least three of the Club's favorite players will not take part.

Woodland and Reno, Nevada, will be represented in the tournament, the only outside entries thus far received, and the chances are that they will be the only outside players that will take part unless something turns up between now and the 28th inst. when the entries will close. It is expected that the entry list will not amount to more than twenty-three players, so that the tournament can be played off in easy stages in three days time.

The winner of the all-comers will have plenty of time in which to recuperate between Saturday afternoon and Monday.

The East Oakland Club will head the list this year with about eleven entries. The California Club with about six or seven, and the Madison and Alameda Clubs with two or three each.

Reno has sent a worthy representative in the person of W. Phillips, the gentleman who made such a hard fight against H. Haight last year; he plays a much harder game at present and is liable to cause some one of the more prominent cracks a little trouble in the coming games.

Hubbard, the most favored candidate for the all-comers event, will surely have a hard field to work through to the finals, but his splendid condition will, in all probability, land him in the same place as it did in last year's games.

Young Sam Neel is second choice and there are a number of people who think he stands an excellent chance of defeating Hubbard, should they come together. The youngster has certainly been playing a wonderful game of late, defeating Bates, Haight, C. Neel, and winning some close rubs from Hubbard now and then.

Taylor has been at San Rafael during the past few days, and is practicing occasionally so as to keep his hand in.

S. Neel will, shortly after the contest, leave for Chicago, where he will stay for a year and perhaps take part in some of the many tournaments given there.

Stetson's clever victory in the class handicap at the Olympic Club on Sunday last has led many of his friends to place great confidence in this player's chances at San Rafael; he will certainly make a clever showing and will be one of the California Club's most worthy representatives.

W. B. Collier, Jr., has returned from a week's stay at Clear Lake, and is in capital trim for the tournament. He much admires the all-comer's cup, and of course, to use his own expression, "has a grip on the handle of it already."

Tobin has been doing excellent work at the California Club lately, and Geo. DeLong has also been surprising the natives by his steady play.

The Magee boys will not, I regret to state, take part in this year's contests; they played wonderfully well last year and were a great help to the California Club.

Earnest Renshaw has apparently regained his old-time form, as his clever performance at Dublin lately, in which he defeated all the crack players for the Irish Championship, would make one believe.

O. S. Campbell, the United States champion, has not played any since the accident to his ankle, which happened while he was practicing with Lewis previous to the Irish championship at Dublin.

Miss Martin also defeated Miss Dod for the Irish championship, a most surprising victory as the former was considered as invincible.

THE SCORER.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

50 CENT

DRESS GOODS

100 pieces Stylish Navy Blue Storm Serges will be placed on sale this week at 50 cents per yard.

They are new, fashionable and serviceable, and are specially suitable for seashore costumes.

O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

INCORPORATED 1892.

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THE LEADING Complexion Specialist

Ladies, remember that this is the season for Mme. Ruppert's Bleach. Do not neglect to take with you for use while at the seashore to prevent Freckles, Tan and Sunburn.

Gentlemen suffering from any blemish of the skin, I recommend the use of Bleach, as well as to ladies. Call or send 6 cents for particulars.

Goods sent to any address on receipt of price: One Bottle $2.00, 3 bottles $5.00.

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SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Society.

SANTA CRUZ, June 23d. DEAR WAVE:—It is the topmost fad just now to growl at the weather, and, truth to tell, there's no injustice in that same growl. We are being abominably treated and our only comfort is that nobody else is any better off. But, like a petulant though charming woman, our fickle goddess drops down to us, now and again, a day so utterly perfect as almost to make amends for her misbehavior, and then how everybody takes to the water.

The favorite suits are black, and nothing can be quite so quietly stylish and in good taste. There are some variations in the rule and they seem to make the beach bright. Miss Delmas wears a navy blue alpaca with a red stripe; Miss Smith and Miss Morgan wear red, one of the Misses Schwabacher has a white suit with black stripes; the Misses Meyers have their black suits relieved with a white stripe; Miss M. D. Snook, of Oakland, and Miss S. H. Snook, of San Jose, both wear blue.

Among the swimmers at the Dolphin who are making great strokes are Miss Wilson, of Denver, Misses Clara and Olga Heyman, Elsie, Clara, and Freddie Sherman, Misses Nellie and Addie Joseph, E. K. Clark, and Mrs. S. E. Irelan, of San Francisco.

At the Neptune the long driftwood logs blossom out on a sunny day with pillows in every pattern of figured surah known to decorators, until they look like immensely long and low divans canopied with great umbrellas of glowing hues. Under these are seen the faces of many prominent citizens and guests, and the flannel-suited men like to lounge in the shade of the umbrellas and bask in the smiles of the flannel-suited girls so well, that they are absolutely too lazy to swim. Among the pretty matrons and maids are seen Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin from Golden Gate Villa, and their guest, Miss Anna Waldeyer, of Oroville—by the way, they all went over to the Vendome ball on Tuesday; Mrs. and Miss Jarboe, from Concha del Mar, and their friend Miss Peyton, of the Powder Mills; Mrs. Albert E. Castle and Miss Meininger, from their Beach Hill cottage; the Misses Enright from their pretty home which might well be named "Hill View," Miss Lucie McCann, daughter of Superior Judge McCann, the Misses Delmas from Bay State Cottage, Mrs. Kales, and many other ladies from the Sea Beach, and Miss Edith Miller, a sister of "Ralph" of that ilk of the Neptune, a young lady who rides, drives, and swims with much grace.

Not under the umbrellas, but daily along the sands are seen Mrs. J. P. Smith of Sunshine Villa, driving in her landau, her phaeton, or her dog cart, and always in a fresh and beautiful Parisian costume. With her there is always some one who is enjoying the hospitality of Sunshine; this week it has been Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton and Colonel and Mrs. Archibald Yell.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith gave a charming little *al fresco* party on Tuesday at Surfside Beach to thirty or forty young friends of their daughter, Miss Anita Gonzales. The lads and lassies wound up with a dance at the Casino.

The Casino was opened with much *eclat* on Saturday evening with promenade concert and hop. Thousands of people went out on the electric cars which were kept running until the morning hours began to grow large. The music, given by the Pacific Ocean House orchestra, was very fine, and the same band plays days and evenings always at the Casino, and during dinner at the Ocean House. As a place of resort the Casino is all that was expected of it, and more.

The members of the Xopos Club and others have formed a Cotillion Club, and on Friday of this week will give their first German at the Casino. Mrs. J. P. Smith and escort will lead. It is to be a very swell affair.

The opening hop at the Sea Beach was, as I predicted, a grand success, and very well managed. The music here, too, is very fine, and the Sea Beach orchestra is giving the greatest pleasure to the guests The sacred concerts on Sunday evenings are a feature here, and the music during dinner.

Mrs. H. E. Makinney gave a very charming tea this week in honor of Mrs. W. J. Hovey of San Francisco.

For the coming yachtsmen there is to be a banquet, a ball at the Casino, and a handsome punch bowl as a prize.

General Dimond will be here over Sunday.

KATE KEARNEY.

Business.

Business, though not booming, is fairly active, and the outlook for July and August very good. Those branches which flourish upon the wary shekel of the transient summer visitor are, of course, uppermost just now, and some complaint is heard that the coolness of the weather for June, so far, has been detrimental. But in this the whole Coast has shared, and a consultation of the columns telegraphic of the daily press presents our own Coast in glowing climatic colors beside the cyclone-circled East.

Sullivan, of the Sea Beach Hotel, reports his June business excellent. His house has been full, and his engagements for July and August will give him and his able Assistant Manager, J. Terry Brookes, more than a few sleepless nights to place and please all who are coming.

McCollum and Bilicke, of the Pacific Ocean House and the Casino, report the former house brimming full, even with the added accommodations of the new third story. The latter is not a hotel, but a "casino" like the "conversation houses" and other pleasure resorts of the European spas, and bids fair to be a very drawing card for itself and for the electric railway, at the terminus of which it is located.

Material is now on the ground and the grading about finished for the New Union depot. The changes that this will lead to will be numerous and important.

East Santa Cruz, with its suburbs of Sea Bright, Sea Bright Park, Twin Lakes, and Santa Maria del Mar, has, at present, connection with the city proper by a horse-car line. The residents and property holders very much desire electric communication, and there is a movement on foot to raise a bonus to induce the Santa Cruz, Garfield Park, and Capitola Electric Railway Company to purchase or consolidate with the existing lines, thus giving an electric railway to the people there, and also giving the new line a good start on the way to its ultimate destination, Capitola.

There is, at present, both a business and a Baptist boom at the Twin Lakes resort. The General State Baptist Convention is in session there in the pretty, English-looking little church, and lots in the resort are selling to the faithful at the rate of a half dozen a day, while cottages of many sorts of architectural vagary spring up mushroom fashion; tent life is much indulged in, and the place looks like a young Pacific Grove.

At Capitola the F. A. Hihn Company have just finished an addition of fifty rooms to the hotel, four new cottages have been built, and there are more people there than at this time last year. A new depot for that place is also under careful consideration and has got as far as the paper plans. The Hihn Company have sold their "Trout ranch" to a Mr. Lodtmann, from Holland, a new addition to a small Dutch colony of very refined and valuable settlers which has been growing up in the county.

The Bernheims have become the owners of the Summer Home Farm, long known as a pleasant summer resort in the Santa Cruz mountains. They will not, however, keep it open to the public, but will increase its already great value as a fruit farm, and will use it as a summer home for the various families which make quite a large connection of that name.

A handsome three-story block now almost finished on Pacific Avenue has had every store, nearly every office, and its third-story lodging house rented for some time.

BIZ.

Madame A. M. NELSON

FASHIONABLE DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER

Rooms 119-121, Phelan Building, 3d Floor

Great Semi-Annual

CLEARANCE SALE

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LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Queen of American Health and Pleasure Resorts

These well-known Springs are under a new management. New Cottages, Swimming Pond, Electric Light, Telephone, New Bath House, etc.

Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

J. P. STOCKWELL, Prop.

SEA BEACH HOTEL.

The only First-class Hotel in Santa Cruz, and the only Summer Resort on the Coast where can be found the finest land and marine view in America. New Dance Hall; Concerts and Hops arranged for throughout the season. Tennis Court and Croquet Grounds, the finest on the Coast. Two minutes walk from railroad stations and steamship landing. Street cars pass the door. Free Bus to and from all trains.

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

SACRAMENTO NOTES.

SACRAMENTO, June 22d. DEAR WAVE:—It seems to me that I shall never be done with writing about weddings, and they are such hopelessly dull things to everyone but the relatives and friends of the contracting parties. An exception to the usual rule was the marriage of Mr. Smith. Ever since he gave his son the old Carroll place and had it fixed up, and took so much trouble with his new home, fitting it up so very elegantly, we girls have all been on the *qui vive* to know who should be the fortunate one, and now that question is settled, for he and Miss Scauniper were married last Tuesday in San Francisco, at the residence of Mrs. Earl, who is an old Sacramentan and family friend of the bride. Miss S—— is a very handsome blonde and the groom has my hearty congratulations. The "happy pair" are doing the seaside resorts at present. Another wedding which took place on Thursday was that of Mr. Towle, of Towles Station, to Miss Kate Meister; contrary to the usual custom here, the ceremony was performed at noon and the bridal couple left that afternoon for the south. She received a great many beautiful presents; on their return from the wedding trip, they will proceed to their new home at Towles: thus we lose another one of our most attractive girls.

The excitement during the past week has been the Convention of the "Native Daughters of the Golden West;" they arrived singly and in groups from all parts of the State and proceeded to the transaction of business with a zest and understanding which entirely does away with the old ideas in regard to women; in the evenings they gave themselves to pleasure. On Thursday the first open air concert of the season was given in their honor at Capitol Park; it was a lovely evening and a large crowd assembled to testify to their appreciation; then there were the drives about the city, a reception at the Art Gallery, and last and best, the ball at the Capitol where everyone had a fine time; the fair delegates returned to their homes on Saturday. Another of our old families is about to leave us. Mr. and Mrs. David Ross have offered their home at auction, and will remove to Portland, Or. Mrs. Hurd accompanies them and will remain all summer; with the Houghtons and Robinsons that makes the third family to have left that block. How many changes occur in this place! If an old resident should return, I doubt if he would know more than half a dozen families. There has been nothing but tennis for the girls during the past few weeks; the younger set have had rather a better time, as some of the "Amico" boys have formed themselves into a musical "club," and serenade the different girls. The latter usually find out when they are to be at a certain house and then all meet, invite the boys in, and have a good time with music and refreshments. Not a bad way to spend the summer evenings; am awfully glad I belong to the younger set, you can have lots more fun. The Towle-Meister wedding gave Mr. Robie a chance to emerge from obscurity; he was "best man," and acted the part just as well as any Society man could. Wonder if he will ever go to his own wedding? Rather fancy not; but then we "cannot always generally tell." I have missed seeing the Deming girls for the past few weeks; Ella is at the Big Trees visiting her friend, Miss Sperry, and her stately sister is in the metropolis, but the latter will soon return. We are having some warm weather at last, and all those who complained of its being too cool are now doing the most growling. Such is human nature—but, *au revoir*. NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, June 21st. DEAR WAVE:—How frightfully ancient I do feel since the Wright reception. I realized I was rapidly advancing to the old maid stage, but the forcible reminder last Wednesday evening has saddened me not a little. Louise, or I should say Miss Wright, has blossomed out into a full fledged Society bud, and such a beautiful one, too. Ah! me! 'Twas (seemingly) but a year or so ago, that I made my debut in the critical 400 of Fresno Society; then Louise and her friends were in the kindergarten in abbreviated skirts and long curly hair—now she is the gracefully attractive bud of Society, with her "first season" and eligibles all before her, while Maud, Lizzie, Corrine, Daisy and Rose and Imp, the experienced buds of '87 and '88, look enviously on and sigh for our first season's conquests. We might find consolation in Johny's or the immaculate Major's words, "that a Society girl with four or five seasons' experience was more attractive and entertaining than the bud of tender years and susceptible heart." All the same, we would gladly renounce our experience to return to that susceptible age when life was viewed through rose colored glasses and the "Major'" breathed sweet nothings in our willing ears. But to the reception: The guests—Miss Gillespie shared the palm with her young hostess, and was as sweetly attractive as most Eastern girls are to the Fresno eligibles. Johny's fickle heart was between two fires, surely; it usually is when there's more than one pretty stranger near him. I have laughed over Lee's *naiveté* in the jury room last week. "No! Not yet!" we'll go down to posterity as the essence of sweet simplicity. It's current slang with the 150 at present, and has afforded great merriment to the Society matron. Wonder if a certain brown-eyed young lady, now in the East, would say "No, not yet," if asked—if she were ready to return to California?

Speaking of the East, several of my friends have taken their departure for that side of the continent lately. Colonel and Mrs. Forsythe will spend the entire summer at the Eastern summer resorts; W. W. Phillips went to Chicago alone, as did A. B. Butler; won't they have an "illegant" time! The Bartons will occupy the Forsythe villa during the absence of the Colonel and wife. Mrs. Phillips and children have gone to her father's home at Santa Rosa, on a brief visit, then the Coast will count her and the charming Mrs. Reichman among its arrivals. Mrs. Muller and sisters, Mrs. Woodworth and Esther, have gone to the Coast; and it's whispered the next time the latter leaves us 'twill be as "Mrs." The Terrys will depart for some summer resort shortly, and the Oothouts have gone to Mount Shasta. Eisens came down from San Francisco about three weeks ago, and will spend the Fourth on their lovely ranch. Roedings will also be here for the celebration of that day, then will leave for San Francisco. The young bloods have resumed their drives to the Eisen vineyard, and I hear of some very pretty dinner parties given out there to five or six of Society's pets. Charley B—— is still East, but will return in the fall. I hear that the lovely Miss Lou T——, who visited the Eisens two or three seasons ago, is the attraction in the East for the handsome vineyardist.

What a disappointment a lawn party is when we girls are compelled to return home with chaperons instead of our young gallants. Some of us were awfully "taken in," recently, when the puritanical church matrons insisted on seeing us to our very doors, and refused to permit Charley or Will to do escort duty; an awful bore, don't you think? IMP.

LOS ANGELES SWIM.

LOS ANGELES, June 20th. DEAR WAVE:—We have had an unusual musical time this week. In the first place the Ellis's Club, the Treble Cleff Club, and the Arrar, all met for their regular rehearsals. The first club is composed of men, as you know, and they do some good work. Their leader, Mr. B——, is a little "cranky" the boys say. Notwithstanding, he makes them come to time, and allows no carelessness. The Treble Cleff is a ladies' club, and of course there is a lack of *esprit de corps* there. I wonder why it is that women never enter into a cause with the enthusiasm and spirit that men do. Their leader is full of dramatic effect, which at times is ridiculous. She tries to enthuse her "girls," but generally fails. I like the little Arrar Club. It has but twelve members, who meet at the different houses, and pass an awfully jolly day, practicing considerably, conducting business a little, and talking a deal more. A fine lunch is served at one o'clock and a guest, lucky enough to be invited, passes a delightful day with them.

The pretty little widow is always there; bright Miss F——, and Mrs. B——, who sings so sweetly. But enough of Clubs.

Whom do you suppose I sat next to at the concert last night? Why, the distinguished Modjeska. She is in town, and, with some Tustin people, is the guest of Count and Countess Von Schmidtt. You know Modjeska has that beautiful place at Ardena and her nephew Pau Tomaszeuiez, led the "Lute" Orchestra that night. He is a young fellow, but right good-looking, and always reminds me of Dr. H—— of San Francisco.

We have had more June brides this year than ever. The Rev. Pitblado—you know he used to be in San Francisco—gave away his pretty niece last Wednesday. San Bernardino and San Gabriel joined hands on the same day. Ed A—— was best man. But do tell the San Francisco girls when they get married to have their floral attendants diminutive in size, for I would hate to tell of the *faux pas* made by Miss K——'s maids-of-honor. Now at Christina's wedding two tiny maidens led the bridal procession, and nobody started too soon, nor were there any mistakes made. What a novel idea it was, too, to play "Now you're married you must obey," while the wedding party was passing out. We girls felt like joining hands and dancing round the bride.

Mrs. Dr. de S—— gave a swell luncheon on Friday. I never dare pronounce her name. 'Tis simply atrocious. We are noted for our high-sounding names down here. Of course you have long ago recognized our people of title. Think of a real live Baron up on the hill; and a Count and Countess on G. Avenue; not to mention our other Count—Count B—— who is with the Modjeska party. O, we are people of caste down here.

I saw Charlie W—— on the street the other day. You known I haven't seen him for several years, and I just told the girls I felt like weeping over a shattered idol. His boots needed blackening; his coat was shiny, and dear me! they say his voice has gone, too. I wonder how he got over that affair with the charming Mrs. U——, of San Francisco.

Mother W—— had a hand in that, and poor Charley is married. Well, he looks it.

We have a conundrum down here. Why are there not more pretty girls in Los Angeles? Some people say there are none, but there is Mae and Mina and certainly Miss B—— is a beauty.

We had pretty Mrs. S—— from New York with us all winter. Her sister, Mrs W——, of Figueroa Street, is a blonde and the question now is, is she a real blonde? K.

SAN JOSE LIFE.

SAN JOSE, June 23d. DEAR WAVE:—I am so dizzy with rapture over our ball that you must not expect too much of me. I am too happy to be "uncharitable," and so shall lose a point or two. The ball was just lovely. You see it takes our young men about two years to lay up enough to pay the expenses of a party; the bare announcement of the intention to give one fills us with dreams, but this one made our dreams realities. I danced with Howell and with Dr. J. J. M—— while the other girls looked green with envy.

I forgot to tell you about Myrtle's wedding in my last. It was a swell affair. Mrs. Dr. B—— took charge of everything from the buying of the engagement ring to the minor details of the trousseau. Minn e has been pretty well educated up to those things; so the decorations were pretty and the supper gorgeous. The bride discarded the veil showing her independence of custom.

Pride has had an awful fall. The Institute band played for a ten cent social the other night. I never was so surprised, for the way they have refused to play for people has been remarked. Tom tried to make up to some of the girls, for they are awful pretty, but he couldn't get a chance, for the high and mighty Madame M—— looked all the time as if she feared some stray male being would be introduced to her proteges and as soon as possible marched them off. Horrid of her, but then, with her ideas, what else can one expect.

Everybody is going off now. The Spencers will be in Santa Cruz. Ruth has feathered her nest there, and now I'm going to set some traps for invitations, for it takes all my money to buy clothes.

Papa has issued cards for Etta Elouise's wedding next Wednesday. It is to be a wide affair, but I hope the officiating minister won't borrow the service of an orthodox church, and then spoil it, as the Rev. H—— did at the last wedding.

The air is full of the noise of kindergarten teachers now. There is a fair prospect that all the young ideas can be taught to shoot.

The Raneys gave another musicale last week. Only twenty-one numbers, for a hot night. Some people never will learn that one can have too much of a good thing, as we were all dreadfully tired, even poor, patient, BABBLER.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, June 22d. DEAR WAVE:—At last, thank goodness, the weddings are over with for this season, I hope. The going from one to another became rather monotonous toward the last, and those who gave us only lemonade as a bracer were positively stupid. The nuptials of Sam Breck and Flossie Coffin drew a crowded house, and it was too ludicrous to see the youngsters put on their best behavior—they were so afraid of being guyed that they walked down the aisle like statues. Flossie's Paris gown was a creation of loveliness, and the bridesmaids, Ella Goodale, Claire Ralston, and the two Selbys were simply gorgeous, in yellow gowns and leghorn hats, but the maid-of-honor, Lou Breck, carried the palm of beauty. She was really captivating in a white gown. Do you know, dear, it was awfully mean, but every one was wondering if Sam's mother-in-law would give the youthful couple a check.

A. F. Coffin opened his new house at Vernon Heights, in honor of Flossie and Sam. The reception and *dejeuner* were *au fait*, and the handsomest woman, either at the house or church, was Wallie Coffin's wife. There is not another woman in the whole of our 400 who is so beautiful. She absolutely took away my breath. Upon inquiry I found that she had had quite a career in the world of hearts, and is a cousin of the Billy Hamiltons and Marstons—both families are noted for their good looks, you know. Isn't it fortunate for the Coffins that their sister married Prentiss Selby? They all now figure in the 400. St. John's was the scene of quite a pretty little wedding last Wednesday afternoon, when Alfred Blow, son of our townsman A. A. Blow, and Fannie Gardner were wedded. It was quite a surprise to every one, as the couple are extremely youthful, and Al's friends had never pictured him in any role than that of a gay bachelor and lady-killer. Well, Fannie is a sweet little girl and perhaps, after all, it is just as well that some of the seriousness of life should fall upon the shoulders of a happy-go-lucky boy like Al. Popular Robert Gardner, uncle of the bride, entertained the bridal party with a dainty supper. May Coates and Annette Lefevre acted as bridesmaids, while pretty little Maggie Blow was maid of honor. Another wedding of great importance last week, was that of pretty Ruth Dyer and Dr. George Augur. The wedding party was small, but the big church was crowded. The ushers, Gus McDonald and Harry Knowles, were followed by Josie Pierce, the maid of honor, who was arrayed in a white gown and leghorn hat, then came the bride in an exquisite gown of white brocade, lace and tulle, leaning on the arm of her handsome brother Joe Dyer. Every time I see him I think what a lucky girl Grace was when she won so handsome a man. D. W. Kirkland was best man. Are you acquainted with him, dear? He is too funny for anything, and most dreadfully spoony, always wants to hold your hand, kiss your ruby lips, or something of that kind. Do I hear you say "How do you know?" Well, just ask his friend M—— about it, she is my authority. With the exception of Carrie Wadsworth Turner's wedding all have occurred in the broad glare of day light. Of course it is highly proper and stylish to be wedded at high noon and all that sort of thing, but, to tell the truth, girls always appear at their worst by day light, as powder, rouge, penciled eye brows, and darkened lids require a dim, religious light and there has been only one bridal party free from such decorations, and that was the girls of the Breck-Coffin wedding, who all are blessed with good complexions. Leghorn hats are also picturesque in pictures, and a description reads well, but our Oakland maidens are not sufficiently beautiful to wear them becomingly. They say it is really true that Fritz Hinkley has captured the heiress to the Blythe millions. Why is it that women are so cruel to each other? Mrs. H——, whose Harry was supposed to make a brilliant match, Ed engaged to a San Francisco heiress, and now her Fritz has captured the richest of all, says she has no sympathy for mothers whose sons are unfortunate in their amours, etc.; she says it actually serves Mrs. C—— right that Alec has been so reckless, and wonders why she did not marry him to some rich girl. Mrs. H—— should be aware that all mothers are not so capable of carrying out their plans as she.

Summer is actually upon us, and, as usual, I'm going to take flying trips around the country. Just returned from Sausalito, where I saw the Hamilton,s Hutchinsons, and the Hayes girls. The Varney Gaskills are also there, but I didn't see them; they are Tom's friends. I'm also going to Larkspur, where I will meet my friends, the R. G Browns, Everets, Wadsworths, the Folgers, and Bert Brayton. Don't you think that Floy and Bert would make a charming couple? The F. Marion Smiths will pass the summer at the Eastern resorts, and the Chabot-Knights will be in St. Helena the greater part of the time.

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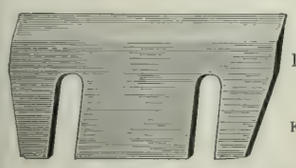

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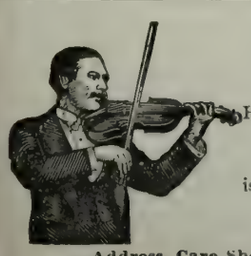

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